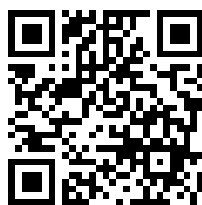

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THE
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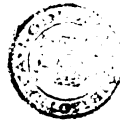


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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

LONDON: THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1852.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

Author of "Traditions of Tuscany," "Highland Minstrelsy," &c., &c.

CHAP. I.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

Well would it have been for me had such fears assailed me on the first budding of my aspirations; yet then I should have been a cautious babe—for I was little beyond infancy when the dream awoke in my soul to become famous. I cannot remember the time when I could not read. There was indeed some talking among my elders of teaching me according to a newly-invented method; but when they came to examine me for tuition they found I had already picked up a perfect knowledge of reading, from overhearing my sister's lessons while I played about the school-room; I was not then three years old. The commendations lavished on my "great cleverness" were the first stimulants bestowed on ambition. I was soon not a reader, but a devourer of books. All kinds, however unsuitable they might seem to a child's taste, were eagerly welcomed; and I was alternately praised and ridiculed for my absorbing passion. I did not then care for ridicule: politeness in a company of strangers was forgotten if Fate placed me near the book-stand. I could read by snatches in the pauses of a quadrille, or steal from a game of romps to finish *Macbeth* in the shadow of some friendly window-curtain. I was not a happy child; I had those varying spirits and passionate gusty impulses which have been said to be characteristics of genius. Unluckily I read such a remark in a trashy biography of a wicked great man (I forget who, it is so very long ago); and it was too self-flattering a theory for me not to adopt it as a creed. I had elder sisters—showy, handsome, accomplished girls; half-a-dozen brothers, dashing and self-sufficient; and a mother of high rank and petty fortune, who was the proudest off-shoot of aristocracy I ever met in all my adventures. I do not say this unfilially—I would have loved my mother with the fervour of a naturally warm heart had she permitted me;

but she was of a cold disposition, and there was shame not to be endured on my face—the fact of its being actually ugly. *Adelicia* and *Millicent* were both like herself, handsome; and my mother resented as an indignity to her race, and to the noble blood of all the *Effinghams*, that I should resemble my father's family—the rich, but homely *Studleghs*, of *Studleggh Hall*, *Cheshire*, and the great firm of *Studleggh, Counterpoint, and Co.*, *Leadenhall-street*, *London*.

My father was a well-meaning, quiet, self-complacent little man; whose great glories in life were the rank of his lady's family, and the wealth of his own. His had been a marriage of convenience, arranged entirely by his father. This worthy old gentleman, who had bought a large property and land on the banks of the *Mersey*, and had built thereon a mansion of the Elizabethan, George-the-Thirdian styles ingeniously commingled, which he had lovingly christened *Studleggh Hall*, after his own name, was annoyed by finding himself sneered down by the "good old *Cheshire families*," who were as plentiful around him as the good old *Cheshire cheeses*. To remedy this misfortune he made proposals for his son to the proud, poor house of *Effingham*; and *Lady Arabella*, with countless quarterings, consented to become the bride of *John Studleggh*, with countless hundreds. The young merchant was too busy to care much about his wedlock; he saw his intended was elegant, beautiful, and high bred, and he concluded that so soft-spoken a lady must be sweet tempered. His vanity was flattered by the loftiness of her connexions, and he gave his wife *carte blanche* for the expenditure necessary for her station in society. My mother's was not obtrusive pride; it was rather the under-current of all she said, thought, and did. She made no dash in the world; she lived quietly, but with a costly elegance, whose perfect keeping gave you the impression of refinement rather than of riches. She employed the most expensive tradespeople; she lived in the most expensive part of *London* when she spent the season there; her equipage was symmetrical in its appointments; her dress and that of her children

simple, but of the most costly materials. It is well she is not alive now; it would be an hourly annoyance to her to see the shops filled with imitations. Nothing moved her supine placidity to anger like the sight of imitation-lace upon the persons of her daughters. Adelia and Millicent seldom offended in this particular; they preferred running up a long bill (which they at some auspicious moment coaxed my father to pay) rather than irritating Lady Arabella by mock Mechlin or Valenciennes. It was poor I who was always in scrapes; who scorned the idea of a debt, and yet had all a maiden's love of finery, and fancied my plain person advantageously set off by the cheap trimmings, which, to a cursory observer, looked so showy.

"I am ashamed of you, Laura," said my mother. "You are always so Quixotic about being truthful in season and out of season, and yet you can wear what is a deceitful sham."

"Well, mamma," replied I, "all dress is a sham, more or less, and the only difference is in the degree; besides, I think it a less outrage on honesty to wear pretence Mechlin than to flaunt in unpaid magnificence."

My sisters tossed their heads, but profited by my taunts to represent their poverty in such moving terms, that my mother gave them each twenty pounds for a point-lace veil. As for me, I wore linen collars and gauze veils ever after, as the cheapest realities to be purchased.

There were three brothers, older than myself, at Eton, whence they came home every vacation, shrewd, haughty, extravagant, and yet worldly-wise. Effingham, the eldest, was very handsome, and my mother destined him for the Guards; my father had other intentions, which in the end he fulfilled, to the ruin of us all. The younger ones were my playfellows; they were good-natured, and permitted me, as their senior, to play Lady Paramount, and to invent games for their laziness. The reader must not imagine that although I was a book-worm in-doors I was a pensive child in the open air; no: once beyond the house I was the most outrageous of romps—climbed gates and trees, rode ponies without stirrups, jumped from the top of the hay-stacks, and demeaned myself so hoydenishly that I often forgot I was a girl, till the fatal hour arrived when my hair had to be brushed, my white frock to be donned, my sash to be girded, and my little sunburned, freckled, red-fingered, awkward self to be ushered into the dining-room, with the dessert. My father insisted on keeping up this old-fashioned custom—he liked the sudden irruption of noisy children, after the stiff, stately meal. "My favourite moment," he would say, "is when the footmen turn their backs and the children show their faces." His boys were his darlings. Round his chair clustered the little knot of velvet coats and white trowsers; and I, as I often said to myself, seemed to belong to nobody. My mother was too much engaged with my tall young lady sisters and their fashionable Parisian governess, to attend to me; unless she chanced to remark that my heated face had been washed with soap, instead

of rose-water, and that my hands were ruined by my never wearing gloves. But in process of time came a pet, whom one and all agreed in idolizing: this was the infant Celia, the tenth and last of my mother's numerous family. She was exquisitely beautiful from her birth; gentle, serene, the soul of harmonious graces. She seemed to me a fairy: I dreamed of her—I spent my idle thoughts in building for her the loveliest Chateaux en Espagne—I renounced for her my own ambitious projects—I forgot for a little while that I had resolved to be greater than Milton!

But I was so awkward and so careless that I never was allowed to come near her. I did not dare to go into the nursery, for Lady Arabella declared I always slammed the doors; the nurse shuddered at my request to dandle the baby; and as she grew older the child was told to follow the example of Adelia or Millicent, and to avoid that of Laura. These things made me often moody. I used to run into a dark part of the woods, that I might get into a passion by myself, uncontrolled and unsoothed. I was in the predicament which befalls so many children—I was not *understood*. There were germs of generous feelings, unselfish energy, and indomitable perseverance, which, from neglect and ill-culture, were becoming fitful, wayward, and obstinate. The misfortune of a child's being misconstrued when he is not in fault is that another time, when he is really wrong, he will plead the same excuse to himself, and harden himself against his elders. So it was with me. I felt, when I was really affectionate, really self-denying, that my ebullitions of feeling or self-sacrifice were irksome and unwelcome; and I made it an excuse to myself for being wilful and disobedient—that no one loved me, or cared whether I did right or wrong. Every one, however, acknowledged my talents; and thus my vanity was fostered at the expense of my affections. I perceived that, slighted and unregarded as I was in general, when any difficulty arose my superior quickness gave me an advantage over them all; and they were ready enough to come for advice to the Laura whose uncouth manners they at other times despised. But, alas! I mistook one household for the world; and because I was greater than my family I thought myself greater than the mighty men of old; and I repeated to myself, day by day, "I shall live in fame for ever." The first great event of my youth was the marriage of Adelia. I well remember the scene, on the day of her betrothal. Immediately Lord Fitzinterest had proposed, my father, in the exultation of his heart, sent for all his children, to announce the important fact that their sister was going to marry a peer.

Lord Fitzinterest was really a very agreeable nonentity, and had a dim idea of his duties as a nobleman. This extraordinary fact may be accounted for by his being only the second of his title; and he had not been long enough a lord to discover that he was sent into the world for no other purpose than to eat, drink, and be

merry. He admired Wilberforce, and always voted with his charitable measures; and had returned his tenants ten per cent. of their exorbitant rents, the last year before his marriage. N.B. He never repeated this act of munificence after Adelia became Lady Fitzinterest.

But to return to the scene in the dining-room. The boys had come trooping in, the elder ones from their horses and hounds, the younger from their cricket, when I stole in as stealthily as I could, for I had just torn my last clean frock.

"Where is Laura?" asked my mother.

"Jumping in the saw-pit, near the pond," answered one of my brothers; "she took offence at our cricket because the ball hit her shin; and she was so angry for us at laughing—she jerked about so funnily with the pain."

"That was not kind," said Mr. Anson, the new tutor.

"Oh, dear!" answered the boy, "if girls will play at boys' games they must expect boys' roughness."

I heard all this, and, cut to the heart with shame, and also deeply overcome by the gentle way in which the tutor had reproached my play-mates, I felt ready to burst into tears. But the presence hall was no place for crying; and I was endeavouring to steal out as noiselessly as I had stolen in, when the flutter of my torn dress caught my mother's eye. "Come here, Laura," she said, "and let me look if you are fit to be seen; I hardly expect it, when I hear where you have been."

I murmured some inaudible excuse, and was still hurrying away, when the governess, with many exhortations, took hold of me and led me forward.

"Comment? Mademoiselle Laure! allons, qu'est ce que vous avez fait? La voici, miladi."

"La voici" indeed! my bonnet crushed, my gown soiled and torn in most unseemly shreds, my hands dirty, and my shoes crusted with mud! And at that very moment the door opened, and my father, with a pomposity unusual to his kindly simplicity, introduced his august son-in-law-elect—Lord Fitzinterest.

"Take the child away—send her to bed, Mademoiselle," sighed my mother. "We shall never make a lady of her. I doubt if she can be my child."

Mademoiselle dragged me unresistingly away; not without her murmuring something in Adelia's ear about *ce bel fiancé*. She had a prophetic eye towards securing a good post in La Baronne's establishment.

I did not see my noble brother-in-law for many years; for, in consequence of my misdeemeanour, I was excluded from all participation in the nuptial festivities. This scene made a deep impression on me; I resolved to turn over a new leaf, and "to live cleanly" for the future. I was just twelve years old; short and sturdy for my years; not pretty, but with a determined air, which prevented me from being insignificant in appearance.

Mr. Anson was my first friend. He pitied me; he saw how clever, and wayward, and unhappy I was—that my unregulated passions were preparing misery for me. He asked permission to take me under his charge. Mademoiselle, who was preparing Millicent for her first season, was glad to get me off her hands; for now my mother had complained of me so bitterly, that the *gouvernante* imagined it a reflection on her indifference with regard to my manners. But "*vraiment, Mademoiselle Laure est si brusque, elle a tant de fierté.*" Lady Arabella was offended: "Enough, Mademoiselle; no lady can manage Laura. We will try the government of a man." And a happy trial it was for me. Mr. Anson induced me to learn Latin; he read to me selections from the best Roman and Greek authors, also from the best English poets. He explained things which had puzzled my young brain for years; he steadied my wandering faith, which even at that early age had been staggered by Hume, comforted by Paley, materialized by Gibbon. To him I carried all my doubts about the wisdom of this mysterious world, the sins and sorrows which jostle along its crowded paths. Where he could not explain, he led me humbly to trust a higher Spirit than belongs to humanity. To him I complained of the inconsistencies which revolted me; the deceptions, the meannesses, the ingratitude I saw around me. I bestowed on him the extravagant gratitude of childhood. I felt so much, I never even could thank him for his kindness; but he never seemed to consider me cold, as others did. To him I ventured to give my dazling theories for the amendment of a disordered society. He might smile, but he never sneered; he encouraged me in high aims, in lofty purposes. But even to him I did not dare to trust my darling hopes, my precious ambition. I had an undefined idea that his good sense would dissolve my airy hopes, and I promised myself I would *do* something great ere I *said* anything of intending to be great. And so I still roamed the woods alone, and filled the backs of old letters with scratches of poetry.

For four years Mr. Anson remained in our family; every one of those four seasons was spent by my parents in London. Millicent was not so dashing as Adelia, and considerable difficulty was experienced in "settling her." My mother would have a nobleman; my father would have a rich man; and Millicent herself would have a handsome man. The three conjoined were hard to find. Millicent withered ere her fourth season, and a leader of fashion pronounced her *passée*. This was alarming. Lady Arabella, to whom the unfavourable verdict was kindly communicated by a dear friend who had two disposable nieces on her hands, took energetic measures to convince Millicent she had no more time for trifling. The poor girl, whose small stock of romance had been flirted away in the heartless coquetries of the gay world, consented to dispose of herself to the highest bidder, and accepted Sir Harriman Hutton—a general, who had distinguished himself at Sering-

apatam, who had a handsome estate, a pension, and one arm.

Although I had learned improved manners from my gentle tutor, I could not help staring rudely at my sister's betrothed. Millicent was four-and-twenty; he was sixty-five. Yet he was very much attached to her; gave her entirely her own way; and by his sterling good qualities won so much upon the by no means unfeeling disposition of the poor girl, that she was ever a true and attentive wife to him, though he lived for ten years, leaving her a widow at the age of thirty-four. Poor misguided Millicent. She was just the sort of girl who would have been happy, married to a moderately rich, moderately clever man, of her own age; hers was a passive character, yet capable of having warmth infused into it. No one had tried the experiment but her husband, and he was not a person to excite romantic love. Millicent liked him, and was grateful for his kindness—that was all. She never had any children, which I always thought the bitterest drop in her cup. Perhaps as she never had them she never missed them; but I am sure those little suggestions of Almighty love would have awakened in her torpid heart the warm fountains of maternal happiness.

A short time previously to Millicent's marriage there had been quite a fracas in the family—a domestic hurricane awful to behold. When Effingham left college he was informed by my father that he was to take his place in the bank-house as junior partner. Effingham flatly refused, and was supported in his rebellion by my mother. His incensed parent threatened to disinherit him; he replied angrily. Lady Arabella had a fainting fit; little Celia, who was in the room, fell screaming on her insensible mamma, crying out on "naughty papa who had killed her." Mr. Studleggh ordered her out of the room, and his son out of the house.

Lady Arabella kept her bed some days; she was really ill from the effects of this agitation. Mr. Studleggh did not attempt a reconciliation. He had so adored his firm—the fountain of his wealth, the prop of his honours—that he had expected raptures in the youth whom he had condescended to name his successor in this great and onerous situation. He was enraged at his son's contumacious claim of a cornetcy in the Guards—"a place to spend money, not to make it; and after my keeping my plans secret till now, to be a pleasant surprise to them all!" The good merchant felt himself seriously aggrieved; and on learning that his wife was making secret overtures for the purchase of her son's commission, he wrathfully proceeded to the bankers on whom he had given her a credit account, and stopped all further supplies.

This energetic measure was effectual: Lady Arabella was the last person to exist without money, and Effingham found the threat of disinheritance too near probability to be lightly heeded. He returned after a disappearance of a fortnight, made his submission, and was admitted junior partner of the firm. Woe worth the day he entered it! He had neither taste

nor talents for business. He was rash without courage, and hasty without diligence. He had an appearance of genius, which was in reality only an unsound and shallow quickness; and this was more fatal to his fortunes than if he had been the dullest dolt that ever, with pen on ear, dangled his legs over a high three-legged stool.

My father then peaceably disposed of his two next sons. One got a writership, the other a direct appointment to the Bengal Cavalry; and there were only left the three little ones, who were still at Eton.

My mother's health never recovered the shock she had received. Perhaps idleness had something to do in her decline, for Celia was too young to make projects about, and she solemnly sighed "that no man in his senses would marry such a strange, flighty, plain girl as Laura was." I was now seventeen—still short, and still far from a beauty, and too much absorbed in my own wild enthusiastic reveries to care what was thought of me. The cause of Mr. Anson's leaving us was his reception of the Episcopalian chaplaincy at Inverness; an office of little value, but agreeable in many ways to my gentle, pious friend. He asked permission, the summer of his departure, to take my three youngest brothers and myself on a little tour in the Highlands, to see his future home. My father, who was really well attached to him, readily consented, persuading his widowed sister to accompany us as my chaperone. We set out from Liverpool, by a sailing vessel, for Glasgow. I had never been out of Cheshire, except as a very little girl; for of latter years I had not been allowed to go to London with my parents, as they said I was not fit to be seen in good society.

I was wild with joy at this emancipation; but when the next morning I came on deck, and found we were standing far out from land, having sailed at midnight, when I saw the bounding white waves, and felt the fresh breeze, and heard the rejoicing waters, the novelty and grandeur so overpowered my untravelled senses, that I burst into a wild fit of weeping. When I at last raised my eyes, I saw a young man was regarding me attentively. He was decidedly plain, like myself; I think that was the reason I took a fancy to him at once. He was not even intellectual-looking—he had not the "high white forehead," nor the "large dark eyes," nor the "classically curved mouth" that appertain by right to all heroes of young lady romance. He was a very ordinary-looking youth—in fact, on the wrong side of beauty, had not his expression, when he smiled, been full of the most earnest, kindly eloquence that looks ever possessed. And thus he smiled on me when he caught my sudden half-ashamed glance. But I was too unsophisticated to be easily abashed, and replied with the quick impulse of my nature to that wordless but most meaning smile.

"You think me very foolish for crying at first sight of the sea, I daresay; but is it not true that all the greatest and most glorious things in nature make the human heart melancholy. One feels self-reproachful that one cannot admire

enough, cannot enough comprehend what is so much above the highest imaginations!"

These last words I uttered abstractedly, for I had already forgotten the presence of the stranger, and was once more gazing on the waves. But his voice recalled me instantaneously. I never heard a voice like it—low, sweet, mournful in its usual tones, yet capable of many varied intonations, and glorious in reciting kindred poetry, as I learned too well, when in after days I heard him reciting my own.

"It is true," he said, "that the first impression of the sublime is sadness; but does not that soon wear off, and leave behind an indelible memory of rejoicing veneration! You will never forget the sea, but you will think of it as the brightest and most joyous of nature's elements!"

"You are a prophet," I exclaimed, half laughing.

"I judge of you by myself, Miss Studleggh; I remember feeling exactly the same when first I beheld the mighty ocean 'rolling evermore.'"

"How do you know my name?" I said. "Are you one of those who examine the tickets on the passengers' luggage? I saw a lady, with a blue plume in her bonnet, on her knees before my trunk; so perhaps she was your informant?"

He smiled again. "No, Mr. Anson was my informant; and here he comes to introduce me in due form." My good tutor approached, with some surprise in his face.

"Why, Marchmont, you seem to have introduced yourself! This old friend of mine is to bear us company in our little tour, Laura. You have seen Mrs. Marchmont at Studleggh, I think?"

Yes, I had seen her—an elegant, venerable widow, with a pale, mournful face; and I had heard of the genius and filial affection of her only child, Ernest.

I bowed my head mechanically; for the first time in my life a feeling came over me that I had been forward and unmaidenly in addressing a stranger, and springing up with my natural vehemence, I fled down stairs to the cabin, to the sheltering wing of my chaperone. And yet, though I ran away from him, I was very glad Ernest Marchmont was to be one of our party.

CHAP. II.

"All my welfare to sorrowe and care
Sholde change yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all man kynde
I love but you alone."

Ballad of the Nut Broen Mayde.

It may have occurred to my sentimental readers that, in accordance with the old usages of romance, I ought, so self-willed and imaginative as I have described myself, to have fallen in love with my tutor, Mr. Anson. I can only excuse myself for this breach of the heroics, by

stating that Mr. Anson was engaged when he first entered our family, that he had long confided to me this secret, and that, in spite of being known by a girl, it continued to be a secret till Mr. Anson himself announced it previous to his departure. Nay, more: it was through the interest of a connexion of his betrothed that he obtained the chaplaincy on which he now hoped to support a wife. He had often said that the first cause of his taking an interest in me, was some indefinite resemblance that I bore to his beloved Menie Fraser, before she had known trial, and the loneliness of orphanage. Mrs. Butler, my kind aunt, had arranged with my father that we were all to be present at our esteemed teacher's wedding, and that I was to act bridesmaid. Thus I have clearly proved to you, good reader, that my regard for Mr. Anson was a sort of filial attachment, an enthusiastic veneration; but *love* for one so wise, so thoughtful, so tried in trouble, as he was, would have seemed to me most presumptuous folly. It was very different with respect to Ernest Marchmont. He was younger, gayer, more gallant in manner, and more variable in temperament, with a fire and spirit which always kindled a like spark in me. I liked his changes of moods; his abrupt transition from a witty lampooning style of conversation, to a serious, awe-stricken reflectiveness, that seemed to mirror all my own deepest, saddest, meditations. I liked his knowledge of the world, his descriptions of society—all an unknown hemisphere to me. I liked his inexhaustible memory, his abundant quotations, which with him were not pedantic, but irrepressible; his passionate love of music, not for its artfulness, but its sentiment. I never was so delighted as when I heard him condemn the "floriture" of singing, and eulogise the affecting simplicity of peasant ballads. I had little talent for music as a science, and that little had never been cultivated. Madame had at times condescended to give me a short lesson on the piano; but the dreadful entanglement of my fingers, when I came to my "prestissimo," and the utter impossibility I found in playing four parts at once with two hands, in the style of Thalberg or Liszt, soon sealed my disgrace. An equally futile attempt was made in the vocal department. Madame declared I was *barbare* because I laughed when I came to a *con passione*, and my endeavour at a shake put her teeth on edge; and a *cadenza* was a *fall* indeed. No; I never could have been an Italian cantatrice. Song is a spontaneous gush of feeling, but not a series of melodramatic adventures. I was abandoned in this, as in all else, to my own wilful way; and I amused myself by catching the tunes sung by the country girls, to which I wrote my own words, and arranged my own simple accompaniments. Well, these songs, generally impassioned, tender, and artlessly mournful, were what seemed so much to please Mr. Ernest Marchmont; and though many years have gone since the evenings when I sang them among the Highland hills, the least cadence of one recalls

as vividly as ever the happy time that glorifies their memory.

Our first stage, I said, was Glasgow. Hence we made pleasant excursions to Bothwell, Hamilton, the Falls of Clyde, &c. We next proceeded up Loch Fyne, and among the Western Isles, till we joined the Caledonian Canal, which brought us to Inverness. Never shall I forget sailing up that mighty chain of lakes, with the green hills on either side, and the distant blue mountains crowning the head of the valley. The utter calmness and silence of a track traversed twice a week by bustling, crowded boats, was not the least surprise to me. I had expected to see cottages thickly scattered along the banks, and was solemnised by the uninhabited grandeur of the scene. Ernest stood beside me on the deck, pouring out rich treasures of poetry, extemporising as he was apt to do. And in the evening we stopped at Fort Augustus to sleep; and after dining at the little inn, we all walked out by moonlight along the lake, and sitting down on the beach, I sang to them all the Scottish ballads I had learned from an old nurse of yore. Those were indeed delicious days. I had all the rapture of love's first dream without having awaked to its cares. I thought too much of Ernest to have time to consider what he thought of me, and when with him, the absorbing interest of his conversation left no room for the coquetries of idle vanity. It was not till we reached Inverness, and saw the lovely serene Menie Fraser, that I began to reflect on myself and my personal deficiencies. Then, indeed, I said to myself, "No one who sees *her* can ever look twice at *me*." She was fair as a child, with a childlike expression of truthfulness in her eyes, and a clear, unruffled forehead. Yet she had known sorrow and dependence; but these had quieted, not disturbed her. Her trials had made her voice low, her movements noiseless, and had given a touching falter to her beautiful mouth. The very guileless confidence in her eyes had an appeal in it, an imploring "Forsake me not; I trust all to you." I liked to see those eyes turned to her betrothed, and to catch his answering glance of pride and admiration. There was so much self-reliance about him, she was sure to have adequate strength in *his* strength.

Ernest was charmed with Menie, and openly said so; and descanted very eloquently on her feminine and gentle character.

Now a man cannot offend a high-spirited independent-minded woman more deeply than by praising to her the opposing qualities of meekness and self-negation. I took all his eulogies as a covert reproof of myself, although I perfectly agreed with him in admiring Menie and her sweetness. We went that very afternoon to the Falls of Kiluorach, in a very beautiful district, some miles from Inverness. I was sullen, and chose to go off with my brothers instead of entering into conversation with Mrs. Butler and Mr. Marchmont. The boys did not want to have me in their scramble, and led me over the most slippery rocks, close to dangerous pools,

and up steep precipices, on purpose to weary me, and induce me to return. At length I gave in, when we came to a place where the river Beaully leaps sheer over the rocks in a narrow ravine. The boys proposed swinging themselves across by the overhanging branch of a large tree; and seeing I could no longer keep up the game of "follow my leader," I returned to the place where I had left the elders of our party. I was in no very good humour, when I came to a small moss bower perched on the verge of the cliff, and commanding a fine view down the ravine to the open country beyond. Mr. Anson and his affianced stood talking at some distance further down the stream. I was proceeding to join them, when I heard Ernest's voice within the moss bower, where he was sitting with my aunt. They were praising Menie Fraser. I felt so provoked I was going to turn away, when my own name raised my curiosity, and I forgot the meanness of playing the eavesdropper in my eagerness to hear what Ernest would say of me.

"What a pity," said my aunt, "that poor Laura is so plain; her mother lays such a stress upon beauty; and the Effingham ladies have been always famous for their charms. Laura is so unlike her lovely sisters—you cannot fancy what a contrast they present."

"A contrast, indeed!" responded the musical tones of Mr. Marchmont: "I have seen both the sisters, and they may be almost called faultlessly beautiful; yet they would look insipid beside Miss Studlegk. She has a charm far more rare than regular features, or ivory skin—the ever-changing play of expression—the brilliant variations of light and shade—the shining of the inner soul through the outer coating so vividly, that the features themselves seem altered according to the mood that animates them."

"I beg you won't say any of this nonsense to Laura," interrupted my aunt, laughing good-humouredly. "You will ruin the greatest merit the poor child has, which is, that she devoutly believes herself a miracle of ugliness: it has been well impressed upon her."

"Yes; her artlessness is indeed one of her most charming characteristics," answered Ernest, his voice faltering methought not a little. "She is so much a child in purity of heart at an age when most fashionably brought-up girls are running a tilt for a titled husband, or calculating the riches of their male acquaintances with a vulgar sordidness shocking to behold."

I stood astonished; saying, like Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears!" What! after having lived seventeen years in the belief that I required, like Mokannah, a silver veil to hide my face—now to know that I was not without some female weapons, and that my very ignorance of their possession had made them more effectual! It requires a woman to have been often called ugly to understand my emotions at this moment. It was not vanity that rejoiced me—it was humble, passionate gratitude to the first man that had discovered I was not a Paria of my species. How could I thank him but by the surrender of the heart he had first taught to leap at the ac-

cents of the beloved one? This is a rhapsody; but I am speaking of love, and love is a rhapsody from beginning to end. I ran back to the water-side, to the bottom of the fall, and sitting on the furthest stone I saw, I began to collect my scattered thoughts. Evening—a crimson summer evening—sank noiselessly around me. The dark shadows of the rocks, hollowed out into caverns by the boiling waters, grew deeper and deeper. The stars came out in the narrow strip of intense blue which stretched high overhead between the tops of the lofty banks; a few red rays shivered, and then faded from the white bosom of the cascade, and still my watch was unbroken; and the repose of all around soothed my soul into perfect peace.

Would I had died then—the loveliest, the purest moment of my life!

The voice of Ernest Marchmont broke the spell, only to wind round me a stronger one; but one more chequered by earthly care, and disquieted by earthly passion.

“This place,” he said, “is like a city churchyard. That deep black pool under the hollow rock hides all its secrets, gloomy and repulsive; and the ceaseless roar of water goes on above and around, hurling downwards to its relentless bosom flowers of beauty, and fragments of stone, and splinters of trees, which are all swallowed by the river just as the city churchyard swallows from the crowd daily hurrying above it the beautiful and the strong-hearted, the luxuriant-minded and the beloved.”

I garble his words dreadfully: I cannot give his richness of language, and I forget his beautiful imagery. The reader must not judge of Ernest Marchmont from my feeble rendering: it is like Schiller badly translated into English. I am, alas! no Coleridge to transpose genius into other tongues.

A few days after this, in a general conversation, flirtation became the subject of discussion. Here I betrayed such excessive ignorance of the ways of the world, as to excite the laughter of my aunt and Ernest, who protested he had not thought it possible a young lady could reach seventeen in such unsophisticated simplicity. Mr. Anson did not laugh; he looked anxiously from me to Ernest, and next morning I saw him on the lawn, in very grave conversation with the young man. The consequence of his advice soon showed. Ernest avoided me for some days; spoke shortly and snappishly to me, and went on a fishing excursion with my brothers. I suspected Mr. Anson as the cause of this, and took a meditating fit. I saw all his fears, and I saw also how groundless they were. I knew myself better than he did. I felt that wealth to me would bring no happiness. I felt that a love of simplicity and a dislike of show were my prevailing characteristics; that what I required in this world was one to advise, to assist me in my struggles with my own waywardness; one whose love would spur me to exertion, to please whom continual labour would be as pleasant as it would be bracing and improving. I hated idleness; what, therefore, should I do with wealth? I

was not a beauty; what should I do with costly dress? I had not accomplishments; what would I feel in company? I loved the use of my limbs; of what use to me would be carriages with powdered lacqueys? Youth is wiser in its instinct sometimes than age in its experience. The spirit becomes so bent aside by the world, that it pities those who still stand upright.

I knew that I could stand alone, without the sickly props of luxury; and, poor as I knew Ernest Marchmont to be, I made a vow within myself to love none other.

His mother had a small sum of money, which was invested at a high rate of interest in my father's banking-house; and from this interest she had managed to educate her only child at Rugby, where his talents had early made him remarked. She was the widow of a naval officer, whose distinguished services, though he was cut off before he could ascend in his profession, had obtained for his child the promise of some small government appointment. Ernest had now returned from college, and was awaiting his destiny from the ministers in office.

My good tutor's kind-meant warning operated like all warnings to the young and ardent. For a short space Ernest avoided me, only to return to me more cordially than ever, to display a stronger zest for my conversation, and a warmer interest in my welfare. At last he appeared to surrender himself entirely to his feelings, and to submit to be floated down love's bright stream without caring about the cataracts that might end his career midway. We rode, walked, read together. The Ansons were married, and departed to their home, and Mrs. Butler prepared to convey myself and my brothers southward. Ernest accompanied us as far as Edinburgh—or at least he was to have done so; but the news which greeted us at Perth hastily broke up the party. We younger ones had gone out to ascend Kinnoull hill. It was a beautiful walk; and, in such society as I enjoyed, not knowing it was the last for a long dreary interval (though I did know the last day of Ernest's company was approaching), I could not fail to be happy. No words or vows had Ernest said; yet I was not disappointed, for I did not expect them at that stage of our intercourse. Woman is patient in her love. She is grateful for the ideal promises which her imagination reads in looks and tones. What are *these*, though, to bind *man*? “They are not in the bond.” They are not tangible, or actionable; they do not affect his conscience; they are glittering counters, not coins. He says, “Where are my *words*? my *written letters*?” Looks and tones are easy to be misconstrued; words may seem to mean much, and yet be only the senseless verbiage of flirtation: the tautology of a shallow-witted fancy.”

No! Man scorns to be judged save by the letter of the law; and the woman who has had *no proposal* from her lover, is despised for having given her happiness in exchange for hints and hopes. Such exactly Ernest certainly was not. He did not mean to trifle with

me; he really, I believe, loved me; but he was poor, and he put off the irrevocable words to a more convenient season.

I thought not of these things. I saw affection in his eyes, I heard it in his voice, and I wished for no more. I had consented before to give him some of my writings to correct, which he had done with great judgment and charity; and having highly embellished them by a few of his own brilliant touches—unconsciously to himself, for it was merely substituting one word for another, which new word threw a blaze of light over the formerly obscure—he had promised to use his interest in gaining them admission into some literary periodical. We had been discussing this plan on our way home, and I was in a flutter of delightful hope and pride when I ran into our sitting-room at the hotel. My aunt was at the table drowned in tears. A black-edged letter lay before her: she had no words to speak. I took up the letter, and saw my father was dead. A sudden fit of apoplexy had removed him from the world.

I had never been much loved or regarded at home, yet this loss struck heavily to my heart. Nature was strong in me, and I wept as passionately as if for a dear and valuable friend. Even the careless pat on the head which had been his warmest salutation to me would now have been more precious than the kindest caresses from others. I had lost not only the father who had neglected me, but the father who might have been my best and tenderest guide and protector. I had always hoped that, when my sisters and brothers were disposed of, my father would feel me to be of some use—that then I might gain the affection my childhood had never known. Before I left home to become acquainted with Ernest Marchmont, I had always looked forward to a single life.

Mrs. Butler proceeded home by Glasgow. We found my eldest brother at Studleggh. My mother had gone to London to reside with Lady Fitzinterest; thither I, too, was sent. Two of the boys were placed at Addiscombe, my father having obtained cadetships for them; and the youngest returned to school. The family affairs were said to be in great confusion; but my brother had succeeded as principal partner in the banking house, and he told the lawyers that, if they would only give him time, he would set everything to rights, so that the will could be carried entirely into effect. We were each left five thousand pounds, and the rest was to belong to my elder brother. Forty-five thousand pounds was a large sum, he said, to take at once from the banking house: it must be done gradually: he must make suitable arrangements.

The executors were lazy, wealthy, good-natured people, and agreed to his proposals, for which they were afterwards severely censured by the world, as well as by the sufferers from their supineness.

Meanwhile, I journeyed to London. Tennyson had not then given to the world that beautiful image in his "Locksley Hall:"

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,
And at night, along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn,
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men."

A beautiful picture. Tennyson, thou art the most seductive of mannerists! Had I written such poetry as some of the bursts in "Locksley Hall," I had not now been a disappointed authoress; but my dreams were too dreamy—too much of the filmy gossamer. I lacked nerve to knit them strongly for the lasting use of my fellow-creatures.

Although "Locksley Hall" was not written, I felt a great deal of its spirit in my heart. London looked grander in the distance than when I found myself in the grim brick street in which Lady Fitzinterest resided. Some of the streets frequented by the nobility are the very gloomiest in the town. Belgravia and Asia Minor (as the Anglo-Indian colony beyond the Edgware-road is sometimes termed) were then in infancy, and aristocracy did not disdain the wretched lanes running out of Piccadilly. My sister's was a large gloomy house in one of these narrow streets. It was dulness itself by day; but the long suite of rooms looked very imposing by night. Adelia, however, could not entertain so soon after our father's death, and the season, fortunately, not being very near, she made the whole household emigrate a fortnight after my arrival.

Stillington Manor was a very fine old place, with very magnificent foliage, and a beautiful river running in sight of the house; but it was a desert to my sister and mother. Lord Fitzinterest had engaged a moor in Scotland, and carried off all the men he could muster to swell his game-list. Adelia languished without gentlemen. My mother disliked the seclusion of widowhood. The house was as hushed as death. Adelia's children seldom left the nursery; their noise was too much for their delicate relatives. The poor things went out to walk at the back-door, and were never seen in the dining-room or drawing-room save after dinner, when they crept in noiselessly one by one, to show their new frocks and to kiss their mamma, and then they crept out the same way. I think they had a new frock on every day. It seemed to their mamma the great object of their existence that they should wear as much embroidered muslin, showy ribbon, lace, velvet, and satin as their little bodies could accommodate in the twelvemonth. They were girls both, and that was a grand fault in their parents' eyes. I liked them all the better for their "femenitye." I never could tolerate little heirs and lordlings—they are such grievous specimens, generally, of corrupted infancy. Celia was with them: I had

not seen her for a year. She was now nine years old, with a promise of great beauty. Her pure spirit was unspoiled by all the injudicious flattery she had received. The praises lavished on her beauty and her musical abilities only made her guilelessly happy and overflowing grateful to every one. She was glad for all they told her, but not vain. Her perfect innocence of thought kept her untainted by the worldlings around her. She conceived a strong fancy for me, and I was delighted to read to her and to interest her in her studies. Her "studies"—a word foolishly misapplied. My poor Celia was taught at this time three instruments—the harp, the piano, and the guitar. She had a French *bonne* to teach her the language, and an Italian footman for a similar purpose. She had had lessons in dancing, and in all sorts of posture exercises from professors of graceful deportment. My mother was almost insane about Celia. She expected great and lofty results from her. She was to marry higher than any of her sisters, and to be the leader of the London *ton*. "I have been quite heart-broken," she murmured, "about poor Effingham's degradation to that vile counting-house; but I am resolved to have my own way with Celia."

You may therefore imagine Lady Arabella's horror when it was discovered I was trying to teach Celia Latin.

"It is very hard, Laura, you have always had your own way; you have grown up as masculine and inelegant as you chose; for I always saw you were too obstinate to do anything with. But I must beg you do not corrupt your sister's mind with your radical politics and blue-stockings learning. If you think you should work as hard in the library as if you made your bread by it, all very well; but Celia is quite another thing: she is sure to marry as soon as she is presented. I feel confident she will make a great sensation, if she is not vulgarized by unnecessary reading."

I quietly acquiesced, and the arrival of a new regiment at the county town, with a *posse* of music-mad officers, made a revolution in the state of things. The major and the captain were continually at the manor, practising with the ladies, and Celia ran a risk of being made a precocious flirt by the gallant foppery of her tuneless accompaniments.

Adelicia recovered her spirits and her good looks in the animation of receiving visitors, and Lady Arabella grew more monomaniac than before about Celia.

Now, indeed, I felt the want of intellectual society. The silly, rapid, *persiflage* of the officers—the meaningless smiles of the ladies—the trite commonplaces of conversation—jaded my spirit. Most of my time I spent alone, wandering in the woods, luxuriating in poetical dreams, or pensively recalling the days of Ernest Marchmont. Winter was passed very much in the same way, but in spring Effingham good-naturedly asked me to return with him to Studlegh. We two were all alone in that great house. It looked very mournful—the wide, de-

serted rooms, and the uncomfortable sensation of carpetless floors, covered-up furniture, and closed shutters. Nor did the mood of Effingham add much to its liveliness. Some heavy care seemed pressing on his mind. He would leave me alone all day, while he was either closeted with the steward, or visiting every farm on his property, where he made so many and such strange inquiries with such a disquieted air, that his tenants looked at each other significantly when he turned away, and touched their own foreheads with a shrewd nod.

One of my first visits was to Mrs. Marchmont. She lived in a pretty green-venetianed cottage near the Mersey. She was tying up early roses against a wall when I entered by a wicket on her neat small lawn. Ernest, with a book in his hand, was speaking to her very thoughtfully. Both started when they saw me, and Ernest's face was suffused with crimson—a very rare event with him. His mother welcomed me kindly, and I sat some time in conversation; but Ernest was sad and constrained. I felt exceedingly surprised, and perhaps showed this feeling; for Mrs. Marchmont apologised for not having visited me by saying they had not heard Mr. Studlegh was accompanied by any of his sisters. Ernest had not yet received his promised appointment, and repeated laughingly, yet with an involuntary dash of bitterness, Spencer's famous lines, which applied to him too truly. He had been twice or thrice in London, to try personal solicitations, and as yet had failed. But his genius was beginning to bear fruits; his talents had latterly been employed on political subjects, and his writings were gradually making their way in the world. His poetry likewise was favourably reviewed and widely circulated. These facts his mother told me.

"Why not," I exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm—"why not trust to your pen, and follow literature entirely? *There* you have every advantage."

I stopped suddenly, for I caught his eye, which expressed a kindly pity for inexperience.

"Don't you remember Walter Scott's advice with regard to literature? It is a starving trade—a good servant, but a bad master; writing for one's house-room and dry crust would clip the boldest-winged imagination. The pressure of necessity squeezes out the very dregs of the mind. No; I will wait for necessity; I will not turn literature-monger till every other honest trade is denied to me. I would rather serve for hire in any shop, and write my poetry for dear love by a farthing rushlight when everybody was sleeping. No one who truly estimates the dignity of the poet would write down to the passing frivolities of the season to pay his daily way. Poetry is to me too sacred to jar its harmony with the jingling of the guinea."

He stopped, confused by his own energetic feelings. His mother looked upon him with a proud sadness. She seemed to see him already in the iron crush of the starving crowd.

I rose up and went home. A foreboding voice within me said, Ernest Marchmont cannot

afford to marry. I had grown, not worldly hearted, but worldly wise among the inhabitants of Stillington Manor. I had heard so much of "good matches," and "the necessity of people waiting till they were rich before they married," the impossibility of being comfortably settled under three or four thousand a year, that I had begun to conceive how young men stifle the virtuous throbs of a pure first love, and addict themselves to clubs and "safe" flirtations.

When Effingham heard of my call at Mrs. Marchmont's his face clouded heavily. The next moment, with a forced laugh, he said—

"We must be civil to Ernest; his father was a great friend of ours."

So Ernest was invited to fish in the river, and to lunch and dine, and he came duly "as per notice," and his manner to me grew more expressive than ever, and his voice had softer and deeper tones; and yet he said no word of love. It was too late for me to think of prudence now. I had leaped before I looked, and could not resume the heart I had so freely given. His sadness oppressed, but did not chill me. I knew he must have some good cause for it, and that soon appeared too vividly.

Every day his presence grew more precious; for I knew it would soon cease for ever. A

crueller shadow than even that of Death was falling over us—the shadow of helpless poverty. Strange rumours began to float around of my brother's conduct of the banking house. In a few months the storm broke, and we were all ruined.

I was in London when it was suddenly announced that the bank had stopped, that the liabilities were enormous, and that Mr. Effingham Studleggh had hurried off to America!

It appeared that the affairs were embarrassed even before my father's death, and that Effingham, afraid and ashamed then to display the secrets of his management, had obtained a breathing time for arrangements, in hopes by vigorous speculation to set all to rights without exposure. His speculations, daring, rash, and far beyond his legitimate province as a banker, had unexpectedly failed, and he, conscience-stricken by his own folly, could not face the family he had wronged, and fled precipitately from the creditors.

And another drop in this full cup of bitterness was, that the general crash had overwhelmed the small capital possessed by Mrs. Marchmont, and that now the whole dependence of herself and her son was on that son's daily and unflagging labour.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

(From a German Legend.)

One Christmas night, an orphan child
Walked trembling through the snow;
With sighs he marked the hurrying guests
Pass gaily to and fro.
With sighs he marked the many lights
Outshining far and nigh;
The night was dark, and over all
There arched a starless sky.

He heard the sound of dancing feet—
He heard the music's strain;
He saw the shadows flitting by
On many a window-pane;
And presently the tapers beamed
From many a Christmas Tree—
"I wish," the child in anguish cried,
"A bough were dressed for me!"

So passed he up and down the street
Till guests began to part:
Poor boy! Each kindly word they spoke
Breathed sorrow to his heart.
Each echo of their festal mirth
Called forth his tears like rain—
"I'll go," said he, "to yonder wood,
And pray to God again!"

He laid him down upon the snow—
The snow so soft and white—
And scarcely were his eyelids closed
When visions of delight,
Like sundawn beamed upon his soul—
"Dear child," an angel cries,
"Come quick with me, thy Christmas Tree
Is blooming in the skies!"

THE MINGLED YARN.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

"The web of our life is a mingled yarn."

SHAKESPEARE.

Blithe and merry to-day laughs the lip, and we
cry—

"Fill the wine-cup! Bring roses!" and long ere
the night

We sit, silent and sad, with the tear in our eye,
And the fall of the leaf fading full in our sight.
Sad and pale on the morrow we vow to Regret
All the long weary waste of its desolate hours;
When some fancy, bright sparkling, our humour
has met

And the night finds us gay with the mirth and the
flowers.

For the smile and the tear are such neighbours, in
sooth,

That the one from the other we cannot divide;
Like the wrinkle of age and the beauty of youth—
Like the sigh of the lone, and the blush of the
bride.

Who shall look on the mirror upheld in the face
With the wisdom to say what its wearer may feel?
Who shall guess from the life seems to flow on in
peace

What the innermost depths of its calmness con-
ceals?

O'er the gems of the ocean the dark waters flow—
O'er the brightest of stars sweeps the thick veiling
cloud;

Who could tell in their blackness the treasure below,
Or predict of their shine in face of the shroud?

Cease to judge we each other!—a riddle to read
Is the strange masquing fool in the bosom of man;
And the hour's changing humour a problem indeed,
Past the wit of the wisest to search or to scan.
1849.

W O M A N .

Yes! gentle as the gale that's borne from some fair
southern sky,
And soothing as the quiet dew that droppeth from
on high;
And yielding as the reed which springs beside the
forest tree—
So 'mid this rough, unquiet world should woman's
spirit be.

Oh! mighty as the noiseless helm that guides the
sea-tossed bark,
And sweet as the high warbled notes of the upsoar-
ing lark;
And holy as the hymn that floats above our mortal
ken—
Felt far beyond her joyous home, were woman's in-
fluence then.

A. S.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Old Friends! a vested right they claim
Methinks, in minstrel measures,
And Memory at the very name
Pours forth her garnered treasures:
'Tis just, indeed, that we should love
The honest and the true ones,
Yet some among the number prove
As fickle quite as new ones;
And sorrow with our record blends,
When busy thought retraces
How we have sometimes met Old Friends,
And found they wore New Faces!

Little the careless crowd's neglect
Our peace of mind endangers,
Reason forbids us to expect
The prompt regard of strangers;
But *they*, with whom we once exchanged
The heart's warm, true revealings,
When *their* chill tones, and looks estranged
Bespeak their altered feelings,
Our long-indulged illusion ends,
Scorn our esteem replaces,
And we would rather greet New Friends,
Than Old ones with New Faces!

We should not from Old Friends resent
A lack of small attentions—
Nay, we should welcome, if well meant,
Their faithful reprehensions;
But when the *heart* is found untrue,
We blame our former blindness,
And while we bitterly review
Past scenes of mocking kindness,
We breathe a wish that comprehends
All circles, times, and places—
“Oh! may we never meet Old Friends,
Unless they wear Old Faces!”

THE TWO RINGS.

“By Fiction Truth severe is taught.”
'Tis said that in the days of old,
Two rings by magic skill were wrought,
A monarch's fingers to infold.

In strange, artistic beauty done,
A mystic form on each was traced:
Sullen Oblivion darkened one,
And one divinest Memory graced.

A charmed power these rings possess'd,
Fatal or kind to those who wore;
For on the wearer each impressed
The *influence* of the shape it bore.

Oh, wondrous rings! Oh, blessed ones
To us poor pining “men of letters!”
To give of one kind to our duns,
And of the other to our debtors!

And sailors, too, who through their lives
Have tender hearts, that always meet hearts,
Might give of one kind to their wives,
And of the other to their sweethearts!

Not so our King: across the wave
Departing from a dame unkind,
To *her* the Oblivious gift he gave,
And Memory to himself assigned.

Alas! the changes Time will bring!
Now, many a weary married elf
Would give his spouse the Thoughtful ring,
And keep the Oblivious one himself.

For me (but let it be believed
Of Friendship, not of Love, I write),
I, too, have given and received
Those “tokens of the heart's troth-pledge;”

And think, like spells in them must be
(To such hard thoughts at last I'm driven)
Memory in all bestowed on me—
Forgetfulness in all I've given.

M. M. P.

H O P E .

The night has come—the day is o'er—
The busy hum is heard no more;
The nightingale her tuneful song
O'er hill and dale will now prolong:
The day is o'er.

The pale round moon, with peaceful light,
Dispels the gloom of solemn night;
The flowers have closed their dewy eyes—
The world reposed in silence lies:
The day is o'er.

But soon the day will come again—
The sunbeams play o'er hill and plain;
The shadowy night will pass away,
And all look bright and glad and gay:
The day will come.

So hope will play around the tomb;
So glorious day dispel its gloom;
So we shall rise and wing our way,
Through yonder skies to brighter day:
The day will come.

Blackheath.

GEORGE W. BENNETT

THE MANGLING ROOM.

(A Scene out of the Every-day Life of a Danish Household.)

FROM THE DANISH. BY MARY HOWITT.

One day, when I was about ten years old, having found my uncle's powder-horn, I filled my pocket-handkerchief with a quantity of gun-powder, with which, as soon as it grew dusk, I stole down to the shore, that I might amuse myself with what the children call water-spouts. I was so absorbed with the pleasure I was anticipating, that having set up my first water-spout, I forgot to place my powder in safety; it lay therefore in my left trousers' pocket, whilst I swung round the little black instrument which sputtered forth glittering yellowish-red sparks. Just when, with a shriek of delight, I was about to hurl it up in the air, I was startled by a dull report, and then a hot, burning current of air rushed past my face, and I was thrown to the ground. The first thing which I saw when I rose up was my pocket-handkerchief still burning in a tall tree; I had, however, no time to form any plans for recovering it, because a violent pain in my left leg made me look down to discover the cause, when to my unspeakable horror I perceived that my trousers were burning.

"What will my aunt say! And perhaps she will tell my uncle. And the powder! and the powder-horn!" While I thus thought, I began to cry with terror and pain, for the fire in the woollen cloth became still stronger. At that moment I felt myself seized by the neck, and the next over head in water.

It was the head man in my uncle's brandy distillery who had thus laid hands on me, for by chance being near me he had seen what happened. When he had taken me out of the water, and convinced himself that I had not suffered any injury, he said—

"But, Lodwig, what sort of a freak was that?"

I answered, crying all the time, that I did not know what it was; that there had come something just like fire, and had burned me.

"Don't tell me any stories, Lodwig," said the man; "I saw as plain as could be that you were playing with water-spouts."

"Dear Ole," besought I, "don't tell my aunt!"

"No," replied Ole, "I won't get you into trouble."

"But what am I to tell my aunt?" exclaimed I, beginning to cry again more than ever.

Ole bethought himself a little while, and then said, "You can say that you tumbled into the water, and that I picked you out."

"But, Ole, I durst not tumble into the water."

He bethought himself again: "Well, then, you can say that I pushed you into the water."

"Yes; but Ole," said I, "they will be cross with you."

"Never mind that," said Ole; "I'll bear all that, if you will only promise me never to play with powder again."

This conduct of Ole's appeared to me the most disinterested which one human being could show to another; and from this time forth I began to think of all the good that I could do to him. I was continually with him in the distillery; I ran errands for him, drew his ale when he was thirsty, and on Sundays always gave him the piece of cake which was given to me after dinner. Ole was not very polite, and did not even say that it was almost a shame to eat my cake. On the contrary, he ate it up to the last crumb, and wiped his mouth afterwards with the back of his hand, with an expression that seemed to say he could eat as much more; after which he asked, "But it was your own cake, Lodwig, was it? You have not stolen it from your aunt?"

On one occasion, however, I was able to give him a still more substantial proof of my devotion. Happening one day to go into the distillery, I saw him and another fellow lying struggling together under a bench. Ole was very strong; but his antagonist having fallen upon him from behind, now held him down by the throat, his body lying uppermost. When I beheld Ole lying thus black in the face, I was almost out of my senses, and running to them, I took a wooden shoe from one of the four struggling feet, and with its iron-bound heel struck his assailant so violently on the head, that he instantly let go Ole, and started up to fall upon me; but the next moment Ole was upon his feet again, and soon put him to flight.

From this time forth our friendship was mutual, and I became as indispensable to him as he to me. When he was not very busy in the distillery, he cut out cards for me, or cast leaden bullets for my cross-bow down in the cellar-like place into which the boiler fires opened, or else played at "touch-wood" with me round the great mash-tubs. On Sunday afternoons he took me with him the only walk he ever indulged in—down to the inclosed piece of land on the shore. When he had sate here for some time perfectly still, he returned to the house, and went up to his own chamber, where he dressed himself in his Sunday's best, and then we two went and stood at the court-yard gate. There we stood: he with his hat on, and in his red waistcoat, buttoned with small silver buttons up to his throat; dark blue coat, and three or four watches in his pockets, each with its watch-chain hanging conspicuously out, and with one

silver-mounted meerschauin pipe sticking out from the hind pocket of his coat, and another in his hand; for the head distiller at my uncle's had high wages, and many perquisites. My uncle used to say that his head man earned more than he did himself.

When we had thus stood for half-an-hour or so, and spoken to the young girls of the town who went by, and all of whom had a kind look for the handsome Ole, he returned to his chamber, and again put on his every-day clothes; after which he went to look after his distilling, unless there was mangling to be done this afternoon, in which case he betook himself from the gate to the mangling-room in all his bravery.

This mangling-room was a large square apartment which lay behind the dairy. The floor was of clay, and the furniture consisted alone of the mangle and a large square table. Two small holes served for windows; these the servant maids stopped up in winter with rags, and therefore on the afternoons of highdays and holidays lighted the great iron lamp, with its two wicks, which hung directly over the mangle.

I had always had a sort of horror of this room, partly because it was so dark, and lay at the end of a long, dark passage, and partly because I had once heard a story about it which did not greatly redound to its credit. I was sitting one winter afternoon in a corner of the drinking-room—for my uncle also dealt in liquors by retail—and was amusing myself with an old pack of cards. It was early in the afternoon, and the room was empty, with the exception of old Niels Oisen, who sat asleep beside the stove; when all at once in rushed Maren, the dairy-maid, and threw herself upon a bench. The noise woke Niels Olsen, who exclaimed—

"What is amiss with you, Maren?"

"Oh, I am just ready to swoon!" replied Maren.

Niels raised himself from his bowed position, looked compassionately at her, and said, "Drink a drop, Maren!"

"You drunken old swine," said Maren, "would you have me drink brandy as well as you! Oh Lord Jesus, my Saviour!"

"I think she's out of her mind!" said Niels to himself, and then asked once more, "What is amiss with you, Maren?"

"Oh Lord Jesus!" again cried Maren, "God grant that I may never hear the like again! Niels Olsen, just now when I was coming out of the dairy, what should I hear but mangling in the mangling-room!"

"Nay! then I know for sure—" said Niels Olsen, with suppressed voice and folded hands—

"What do you know?" screamed Maren, and became as white as chalk.

"Is there anybody ill in the house?" asked Niels Olsen.

"Ay, little Kirstine lies ill," said Maren, her eyes expanding, and her whole appearance as if her blood was turning to ice.

"Oh, then, you'll see in three days."

"What shall we see, Niels Olsen?" asked Maren, coming close to him, as if she feared to stand alone.

"Did not I live here in service with Birgitta?" said Niels.

"And who was Birgitta, Niels Olsen?"

"Yes, that was before your time, Maren; Birgitta was the first dairy-maid that the master had after he was married."

"Well, and what about her, Niels?"

"Yes, she and I were to mangle together by ourselves, for there were not so many of us then as there are of you now. The last time I had mangled with her she was poorly, and she said to me, 'I think this will be the last time that we shall mangle together, Niels Olsen.'—'You mustn't say so, Birgitta,' said I, 'God willing, we'll mangle many a good piece of cloth together yet.'—The next Sunday, as I was standing in the stable, and was filling the rack for the big bull that we had then, and which afterwards went mad, and tossed Butcher Mogenssen, I heard Birgitta calling to me that I must come in and mangle. I thought nothing but that it was all right, and went up into the mangling-room; and when I opened the door, Maren, there I saw Birgitta, as plain as ever I saw her in my life, standing and turning the mangle all by herself, but there were no clothes in the mangle. 'In Jesus' name!' said I, shut the door after me, and went back into the stable. And on Wednesday night Birgitta died!"

"God be merciful to us!" cried Maren, and became more faint than ever.

Niels Olsen filled a half measure with brandy, drank some of it himself, and threw the rest into Maren's face; on which she recovered, and they then promised each other not to say a word about what had happened to any of the people of the house, lest it should come to the ears of little Kirstine. After this Maren went back into the dairy.

It is only necessary now to tell that little Kirstine did not, after all, die at that time; nevertheless, I retained all my terror of the mangling-room. I entered for the first time with Ole—for where should I have been afraid of going, when Ole was with me?

Although I did not at that time understand all that I saw going forward in the mangling-room, yet it has remained as clearly imprinted on my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. The lamp with its two wicks was lighted, and threw its strong reddish light upon the two oldest herdsmen, who turned the mangle; this having been from time immemorial a part of the duty attached to the stable. In a less strong light stood all the men servants of the house side by side, along one wall; and exactly opposite to them, against the opposite wall, stood the maid-servants of the family, as well as other young women from the neighbourhood. The young men conversed at broken intervals among themselves; but their conversation had reference to the girls, who replied to it by talking to each other. Without the two opposite rows

looking at each other, yet they mutually communicated in this way all the news; flung repartees backwards and forwards, and talked till they were tired.

As soon as the "family's linen" was mangled, the two old herdsmen walked off to the drinking-room, as if they knew that they were unnecessary for the scene which followed. Then stepped forward one young woman after another to the table, placed the linen ready on the roller, and laid it under the mangle; on which one of the young men stepped forward from their side, and helped her to turn the mangle. When this was done sufficiently, the girl gave the young man her hand, and said, "Thanks, so and so," mentioning his name. Sometimes it would happen that two or more young fellows would rush forward at once to help some one girl; and then followed a short combat, until one of them succeeded in possessing himself of the mangle, when all quietly retired, and the work proceeded as before. Sometimes also a young fellow, who wished to go forward, was withheld from doing so, amid the laughter of the whole row. The more earnestly he tried to get away, the louder grew the laughter; nor would they release him till he had promised to give them some brandy. All this appeared so very amusing to me, that I asked Ole whether he also would not mangle. To which he replied, "Hush! Lodwig, there is something about this which you don't understand."

When all the girls had finished, one of them went out and called to Fransine, my aunt's parlour-maid. Fransine was a peasant girl, who had entered my aunt's service when she was a child, and thereby had acquired the appearance of a city maiden; her face was not so red as those of other girls; neither did she wear wooden shoes, nor yet heavily plaited petticoats; nevertheless she was much liked by the house-servants, because she was not proud, by which it might be inferred that her predecessor had been so.

Fransine came hastily in, with a small bundle of clothes, saluted the company with a "Good evening to all in the room!" arranged the linen round the roller, then placed it in the mangle, and seemed as if she were about to mangle by herself. On this Ole left his place in the ranks, without any one attempting to interrupt him, placed himself at the mangle, and turned it for Fransine. Fransine never once looked up, all the time he was mangling; but when he had finished, she gave him her hand, looked kindly at him, and said—"Thanks, Ole!"

At that moment such an expression of joy passed over Ole's face that I also fell involuntarily glad, and exclaimed—"I, too, will mangle!"

Maria, the kitchenmaid, said—"In that case we must send a message after little Emilie; but you two are too young for that yet."

About this Emilie there is, however, a long story; but I will not tell it now.

It was towards the end of the midsummer-holidays that this scene took place in the mangling-room, and as I immediately afterwards

went to Copenhagen, to school, I was not present at any others for some time.

When I returned at Christmas a great delight awaited me. My cousin Anton was at my uncle's house on a visit. I now had my uncle, my aunt, Ole, the whole house, and over and above all, cousin Anton. I did not at all know how I should divide myself among so many; I had almost more to love than I could manage.

Anton Falsen was the one whom I most desired to resemble when I became a man. He was, properly speaking, in trade—that is to say, he managed his father's business; and I was to be a student; but he had no resemblance whatever to any other merchant's clerk, or shop-keeper's assistant. He understood everything; he could sing, dance, play comedy, imitate people's way of talking and looking; and let anybody be as melancholy as they might, they were sure to laugh when he began; then he had also a strange, indescribable smile which produced an irresistible effect upon all. I once heard his father say, when speaking of him—"Anton is a wild-cat, and has cost me a deal of money; but for all that, he will get through the world; for he is a merry fellow, and is liked by everybody—especially by the ladies."

And I can very well remember that it was from this very assertion of his father's that I wished so much to be like Anton when I became a man.

In the beginning I spent all my time with Anton, and quite forsook Ole and the distillery; after a while, however, my conscience smote me for so doing; and leaving my cousin, I once more visited Ole. I could not help fancying that he was less gentle and kind than formerly, and as I supposed that it might be in consequence of my having deserted him, I now redoubled my attention to him; but this produced no effect whatever on Ole. Now and then he would show somewhat of his former kindness; but the next moment he again became gloomy, and said that I must go away from him. One day when I stood beside him, on the best of terms as I supposed, he pushed me away, so that I fell; while he said—"Get away! You look just the image of your cousin!"

When I, however, began to cry, he took me in his arms, caressed me, asked my forgiveness, and promised me everything I wished for, if I only would be quiet, and not tell anybody in the house anything about it.

When on Sunday I took to him, according to old custom, my piece of after-dinner cake, I found him sitting down by the boiler fires, looking very melancholy.

"No, Lodwig," said he, when I offered it to him; "I shall not have it. Give it, rather, to your cousin."

"Why should I give it to him?" asked I; "he has had a piece as well as me."

"Give it to him," said Ole; "let him have it as well."

Ole's voice was so very sorrowful that I was ready to cry.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.

"With you, poor lad?" said Ole, and began to mend the fire vigorously under the boiler.

There was going to be a mangling that same afternoon, and I went, with Ole, into the room. We did not go until it was almost over; and when the message was sent to bid Fransine come, she was a long time before she made her appearance; and when she came, she said—"Good afternoon to all here!" in a different tone to what she had done before.

Everybody was quite silent when she came in; and all the time that she was placing the clothes within the linen of the roller, the whole place was so still that you might almost hear the people breathing. When she had got all ready, and stood by the mangle, there was a pause of a minute or two before any one offered to help her. At length Ole stepped forward from the ranks, as on the former occasion. He seized the handle, and at the first turn that he gave, the huge mangle rocked to and fro, and was shaken out of its place; and Fransine, throwing down the mangle-stick, rushed out of the room.

Ole and several other of the men went round into the public drinking-room, ordered each a measure of brandy, and were more than usually merry. After a short time, however, Ole grew very quiet, and, rising up, stood leaning against the inner door of the room.

While he was thus standing, my cousin Anton came in from the street. He stayed a moment at the threshold of the outer door to knock the snow from his shoes, and then was about to pass through the room, on his way to the parlour, against the door of which Ole was leaning. He might very well have gone in without disturbing Ole if he had chosen; but instead of that, he cast an angry glance at him, and bade him go out of the way.

Ole stood immovable, as if he had not heard him speak; whilst the other young fellows drew together in a group by the counter.

"Did you not hear that I told you to stand out of the way?" cried my cousin.

Ole still leaned against the door-post as before, and replied—"There has hitherto been, just as there is to-night, room enough for two people at master's door."

One of the young men tittered; the rest drew closer together.

"Out of the way, fellow," shouted my cousin, growing angry, "or else I'll help you!"

"You had better help yourself," replied Ole.

My cousin was almost beside himself:

"You rascal," said he, "are you making game of me?" And with this he seized Ole by the breast of his coat.

But Ole was as if planted in the earth, and he merely said—"Take your hands off!"

I knew Ole, well; and the tone in which he spoke these few words made me tremble.

"Take your hands off!" said Ole, once more.

"You rascal, I'll teach you manners," cried my cousin, and struck him in the face. But at the very moment when I heard the blow, I saw my cousin fly the length of the room and strike against the counter; here he stood for half a

moment, gasped for breath, and then sank to his knees, the blood covering his face.

All the spectators stood as if petrified.

Ole stood staring for a moment, and then said—"Now I also have done some mischief." And then, bursting open the sitting-room door, stalked through it, with long strides, into the kitchen; and I, crying with all my might, ran after him.

In the kitchen stood Fransine. Ole, with his left hand, seized her by the arm; and she, terrified, sank upon her knees before him, whilst, with his right outstretched, he seemed as if grasping after some deadly weapon. Fransine screamed; and I, scarce knowing what I did, seized upon his outstretched arm and screamed too. The maid-servants came rushing in from the maid-servants' room; my aunt came out of her bed-chamber; and my uncle, who heard the noise in the distant counting-house, hurried in also. My cousin came reeling in, with a bloody pocket-handkerchief held to his face, and otherwise looking very white. At sight of my uncle and aunt, Ole let go Fransine, and remained standing immovable, with downcast head. Fransine sat down on the chopping-block, and putting her apron before her face, began to cry.

"What is amiss here?" asked my uncle, looking round him. "How came you to be bleeding?" asked he of Anton.

"It is your brandy-distiller who has struck me," said he.

"And he has rushed through the parlour into the kitchen, and knocked down one of my maid-servants!" said my aunt.

"Ole, what is the meaning of all this?" asked my uncle; "you have hitherto been a well-conducted fellow. Have you had any cause of offence from any one? What is amiss, Ole?"

Ole seized my uncle's hand without looking at him, kissed it, and said—"God bless you, master!—but I must leave you."

"What, will you leave before your time is up, Ole?"

"Yes, let him go!" cried my aunt, who was very irritable; "we are not going to ask him to stay, I should think."

"Master, I'll willingly forfeit a quarter's wages," said Ole.

"What! a quarter's wages? Do you think that I am troubling myself about your wages? You can set off, for what I care—Heaven forgive me, I was nearly swearing! Only let me have peace in my own house!"

With these words my uncle turned round to go, evidently greatly disturbed, and, in passing Anton, he said to him, in a low voice—"It is all owing to you, you bad fellow! It is you, and nobody else, who has made all this mischief!"

Anton followed my uncle out of the kitchen, and said something to him which I did not hear.

"Pack up your things and be off," said my aunt to Ole; "and, Fransine, do you come with me!"

Before Ole went into the men-servants' room, they already knew what had occurred. They

were all talking together in a loud voice ; but as soon as he entered, they fell into a deep silence. After a pause, one of them said—"Where will you have your things taken to, Ole?"

Ole named the place.

The one who had spoken continued—"You need not be at the trouble of packing them, Ole; we fellows will look after that for you, and you need not fear that you should miss a single thing."

"I am sure I shall not," said Ole; "and I think," added he, "that you will all of you say for me, that I am not a bad one to live in service with."

"That we can," said the spokesman of the party.

"Well, then, I will bid you all farewell," said Ole; "and thanks for this time."

"Nay, but we shall go with you to the road,"

said the spokesman. "But now I must call the girls."

All the women-servants, with the exception of Fransine, came out and took leave of Ole, all seeming very sorrowful about it.

On this Ole passed through the door, the men accompanying him, in a close crowd, across the court-yard to the great gate, where he so often had stood in his Sunday finery. Here they remained standing, and looking after him.

"Shall we not give him an hurrah?" said the one who had spoken before. "A happy journey to you, Ole Hansen!"

Ole looked back from the street, and nodded to them. All his fellow-servants lifted their red caps from their heads, and set up a loud hurrah! The next moment Ole was out of sight, and they all returned to their several employments.

But from that time forth there was no one who would mangle with Fransine.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.*

What to do with our criminal population? has been a question long before the public, and answered in all manner of ways. "Hang them," say the disciples of the old school; "Transport them," say another class; "and give them a chance of retrieving their character." This last recommendation has been for a considerable time vigorously acted on; and, as far as the home-country is concerned, with a certain measure of apparent success. We removed the criminals out of our sight, put thousands of miles of sea and land between us and them, and then folded our arms and gave ourselves credit for having done all that was required. So long as our colonies, whither the criminals were sent, were weak and thinly peopled, no great outcry was raised against the system of transportation; though far-seeing men have long thought it an absurdity to reward crime by being sent to a region much desired by the labouring classes as a place of abode, but too far away for them to reach. Our colonies now, however, are beginning to feel their own strength, and they have protested, one after another, against being used as a sink into which all the moral filth and pollution of the mother country are to be drained. The Cape, not by any means the strongest of our colonial possessions, or the most important, upwards of twelve months ago peremptorily refused to receive any more convicts, and the Colonial Secretary succumbed, wisely or unwisely, to their demands. Australia is now up in arms against the system, and there is no doubt we shall have to yield again. Things have evidently come to this pass—that we must keep our own criminals, or cease to make them. The former alternative would be a gloomy pro-

spect, and accordingly we find the result of all inquiries into the subject tending to the latter. Crime is not, as many suppose, a *lawless* thing: it grows up and flourishes under certain conditions, and if these are changed it is modified in its form, or it altogether disappears. The effect will not indeed disappear upon the immediate withdrawal of the cause, but neither will it long survive it, and no remedy is worth applying unless it go to the root of the matter. Crimes against property are the most common in our state of society, and this is sure to be the case in all communities where there is much wealth on one side, and much poverty and ignorance on the other. Whatever tends, then, to diffuse wealth equally tends to diminish crime; but when laws are such that the wealthy are year by year becoming wealthier, and the poor poorer, then the temptation to stretch out the hand and take what is not his own becomes too great for the poor man. This is a wide question, and not to be entered on here; but the legislator who does not see that every law that impedes industry directly drives to crime, is little fit for his office. Industrial associations are, we rejoice to think, being tried, and to them we look for some diminution to the list of criminals. Ignorance, however, is the great feeder of crime; it is this that prevents the criminal from seeing the consequences of his act, and leads him to follow the guidance of present instinct, instead of calculating the consequences. The present, whether in time or place, is all that an ignorant man can apprehend. "The lamb that plucks the flowery sod" is not more careless of the future than the ignorant man; his whole care is of to-day; and, although no good Christian, he follows the precept literally, to "take no thought for the morrow." Ignorance is not perhaps an inciting cause of crime, but it is almost a concomitant circumstance, and even, in some sense, the soil

* "REFORMATORY SCHOOLS, for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes, and for Juvenile Offenders." By Mary Carpenter. (*Gilpin*.)

in which it takes root and flourishes. About the fact that most criminals are ill-educated, or not educated at all, there can be no manner of doubt; and even when they appear to know something, it is mere words. They can repeat certain formulæ, which they have been taught to look upon as mystically efficacious in some way, but their mental and moral faculties remain dormant and are never awakened. A certain species of *smartness* may no doubt characterize the young criminal: he is shrewd beyond his years in seizing his prey and eluding his enemies, but all this is compatible with mental development a few degrees above idiocy. Seeing then that ignorance is, in a certain sense, not so much an index of crime as the very element in which it grows, it would go some considerable way to lessen crime were ignorance made less common than unfortunately it is. The amiable author of the work now before us has paid much attention to the mutual relations subsisting between crime and education, and she purposes "Reformatory Schools" for children of a certain age, who have once subjected themselves to the severity of the law. And were schools open to all our people *gratis*, this proposal would be unobjectionable; but, in the mean time, there are difficulties in the way. It would be hard to leave the honest poor child without education—which would advance him in life—and give it to his brother because he has been actively vicious. If the vicious are to be educated, much more those who have not yet fallen into the ways of vice. Of course it is not mere book-learning that will reform a child if it has fallen into bad ways, and walked in them long. Industrial employments must be sedulously taught, and the habits of self-control and regularity *worked into* the constitution. But such is the force of habit that these might certainly, in a majority of cases, be formed in a year or two at the utmost.

We do not mean to say that the cases are quite analogous, but certainly the effects of drill and discipline, as seen in raw recruits, afford an example and encouragement for trying the same plan with the young of our criminal population. If a few months at Woolwich, under the drill sergeant, convert the veriest clodhopper into a "smart young man," why should a few years of discipline not operate on the morally dull and heavy in the same way? *Mind* is as obedient to law as matter; and if half the pains were taken to reform our young criminals that are taken to make soldiers, our judges and jailors would have much less to do. The attempts made at present by means of Ragged Schools, to draw off the sources of crime—though worthy of all praise—are too irregular and too weak to make much headway against the torrent of juvenile depravity that runs down the streets of London, and all our large towns; and Miss Carpenter very properly urges that, as all suffer from the depredations of this lawless horde, all should pay to get it repelled. Desultory and unconnected efforts will do little good. This is a point of view that requires to be pressed on public attention:—

"If anything is to be effectively done to purify the corrupt mass that is diffusing its noxious influence around, all must be made to co-operate in furnishing the pecuniary means, either by a municipal rate in each town which is sufficiently large to stand in need of the agency, or by distinct government grants for the purpose, such inspection being always provided as will secure the establishment of such schools in the localities where they are needed, and the management of them in an enlightened and efficient manner."

The establishment of such schools she maintains would be of the greatest utility to the state, and she quotes examples in point from some of the towns of New England. There is no doubt the vast number of our people who have either fallen, or are ever ready to fall, into the rank of criminals, is the darkest spot on the present character of England; and we fervently unite with the author of the work before us when she says—

"Let us no longer be a reproach to our neighbours; let them not point to our multitudes of ignorant and uncared-for children;—let the philanthropist devote heart and soul to the work; let him go forth in the spirit of his great Master to the highways, and bring in the lost and ignorant;—but let such arrangements be made by those who regulate the public finances that their labour shall not be in vain for want of means to carry it on, but that a wisely arranged plan shall oblige all to contribute to what is for the benefit of all."

Here, we take it, lie the pith and marrow of the whole question. We must attack crime early if we would attack it successfully, and the school-master is much more wanted than the jailor or the executioner. But there must be an army of schoolmasters—not mere teachers of the A, B, C, but *educators* in the highest sense of the word—acting not with individual impulse, but under the guidance of a master-mind, and with systematic devotion. This is a state of matters, however, that we hardly hope to see realized all at once. The short-sighted economy that prevents the people of England from securing to every English child "the rudiments of letters," and "that moral and religious truth both understood and practised," which Wordsworth so long since proclaimed to be an inherent right, will keep them from educating the criminal. If they will not help the *falling*, how can we expect them to do anything for the *fallen* but trample on them? Meantime, however, every volunteer in this glorious service must be welcomed, and those who lead the forlorn hope shall in the end—doubt it not—receive a double share of honour. Miss Carpenter has spoken a wise, considerate word, for the fallen and the falling; and while self-righteous Pharisees may turn away with affected or ill-concealed disdain from this subject, as low, she knows that humanity in its worst and most degraded forms has something in it ineffaceably divine, and that no labour is thrown away by which that element may be made to struggle against what is evil; even if, in this life, it should never entirely predominate. The encouragement she holds out to others we

hope will animate herself, and nerve her spirit for further labour in this neglected field of inquiry. Society is not to be taken by a *coup de main*, but yet it is not altogether unimpressible. Howard and Fry did not effect their mission in a day, and Miss Carpenter must not lose heart if society seems slow in responding to her call. Let her call and call again; and "by her continual coming she will weary them." Society is somewhat cowardly, and it is not impossible to coerce it into right.

The numerous and weighty authorities that our author has collected on this subject, and the thorough investigation that she has subjected it to, will render her book a valuable source of reference to all who take an interest in this most important matter. She pleads powerfully and eloquently for the class that she has taken under her protection, and we hope she will not plead altogether in vain. Some of the concluding remarks are worth the attention of those with whom the whole question is a mere matter of

calculation, but we shall rather choose as a final extract a passage addressed to those who recognize other influences than that of money:—

"These young beings continue to heid in their dens of iniquity, to swarm in our streets, to levy a costly maintenance on the honest and industrious, to rise up to be the parents of a degraded progeny of pauper children, or to people our gaols until they are audaciously wicked enough for transportation—in either case to be a drain on our resources, a festering plague-spot to society. There are many earnest and Christian workers in this cause, who see these evils, and know what only can be a cure for them;—let them not be weary in their exertions; let them not be daunted by discouragement, apathy, repeated disappointment;—but let them with one heart and voice unite in striving that the perishing and dangerous children of our land shall no longer remain in this outer darkness. Surely the people will listen when earnest words of truth and soberness are addressed to them;—the legislature will move when they hear the united voice of the nation."

TAKING BOARDERS.

(An American Story.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. I.

A lady, past the prime of life, sat, thoughtful, as twilight fell duskily around her, in a room furnished with great elegance. That her thoughts were far from being pleasant, the sober, even sad expression of her countenance too clearly testified. She was dressed in deep mourning. A faint sigh parted her lips as she looked up, on hearing the door of the apartment in which she was sitting open. The person who entered, a tall and beautiful girl, also in mourning, came and sat down by her side, and leaned her head, with a pensive, troubled air, down upon her shoulder.

"We must decide upon something, Edith, and that with as little delay as possible," said the elder of the two ladies, soon after the younger one entered. This was said in a tone of great despondency.

"Upon what shall we decide, mother?" and the young lady raised her head from its reclining position, and looked earnestly into the eyes of her parent.

"We must decide to do something by which the family can be sustained. Your father's death has left us, unfortunately and unexpectedly, as you already know, with scarcely a thousand dollars beyond the furniture of this house, instead of an independence, which we supposed him to possess. His death was sad and afflictive enough—more than it seemed I could bear. But to have this added!"

The voice of the speaker sank into a low moan, and was lost in a stifled sob.

"But what *can* we do, mother?" asked Edith,

in an earnest tone, after pausing long enough for her mother to regain the control of her feelings.

"I have thought of but one thing that is at all respectable," replied the mother.

"What is that?"

"Taking boarders."

"Why, mother!" ejaculated Edith, evincing great surprise, "how can you think of such a thing?"

"Because driven to do so by the force of circumstances."

"Taking boarders! Keeping a boarding-house! Surely we have not come to this!"

An expression of distress blended with the look of astonishment in Edith's face.

"There is nothing disgraceful in keeping a boarding-house," returned the mother. "A great many very respectable ladies have been compelled to resort to it as a means of supporting their families."

"But, to think of it, mother! To think of *your* keeping a boarding-house! I cannot bear it."

"Is there anything else that can be done, Edith?"

"Don't ask *me* such a question."

"If, then, you cannot think for me, you must try and think with me, my child. Something will have to be done to create an income. In less than twelve months every dollar I have will be expended; and then what are we to do? Now, Edith, is the time for us to look at the matter earnestly, and to determine the course we will take. There is no use to look away from it. A good house, in a central situation,

large enough for the purpose, can no doubt be obtained; and I think there will be no difficulty about our getting boarders enough to fill it. The income, or profit, from these will enable us still to live comfortably, and keep Edward and Ellen at school."

"It is hard," was the only remark Edith made to this.

"It is hard, my daughter; very hard! I have thought and thought about it until my whole mind has been thrown into confusion. But it will not do to think for ever. There must be action. Can I see want stealing in upon my children, and sit and fold my hands supinely? No! And to you, Edith, my oldest child, I look for aid and for counsel. Stand up, bravely, by my side."

"And you are in earnest in all this?" said Edith, whose mind seemed hardly able to realize the truth of their position. From her earliest days, all the blessings that money could procure had been freely scattered around her feet. As she grew up, and advanced towards womanhood, she had moved in the most fashionable circles, and there acquired the habit of estimating people according to their wealth and social standing, rather than by qualities of mind. In her view, it appeared degrading in a woman to enter upon any kind of employment for money; and with the keeper of a boarding-house, particularly, she had always associated something low, vulgar, and ungenteel. At the thought of her mother's engaging in such an occupation, when the suggestion was made, her mind instantly revolted. It appeared to her as if disgrace would be the inevitable consequence.

"And you are in earnest in all this?" was an expression, mingling her clear conviction of the truth of what at first appeared so strange a proposition, and her astonishment that the necessities of their situation were such as to drive them to so humiliating a resource.

"Deeply in earnest," was the mother's reply. "We are left alone in the world. He who cared for us, and provided for us so liberally, has been taken away, and we have nowhere to look for aid but to the resources that are in ourselves. These, well applied, will give us, I feel strongly assured, all that we need. The thing to decide is, what we ought to do. If we choose aright, all will, doubtless, come out right. To choose aright is, therefore, of the first importance; and to do this, we must not suffer distorting suggestions nor the appeals of a false pride to influence our minds in the least. You are my oldest child, Edith; and, as such, I cannot but look upon you as, to some extent, jointly with me, the guardian of your younger brothers and sisters. True, Miriam is of age, and Henry nearly so; but still you are the eldest—your mind is most matured, and in your judgment I have the most confidence. Try and forget, Edith, all but the fact that, unless we make an exertion, one home for all cannot be retained. Are you willing that we should be scattered like leaves in the autumn wind? No! you would consider that one of the greatest calamities that could befall us—an evil

to prevent which we should use every effort in our power. Do you not see this clearly?"

"I do, mother," was replied by Edith in a more rational tone of voice than that in which she had yet spoken.

"To open a store of any kind would involve five times the exposure of a boarding-house; and, moreover, I know nothing of business."

"Keeping a store? Oh, no! we couldn't do that. Think of the dreadful exposure!"

"But in taking boarders we only increase our family, and all goes on as usual. To my mind, it is the most genteel thing that we can do. Our style of living will be the same. Our waiter and all our servants will be retained. In fact, to the eye there will be little change, and the world need never know how greatly reduced our circumstances have become."

This mode of argument tended to reconcile Edith to taking boarders. Something, she saw, had to be done. Opening a store was felt to be out of the question; and as to commencing a school, the thought was repulsed at the very first suggestion.

A few friends were consulted on the subject, and all agreed that the best thing for the widow to do was to take boarders. Each one could point to some lady who had commenced the business with far less ability to make boarders comfortable, and who had yet got along very well. It was conceded on all hands that it was a very genteel business, and that some of the first ladies had been compelled to resort to it, without being any the less respected. Almost every one to whom the matter was referred spoke in favour of the thing, and but a single individual suggested difficulty; but what he said was not permitted to have much weight. This individual was a brother of the widow, who had always been looked upon as rather eccentric. He was a bachelor, and without fortune, merely enjoying a moderate income as book-keeper in the office of an insurance company.

But more of him hereafter.

CHAP. II.

Mrs. Darlington, the widow we have just introduced to the reader, had five children. Edith, the oldest daughter, was twenty-two years of age at the time of her father's death; and Henry, the oldest son, just twenty. Next to Henry was Miriam, eighteen years old. The ages of the two youngest children, Ellen and Edward, were ten and eight.

Mr. Darlington, while living, was a lawyer of distinguished ability, and his talents and reputation at the Philadelphia bar enabled him to accumulate a handsome fortune. Upon this he had lived for some years in a style of great elegance. About a year before his death, he had been induced to enter into some speculation that promised great results. But he found, when too late to retreat, that he had been greatly deceived. Heavy losses soon followed. In a struggle to recover himself, he became still further involved;

and, ere the expiration of a twelvemonth, saw everything falling from under him. The trouble brought on by this was the real cause of his death, which was sudden, and resulted from inflammation and congestion of the brain.

Henry Darlington, the oldest son, was a young man of promising talents. He remained at college until a few months before his father's death, when he returned home, and commenced the study of law, in which he felt ambitious to distinguish himself.

Edith, the oldest daughter, possessed a fine mind, which had been well educated. She had some false views of life, natural to her position; but, apart from this, was a girl of sound sense and great force of character. Thus far in life, she had not encountered circumstances of a nature calculated to develop what was in her. The time for that, however, was approaching. Miriam, her sister, was a quiet, gentle, retiring, almost timid girl. She went into company with reluctance, and then always shrunk as far from observation as it was possible to get. But, like most quiet, retiring persons, there were deep places in her mind and heart. She thought and felt more than was supposed. All who knew Miriam loved her. Of the younger children we need not here speak.

Mrs. Darlington knew comparatively nothing of the world beyond her own social circle. She was, perhaps, as little calculated for doing what she proposed to do as a woman could well be. She had no habits of economy, and had never, in her life, been called upon to make calculations of expense in household matters. There was a tendency to generosity rather than selfishness in her character; and she rarely thought evil of any one. But all that she was, need not here be set forth, for it will appear as our narrative progresses.

Mr. Hiram Ellis, the brother of Mrs. Darlington, to whom brief allusion has been made, was not a great favourite in the family—although Mr. Darlington understood his good qualities, and very highly respected him—because he had not much that was prepossessing in his external appearance, and was thought to be a little eccentric. Moreover, he was not rich—merely holding the place of book-keeper in an insurance office, at a moderate salary. But, as he had never married, and had only himself to support, his income supplied amply all his wants, and left him a small annual surplus.

After the death of Mr. Darlington, he visited his sister much more frequently than before. Of the exact condition of her affairs, he was much better acquainted than she supposed. The anxiety which she felt, some months after her husband's death, when the result of the settlement of his estate became known, led her to be rather more communicative. After determining to open a boarding-house, she said to him, on the occasion of his visiting her one evening—

"As it is necessary for me to do something, Hiram, I have concluded to move to a better location, and take a few boarders."

"Don't do any such thing, Margaret," her

brother made answer. "Taking boarders! It's the last thing of which a woman should think."

"Why do you say that, Hiram?" asked Mrs. Darlington, evincing no little surprise at this unexpected reply.

"Because I think that a woman who has a living to make can hardly try a more doubtful experiment. Not one in ten ever succeeds in doing anything."

"But why, Hiram, why? I'm sure a great many ladies get a living in that way."

"What you will never do, Margaret; mark my words for it. It takes a woman of shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to get along in that pursuit. Even if you possessed all these pre-requisites to success, you have just the family that ought not to come in contact with anybody and everybody that find their way into boarding-houses."

"I must do something, Hiram," said Mrs. Darlington, evincing impatience at the opposition of her brother.

"I perfectly agree with you in that, Margaret," replied Mr. Ellis. "The only doubt is as to your choice of occupation. You think that your best plan will be to take boarders; while I think you could not fall upon a worse expedient."

"Why do you think so?"

"Have I not just said?"

"What?"

"Why, that in the first place it takes a woman of great shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to succeed in the business."

"I'm not a fool, Hiram!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, losing her self-command.

"Perhaps you may alter your opinion on that head some time within the next twelve months," coolly returned Mr. Ellis, rising and beginning to button up his coat.

"Such language to me, at this time, is cruel!" said Mrs. Darlington, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"No," calmly replied her brother, "not cruel, but kind. I wish to save you from trouble."

"What else can I do?" asked the widow, removing the handkerchief from her face.

"Many things, I was going to say," returned Mr. Ellis; "but, in truth, the choice of employment is not very great: still, something with a fairer promise than taking boarders may be found."

"If you can point me to some better way, brother," said Mrs. Darlington, "I shall feel greatly indebted to you."

"Almost anything is better. Suppose you and Edith were to open a school? Both of you are well—"

"Open a school!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, interrupting her brother, and exhibiting most profound astonishment—"I open a school! I didn't think you would take advantage of my grief and misfortune to offer me an insult!"

Mr. Ellis buttoned the top-button of his coat nervously as his sister said this, and partly turn-

ing himself towards the door, said, "Teaching school is a far more useful, and, if you will, more respectable employment, than keeping a boarding-house. This you ought to see at a glance. As a teacher, you would be a minister of truth to the mind, and have it in your power to bend from evil, and lead to good, the young immortals committed to your care; while, as a boarding-house keeper, you would merely furnish food for the natural body—a use below what you are capable of rendering to society."

But Mrs. Darlington was in no state of mind to feel the force of such an argument. From the thought of a school she shrunk as from something degrading, and turned from it with displeasure.

"Don't mention such a thing to me," said she fretfully; "I will not listen to the proposition!"

"Oh, well, Margaret, as you please," replied her brother, now moving towards the door. "When you ask my advice, I will give it according to my best judgment, and with a sincere desire for your good. If, however, it conflicts with your views, reject it; but, in simple justice to me, do so in a better spirit than you manifest on the present occasion. Good evening!"

Mrs. Darlington was too much disturbed in mind to make a reply, and Mr. Hiram Ellis left the room without any attempt on the part of his sister to detain him. On both sides there had been the indulgence of rather more impatience and intolerance than was commendable.

CHAP. III.

In due time, Mrs. Darlington removed to a house in Arch-street, the annual rent of which was six hundred dollars, and there began her experiment. The expense of a removal, and the cost of the additional chamber furniture required, exhausted about two hundred dollars of the widow's slender stock of money, and caused her to feel a little troubled when she noted the diminution.

She began her new business with two boarders, a gentleman and his wife by the name of Grimes, who had entered her house on the recommendation of a friend. They were to pay her the sum of eight dollars a-week. A young man named Barling, clerk in a wholesale Market-street house, came next; and he introduced, soon after, a friend of his, a clerk in the same store, named Mason. They were room-mates, and paid three dollars and a-half each. Three or four weeks elapsed before any further additions were made, then an advertisement brought several applications: one was from a gentleman who wanted two rooms for himself and wife, a nurse, and four children. He wanted the second story front and back chambers, furnished, and was not willing to pay over sixteen dollars, although his oldest child was twelve and his youngest four years of age—seven good eaters, and two of the best rooms in the house, for sixteen dollars!

Mrs. Darlington demurred. The man said—

"Very well, ma'am," in a tone of indifference. "I can find plenty of accommodations quite as good as yours for the price I offer. It's all I pay now."

Poor Mrs. Darlington sighed: she had but fifteen dollars yet in the house—that is, boarders who paid this amount weekly—and the rent alone amounted to twelve dollars. Sixteen dollars, she argued with herself, as she sat with her eyes upon the floor, would make a great difference in her income—would, in fact, meet all the expenses of the house. Two good rooms would still remain, and all that she received for these would be so much clear profit. Such was the hurried conclusion of Mrs. Darlington's mind. "I suppose I will have to take you," said she, lifting her eyes to the man's hard features. "But those rooms ought to bring me twenty-four dollars."

"Sixteen is the utmost I will pay," replied the man. "In fact, I did think of offering only fourteen dollars. But the rooms are fine, and I like them. Sixteen is a liberal price. Your terms are considerably above the ordinary range."

The widow sighed again.

If the man heard this sound, it did not touch a single chord of feeling. "Then it is understood that I am to have your rooms at sixteen dollars?" said he.

"Yes, sir. I will take you for that."

"Very well. My name is Scragg. We will be ready to come in on Monday next. You can have all prepared for us?"

"Yes, sir."

Scarcely had Mr. Scragg departed, when a gentleman called to know if Mrs. Darlington had a vacant front room in the second story.

"I had this morning; but it is taken," replied the widow.

"Ah? I'm sorry for that."

"Will not a third story front room suit you?"

"No. My wife is not in very good health, and wishes a second story room. We pay twelve dollars a week, and would even give more, if necessary, to obtain just the accommodations we like. The situation of your house pleases me. I'm sorry that I happen to be too late."

"Will you look at the room?" said Mrs. Darlington, into whose mind came the desire to break the bad bargain she had just made.

"If you please," returned the man.

And both went up to the large and beautifully furnished chambers.

"Just the thing!" said the man, as he looked around, much pleased with the appearance of everything. "But I understood you to say that it was taken."

"Why yes," replied Mrs. Darlington, "I did partly engage it this morning; but no doubt I can arrange with the family to take the two rooms above, which will suit them just as well."

"If you can"—

"There'll be no difficulty, I presume. You'll pay twelve dollars a week?"

"Yes."

"Only yourself and lady?"

"That's all."

"Very well, sir; you can have the room."

"It's a bargain, then. My name is Ring. Our week is up to-day where we are; and, if it is agreeable, we will become your guests to-morrow."

"Perfectly agreeable, Mr. Ring."

The gentleman bowed politely and retired.

Now Mrs. Darlington did not feel very comfortable when she reflected on what she had done. The rooms in the second story were positively engaged to Mr. Scragg, and now one of them was as positively engaged to Mr. Ring. The face of Mr. Scragg she remembered very well. It was a hard, sinister face, just such a one as we rarely forget, because of the disagreeable impression it makes. As it came up distinctly before the eyes of her mind, she was oppressed with a sense of coming trouble. Nor did she feel altogether satisfied with what she had done—satisfied in her own conscience.

On the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Ring came and took possession of the room previously engaged to Mr. Scragg. They were pleasant people, and made a good first impression.

As day after day glided past, Mrs. Darlington felt more and more uneasy about Mr. Scragg, with whom, she had a decided presentiment, there would be trouble. Had she known where to find him, she would have sent him a note, saying that she had changed her mind about the rooms, and could not let him have them. But she was ignorant of his address; and the only thing left for her was to wait until he came on Monday, and then get over the difficulty in the best way possible. She and Edith had talked over the matter frequently, and had come to the determination to offer Mr. Scragg the two chambers in the third story for fourteen dollars.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Darlington was nervous. This was the day on which Mr. Scragg and family were to arrive, and she felt that there would be trouble.

Mr. Ring, and the other gentlemen boarders, left soon after breakfast. About ten o'clock, the door-bell rang. Mrs. Darlington was in her room at the time, changing her dress. Thinking that this might be the announcement of Mr. Scragg's arrival, she hurried through her dressing in order to get down to the parlour as quickly as possible to meet him and the difficulty that was to be encountered; but before she was in a condition to be seen, she heard a man's voice on the stairs saying—

"Walk up, my dear. The rooms on the second floor are ours."

Then came the noise of many feet in the passage, and the din of children's voices. Mr. Scragg and his family had arrived.

Mrs. Ring was sitting with the morning paper in her hand, when her door was flung widely open, and a strange man stepped boldly in, saying, as he did so, to the lady who followed him—

"This is one of the chambers."

Mrs. Ring arose, bowed, and looked at the

intruders with surprise and embarrassment. Just then, four rude children bounded into the room, spreading themselves around it, and making themselves perfectly at home.

"There is some mistake, I presume," said Mrs. Scragg, on perceiving a lady in the room, whose manner said plainly enough that they were out of their place.

"Oh no! no mistake at all," replied Scragg. "These are the two rooms I engaged."

Just then Mrs. Darlington entered, in manifest excitement.

"Walk down into the parlour, if you please," said she.

"These are our rooms," said Scragg, showing no inclination to vacate the premises.

"Be kind enough to walk down into the parlour," repeated Mrs. Darlington, whose sense of propriety was outraged by the man's conduct, and who felt a corresponding degree of indignation.

With some show of reluctance, this invitation was acceded to, and Mr. Scragg went muttering down stairs, followed by his brood. The moment he left the chamber, the door was shut and locked by Mrs. Ring, who was a good deal frightened by so unexpected an intrusion.

"What am I to understand by this, madam?" said Mr. Scragg, fiercely, as soon as they had all reached the parlour, planting his hands upon his hips as he spoke, drawing himself up, and looking at Mrs. Darlington with a lowering countenance.

"Take a seat, madam," said Mrs. Darlington, addressing the man's wife in a tone of forced composure. She was struggling for self-possession.

The lady sat down.

"Will you be good enough to explain the meaning of all this, madam?" repeated Mr. Scragg.

"The meaning is simply," replied Mrs. Darlington, "that I have let the front room in the second story to a gentleman and his wife for twelve dollars a-week."

"The deuce you have!" said Mr. Scragg, with a particular exhibition of gentlemanly indignation. "And pray, madam, didn't you let both the rooms in the second story to me for sixteen dollars?"

"I did; but—"

"Oh, very well. That's all I wish to know about it. The rooms were rented to me, and from that day became mine. Please to inform the lady and her husband that I am here with my family, and desire them to vacate the chambers as quickly as possible. I'm a man that knows his rights, and, knowing, always maintains them."

"You cannot have the rooms, sir. That is out of the question," said Mrs. Darlington, looking both distressed and indignant.

"And I tell you that I will have them!" replied Scragg, angrily.

"Peter! Peter! Don't act so," now interposed Mrs. Scragg. "There's no use in it."

"Ain't there, indeed! We'll see. Madam!"

he addressed Mrs. Darlington—"will you be kind enough to inform the lady and gentleman who now occupy one of our rooms—"

"Mr. Scragg!" said Mrs. Darlington, in whose fainting heart his outrageous conduct had awakened something of the right spirit—"Mr. Scragg, I wish you to understand, once for all, that the front room is taken and now occupied, and that you cannot have it."

"Madam?"

"It's no use for you to waste words, sir! What I say I mean. I have other rooms in the house very nearly as good, and am willing to take you for something less in consideration of this disappointment. If that will meet your views, well; if not, let us have no more words on the subject."

There was a certain something in Mrs. Darlington's tone of voice that Scragg understood to mean a fixed purpose. Moreover, his mind caught at the idea of getting boarded for something less than sixteen dollars a-week.

"Where are the rooms?" he asked, gruffly.

"The third story chambers."

"Front?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to the third story."

"Very well. Then you can have the back chamber down stairs, and the front chamber above."

"What will be your charge?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"That will do, Peter," said Mrs. Scragg.

"Two dollars a week is considerable abatement."

"It's something, of course. But I don't like this off and on kind of business. When I make an agreement, I'm up to the mark, and expect the same from everybody else. Will you let my wife see the rooms, madam?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Darlington, and moved towards the door. Mrs. Scragg followed, and so did all the juvenile Scraggs—the latter springing up the stairs with the agility of apes and the noise of a dozen rude schoolboys just freed from the terror of rod and ferule.

The rooms suited Mrs. Scragg very well—at least such was her report to her husband—and, after some further rudeness on the part of Mr. Scragg, and an effort to beat Mrs. Darlington down to twelve dollars a-week, were taken, and forthwith occupied.

CHAP. IV.

Mrs. Darlington was a woman of refinement herself, and had been used to the society of refined persons. She was, naturally enough, shocked at the coarseness and brutality of Mr. Scragg, and, ere an hour went by, in despair at the unmannerly rudeness of the children, the oldest a stout, vulgar-looking boy, who went racing and rummaging about the house from the garret to the cellar. For a long time after her exciting interview with Mr. Scragg, she sat weeping and trembling in her own room, with Edith by her side, who sought earnestly to comfort and encourage her.

"Oh, Edith!" she sobbed, to think that we should be humbled to this!"

"Necessity has forced us into our present unhappy position, mother," replied Edith. "Let us meet its difficulties with as brave hearts as possible."

"I shall never be able to treat that dreadful man with even common civility," said Mrs. Darlington.

"We have accepted him as our guest, mother, and it will be our duty to make all as pleasant and comfortable as possible. We will have to bear much, I see—much beyond what I had anticipated."

Mrs. Darlington sighed deeply as she replied—

"Yes, yes, Edith. Ah, the thought makes me miserable!"

"No more of that sweet drawing together in our own dear home circle," remarked Edith, sadly. "Henceforth we are to bear the constant presence and intrusion of strangers, with whom we have few or no sentiments in common. We open our house and take in the ignorant, the selfish, the vulgar, and feed them for a certain price! Does not the thought bring a feeling of painful humiliation? What can pay for all this? Ah me! The anticipation had in it not a glimpse of what we have found in our brief experience. Except Mr. and Mrs. Ring, there isn't a lady nor gentleman in the house. That Mason is so rudely familiar that I cannot bear to come near him. He's making himself quite intimate with Henry already, and I don't like to see it."

"Nor do I," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Henry's been out with him twice to the theatre already."

"I'm afraid of his influence over Henry. He's not the kind of a companion he ought to choose," said Edith. "And then Mr. Barling is with Miriam in the parlour almost every evening. He asks her to sing, and she says she doesn't like to refuse."

The mother sighed deeply. While they were conversing, a servant came to their room to say that Mr. Ring was in the parlour, and wished to speak with Mrs. Darlington. It was late in the afternoon of the day on which the Scraggs had made their appearance.

With a presentiment of trouble Mrs. Darlington went down to the parlour.

"Madam," said Mr. Ring, as soon as she entered, speaking in a firm voice, "I find that my wife has been grossly insulted by a fellow whose family you have taken into your house. Now they must leave here, or we will, and that forthwith."

"I regret extremely," replied Mrs. Darlington, "the unpleasant occurrence to which you allude; but I do not see how it is possible for me to turn these people out of the house."

"Very well, ma'am. Suit yourself about that. You can choose between us. Both can't remain."

"If I were to tell this Mr. Scragg to seek another boarding-house, he would insult me," said Mrs. Darlington.

"Strange that you should take such a fellow into your house!"

"My rooms were vacant, and I had to fill them."

"Better to have let them remain vacant. But this is neither here nor there. If this fellow remains, we go."

And go they did on the next day. Mrs. Darlington was afraid to approach Mr. Scragg on the subject. Had she done so, she would have received nothing but abuse.

Two weeks afterwards, the room vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ring was taken by a tall, fine-looking man, who wore a pair of handsome whiskers, and dressed elegantly. He gave his name as Burton, and agreed to pay eight dollars. Mrs. Darlington liked him very much. There was a certain style about him that evidenced good breeding and a knowledge of the world. What his business was he did not say. He was usually in the house as late as ten o'clock in the morning, and rarely came in before twelve at night.

Soon after Mr. Burton became a member of Mrs. Darlington's household, he began to show particular attentions to Miriam, who was in her nineteenth year, and was, as we have said, a gentle, timid, shrinking girl. Though she did not encourage, she would not reject the attentions of the polite and elegant stranger, who had so much that was agreeable to say that she insensibly acquired a kind of prepossession in his favour.

As now constituted, the family of Mrs. Darlington was not so pleasant and harmonious as could have been desired. Mr. Scragg had already succeeded in making himself so disagreeable to the other boarders, that they were scarcely civil to him; and Mrs. Grimes, who was quite gracious with Mrs. Scragg at first, no longer spoke to her. They had fallen out about some trifle, quarrelled, and then cut each other's acquaintance. When the breakfast, dinner, or tea-bell rang, and the boarders assembled at the table, there was generally, at first, an embarrassing silence. Scragg looked like a bull-dog waiting for an occasion to bark; Mrs. Scragg sat with her lips closely compressed, and her head partly turned away, so as to keep her eyes out of the line of vision with Mrs. Grimes's face; while Mrs. Grimes gave an occasional glance of contempt towards the lady with whom she had had a "tiff." Barling and Mason, observing all this, and enjoying it, were generally the first to break the reigning silence; and this was usually done by addressing some remark to Scragg—for no other reason, it seemed, than to hear his growling reply. Usually, they succeeded in drawing him into an argument, when they would goad him until he became angry; a species of irritation in which they never suffered themselves to indulge. As for Mr. Grimes, he was a man of few words. When spoken to, he would reply; but he never made conversation. The only man who really behaved like a gentleman was Mr. Burton; and the contrast seen in

him naturally prepossessed the family in his favour.

The first three months' experience in taking boarders was enough to make the heart of Mrs. Darlington sick. All domestic comfort was gone. From early morning until late at night, she toiled harder than any servant in the house; and, with all, had a mind pressed down with care and anxiety. Three times during this period she had been obliged to change her cook; yet, for all, scarcely a day passed that she did not set badly-cooked food before her guests. Sometimes certain of the boarders complained, and it generally happened that rudeness accompanied the complaint. The sense of pain that attended this was always most acute, for it was accompanied by deep humiliation, and a feeling of helplessness. Moreover, during these first three months, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes had left the house without paying their board for five weeks, thus throwing her into a loss of forty dollars.

At the beginning of this experiment, after completing the furniture of her house, Mrs. Darlington had about three hundred dollars. When the quarter's bill for rent was paid, she had only a hundred and fifty dollars left. Thus, instead of making anything by boarders, so far, she had sunk a hundred and fifty dollars. This fact disheartened her dreadfully. Then, the effect upon almost every member of her family had been bad. Harry was no longer the thoughtful, affectionate, innocent-minded young man of former days. Mason and Barling had introduced him into gay company, and, fascinated with a new and more exciting kind of life, he was fast forming associations and acquiring habits of a dangerous character. It was rare that he spent an evening at home; and, instead of being of any assistance to his mother, was constantly making demands on her for money. The pain all this occasioned Mrs. Darlington was of the most distressing character. Since the children of Mr. and Mrs. Scragg came into the house, Edward and Ellen, who had heretofore been under the constant care and instruction of their mother, left almost entirely to themselves, associated constantly with these children, and learned from them to be rude, vulgar, and in some things even vicious. And Miriam had become apparently so much interested in Mr. Burton, who was constantly attentive to her, that both Mrs. Darlington and Edith became anxious on her account. Burton was an entire stranger to them all, and there were many things about him that appeared strange, if not wrong.

So much for the experiment of taking boarders, after the lapse of a single quarter of a year.

CHAP. V.

About this time, a lady and gentleman, named Marion, called and engaged boarding for themselves and three children. In Mrs. Marion there was something that won the heart at first sight; and her children were as lovely and attractive as herself. But towards her husband there was a

feeling of instant repulsion. Not that he was coarse or rude in his exterior—that was polished; but there were a sensualism and want of principle about him that could be felt.

They had been in the house only a week or two, when their oldest child, a beautiful boy, was taken ill. He had fever, and complained of distress in his back, and pain in his head. The mother appeared anxious; but the father treated the matter lightly, and said he would be well again in a few hours.

"I think you'd better call in a doctor," Mrs. Darlington heard the mother say, as her husband stood at the chamber-door ready to go away.

"Nonsense, Jane," he replied. "You are easily frightened. There's nothing serious the matter."

"I'm afraid of scarlet fever, Henry," was answered to this.

"Fiddlesticks! You're always afraid of something," was lightly and unkindly returned.

Mrs. Marion said no more, and her husband went away. About half an hour afterwards, as Mrs. Darlington sat in her room, there was a light tap at her door, which was immediately opened, and Mrs. Marion stepped in. Her face was pale, and it was some moments before her quivering lips could articulate.

"Won't you come up and look at my Willy?" she at length said, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Mrs. Darlington, rising immediately. "What do you think ails your little boy?"

"I don't know, ma'am; but I'm afraid of scarlet fever—that dreadful disease!"

Mrs. Darlington went up to the chamber of Mrs. Marion. On the bed lay Willy, his face flushed with fever, and his eyes wearing a glassy lustre.

"Do you feel sick, my dear?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as she laid her hand on his burning forehead.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child.

"Where are you sick?"

"My head aches."

"Is your throat sore?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very sore?"

"It hurts me so that I can hardly swallow."

"What do you think ails him?" asked the mother, in anxious tones.

"It's hard to say, Mrs. Marion; but, if it were my case, I would send for a doctor. Who is your physician?"

"Dr. M——."

"If you would like to have him called in, I will send the waiter to his office."

Mrs. Marion looked troubled and alarmed.

"My husband doesn't think it anything serious," said she. "I wanted him to go for the doctor."

"Take my advice, and send for a physician," replied Mrs. Darlington.

"If you will send for Dr. M——, I will feel greatly obliged," said Mrs. Marion.

The doctor was sent for immediately. He did

not come for two hours, in which time Willy had grown much worse. He looked serious, and answered all questions evasively. After writing a prescription, he gave a few directions, and said he would call again in the evening. At his second visit, he found his patient much worse; and, on the following morning, pronounced it a case of scarlatina.

Already, Willy had made a friend in every member of Mrs. Darlington's family, and the announcement of his dangerous illness was received with acute pain. Miriam took her place beside Mrs. Marion in the sick chamber, all her sympathies alive, and all her fears awakened; and Edith and her mother gave every attention that their other duties in the household would permit.

Rapidly did the disease, which had fixed itself upon the delicate frame of the child, run its fatal course. On the fourth day he died in the arms of his almost frantic mother.

Though Mrs. Marion had been only a short time in the house, yet she had already deeply interested the feelings of Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, who suffered with her in the affliction almost as severely as if they had themselves experienced a bereavement. And this added to the weight, already painfully oppressive, that rested upon them.

The nearer contact into which the family of Mrs. Darlington and the bereaved mother were brought by this affliction, discovered to the former many things that strengthened the repugnance first felt towards Mr. Marion, and awakened still livelier sympathies for his suffering wife.

One evening, a week after the body of the child was borne out by the mourners and laid to moulder in its kindred dust, the voice of Mr. Marion was heard in loud, angry tones. He was alone with his wife in their chamber. This chamber was next to that of Edith and Miriam, where they at the time happened to be. What he said they could not make out; but they distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Marion, and the words—

"Oh, Henry! don't! don't!" uttered in tones the most agonizing. They also heard the words, "For the sake of our dear, dear Willy!" used in some appeal.

Both Edith and Miriam were terribly frightened, and sat panting and looking at each other with pale faces.

All now became silent. Not a sound could be heard in the chamber save an occasional low sob. For half an hour this silence continued. Then the door of the chamber was opened, and Mr. Marion went down stairs. The closing of the front door announced his departure from the house. Edith and her sister sat listening for some minutes after Marion had left, but not a movement could they perceive in the adjoining chamber.

"Strange! What can it mean?" at length said Miriam, in a husky whisper. Edith breathed heavily to relieve the pressure on her bosom, but made no answer.

"He didn't strike her?" said Miriam, her face growing paler as she made this suggestion.

The moment this was uttered, Edith arose quickly, and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked her sister.

"Into Mrs. Marion's room."

"Oh! no, don't!" returned Miriam, speaking from some vague fear that made her heart shrink.

But Edith did not heed the words. Her light tap at Mrs. Marion's door was not answered. Opening it softly, she stepped within the chamber. On the bed, where she had evidently thrown herself, lay Mrs. Marion; and, on approaching and bending over her, Edith discovered that she was sleeping. On perceiving this, she retired as noiselessly as she had entered.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, and yet Mr. Marion had not returned. An hour later than this, Edith and her sister lay awake, but up to that time he was still away. On the next morning, when the bell rang for breakfast, and the family assembled at the table, the places of Mr. and Mrs. Marion were vacant. From their nurse it was ascertained that Mr. Marion had not come home since he went out on the evening before, and that his wife had not yet arisen. Between nine and ten o'clock, Mrs. Darlington sent up to know if Mrs. Marion wished anything, but was answered in the negative. At dinner-time, Mr. Marion did not make his appearance, and his wife remained in her chamber. Food was sent to her, but it was returned untasted.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Darlington knocked at her door; but the nurse said that Mrs. Marion asked to be excused from seeing her. At supper-time, food was again sent to her room; but, save part of a cup of tea, nothing was tasted. After tea, Mrs. Darlington called again at her room, but the desire to be excused from seeing her was repeated. Marion did not return that night.

Nearly a week passed, the husband still remaining away, and not once during that time had Mrs. Marion been seen by any member of the family. At the end of this period, she sent word to Mrs. Darlington that she would be glad to see her.

When the latter entered her room, she found her lying upon the bed, with a face so pale and grief-stricken, that she could not help an exclamation of painful surprise.

"My dear madam, what has happened?" said she, as she took her hand.

Mrs. Marion was too much overcome by emotion to be able to speak for some moments. Acquiring self-possession at length, she said, in a low, sad voice—

"My heart is almost broken, Mrs. Darlington. I feel crushed to the very ground. How shall I speak of what I am suffering?"

Her voice quivered and failed. But, in a few moments, she recovered herself again, and said, more calmly—

"I need not tell you that my husband has

been absent for a week. He went away in a moment of anger, vowing that he would never return. Hourly have I waited since, in the hope that he would come back. But, alas! I have thus far received from him neither word nor sign."

Mrs. Marion here gave way to her feelings, and wept bitterly.

"Did he ever leave you before?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as soon as she had grown calm.

"Once."

"How long did he remain away?"

"More than a year."

"Have you friends?"

"I have no relative but an aunt, who is very poor."

Mrs. Darlington sighed involuntarily. On that very day she had been seriously examining into her affairs, and the result was a conviction that, under her present range of expenses, she must go behindhand with great rapidity. Mr. and Mrs. Marion were to pay fourteen dollars a week. Thus far, nothing had been received from them, and now the husband had gone off and left his family on her hands. She could not turn them off; yet how could she bear up under this additional burden?

All this passed through her mind in a moment, and produced the sigh which distracted her bosom.

"Do you not know where he has gone?" she asked, seeking to throw as much sympathy and interest in her voice as possible, and thus to conceal the pressure upon her own feelings which the intelligence had occasioned.

Mrs. Marion shook her head. She knew that, in the effort to speak, her voice would fail her.

For nearly the space of a minute there was silence. This was broken, at length, by Mrs. Marion, who again wept violently. As soon as the passionate burst of feeling was over, Mrs. Darlington said to her, in a kind and sympathizing voice—

"Do not grieve so deeply. You are not friendless altogether. Though you have been with us only a short time, we feel an interest in you, and will not"—

The sentence remained unfinished. There was an impulse in Mrs. Darlington's mind to proffer the unhappy woman a home for herself and children; but a sudden recollection of the embarrassing nature of her own circumstances checked the words on her tongue.

"I cannot remain a burden upon you," quickly answered Mrs. Marion. "But where can I go? What shall I do?"

The last few words were spoken half to herself, in a low tone of distressing despondency.

"For the present," said Mrs. Darlington, anxious to mitigate, even in a small degree, the anguish of the unhappy woman's mind, "let this give you no trouble. Doubtless the way will open before you. After the darkest hour the morning breaks."

Yet, even while Mrs. Darlington sought thus

to give comfort, her own heart felt the weight upon it growing heavier. Scarcely able to stand up in her difficulties alone, here was a new burden laid upon her.

None could have sympathized more deeply with the afflicted mother and deserted wife than

did Mrs. Darlington and her family; and none could have extended more willingly a helping hand in time of need. But, in sustaining the burden of her support, they felt that the additional weight was bearing them under.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DAYS GONE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We sometimes sigh, that hours once seen
Over the threshold by Old Time,
May never more come back again,
Except in thought, or Poet's rhyme.
Days gone! days gone! how sadly sounds
This echo of the heart's regret,
Above the grave where youth's warm joys
(Like fallen stars for ever set)
Lie darkly down, beneath the flowers
That sweetly strew those vanished hours.

But when the alchemy of grief
Converts Time's golden grains to sand,
And there is laid upon the heart
The ice touch of her trembling hand—
When fiery bars of trial glow
Upon the path we have to tread,
And but for Hope's supporting hand
Our feet had stumbled in their dread,
We gladly cry, with grateful tone,
For ever pass'd—days gone! days gone!

THE MIRROR IN THE HALL.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The ivy green o'er Marsden Hall
Its fadeless wreaths hath flung,
And moss-tufts hang upon the wall
Where warlike bugles hung:
Tall weeds have overgrown the lawn
Where smoothest turf was seen,
And bound the colt and forest-fawn
Where lordly steps have been.

Within, no more the minstrel sings
While Beauty lists the lay,
For hard and dame are with the things
That long have pass'd away;
The gilding from the doors is gone,
The painting from the paces—
And nought save one old mirror lone,
Of all the past, remains.

Crumbled beneath the hillock low
The skilful hand must be,
Which carved its worn frame, long ago,
With leaf and *fleur-de-lis*;
And for the bloom, and grace, and might,
Its glass once mirror'd back,
It now but 'shines the orbs of night
Upon their silent track.

And thus with man's proud, restless heart,
It tells me it will prove,
When from his mind the forms depart
Of earthly pomp, and love;

And his long-troubled waves of thought
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the pure light caught
From holy things on high.
Ramsgate, Nov. 12th, 1851.

CALVIN'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE HON. JULIA A. MAYNARD.

[John Calvin, the celebrated Reformer, was born in Picardy, in the year 1509. He originally studied civil law; but turning his thoughts to divinity, he found the tenets he professed made it unsafe for him to reside in his native country; he alternately settled at Geneva, where his influence, combined with others, caused the burning of Servetus, whose free-thinking opinions offended the theological tyrant whose severity towards dissentients was notorious in all respects, and who might not inaptly have been termed the Protestant Pope of Christendom. Calvin's learning, nevertheless, was great and profound; his doctrines forming the basis of the national church belonging to the shrewd people of Scotland. I think, however, that something hard and unloving in the nature of the man is not to be separated from the extreme severity of his tenets; and that though probably sincere, his sincerity was in strict harmony with his disposition.]

SHADE OF SERVETUS.
JOHN CALVIN.
SPECTRE OF GRUET.
MAGISTRATES OF GENEVA.

PLACE—*Geneva.*

TIME—1564.

*Shade of Ser. John Calvin, lo! Servetus wanders still,
Restless, unquiet, to disturb your rest!
Cal. (Faintly and distractedly.) Wanders within this dim, bewildered brain!
Who pil'd the stake? Not I, you cannot say!
Shade of Ser. You pil'd it, with your words—
O, cruel words!
You wrong'd the Gospel, and you murder'd me.
John Calvin, retribution comes—repent!
'Tis your last hope; repent your guilty deed.
If I—mistaken, blinded, led astray—
Denied the truth, it was not yours to kill;
But, by mild word and meek entreaty, gain
What you have crush'd perchance eternally.
Cal. Where were the toga'd crew of hot Vienne?
Were not the embers warm? My soul's on fire;
I did mistake, in my wild zeal, the truth,
And wrought the work of my antagonists.*

Spectre of Gruet. Consistent Calvin, thus your
foes to ape!

Behold another victim comes to you—
Once reprobate, and proud, and heartless; yea,
But whom your blinded hate, for slight offence,
Sent, flush'd with wine and sin, to his account.

Cal. O, mercy! spare those words! How dark-
ness comes!

Light up the tapers! How my senses reel!
O, pardon! pardon, in this dismal hour!
I wrong'd you—O, I wrong'd you, hapless twain!
Servetus! O, Servetus! yet one word,
And I.....

Shade of Ser. John Calvin!

Cal. O! one word!

Spectre of Gru. Adieu!

(*Two Shades vanish.*)

Cal. Is there no stay to prop this breaking
heart?

Gone—gone, poor ghosts, where I must follow you!
Give me a softer cushion—softer yet—
Where I may still these wildly throbbing brows.
John Calvin, the Reformer, ho! arise!
And shake aside this weakness of the soul!
Am I not mighty in my power of thought—
Geneva's idol—the Pope's sorest thorn?
Come! I must brace these failing nerves of mine,
Nor play the whining coward at the last.
The magistrates will come anon to view
My dying struggles, and note every word,
And whispering say—"Thus, and O thus he spake,
This wondrous man—this modern Solomon!"
Is this but empty vanity? How so?
What bell-like voice seems ringing in my ear?
I've done some good unto pure faith—made clear
Obscurest passages; my learned ken
And massive knowledge have pil'd up a tow'r

Of solid strength. Self-praise you say this is!
O, voice of truth! that vibrates through my brain,
And points the mottled errors of my life.
Hush! there's a stir! O, pride of spirit! shut
These babbling lips, that let my folly out,
As the blood tingles through my languid limbs
And tells me life is ebbing to a close,
And little is the space to speculate.

(*Magistrates enter.*)

First Magis. We blessings crave, O Counsellor,
rever'd!

Second Magis. How will Geneva bear to lose you
thus?

Cal. I give ye greeting, Sirs! This kindness is
All undeserved by me. The time draws near
When to yon unexplored and dark abyss,
With sin upon my head, I must descend,
Uncover'd in my nakedness, unless
Amid the pure elect my name is writ,
Foredoom'd the spotless robe of grace to wear.
Ah, Sirs! if I have ever, in my haste,
Offended by rash deed or angry word,
In my warm zealalousness have urg'd too much,
I crave—I humbly crave—your pardon all.
This is no time to wear false colours. No!
But, cloth'd with just and white humility,
I do exhort ye to sweet charity.
I fear in this I have neglected much,
By precept and example; it weighs here!

[*Pointing to his heart.*

Weights heavily!—yea, heavily! And, now,
Accept the blessing of a dying man—
The prayers—the tears! My errors have been great.
Farewell, my friends! God speed ye all—Farewell!
Guard well our faith! our church, Geneva's pride!
And we your lives a meek consistency!

(*Magistrates depart, and scene closes.*)

LASTING ATTACHMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

No records are more interesting than those
which tell of the attachments of men of genius—
attachments often suddenly formed, and yet as
remarkable for their constancy as for their fer-
vency. Years may still speed on, but imagina-
tion supplies every charm of which they may
have robbed the beloved one; the grave may
have withdrawn her from other eyes, but still
her pure spirit lingers by her lover's side, in the
haunts where they so often met.

Love at first sight was exemplified in Raphael.
His window overlooked the garden of the ad-
joining house, and there he saw the lovely girl
who amused herself among her flowers; he saw
her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell
passionately in love. He soon made his feelings
known; his love was not rejected, and she be-
came his wife. He is said to have been so pas-
sionately enamoured of her beauty, that he never
could paint if she were not by his side. The
lineaments of that fair face still live in some of
his sublime productions; and thus while she
gave inspiration, he conferred immortality.

Though among poets the most remarkable
instances of ardent and enduring attachment
may be found, their marriages have not,
generally speaking, been happy. Milton failed

in securing the felicity of wedded love, which he
has so beautifully apostrophised. Neither the
home of Dante, nor that of Shakspeare, was one
of domestic happiness. Racine's tender sensi-
bility met with no responsive sympathy in his
partner; and Meliere experienced all the bitter-
ness of the jealous doubts and misgivings which
he has so admirably depicted. Yet the Poet is
of all, perhaps, the most capable of strong at-
tachments. His warm imagination throws its
glow over all that he loves; home, with all its
fond associations; "the mother who looked on
his childhood; and the bosom-friend dearer than
all," are so impressed upon his feelings that they
mingle with every mood of his fancy. True,
some critics, of more ingenuity than judgment,
have doubted the real existence of the romantic
attachments by which some of the finest poets
have been inspired; and endeavour to explain
as ingenious allegories the impassioned and
pathetic effusions which find their way to every
heart. Beattie—of whom we might have ex-
pected better things—sees, in the ardent ex-
pressions of Petrarch's devotion to Laura, the
aspirings of an ambitious spirit for the laureate-
crown; and Dante has been said to have al-
legorised his energy in the study of theology

under the guise of a passion for Beatrice. But the great charm of Dante's poetry is its deep earnestness and truthfulness, and those touches of tenderness which are scattered throughout his sublime work, like the wild-flowers of home unexpectedly met with in drear and remote regions; the facts of an imperishable attachment can be traced throughout his whole poetry. It is the custom in Florence for friends, accompanied by their children, to assemble together on the first of May, to celebrate the delightful season. A number of his neighbours had been invited by Folco Portinari to do honour to the day. Dante Alighieri, then a boy of nine years, was among them; young as he was, he was instantly attracted by the loveliness of one amidst the group of children. She was about his own age, the daughter of the host. Through all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that early impression was never effaced—he loved her ever after with an intenseness of passion and unshaken constancy that gave a colour to his whole existence—in the various paths of life which he was destined to tread; her image was ever present, inspiring the desire for distinction; their early intercourse, like the sweet May morning on which they had first met, was bright and happy; the purity and artlessness of youth made it so. The young companions of Beatrice rallied her on the devotion of the youthful poet, and the gay sallies with which she herself treated the ardour of his love, only served to make her the more engaging in his eyes. She was induced to bestow her hand elsewhere; more, it has been said, in accordance with duty than inclination; for it is supposed her heart was not insensible to the love of the gifted youth, whose devotion, purity, and intellectuality might have found their way to one harder than hers. Dante fell sick and slowly recovered; whether her marriage was a subject of which he could not bear to think, it is certain that it is not once alluded to in his poetry. Beatrice did not long survive her marriage: within the year she was borne to her grave. The anguish of Dante was so intense, that it brought on a fearful illness, in which his life was long despaired of. Boccaccio mentions that he was so altered by grief that he could scarcely be known. Beatrice occupied all his thoughts: on the anniversary of her death, he sat alone thinking of her, and pouring out "an angel on his tablets." The influence which she had over him was as powerful in death as it had been in life—still to be worthy of loving, and of joining one so good and pure beyond the grave was his constant aim; all that he desired in renown, all that he wished for in fame, was to prove himself not undeserving of having devoted himself to her: in the camp—in the highest diplomatic positions, this was his great object in all his trials, and they were many and severe: this inspired him with a lofty dignity, and supported him under insults and injuries which would have broken many a proud spirit; but sublimed above the concerns of earth, his affection was such as might be felt for one translated

to a celestial abode. By continually dwelling on but one subject, his mind became utterly estranged from passing events, and he often fell into such fits of abstraction and despondency that his friends fearing that his reason would be completely upset, anxiously sought to give him some new interest in life, and at length prevailed on him to marry: this made him still more wretched; he could not, if he would, detach his mind from dwelling on her who had been his early and his only love, and to all his other misfortunes that of an unhappy marriage was added.

Like the attachment of Dante for Beatrice, that of Petrarch for Laura was the result of a sudden impression: he had hitherto ridiculed the notion of the power of love, but he was yet to experience it in its most extreme intensity. He was twenty-three when he first saw Laura de Sade, then in her twentieth year: he has himself recorded over and over again the exact hour, day, and year; it was at six in the morning on the 6th of April, 1327; it was at the church of Santa Claire at Avignon. Everything connected with that memorable meeting has been dwelt on with fond minuteness by the poet: the dress which she wore, the green robe sprigged with violets; every movement, every look was for ever treasured in his memory: the celestial beauty of her countenance bespoke the purity for which she was so remarkable in that age of licentiousness, and in contemplating her loveliness, reverence for virtue mingled with admiration. Petrarch and Laura often met in society, and became intimately acquainted; he was charmed with her conversation: she appears to have been in every way capable of appreciating Petrarch, and deserving of the influence which she possessed over him, which was exerted only to exalt his sentiments and strengthen his principles: though unhappy in her marriage, true to her vows, she preserved all that purity of thought which gave such an unspeakable charm to her beauty. The chivalrous spirit of the age encouraged a devotion to the fair sex, and platonic attachments were the fashion of the day, so that the dignity of Laura was not compromised when Petrarch made her the object of his poetical devotions, and the celebrity which he gained by this homage to her charms may have gratified much better feelings than those of vanity; the faith which she had pledged, though to an unworthy object, she held most sacred: she repressed the feelings of the enthusiastic poet whenever they appeared transgressing the bounds of friendship. Once, when in an unguarded moment he ventured to allude to his passion, the look of indignation with which she regarded him, and the tone in which she said, "I am not the person you take me for," overwhelmed him with shame and sorrow. The hopeless passion, of which he only dared to speak in song—and even the allowed indulgence of thus giving it expression, had a fatal effect; his health gradually declined; he grew pale and thin, and the charming vivacity which had been the delight of his friends utterly forsook him;

he estranged himself from the society of his former companions, and was no longer met with in the circles of which he had been the darling. At length he made an effort to conquer feelings that were too powerful to yield, and sought in foreign travel and the pursuit of literature to dissipate the inquietude which was consuming him; but still the image of Laura haunted him through all his wanderings, and inspired that poetry whose purity, fire, and tenderness, have been the admiration of the world. He returned to Avignon, but again fled from the presence which was so dear to him, and sought in the solitudes of Vaucluse, to regain the peace which he was never to find. Shut in from the whole world by the rocks and hills, he found that solitude was "no cure for love:" through that sweet valley, among its shades and by its fountains, he sung the praises of Laura. And thus years passed on. It was during this seclusion that he got Simon Memoni, a pupil of Giotto, to take Laura's likeness. So delighted was the artist with the beautiful subject that the same lovely face was recognized in several of his pictures of saints and angels. On the 24th of August, 1340, Petrarch received two letters, each with an offer of the laurel crown; one from the University of Paris, the other from the Roman Senate: he decided on accepting it from the latter. He valued the honour as the meed of his celebration of Laura; all selfish considerations were lost in the one desire that the lover of Laura should be renowned and distinguished. The feelings with which Laura must have heard of the honours paid to the one so long and so devotedly attached to her have not been described, but they may be conceived. Thirteen years had now passed since they had first seen each other. When Petrarch and Laura met, time and care had wrought their changes in both. Petrarch's locks were already sprinkled with grey, and the animation of his countenance was saddened by sorrow: the bloom of girlhood had passed from Laura, and the traces of melancholy which an unhappy lot had left were but too visible; but all the tenderness and sympathy of other days remained. The jealous disposition of M. de Sade prevented Petrarch's being received at his house, but they often met and conversed together; and Laura would sing for him those songs to which he had so often delighted to listen: there was a tender sympathy in this intercourse, soothing to both. Petrarch's allusion to their last meeting is very affecting: he found her, as he describes, in the midst of a circle of ladies; her whole air betokened dejection, and the sorrowful look with which she regarded him, and which seemed to him to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" made an indelible impression on him—his heart sank within him; and they seemed to feel at that sad moment that they were to meet no more. In the following year the plague broke out: Petrarch, who was at Parma, heard that it had reached Avignon; he was haunted by the recollection of the last moments that he had passed with Laura; it seemed to him as if the hand of

death had been on her already. The most cruel forebodings tortured him by day and by night; his dreams represented her as dying or dead. The dreaded news reached him—Laura was dead! An attack of the plague had carried her off in three days; she had died on the anniversary of that day on which they had first met. In all the bitterness of his grief, he recalled all that had passed at their last meeting: the melancholy solemnity of her adieu seemed to his memory as that of one on the confines of eternity; every kind word she had ever spoken, every kind look she had ever given, was dwelt on with passionate fondness; and the hope, the belief, that he had been dear to her was the only thing which could soothe. His dreams previously to her death appeared to his imagination mysteriously linked with that event: he has most touchingly described one of these visions, when he believed her pure spirit was permitted to visit and comfort him. His pathetic lamentations were heard throughout the world with the deepest sympathy, and wrung the heart of many a one who had in happier days shared "sweet counsel" with him."

The misfortunes of Torquato Tasso commenced in his early childhood: he was but eleven years old when political events obliged his father to quit Naples, and seek refuge in Rome. It had been settled that Torquato should follow him. The banishment from home, and from a mother on whom he doated, were sad trials. Some lines of touching tenderness commemorate the parting, and shew how bitterly it was felt. They were never to meet again: in eighteen months after they parted she died. He was indeed a child that must have been regarded with the fondest tenderness and pride. To wonderful acquirements for his age, were added what can never be acquired—a feeling heart, and poetical genius of the highest order, which in all his wanderings, in all his trials, had magic influence to charm a world which had nothing but misfortune for him. His mother best knew how much his sensitive nature required the tranquillity of a home, and the sympathy and endearments of those who loved him. But his lot was to be cast among strangers, and some among them proved implacable enemies. A life of stranger vicissitudes is scarcely to be met with: sometimes courted and caressed, the companion of princes; at other times wandering in almost extremity of want; inspired by a sacred love of liberty, yet condemned to long years of the saddest captivity, with charms and graces to win the love of the fairest and the best, yet destined to feel all the pangs of a hopeless passion! A being more to be admired and more to be pitied than Tasso surely never existed. He was but twenty, when he received the most flattering office of employment from Cardinal Luizi d'Este, brother to the Duke of Ferrara, who was anxious to secure the services of one possessed of such genius. Though a connexion with the d'Este family opened a brilliant prospect for a young man, yet the friends of Tasso, dreading for him the dangers of a

court, endeavoured to persuade him to decline the proposal: but it was too flattering to be refused, and he hastened to Ferrara, in compliance with the Cardinal's wish, who received him with every mark of distinction, and on occasion of his being appointed legate to France, introduced him at the French court, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Charles the Ninth, who was a warm admirer of his poetry. At Ferrara, Tasso became acquainted with the sisters of the Duke, who, intellectual and accomplished, could appreciate the gifted poet. His hours passed delightfully in their society. He has described the effect of his first interview with these fascinating ladies, in a rhapsody given to Tirsi, the character meant to represent himself in his "Aminta," in which the terms of goddesses, sirens, nymphs, minstrels, and luminaries are liberally bestowed, and shew at least that the young poet was intoxicated with delight in their presence. On their parts they enthusiastically admired him and his poetry. But there was one among them eminently attractive, whom he soon loved with all the passionate earnestness of which his ardent feelings were susceptible. Many of Tasso's biographers say that she was not insensible to the varied graces of the youth: in truth, his personal advantages, his rare accomplishments, and, above all, the enthusiasm of genius, so captivating and so winning, made him a dangerous companion for the young princesses.

Leonora was the youngest of the three sisters, and just nineteen when she and Tasso met. The princesses interested the Duke of Ferrara in his favour, and he appointed him to a situation in which he was exempt from duty, that he might devote himself exclusively to poetry. There was a handsome salary annexed, and apartments in the ducal palace. An inmate under the same roof with Leonora, the predilection which the young people felt for each other could not but increase. Confessions and vows may have passed between them, or Leonora's heart may have kept its own secret: the delicacy of Tasso's affection is clearly proved by the mystery which rests on those passages of his life in which she was concerned; for while allusions expressed with infinite tenderness, found throughout his poetry, discover the state of his own feelings, there is not one word which can furnish a suggestion relative to hers. He had ventured, in accordance with the custom of the times, to celebrate her praises in verse: this, or some other circumstance, awakened the suspicions of the Duke: the intercourse of Tasso with the princesses was abruptly put an end to, and they were not suffered to meet. The Duke, to put an end to any vague hopes which he might entertain, pressed Tasso to marry, and suitable matches were proposed and declined. He withdrew for some time to Rome; on his return he felt that he was incessantly watched, and his sensitive nature could ill brook the want of confidence which this betrayed, and he left Ferrara again and again, wandering, while absent, reckless and restless, from place to place; and then,

impelled by his passion for Leonora, he would return, notwithstanding all his resolutions to the contrary, and regardless of the suspicions and machinations of the Duke. His melancholy increased, and his imagination continually represented that plots and designs against him were in agitation: he became irritable, and one day, in a fit of excitement, drew his dagger on one of the attendants; but he was instantly disarmed, and was confined by order of the Duke within the precincts of the palace—he was, in fact, a prisoner; but on expressing the regret which he felt for the intemperate act, the restraint was removed, and the Duke affected to treat him with his former kindness: but Tasso's feelings were too quick to be deceived; he felt that he was the object of the Duke's dislike and displeasure. Unhappy and irresolute, he sometimes wished to retire to a convent for the remainder of his life; but thoughts of his early home and happy days would often recur to his mind, and he longed to see his sister, the companion of his childhood, whom he had not met for years; and he resolved to leave Ferrara secretly, and find his way to her. His sister was a widow, living at Torrento with her two children. One evening in the summer, as she sat alone, having sent the children out to amuse themselves, a shepherd brought a letter, which he had been directed to put into her hand—it was from Tasso, and told that he was in the midst of enemies and dangers at Ferrara, and that unless she could devise some means to save him, his death was inevitable. She questioned the messenger: his recital confirmed the intelligence, and represented the misery to which her brother was reduced in such terms, that, overcome with anguish, the lady fainted away. When she revived, Tasso discovered himself, and in those moments of affectionate recognition, he told her that he would never leave her for a world of which he had had too much: but his resolves were of short duration: Ferrara and its attraction could not be withstood. It was on the occasion of one of his returns from his restless wandering that he saw Leonora: the surprise and delight of being again in her presence were so great, that he uttered an impassioned exclamation: this gave the Duke the pretext for consigning him to St. Anne's Asylum for lunatics. "None but a madman would dare to act so!" was repeated over again. So hardly was poor Tasso dealt with for having indulged a hopeless, and it may have been an unrequited passion. At that time, and for very long after, the insane were treated as if they were not human beings, and the receptacles for them were under no regulations but those of caprice and cruelty. Tasso gives a most appalling account of his sufferings to his friend Gonzaga: it ends with these affecting words:—"Above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, which even in my best state was sometimes so distressing, that often at the most unseasonable hours I have gone in search of company. Sure I am, that if she who so little has corresponded to my attachment, if she

saw me in such a condition and in such misery, she would have some compassion on me!"

Even this abode of wretchedness could not extinguish his poetic fire, and from his solitary cell poems of surpassing beauty found their way to the world from which he was utterly shut out: they were read in every circle, and the genius of the author extolled; but his misfortunes found no helping hand for seven long years; at length, through the intervention of his friend Gonzaga, he was released. During his confinement Leonora had died: sorrow and sympathy may have had their share in bringing her to an untimely grave. Cruelty had done its part; the young and the beautiful sank beneath its weight, and the gifted mind had received a shock from which it never after thoroughly recovered. Tasso left Ferrara never to return: like the troubled spirit, he could find rest nowhere; but at length he took up his abode at Naples; his mother's property, which had long been unjustly withheld from him, was restored. The beauties of nature please when nothing else can, and they may not have been without their gentle influence on the stricken heart; but the haunts of childhood must have been mournfully contrasted with the dark scenes of after days. Tasso received an intimation from the Pope, that a decree had passed the senate, awarding the laurel

crown to "the greatest poet of the age;" "the honour," added the Pope, "is to the Laurel, and not to Tasso." Tasso accepted the honour with deep melancholy, and left Naples with a foreboding that he should see it no more. Though affliction had not extinguished a spark of poetic fire, it had not left a vestige of ambition; those that would most have delighted in his fame, and taken pride in his triumph, were in their graves, and he longed to be with them. The most gorgeous preparations were in progress, not only in the palace and capital, but in every street through which the procession was to pass. Tasso, with a prophetic spirit, declared the preparations were vain. Affliction, and his long confinement, had anticipated the work of years—the infirmities and languor of old age had overtaken him before their time: he fell ill—medical aid was unavailing—he was apprised of the approach of his last moments: he received the intimation with perfect calmness—all earthly concerns were lost in heavenly contemplations, and the only crown to which he aspired was that unfading crown which awaits the blessed in heaven.

The crowds were still collecting—fresh flowers were gathered to weave into the garlands that were to deck his triumph; but ere they had faded away the Poet was dead! M. A.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE LAME-FOOTED DOG.

(From the German.)

BY MISS M. WATSON.

There lived in the city of Bagdad a pearl-merchant, who, in a very short period of time, had met with so many, and such serious losses, that his last and only hope of retrieving his affairs rested on a richly freighted vessel from India; but, though overdue, still she came not into the harbour, and the unfortunate merchant's prospects became daily more obscured. At length he resolved to apply to a diamond-dealer, who, if words were to be believed, he might consider a warm friend.

He went to him, accordingly, at an hour when he was sure to find him in his private counting-house, and, candidly laying his state before him, requested the loan of such a sum as would keep up his credit in the eyes of the world, either till his vessel arrived, or that, by being obliged to give up all hope of her, he must dispose of his whole property. "In either case," said he, "there will be enough to pay you back this loan; and if my good ship comes into port, I shall hold my head as high as ever I did for an honest dealer and a wealthy man."

The so-called friend let him say all he had to tell, and then with cold manner and abrupt speech excused himself from meeting the request. "My own business," said he, "has dwindled of late, and I have had my losses as

well as you. Besides, who can count upon a ship at sea? we hear every day of their going to the bottom, and I never heard of any of the rich cargoes they bore being got up again; so that you must excuse me from running a chance of 'throwing good money after bad,' as the saying is."

The poor pearl-merchant looked blank, and painfully remembered that on more than one occasion he had himself accommodated this very man, to a large amount, in emergency. He said nothing, however; well aware that if they came to a rupture, the state of his affairs would in all probability be published abroad, and so rendered more deplorable than ever by affecting his, as yet, unblemished credit.

As with a heavy heart he was leaving his friend's door, he observed several servants with a fine black dog—a noble animal it appeared—which they were preparing to drown in the river at hand; and being struck with pity for a creature in distress, he inquired what the poor animal had done to merit so hard a fate.

"He has become lame," replied the diamond-merchant. I bought him at a very high price, thinking to make money by him, as he is a capital sporting dog; but one unlucky night, in defending my shop against some thieves, he got an unfortunate and desperate blow on the leg, which I am told will never be cured; so I am going to have him drowned, as I can't keep idle servants."

"It's a pity, too; he's a noble animal. Let

me beg for him! See now how anxious his poor eyes look, as if he understood what we are saying. Spare his life, as the hurt was got in doing you such a signal service."

"Spare his life—that I may have the cost of his keep? No, indeed; I'm not such a block-head!"

"Well, then, will you make him a present to me? I will take his cost, to save his life. What is his name?"

"Beelzebub."

"Bring him here, boy."

And the string being loosened from the dog's neck, he went immediately to his new master, licking his hand, and looking up into his face, as if every word he had spoken for him had dropped right into his heart, and as if he were fully aware that he owed him his life. He followed him without the slightest hesitation; and when the poor pearl-merchant reached his house, and threw himself despondingly upon a couch, the dog lay down at his feet, and continued looking into his face so sympathisingly that words could not have expressed more, had he been gifted with speech.

"Ah, woe is me!" sighed the unhappy merchant; "and how bitterly, alas! does poverty tell upon one! Could I have believed in the black ingratitude of that man, to whom my purse has been so often opened, and my credit served as a safeguard! How fawning and flattering he was in my prosperity! and now that a cloud lowers over me, how cold and sour the aspect I met with! Where, where, alas! can I obtain six thousand sequins? And that alone can keep me afloat."

In sad thoughts and bitter sighs passed the first hours of the night, till Heaven, taking pity on his sufferings, sent a sweet slumber to the weary eyelids, and pleasant dreams soothed the perturbed spirit.

By early morning, however, he was again awake to his troubles: he sprang from his couch—the torments of utter helplessness and hopelessness wrung his heart; he pressed his hands upon his temples to still their throbbing, and try to gather courage to meet the storm which he knew must soon burst upon him; weak with mental anguish, he let one hand fall heavily on the table by which he reclined—it encountered a bag of money! yes, a bag of gold; ten thousand sequins, well reckoned, and with his address in full, lay on the table before him. "Am I awake?" he cried; "am I not still dreaming?" He rubbed his eyes, he gazed fixedly on the bag; then flew to the window, thinking he was under a waking delusion; but no—he returned to the table, and there lay the bag of money, with his address in clear characters before his eyes, in the broad daylight. He asked himself repeatedly how it could have got there without his knowledge? who could the silent benefactor be, who had thus delicately and timely come to save him from ruin and disgrace? He questioned all the house servants; no one had been out, no one had been seen to enter, no stranger they said could have come

without the knowledge of the door-keeper. Could it, he asked himself, be the diamond-merchant, repentant of his unkindness and ingratitude, who had taken this way of repairing the hard-heartedness he had previously shown? But no—no, it could not be he, who had proved his black nature towards *two faithful* friends in one day; he gave up the idea even. However, all the force of imagination was fruitless towards discovering the generous being who had become his benefactor; and he proceeded joyfully to meet his engagements, and redeem his tottering credit. Scarcely, however, had the last sequin been disbursed, when a fresh inquietude arose to disturb his mind: suppose that the unknown friend to whom he was now become a debtor should suddenly appear, saying, "Friend, I helped you in time of need, and now I am in want of assistance myself, so pray give back the loan I brought you so opportunely." What could he answer? what would then become of him, and the safety of his rich freight still in uncertainty? "Oh! my ship, my ship!" he cried aloud, "what has become of thee? My beautiful ship, hast thou been despoiled by corsairs! Art thou become the plaything of a storm, and been whirled in scattered fragments through the air? or hast thou sunk beneath the waves, never more to give tidings of thy whereabouts?" Several days and nights passed in this nervous anxiety; but on the fourth morning, as he again arose from a troubled rest, and paced his chamber with restless footstep, he suddenly beheld a piece of paper fall from above, on to the same table where he had found the bag of sequins. Under the idea of some fatal warning, he sprang upon it, and found a letter, directed in proper order to himself, which tearing open, he there read—

"Your ship was cast by a storm on the coast of the kingdom of Ophir, but was there repaired by the exertions and toil of your faithful crew. She put to sea again immediately she was worthy, and is now making her harbour with full sails and a fair wind, so that you may hourly expect her in the port."

Here he was once more put to his wits, as to how this letter had been conveyed; it seemed to have shot from the clouds, and he became alarmed, lest he might be under a power of witchcraft. "Can this news be true?" he mused, "or is the foul fiend making a sport of me?" Equally vain were his conjectures respecting the letter as they had been about the money; and while he was yet uncertain how to take the information it contained, and on the third morning after its receipt, a sudden cry was loudly raised on the quay that the long-expected vessel had hove in sight; and so it proved, for a few hours after saw her comfortably riding at anchor in her native haven. "Allah be praised!" cried the joyful pearl-merchant, when he ascertained that all things had happened exactly as had been stated in the miraculously-received epistle. "Allah be praised!" repeated the grateful merchant. "Ah! how beautiful all things look again, now that I am happy; but no," he cried, "I

cannot be truly happy till I become acquainted with my secret and benevolent benefactor; he who saved me from the gulph of ruin; that act will ever live in my inmost heart uneasily till my grateful thanks are spoken." Here Beelzebub, the lame-footed dog, rose from his place, and came wagging his tail, and showing his joy in every gesture, approached his master, seated himself on his hind legs, and laying his fore paw gently on his master's knee, looking at the same time in his face with an expression of human understanding, human feeling, and human friendship; the merchant, meanwhile, coaxing and patting him, and seeming even to feel increased kindness towards the poor animal, who so evidently partook his sentiments.

Suddenly a voice, a *human* voice, struck his ear, and his faithful dog thus spoke: "Be not alarmed, my kind benefactor and beloved master, that your thankful and grateful dog now speaks to you. All animals would speak if men would but treat them worthily; it is the general cruelty and hard-heartedness we meet with that keeps us silent towards mankind. I belong to a race that peculiarly wishes to be the friend of man, and we have also a countless band of all sorts of quadrupeds and bipeds linked together, to do service to those who are kind to any of us. All of them rejoiced in your pity to me, by which you were induced, first to save the life of an animal apparently useless to you, and since to make life a happiness to me by your constant caring for my comfort, and your kind and merciful conduct towards myself; and we are all united to show our gratitude, in all or any ways conducive to your well-being. The swallow, whose nest hangs above your chamber-window, was the faithful ambassador between me and them, and carried the information I gained, as to how we might meet your wishes. An old great grandfather dolphin dived into the deep of the ocean, and brought up one of the many bags of treasure which lie concealed there, gathered from the wrecks of ages, which he then delivered to the stork, who for so many years has reared her young in peace, and unmolested, on the roof of your house: the elephant, who is our president, charged a flock of sea-gulls, who fly over the world of waters, and gather tidings of your ship, which obtained, the house swallow brought with alacrity the letter in her beak. Now, my dear kind master, you know who was your friend—who makes it his pleasure to win your favour; and you never will meet from any animal whatsoever in the so-named brute creation but attachment and gratitude for kindness shown to them, and an undying remembrance of those who are gentle to, and notice them. All animals shudder at the baseness and cruelty we often witness from man to his fellow-man; and all of us endeavour to serve, or please, till our dying day that man, woman, or child, who has in any instance behaved mercifully to us.

ANNIE'S THOUGHTS.

Monday.—Got up very early, and went to play in the garden: came in again, singing a little song, with a pretty nosegay for mamma. When I got into the breakfast-room, mamma was not there, so I ran upstairs quickly, and into her bed-room. Mamma was angry, for she had a bad headache. She said, "Another time, Annie, come in more gently." I was very sorry, for I had meant to please her with the nosegay, and I did not dare to give it to her; so I put it on the hall-table, and it is withering there, and nobody will have it. When I mean to be very good and obliging, I am sure to vex somebody: I wish I could be really good, like sister Lizzie.

Monday afternoon.—Miss Ricketts has given us a half-holiday, that we may take a long walk this beautiful weather. Poor Miss Ricketts! she would have liked to go with us, to pluck wild-flowers; I know she would. But she is so pale and thin, and cannot bear to walk. So sister Lizzie is to take care of us. Sister Lizzie was whispering to Miss Ricketts just before dinner, and I heard Miss Ricketts say, "Will not your mamma expect me to go?" And Lizzie answered "No, I am sure she will not; I will tell her all about it." So when mamma came in to take her luncheon at our dinner, Lizzie spoke so prettily; and though mamma was at first offended, and said that Miss Ricketts ought to go, Lizzie persuaded her to excuse her, and promised to take such care of us! I for one will be very good, and then Lizzie won't be blamed.

Tuesday morning.—Oh dear! how I wish I could ever behave properly. And yet Mary was more naughty than I was yesterday; for she told a story, and I only tore my frock, and spoiled my bonnet. But mamma was more angry with me than with her. I am a wretched little girl! I never can please anybody. Aunt Caroline is coming to-day, and they will tell her all about me, and why I am shut up here in disgrace. I shall be so ashamed when I see her!

Poor little Henry has just been to the door, and pushed under it some little cakes, and asked me to kiss him through the keyhole. They are very nice cakes, and I am very hungry, for I could not eat my breakfast for crying. But I must not taste them, for mamma ordered me to have only bread and water, and I will not be deceitful; though I really do think that she does not love me at all—she is so severe! I know I am a very careless child; but then I love her, and really wish to please her, and Mary does not. She does all kinds of naughty things behind mamma's back, and is often very impertinent to her; and yet mamma seems to love her the best, better even than Lizzie, who is so good. Or I wonder if it is only that I am really a naughty and jealous child! For mammas are grown up and wise, and know better than little girls.

I am very glad that mamma shut me up in my own little room, where I have my desk, and pen and ink. I should be quite afraid all by myself so long, if I could not write, and had to sit still doing nothing!

It is getting very dark, and I can scarcely see my pen; but I must do something, for I dare not look into that corner of the room, where the lights are. Something keeps waving across them, and nodding its head at me. Oh! how I wish mamma would come, or Miss Ricketts! All this long day I have seen nobody, except Susan twice, when she brought my bread and water. I am tired of looking out of the window at those dark trees. And there is a strange white figure at the end of the avenue. Oh, I am so frightened! Mamma! come to me quickly!

Wednesday evening.—I do not know what was the matter with me last night. I heard them whisper something about fainting, and somebody carried me along the passage; and when I awoke I was in bed, and kind aunt Caroline was sitting by me. She saw that I was awake, and she leaned over me, and put her sweet, cool face to mine, and kissed me. Dear aunt! I did love her so. I wonder why it is I love her so very much! But Miss Ricketts says that I am not to write any more, for I am not well enough. And indeed I feel very strange; and my heart beats fast.

Thursday.—This morning, quite early, I had such strange fancies. Aunt Caroline slept with me; and, when I awoke, I turned and looked at her. She was lying quite still, and her white eyelids were fast shut, and her pretty red mouth—a little open—showed two white teeth. She was so pale and still, that, somehow, she reminded me of Miss Lyle, whom sister Lizzie took me to see after she was dead. I began to wonder what it felt like to die. It seems so strange to lie still, and not see, or hear, or feel; and yet be the same person. But sister Lizzie told me that the soul was up in the sky. While I was thinking about this, a bird began to chirp, in a low tone, and then another, and another; and by-and-by they sang louder, and it began to be very light—with a strange, golden light. I felt very faint, and it seemed to me that I was really dying, and going to heaven. My heart beat so slowly, and stopped so often, that I thought it would soon quite stop, and I knew that then I should be dead. But I was not frightened, but felt very happy; and now I believe I should like to die.

Thursday evening.—I have been talking to aunt Carry a long time, while mamma and all the rest were out walking. I have been telling her all my feelings about mamma and Mary, which I am afraid have been very wrong. Aunt Caroline did not blame or scold me at all; but spoke very kindly. I wish I could write down what she said; it was a great comfort to me, and I wanted comfort very much. I first told her how mamma was always scolding me for being untidy, and about her

saying to me the other day, "It is really of no use getting anything nice for so careless and dirty a child as you are. You are never fit to be seen, and I am quite ashamed of you." And yet, I try to be neat; but somehow I never can run about and romp like other children but I either tear two or three tucks, or hook my frock on a nail and make a great hole in it; or else I stumble into some mud and splash myself all over. Then my sandals always come untied when I am walking; and I am so pleased with the fresh air and the flowers that I never notice them, and they trail after me in the dust, and mamma says that is a sure sign of a sloven. I can't help climbing the hedges when I see a pretty flower; and I am certain to get entangled among the briars, or to slide into the ditch and wet my feet. Lizzie and Mary never do such things; they walk properly along, and when they play it is very gently. After telling aunt Caroline all this, I asked her if it was worse to be untidy and careless or to tell stories and be deceitful. I confessed how very angry I felt sometimes when I knew what naughty things Mary had done; and all the time she managed so well to hide them that mamma thought she was quite a good little girl; and when there was any quarrel or anything wrong in the school-room, laid all the blame upon me. And it was of no use defending myself; for then mamma was more angry than ever, and said that I made false excuses, and that I was jealous because Mary was better than I. I told aunt Caroline that I could not help sometimes really hating Mary, and wishing that something would happen to her, that she might get punished as well. I said how I had often longed to die, for then I should trouble no one; and perhaps after I was dead they would wish that they had been more kind to me. But Aunt Caroline told me that I must be content, and even happy to live; for that life was a great and glorious gift, conferred upon us by our kind Creator, to be thankfully enjoyed and carefully used and improved. She convinced me how much it depended upon myself to be loved—that no heart, however cold, could always withstand affections—that I must persevere in trying to be kind and amiable, and useful to others. She told me that carelessness was a very troublesome fault; that it annoyed neat and orderly people exceedingly, and that if I really wished to please mamma, I should let Mary's faults alone, however great, and endeavour with all my might to become tidy and thoughtful. That in so doing I should begin to know myself, and find how difficult it was to cure a bad habit; and thus learning humility, I should think mercifully of other offenders, and try to make them better, instead of indulging unkind feelings towards them. "My darling Annie!" she said, "do your best according to your knowledge: be humble, useful, and affectionate; and in time these clouds of your childhood will disperse, and the sunshine of a clear conscience will gild each day of duty and love." I remember almost every word that she spoke,

with her calm, gentle voice. When we had done talking, we went to take a little walk in the fields; and before we returned, the great yellow, full moon had risen, and its light mingled with the twilight, and all was so quiet and happy, that we walked home hand in hand quite silently. But I must not write any longer, for mamma will be displeased if I sit up late, and I am now going to do everything I can to please and make her love me.

Friday.—Something has happened so delightful! The doctor has been to see me, and he says that I am very delicate, and require change of air; and mamma and aunt Caroline have

settled that I am to go with my aunt to her pretty house in Devonshire, and pay a long visit. But what will become of all my resolutions about being good at home, and making mamma love me? Well, I must bear them in mind until my return; and I dare say I shall learn to be neat and tidy with Aunt Caroline; she has such a nice kind way of teaching.

Farewell, then, thoughts! I must lock you safely into my desk, and help to pack up; for Aunt Carry is wanted at home, and we are to set off early to-morrow morning.

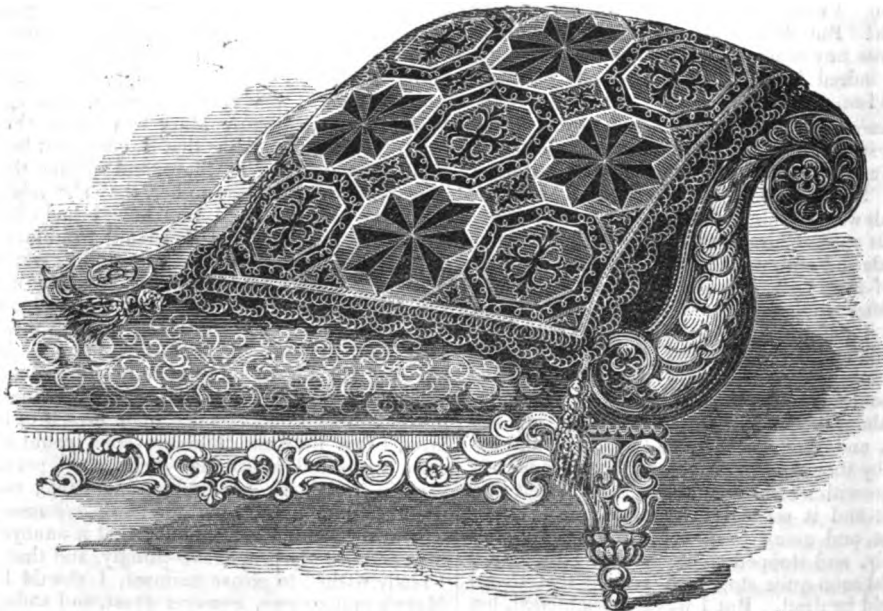
* * * * *

HANNAH CLAY.

THE WORK-TABLE.

PATCHWORK CUSHION.

MATERIALS:—Black Velvet Ribbon, one inch wide; rich purple Merino or Silk, of two shades, which must approximate; gold-coloured ditto, and a skein of narrow Russian Silk Braiding to match exactly with the gold and the lighter purple; 12 yards of gold-coloured chain gimp, and 4 tassels to match.



The diagrams being given of the full size, for every part, no difficulty can occur in cutting out the different sections. The octagons are formed alternately of stars, made in the purple material, and formed into the proper shape by means of gold-coloured diamonds, which fit in between the points, and octagons of gold-colour, braided with purple, and edged with black velvet ribbon braided in gold. Purple diamonds, braided with gold, or *vice versa*, fill up the spaces between the octagons; and sections of the same (halves and quarters) are used to form the whole into a square.

In choosing the purple Merino, take care that

it is of a bright tint, and that there is no great difference between the two shades, as they are intended merely to give the effect of light and shadow. The star consists of sixteen pieces, namely, eight of each shade, and the same number of gold-coloured diamonds. The yellow octagon may be either in one piece or in eight, the braiding being in four parts, meeting in the centre, as represented in the engraving.

In running on silk braid, it is often so difficult to obtain sewing silk to match, that it is very convenient to cut off a length of braid, and draw out the threads for sewing it on: this saves a great deal of trouble. Braid patterns

are marked, liked those for embroidery, by being first pricked on stout paper, laid over the material, and pounced.

The cushion is accurately represented in the engraving: it consists of the following pieces—
5 yellow and black octagons.

4 purple ditto.

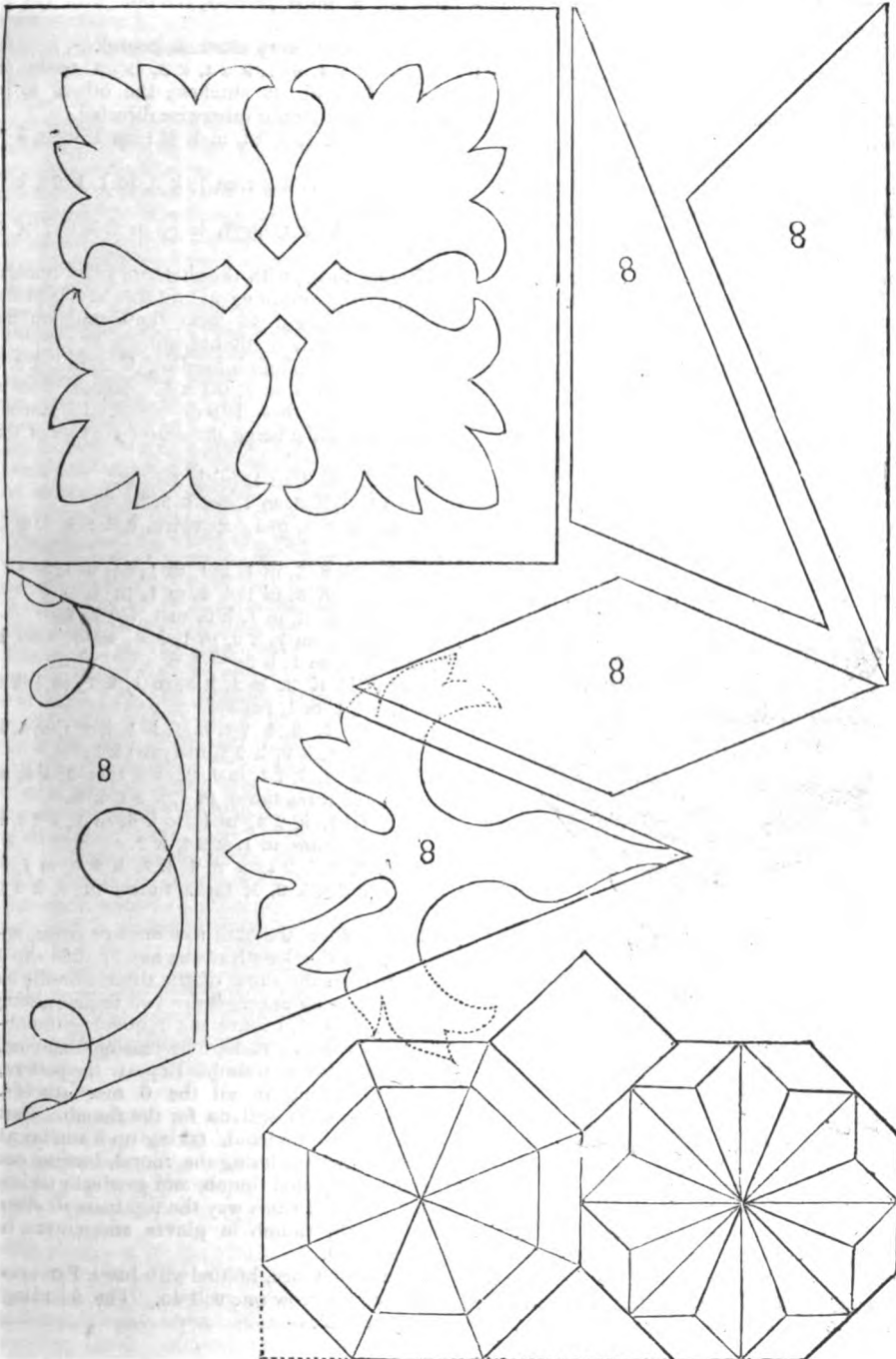
4 diamonds.

4 diamond quarters, for corners.

8 half-diamonds, for the sides.

The other side of the cushion may be of purple or gold Merino, or black velvet. A trimming of chain gimp, and four handsome tassels, complete it.

AIGUILLETTE.



KNITTED MITTEN, WITH CUFF.

MATERIALS:—18 skeins of black Berlin Wool, 4 skeins of scarlet, blue, or any other colour, and a small quantity of black Pyrenees Wool, or Netting Silk. 4 Knitting Needles, Nos. 10 and 17.—Observe, these sizes will make an ordinary-sized Mitten for a lady's hand; but if it is desired smaller, Nos. 17 and 18 may be used, and Nos. 15 and 16 if larger, the size depending wholly on the needles used, and the degree of tightness of the work.

CUFF.—Cast on, with the finer-sized needles, 24 stitches on each of 3; with the black Berlin join into a round, and knit 2 rounds.

1st Pattern round (Scarlet and black). All scarlet.

2nd. $\times$ 3 scarlet, 1 black $\times$ repeat all round.

3rd. $\times$ 1 black over 1st scarlet, 1 scarlet over centre of 3, 2 black $\times$ repeat all round.

4th, 5th, and 6th rounds. All black.

7th. $\times$ 2 black, 1 scarlet, 1 black, 1 scarlet, 1 black $\times$ repeat all round.

8th. $\times$ 1 black, 2 scarlet $\times$ all round.

9th. 1 scarlet, 2 black $\times$ all round.

10th. Like 8th.

11th. Like 7th.

12th, 13th, 14th. All black.

15th. Like 3rd.

16th. Like 2nd.

17th. All scarlet.

Two rounds of black. No more scarlet.

Knit 1 round of eyelet-holes, in which to insert an elastic, or a satin ribbon, by making 1 stitch, and knitting 2 together alternately all round. Put the wool *twice* round the needle to make one, that the hole may be sufficiently large; then knit 2 more plain rounds.



Take the coarser needles, and knit 36 of the stitches on one needle for the back of the hand, 6 on another for the thumb, and 30 on another for the palm of the hand. Observe that for the right hand the thumb needle must *follow*, for

the left it must *precede*, the one with the 36 stitches.

Knit plainly *every* alternate round.

1st. $\times$ k 4, m 1, k 2 t, k 3, $\times$ 4 times, on the needle with 36 stitches; the others to be knitted plainly until otherwise directed.

3rd. $\times$ k 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, $\times$ 4 times.

5th. $\times$ k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, $\times$ 4 times.

7th. $\times$ k 2 t, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2 t, $\times$ 4 times.

Repeat these, with the alternate plain rounds, *once*; then, continuing to knit this needle in the same way, begin to form the thumb on the needle with only 6 stitches, thus:

17th round (Thumb needle). K 3, m 1, k 3.

19th. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 1. Repeat from a to b, whenever these letters occur, the stitches that follow the a being the *centre stitches* of the needle.

21st. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 3.

23rd. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 5.

25th. $\times$ k 3, m 1, $\times$ twice, k 2 t, k 2, m 1, k 2.

27th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 4, m 1, (a) k 1.

29th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 5, m 1, (a) k 3.

31st. (b) K 3, m 1, k 6, m 1, (a) k 5.

33rd. K 3, m 1, k 2, m 1, k 8, m 1, k 2 t, k 7, m 1, k 2, m 1, k 3.

35th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 4, k 2 t, m 1, (a) k 1.

37th. (b) K 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, k 2 t, m 1, (a) k 3.

39th. K 2, k 2 t, m 1, $\times$ k 2 t, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2 t, $\times$ three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

41st. K 2, k 2 t, m 1, $\times$ k 4, m 1, k 2 t, k 3, $\times$ three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

43rd. K 2, k 2 t, $\times$ m 1, k 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, $\times$ three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

Repeat from the 37th row once or twice, according to the length of the hand; then slip 3 stitches from the sides of the thumb-needle on to the adjoining ones. Take two more knitting needles, and distribute the remaining thumb-stitches on three; make 6 by casting them on, and form into a round. Repeat the pattern, gradually taking in all the 6 new stitches. About 8 rounds will do for the thumb. Cast off, and finish the hand, taking up 6 stitches at the thumb when closing the round, leaving out the now completed thumb, and gradually taking in these six. In this way the tightness so often found at the thumb in gloves and mittens is quite avoided.

Trim with a lace, knitted with black Pyrenees wool; any narrow one will do. The following is very suitable—

Cast on 7 stitches.

1st row. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2.

2nd. K 3, p 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

3rd. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 4.

4th. K 6, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

5th. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, m 2, k 2.

6th. K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

7th. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 7.

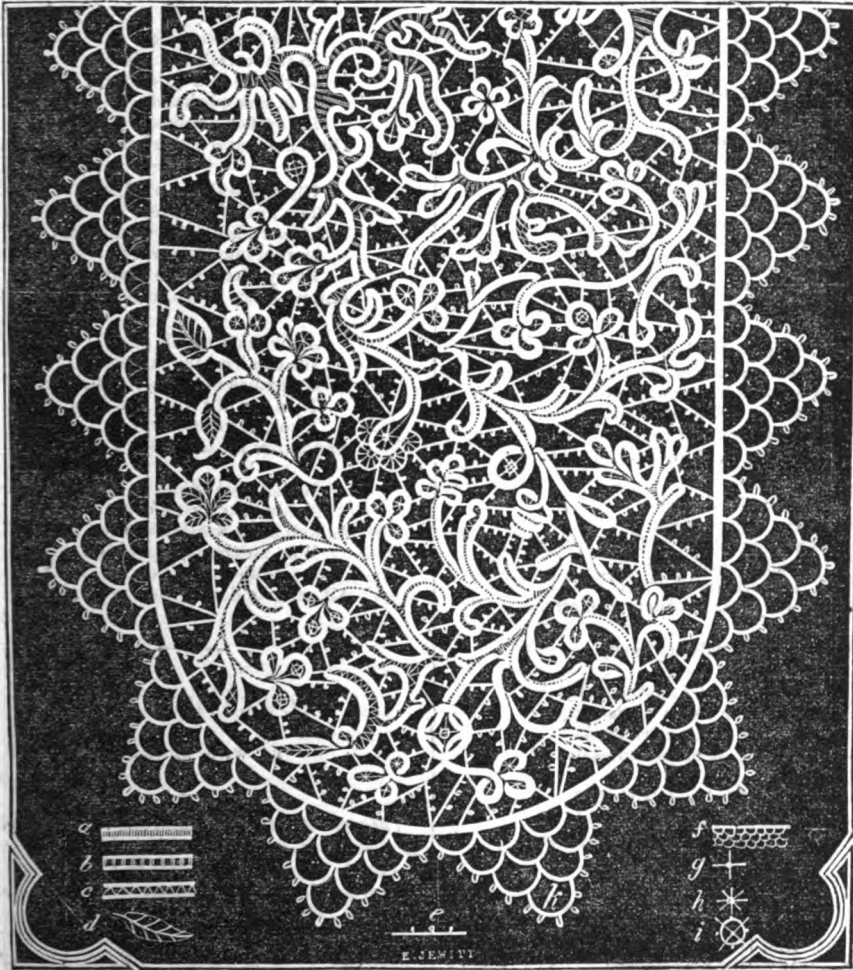
8th. Cast off 5, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

Do sufficient to sew on rather full.

AIGUILLETTE.

POINT LACE LAPPET,

MATERIALS:—Evans's Point Lace Cottons, with Boar's Head, Nos. 60 and 80. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 1, and French white Cotton Braid, No. 7.



The engraving of this lappet is given of as great a width as is generally worn: it may, however, if thought desirable, be increased a third or a fourth. The length of a lappet is about three-quarters of a yard. The two ends correspond.

The braid is extremely narrow, and must be put on with great accuracy. The ground is worked entirely in Raleigh bars, with Mecklenburgh No. 100. The other stitches (of which

diagrams are given in the corners) are as follows:—

a. Twisted threads (Sorrento bars). Evans's Boar's Head, No. 60.

b. English bars. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100.

c. Point d'Alençon. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

d. Leaves, with a Venetian bar for the centre,

veining and Sorrento bars at the sides. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

e. Raleigh bars. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

f. Brussels lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 60.

g. English lace. The same cotton, No. 70.

h. Open English lace. The same cotton, No. 80.

i. Raleigh wheels. These are worked on four bars, with an English spot at the cross. The wheel is then made round it, with a spot at

the centre of each division. Use, for all these wheels, Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

k. The edging is worked entirely in button-hole, on Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, in which it is outlined. The first line of small scallops is first traced; then each scallop is separately finished in outline, by laying the thread down on the *three*, then slipping it back to the point where the *two* begin; then the one. When all are outlined, they must be covered with button-hole stitch, finished with Raleigh dots as indicated in the engraving. AIGUILLETTE.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

OLD CHRISTMAS we know
By his locks of snow
And his crown of ivy green;
The lintel we arch,
For his triumph march,
With the holly's prickly sheen
And its crimson fruit
Like a winter suit,
And the miseltoe nixed between.

Though His locks are white,
His eyes are as bright
As a poet's in ardent youth,
When a rich voice chimes
To the fervent rhymes
That glow with the light of truth.

Though His locks are pale,
His step is as hale
As a yeoman's in prime of years;
And his genial laugh
Is more glad by half
Than a jester's boisterous cheers.

But his stalwart hand,
It holds a wand
That hath surely a fairy spell,
When he waves it back
On the Past's worn track,
Where the silent memories dwell!

Then His laugh is hushed,
And our mirth is crushed,
As He points to some vacant seat;
While over our souls
The cadence rolls
Of a voice we no more shall greet.

And He asks us each,
If we list his speech,
How the Year gone by has sped;
With heart and mind
Have we loved our kind,
And blessings around us shed?

For He hateth strife,
And a selfish life,
With a hatred so severe
That where they abide
His face he will hide,
And his joy will disappear.

What He loves to do
In the world's full view,
Or perchance in a quiet way,
Is to link our hands
In brotherly bands,
That shall never indeed decay.

His Name shows us Love
The Purest; above
What mortals can fairly discern;
In that one little word
Every text may be heard,
And we every lesson may learn!

As he takes up his staff
We can hear the last laugh
Of Christmas so honoured and dear;
Then He lifts from the floor
A corpse to the door,
And buries the dead Old Year.

While there glides in the Heir
To the Old Year's care,
As well as its worth and wit;
Who for sceptre upholds
A scroll's thick folds,
All white and unwritten yet!

FLOWER-DIVINATION.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

[Margaret gathers a star-flower, and plucks off the leaves, one after another.]

Faust. A nosegay may that be?

Margaret. No! 'tis a game.

Faust. What murmur you?

Margaret. He loves me—loves me not—

[Plucking off the last leaf, with fond joy.]

He loves me!

Rayed flower, what will your last leaf tell—
He loves me not?—or loves me well?
A leaf I pluck from out your round—
O startled look of quick delight
That flashed into his eyes last night,
When mine his wandering glance first found!
As sweet a tale, O last leaf, tell—
He loves me well.

Another—be the fear forgot
That now I pluck—He loves me not ;
Not ? Loves me not ? and need I dread !
Ah, as I brushed behind her chair,
His drawn to hers, they whispered there
So low, I caught not what he said—
Nor she. Would that could be forgot !—
He loves me not.

Next picked—of sweetest hopes to tell—
Your sweetness says, He loves me well ;
Yes ! loves me well ; I will not fear !
I knew—I felt him at my side,
My partner—not to be denied ;
Not hers, as the next dance drew near !
O, last plucked leaf, come quick to tell—
He loves me well.

Hope—fear—each straight in each forgot,
Thrice evil leaf, He loves me not !
Alas ! alas ! and is it true ?
And did I see his laughing eye—
I on his arm—to her's reply,
As his to mine alone should do ?
Come, last picked leaf, to tell me—what ?—
He loves me not ?

White with my fears that petal fell ;
O, red last leaf, He loves me well :
Here do I pluck all sweetest thought,
I know his hand pressed mine—I heard
The tremble in his latest word ;
What could be told but what I sought !
Last leaf, I knew your fall must tell—
He loves me well.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

My forest walks at Soignies were not sad
Although alone I wandered, for with me
Strange memories of the past were busily
Turning the present to a scene all glad
And rife with hope ; thus making me to see
Dear Indian woods 'midst Belgian greenery,
And Asiatic flowers where I but had
The golden rods and bluebells blooming free
'Twixt Waterloo and Brussels, where each tree
Seemed fraught with joy. So I, in age, do walk
'Mid jungle paths with youth's brisk step, and find
Companions fond that with me sweetly talk,
Though we have long been severed. For the mind
Hath powers which no dire body-ails can baulk !
Brussels, Sept. 1851.

A MINUIT.

SOUVENIR D'UN RÉVEILLON DE NOËL*.

J'assistais l'hiver dernier, chez ma grand'tante au réveillon traditionnel de la nuit de Noël. La collation venait de finir ; le thé et le punch au rhum avaient remplacé sur la table du festin les pyramides dorées de beignets à la fleur d'orange. Attachée, en vraie douairière qu'elle était, aux souvenirs du bon vieux temps dont douze lustres accomplis la séparaient, ma vénérable parente avait formellement exigé que chacun de ses convives racontât, à tour de rôle, une de ces mystérieuses histoires de bandits et de fantômes, si délicieuses à entendre, les soirs d'hiver, au coin d'un feu pétillant, lorsque le vent de bise pleure à la fenêtre, que le chien hurle dans la cour et que la neige blanchit au loin les toits de maisons solitaires. Comme cette ennuyeuse corvée était une des conditions *sine quâ* son admission chez ma grand'tante, pendant la veillée de Noël, aucun des invités ne songea à s'y soustraire. Désigné le premier par le sort, je m'exécutoi de manière à ébranler les nerfs les moins délicats et les imaginations les plus paresseuses. J'eus à peine terminé mon improvisation lugubre, pleine des reminiscences de Lewis, d'Anne Ratcliffe et d'Hoffmann, que ma grand'tante, avec toute la gravité d'un président de la chambre au dépouillement d'un scrutin ministériel, mêla de nouveau dans son tablier plusieurs petits morceaux de papier, aux noms des divers

convives, en tira un, le déploya lentement et lut à haute voix le nom de Mlle. Simon. Une femme septuagénaire pour le moins se leva, à ces mots, de la place où elle était assise, rapprocha son fauteuil du feu et commença, sans se faire prier, l'anecdote suivante, qui m'intéressa d'autant plus vivement qu'il était bien facile de voir que la bonne vieille n'y ajoutait rien et qu'elle était encore, en la racontant, sous l'impression de profonde terreur qu'elle avait dû éprouver jadis en y jouant un rôle.

« En 1788, nous dit-elle, je servais en qualité de femme de confiance chez M. le comte Auguste de Rocherolles. A demi ruiné par des spéculations malheureuses et par la perte d'un procès récent, le comte avait renoncé au séjour de la capitale, et il était allé s'établir avec sa femme, jeune encore, et son fils, âgé de neuf ans, dans son château de Sept-Fontaines, situé dans le département des Ardennes, à une petite lieue de Charleville.

« Le château de Sept-Fontaines est un vieux monument gothique du moyen-âge, célèbre dans la contrée, parce que la tradition rapporte qu'Henry IV., à la suite d'une chasse au sanglier, y passa la nuit dans une chambre du rez-de-chaussée, surnommée encore aujourd'hui, par ce motif, *chambre du roi*. Il s'élève majestueusement au milieu d'une plaine vaste et inculte. Devant lui apparaissent, dans un horizon rapproché, les remparts de la ville ; derrière lui des forêts, des vallées et des montagnes, mais nulle part aux environs ni fermes, ni chaumières, ni demeures habitées. A l'époque de cette histoire, le personnel du château ne se composait que du

* Nous connaissons particulièrement l'héroïne de la petite anecdote qu'on va lire, et c'est à sa prière, et en quelque sorte sous sa dictée, que nous avons écrit l'article suivant dont nous garantissons d'ailleurs l'authenticité.

comte de Rocherolles, de sa femme, de son fils, d'un vieux domestique anglais appelé Tom, et de moi. Or, un jour (c'était, si ma mémoire est fidèle, le 3 Octobre de cette année), Tom, en revenant de faire à la ville ses provisions accoutumées, annonça à ses maîtres qu'une troupe d'acteurs Parisiens, descendu la veille à l'hôtel du *Lion d'Or*, se proposait de donner le lendemain une représentation extraordinaire sur le théâtre de Charleville. La comtesse ayant manifesté le désir d'assister à cette représentation, il fut convenu que le vieux Tom conduirait ses maîtres à la comédie et que je resterais au château pour veiller le jeune Alfred, à qui son état maladif ne permettait pas d'accompagner ses parents. Sans en deviner la raison, sans en approfondir la cause, je me rappelle que je les vis partir avec un serrement de cœur inexprimable. Appuyée au seuil de la porte, je les suivis des yeux aussi longtemps qu'il me fut possible de les apercevoir, et lorsque le cabriolet eut entièrement disparu à travers les sinuosités de la grande route, mille inquiétudes vagues vinrent m'assaillir. Les horribles exploits de la bande de chauffeurs qui désolait en ce moment les provinces de la France se représentèrent vivement à mon imagination. Je me rappelai avec terreur que peu de mois auparavant un vieillard et une jeune fille avaient été mutilés dans une ferme du village de Gruyères, distant seulement de quelques lieues de Sept-Fontaines. L'idée que j'étais seule avec un enfant malade, dans ce château désert, éloigné de toute habitation, de tout secours, de toute protection, en cas d'attaque nocturne, augmentait encore mon effroi. Toutefois, je ne négligeai aucune des précautions que la prudence me suggéra. Je fermai soigneusement la grille extérieure, je tirai les verrous de toutes les fenêtres, et après m'être pour ainsi dire barricadée à l'intérieur, je revins m'asseoir, émue, inquiète, et l'esprit préoccupé des plus sombres pressentiments, auprès du jeune malade, dans la salle basse du rez-de-chaussée appelée *chambre du roi*.

La soirée s'était écoulée tout entière sans qu'aucun incident extraordinaire eût justifié mes appréhensions et mes craintes. Minuet venait de sonner à la vieille horloge du château, et ses tintements lugubres avaient produit en moi une sensation de bien-être indicible, car ils m'annonçaient, à n'en pas douter, que l'heure du spectacle était passée et que mes maîtres devaient être en route pour revenir. Souriant et déjà aux trois quarts rassurée, je me dirigeai vers la fenêtre pour tâcher d'apercevoir leur cabriolet dans la campagne, lorsqu'il me sembla entendre un léger bruit dans la boiserie de l'appartement, à l'extrémité de la chambre, opposée à celle où je me trouvais. Vous rendre l'impression que ce bruit étrange produisit sur moi est chose impossible. Je demeurai à ma place immobile, l'oreille tendue, la sueur au front, retenant jusqu'à mon souffle. Alfred, qui avait entendu le même bruit que moi, et qui comme moi était saisi de crainte, descendit doucement de son fauteuil, et, par un mouvement naturel aux enfants qui ont peur, il vint cacher sa tête sous mon tablier, en entou-

rant mes genoux de ses mains tremblantes. Ce n'était pas une hallucination de mon esprit. Je n'en pouvais douter. Il y avait bien là quelqu'un, sous mes pieds, à quelques pas de moi. On fouillait le sol avec précaution; on cherchait à pénétrer dans la chambre. Je ne saurais dire si ce fut la certitude même et l'imminence du danger, qui m'armèrent, en ce moment, d'une résolution et d'un courage que je ne me connaissais pas; mais je me levai résolument de mon siège, je courus à la cuisine, je saisis une hache, et je revins, ainsi armée, me placer à l'endroit où le bruit s'était fait entendre et où je m'attendais à voir bientôt paraître quelqu'un. Mon appréhension ne fut pas trompée. A ma grande surprise, un carreau de la chambre se souleva lentement, puis un second; une main s'appuya sur le plancher et une horrible tête de bandit, sombre et menaçante, parut devant moi. Au même instant la hache que je tenais à la main s'abattit avec la rapidité de l'éclair, et la tête du chauffeur roula au milieu de la chambre. L'enfant poussa un grand cri. La lampe, qu'il avait heurtée en fuyant, tomba et s'éteignit. L'obscurité la plus complète régna dans la salle."

Après quelques efforts visibles pour dompter son émotion, la bonne vieille reprit ainsi: "J'étais encore au bord du trou, ma hache levée et prête à frapper autant de coups, à abattre autant de têtes, que le danger se présenterait de fois, lorsque j'entendis distinctement au-dessous de moi les paroles suivantes, bien qu'elles fussent proferées à voix basse et avec beaucoup de précaution :

" — Eh bien, as-tu vu quelqu'un ? La chambre est-elle éclairée ?

" Vous comprenez parfaitement pourquoi celui qu'on interpellait ainsi ne répondit pas. Il se fit un silence de quelques minutes, après lequel la même voix reprit toujours bas, mais cette fois avec l'expression de l'impatience et de la colère :

" — Si tu as peur, lâche, fais place à d'autres, mais par l'enfer avance ou recule !

" — La position n'est pas tenable, répliqua une voix plus éloignée. . . D'un moment à l'autre nous pouvons être surpris. . . Robert, qui est en vedette à l'entrée du souterrain, assure qu'il entend distinctement le galop d'un cheval dans le lointain."

" Au mouvement qui se fit alors, au-dessous de moi, j'aurai que les bandits retirèrent à eux le corps de leur compagnon. Sans doute qu'à la vue de ce cadavre sans tête, ce tronc hideusement ensanglanté, les chauffeurs furent saisis de surprise et d'épouvante, car ils poussèrent un cri terrible qui fit trembler le sol de la chambre; puis, proferant de sourdes imprécations de rage et de vengeance, ils s'éloignèrent précipitamment, abandonnant dans le souterrain le corps de leur camarade. Au même instant, la force factice qui m'avait soutenue tant que le danger avait été là, sous mes yeux, menaçant et inévitable, s'évanouit complètement aussitôt qu'il parut dissipé. Le cœur me manqua, mon corps s'affaissa sur lui-même. Je tombai évanouie.



Julia Richard Allen

Portrait of Julia Richard Allen, 1860.

"Un quart-d'heure plus tard mes maîtres revinrent du spectacle. Après avoir appelé inutilement à plusieurs reprises, inquiet de ne pas me voir paraître, et imaginant que je pouvais être endormie, le vieux Tom, au risque de se casser cent fois le cou, se décida à franchir le mur d'enceinte. Ayant opéré sans accident cette périlleuse escalade, le fidèle serviteur revint ouvrir à ses maîtres, et tous trois se dirigèrent vers la porte de la salle à manger qui céda sous leurs efforts réunis. Quel spectacle! la lune qui s'était dégagée d'entre les nuages répandait ses demi-teintes blafardes sur le lieu de cette horrible scène. Dans le coin le plus éloigné de la salle, à demi-caché derrière une vieille armoire, le petit Alfred, pâle d'une terreur sans nom, les yeux fixes, les cheveux hérissés, semblait pétrifié par l'effroi, mon corps gisait évanoui au milieu de la chambre, et sur le plan le plus rapproché, à quelques pas de la porte, apparaissait la tête livide et grimaçante du bandit.

"Comme vous le pensez bien, personne ne se coucha au château cette nuit-là. M. de Rocherolles et le vieux Tom la passèrent tout entière, armés jusqu'aux dents et disposés à une vigoureuse résistance en cas d'attaque. La comtesse elle-même, si faible, si craintive, si femme dans les circonstances ordinaires de la vie, avait retourné, devant le péril, toute la force et tout le courage d'un homme. Il n'y eut pas jusqu'au pauvre Alfred qui, entièrement rassuré en voyant ce renfort inattendu, ne voulût aussi participer à la défense commune. Mais fort heureusement toute cette résolution se trouva inutilement dépensée, tous ces préparatifs furent inutiles. Aucun bruit suspect ne se fit plus entendre, aucune tentative nouvelle ne signala cette nuit d'angoisses. Le lendemain, M. de Rocherolles alla faire sa déposition au procureur du roi de Char-

leville. Une descente de la justice au château amena la découverte d'un conduit souterrain pratiqué sous le parc et se prolongeant depuis le mur d'enceinte jusqu'à la salle dite *du roi*. Plusieurs compagnies de troupes de ligne et toute la gendarmerie de l'arrondissement furent aussitôt mises aux trousses des bandits. Après une battue de plusieurs semaines dans les environs de Charleville, le chef de la troupe, le célèbre Joseph Kats, et les quarante hommes qu'il commandait, furent arrêtés dans la forêt de la Havière, à quatre lieues de Sept-Fontaines, et exécutés le 30 octobre de cette même année, sur la grande place du marché de Charleville, au milieu d'une foule immense accourue de tous les points de la Flandre pour assister à leur supplice. J'oubliais de vous dire que la tête coupée figura au procès, et servit de pièce de conviction.

"Quant à moi, cette horrible scène développa dans mon corps le germe d'une maladie incurable. A 20 ans à peine, que je comptais à cette époque, je fus saisie d'un tremblement convulsif de tous les membres qui ne se déclare ordinairement que chez les personnes arrivées à l'extrême vieillesse. Je dois à la vérité et à la reconnaissance d'ajouter que mes maîtres ne furent envers moi ni oublieux, ni ingrats. En récompense du courage que j'avais montré et du service que je leur avais rendu, ils m'assurèrent, ma vie durant, une petite pension assez modique, il est vrai, mais très suffisante pour mes besoins, qui me garantit le nécessaire pour le reste de mes jours; et, ajouta la bonne vieille, en souriant et en s'inclinant gracieusement devant son auditeur,—qui me procure l'honneur d'assister ici chaque année au réveillon de Noël."

ACHILLE GALLET.
(Cabinet de lecture.)

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE VISCOUNTESS VILLIERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

(See Plate.)

There is a charming olden tale
I more than half believe in,
How fairies at a mortal's birth
Bright golden threads can weave in
Athwart the darker warp of life,
For all on earth provided—
For wisest ends the darkest shades
Unevenly divided.

And gazing on thy form and face
In mood of thoughtful musing,
Remembering thy lineage rare,
I dream of fairies' choosing,
How elfin sponsors willed for thee
Rich gifts and goodly graces,
And opened gates upon thy path
That lead to pleasant places;

And breathed a charm thy cradle o'er—
As was indeed their duty—
That dower'd thee with the woman's boon
Of all thy Mother's beauty.
While from thy Sire* their spells decreed
Thy nature should inherit
An English heart of purpose true—
A brave, unselfish spirit.

Oh Lady, when thy coronet
Upon thy brow is gleaming,
And holds enthralled the youthful curls
That here so free are streaming,
I feel than all the pomp of rank—
Which yet thou valuest duly—
More proud thou art of near descent
From them who Laboured Truly!

* The late Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

FEMININE GOSSIP FROM PARIS.*

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Dec. 20.

MY DEAR C—,

Strange and stirring have been the events that have come to pass here since my last letter; and though the more feverish sensations they have created are now lulled, a deep and swelling excitement of mingled opinions and conflicting sentiments agitates the country.

A great victory has been gained—but how? Was the step that led to it necessary? Would not legitimate means have led—perhaps a little later, it is true—to the same result? Will not France, when the momentary sensation of relief experienced at the destruction of the "*Spectre rouge*," that was to have made 1852 a year to be written in history in letters of blood—will she not awake to the consciousness that her liberties have been mocked and trampled on to satisfy private ambition? These are questions which are already daily, hourly agitated, and which will most surely ere long demand a solution. At present all is tranquil in Paris, and comparatively so in the departments, and but one opinion reigns among all classes and all parties on the absolute necessity that existed for the severest measures being adopted towards those sanguinary and reckless malefactors, whose politics are pillage and anarchy, who have no links with society, and who float as it were on the surface of the country in which they have no legitimate stake and interest, like the scum thrown up whenever the cauldron begins to boil, or the "wreckers," who see in the danger and distress of the national vessel only a source of spoil and rapine. A great and salutary check they certainly have received, *reste à savoir* if the arbitrary and unparalleled measures adopted towards a widely different and powerfully influential class, will remain unresented and accepted. There seems to be but little doubt of the result of the election; it appears that Louis Napoleon's continuance in power is, enthusiastically by the few, tacitly by the many, considered as, in the present state of things, most likely to secure order and tranquillity, which is what all the mercantile classes are disposed to purchase at any price, and the army is entirely devoted to him; when the two *livrets*—one for the "*oui*," the other for the "*non*" (the only formula of the votes)—were presented to the 8th Hussards, the soldiers instantly made a bonfire to burn the *livret non*; and the same feeling exists almost without an exception throughout the army.

Many incidents, tragic and comic, have re-

sulted from the struggle of the 3rd and 4th of December; among the former, one of a most deplorable character was related to me by a person under whose immediate observation it occurred. A young Polish couple of the upper class, had been residing in Paris some time, and on the day when the struggle was hottest, the gentleman, actuated by mere motives of curiosity, went out to see what was passing, telling his wife he would return at three o'clock; the hour passed—the evening—the night—without bringing him, or any tidings of him; next morning his wife, half distracted, resorted in succession to all the hospitals in search of him, but in vain; there was but one repair left to her—the cemetery of Montmartre, where the bodies of the unknown dead were exposed for recognition: she went, and found the corpse of her husband with a ghastly wound in the forehead; insensibility, followed by insanity, was the result of the fearful shock, and she is now confined in a madhouse, a confirmed lunatic. This is only one of many domestic calamities resulting from the imprudent curiosity of persons who, in no way connected with either of the parties at issue, placed themselves in the most dangerous position, and received wounds, often dangerous, and not a few fatal. This foolhardiness, however, was not universal; and one or two rather amusing instances of the reverse occurred. When the first regiment of Lancers was passing up the Boulevards, towards the scene of action, the Colonel, recognizing a friend among a group conversing on the *trottoir*, turned his horse's head and rode towards him; whereupon, the whole party, seized with the conviction that they were being charged by the regiment, fled right and left, spreading panic in all directions! One of the vulgar rumours afloat is that the President, having, before the *coup d'état*, applied to the clergy for a dispensation of his oath to keep the constitution inviolate, it was accorded on condition of his restoring the Pantheon to its original destination, that of a church, which, in fact, was one of the first acts of his authority after the events of the 2nd or 3rd: it is now re-consecrated under the title of St. Geneviève, the patron-saint of Paris.

I believe M. Thiers is in England by this time. Eugène Sue is going to leave France for ever, in disgust. M. Emile de Girardin has given up the editorship of the *Presse*, and is about to retire to Geneva; and Cavaignac, they say, has refused to accept his liberty, though the President has written with his own hand to entreat him to leave his prison.

An amusing trick was played a few days ago by the authorities on some of those who made a similar resolve. They were told, the prison being too full to contain them as well as the new arrivals, they were to be removed to

* This letter reached us marked found open (*lettre trouvée décachetée*); probably had our valued correspondent written more bold and disagreeable truths her epistle would have been intercepted altogether.—Ed.

another one; and being packed up in *fiacres*, they were driven off to the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes, at the other end of Paris, and there told they might either get down and walk to their homes, or stay in the *fiacres*, paying for the same, just as they chose!

Nothing can be more wretched than the weather in Paris. For weeks there has hardly been a gleam of sunshine; and it is now bitter cold, with a damp, clammy fog, day and night, which adds to the general gloom. The approach of the *jour de l'an*—the greatest fête in France—will however, no doubt, restore a little gaiety, which, for the present, is quite put a stop to.

All the connoisseurs are talking of a picture, the history of which is very singular. M. Moreau, a picture-dealer and restorer, bought, some time since, a painting, for some thirty or forty francs, representing a Madonna, or saint, the face of which was singularly beautiful, but the rest of much inferior merit; on examining it, he perceived that the painting of the figure and dress was evidently of a much later date than that of the head; and after some hours of labour in removing the outer coat of colour, a Venus, by Léonard da Vinci, life-size, and of the most exquisite beauty, was gradually unveiled! He has since discovered that the picture was the gem of the collection of Egalité d'Orleans, who, in the Revolution, thus disguised it, along with many other pictures of value, in order to pass it safely out of France. M. Moreau has already refused 80,000 francs for it, and will take no less than 100,000 (£4,000), which, it is thought, he will get later.

An event, which has thrown our whole *quartier* into a state of alarm, occurred a few nights ago to the young Vicomte de F——, a legitimist *des plus blancs*, returning along the Rue de la Pepinière from a *soirée*, he was pursued, and attacked by three men, armed with long knives,

who seized him before and behind, one holding a knife to his breast, another to his throat, while the third tore open his coat and waistcoat, and robbed him of his watch, chain, and money. On his attempting to resist, one ruffian aimed a blow at his throat, with such force, that on his springing aside to avoid it, the knife struck and was shivered against the wall. All attempts to trace the miscreants have hitherto failed, and there seems to be but little likelihood of their being apprehended. A system of night police, like that in London, is woefully wanted here, as such events as the one I have described are by no means uncommon: true there are patrols, but instead of being attached as guardians of particular streets or quarters, they parade about in bodies, at certain hours, and of course it is in the intervals that these adventures occur.

George Sand has just brought out a new book, entitled "*Le Château des Désertes*." It is dedicated to Macready, and is on theatrical subjects. I have just glanced through it, but have not yet had time to do more; nor has it yet been reviewed, so I cannot pretend to speak as to its merits. Her piece, "*Le Mariage de Victorine*," is quite beautiful; pure, healthy in tone and sentiment, with a quiet interest, a mixture of ideality in the character of the heroine, with a sober reality in the plot, the scene, the *entourage*, that is full of charm and novelty.

An exquisite poem has appeared in the December number of the *Revue de Paris*, from the pen of Madame Emilie de Girardin (Delphine Gay), entitled "*La Nuit*." It is in her pathetic vein, in which she is quite as powerful as in her sparkling mood, which is the prevailing one in her conversation.

Adieu, my dear C., with the best wishes of the season,

I am ever yours,
P.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The time was when a name was everything. In England, for centuries after the Norman Conquest, the rich and powerful could be recognized by the name alone; for the members of that class were universally of foreign descent, and generally bore names of Norman origin. Bohun, Courtnay, Arundel, and De La Pole, betrayed a French extraction as plainly as Hereward, Godwin and Siward told of Saxon blood and a debased condition.

But time has changed all this. Even in England a Norman name is not always a test of lofty birth, while names of Saxon derivation figure again among the titled, the wealthy, and the great. In our country, the fusion is even more complete;—a republic, indeed, is a sad leveller of names. It is no rare occurrence to read, on some humble sign-board, a name that crossed to England in the name of the Conqueror. We have had our horse rubbed down by ostlers with names of knightly lineage; our

shoes mended by cobblers with names once borne by nobles; and anthracite stowed in our cellar by coal-heavers, answering to names that appear conspicuously in Domesday Book, and stand foremost on the roll of Battle Abbey. Alas! for the degradation of names. Well may we ask "*What's in a name?*"

And yet, even in our day, a name has one advantage, for it reveals a person's race, if nothing else. We know that Smith is a Saxon, and that his ancestor, in some remote day, hammered hot iron, whatever airs he may take on himself now, or however grand are his present connections. We know as indubitably that Fitzroy's progenitor was the son of a king, if that is any credit to him, and yet Fitzroy may now be digging cellars for a livelihood, driving a cart, or keeping a grog shop. A Neville may be a clergyman and republican now, but his forefathers, or his name belies him, were knights and aristocrats once. The De Lisle, who bakes

bread for us, may be some landless baker of the nineteenth century, but his great great grandfather, a dozen removes off, was most unquestionably a titled proprietor, with rights of advowson, fishery, mining, court-manorial, and perhaps of forestry. No one can persuade us that Stephenson is from the south of England, when his name reveals that his ancestor was some Scandinavian who settled north of the Humber; or that Owen is a Londoner, when his name betrays he is Welsh; or that O'Connor is a Saxon when he carries his Celtic origin in his name; or that Mac Ivor is a true Irishman when the Gael thrusts itself forward, in like manner, in the name. Intermarriage, among his ancestors, with other races, may even have obliterated every vestige of the great ancestral type; yet still we know his progenitor to have been a shaven Norman, a beer-imbibing Saxon, a piratical Dane, or a breechless Highlander, by that unmistakeable thing, a name. Thus, there is meaning, after all, in the question "What's in a name?"

Still more. There are names that tell of princely or other notable origin, as others betray the degradation of serfdom or disgrace. Cadwalader, or the chief of the Druids, is a royal name to all who understand the derivation or love the ancient race of Britain. But the name of Hind, be it borne by whom it may, merchant or mendicant, congressman or convict, betrays that, at one time, its owner was a villein purchaseable with the soil. Clark may be some illiterate oysterman now, but his ancestor once knew how to read and write, as we learn by his name, and at a time, too, when the

accomplishment was a rarity. But Craven, though he may be as bold as a lion, cannot conceal from us that his distant progenitor was a coward, and gained his surname, perhaps, by running away at Crecy or Poitiers, Agincourt or Bannockburn. And so through the whole catalogue of names to be found in the Directory. We have often amused ourselves at a fashionable party, by standing in a quiet corner, and, as the name of each new comer was announced, speculating on its origin, and, in fancy, calling up the figure of the ancestor from whom it sprung. In these vagaries of the imagination we have beheld satin or brocade give way to linsey-woolsey; and jewels on rounded arms to manacles on the ankle of a galley-slave.

To speculate thus on names affords, indeed, a wholesome moral lesson. It forces upon us the mutability of fortune. It teaches us that families have their rise and fall like nations. It makes the proudest humble in regard to his blood, since, from seeing the degradation of others, he learns that his descendants may become miserable, poor, or disgraced also. Even the Norman names, which perhaps he venerates in spite of his republicanism, his Saxon origin, and common sense, he perceives, when he comes to analyze them, were but those of peasants, perhaps, in their own country, and became aristocratic in England, only through a stupendous territorial robbery; while the plainer name, which he secretly despises for its plebeian derivation, bears, in that evident origin, proof of its having been given for skill in some useful art or for perfection in intellectual labour.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

THE GARDEN.—JANUARY.

"Ah bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."

KEATS.

We cannot do better than advise our readers to continue in the performance of those operations to which our previous instructions bore reference.

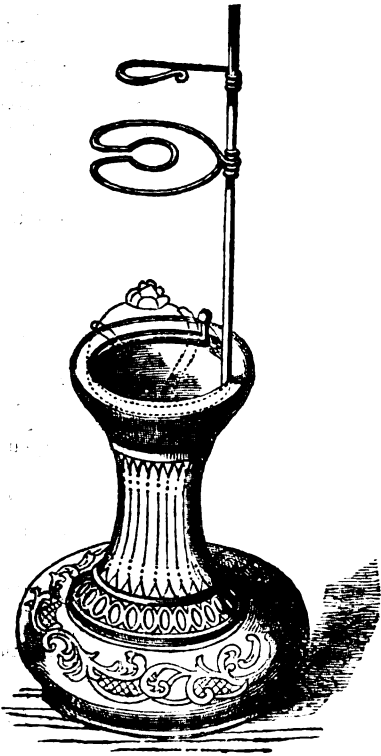
Shrubberies.—Continue planting, lifting, rearranging, heading down, or otherwise putting these in good order. In the formation of new work, avoid overcrowding, and, in disposing those intended to remain permanently, have an eye to their future habits and characters, not only as regards their inflorescence and summer appearance, but also as to the influence they are likely to hold amongst the tints of autumn. The light of this branch of our art is only just dawning upon us, and is decidedly worthy of the greatest attention and observation, and notes should be constantly made of whatever new ideas bearing on the subject come before us. Forking up the borders of shrubberies may now be commenced, and followed up in favourable weather: it disposes of a great number of leaves which would

otherwise be always blowing about. Grass should be regularly polled, swept, and rolled in mild weather, and gravel walks kept neatly rolled occasionally. All alterations and improvements should be perseveringly followed up, to leave proper leisure for the due performance of spring work.—J. W. C.

NEW HYACINTH STAND.

Our present engraving represents the form of one of the neatest adjuncts of drawing-room floriculture which has ever come under our notice. Not only is the design chaste and elegant, but it is also as complete as it is well possible for a contrivance to be, as respects the purpose for which it is intended. For the invention of this novelty the public is indebted to Mr. George P. Tye, of Birmingham, who has given it the name of "Hyacinth Bottle

and Flower Support," and which is, in fact, the best name it could have, seeing that the purpose for



which it was designed is at once indicated. These bottles are made of glass, stained of various colours, as green, purple, or blue; and apart from their utility for the purpose of growing Hyacinths, are incomparably more ornamental than the old formal things that remind one of the female costume in the time of Queen Charlotte. As regards the application of the support, Mr. Tye gives the following directions in a concise treatise on the Culture of Hyacinths:—

"The support may be fixed in the bottle previous to placing the bulb in it, or when the flower has grown six or seven inches high. Place the lower or springing circle round the stem and leaves; then raise the bulb a little from the bottle, and pass the wire over it; fix the spring in its place by compressing it with your forefinger and thumb; then place your right hand round the back of the upright rod; with your finger and thumb spring open the sliding-wire sufficiently to admit the flower stem, at the same time holding the whole of the leaves in the left hand; raise the sliding wire as high as the flower will admit, and place one by one the leaves within it, first having decided where the rod should be placed, that the leaves may be arranged uniformly. Open the small wire, and place it immediately under the flower; then close it again; raise or lower the wire encircling the leaves according to taste."

We think it is quite unnecessary to say more in favour of this elegant and ingenious contrivance, which, however, would merit all we might say. But we may add in respect to the price, that the glasses, including supports, may be had from 1s. and upwards.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

HOSPITAL OF THE "ENFANS TROUVES" IN PARIS.—I followed my attendant, who was evidently in a great hurry, into a very large, long apartment, called the "Crèche." Before me, but rather to the left, I saw, as might be expected, the head of a baby nodding in the arms of a woman, and, walking up to her, I found seated with her, on sixteen chairs which touched each other, sixteen country-looking women, each in a peasant's dress, every one of them with a baby's head resting or nodding on her left arm; and the reason of its nodding was, that the whole of the rest of its person was swaddled as tight as if it had been a portion of the limb of a tree. As several of these women appeared to me to be old enough to be grandmothers, I was not at all astonished at hearing several of the infants, as I walked in front of them, cry; the noise, however, was altogether greater—the chorus infinitely louder—than I could account for, and I was alike stunned and astonished by it, when, on reaching the end of the line, I saw, to my utter astonishment, lying in one tray, jammed closer to each other than the notes of a pianoforte, in little black-edged caps, twelve babies, apparently born at the same

minute, rather less than a week ago. Such a series of brown, red, yellow, pimpled, ugly, little faces I never beheld. The whole of them were not only squalling, but with every conceivable, as well as inconceivable, grimace, were twisting their little lips from one ear towards the other, as if all their mouths had been filled with rhu-barb, jalap, aloes, mustard—in short, with anything out of the pharmacopœia of this world but what they wanted. There appeared to be no chance of their ever becoming quiet; for one squalled because its tiny neighbour on each side squalled, and that set them all squalling; and indeed, when the chorus, like a gale of wind, for the reasons explained in Colonel Reid's History of Hurricanes, to a slight degree occasionally subsided, their little countenances evinced such real discomfort, that if they had had no voices, and for want of them had made no noise at all, it would have been impossible to have helped pitying them. Nobody, however, but myself took the slightest notice of them. The

• "Practical Hints on the Cultivation and Properties of the Hyacinth." Published by Groombridge, Paternoster-row.

nurses walked about the room; the sixteen women, leaning their bodies sometimes a little backwards, and sometimes a little forwards, seemed to be thinking only of lulling to rest their own new charge. For some time my attendant had been trying to hurry me away to what she considered more important scenes; but, without attending to her repeated solicitations, I stood for some minutes riveted to the ground; and afterwards, in turning round to take a last, lingering, farewell view of the tray-full of babies, I observed, pinned at the back of each of their caps, a piece of paper, which my attendant told me was the infant's number, which, in the register, records the day or night and hour at which it was received—but too often that is all that is known on earth of its unfortunate history. As I was walking through this lofty and well-lighted room, the floor of which I was astonished to find so polished and so slippery that, even without an infant in my arms, I could scarcely keep on my legs, I perceived, on looking around me, that I was in a little world of babies; in fact, there were no less than 120 iron cradles full of them. In different places I observed several women feeding them with flat glass bottles, intended to represent their mothers. At the end of the room stood the statue of Our Saviour. My attendant now led me into a hall full of babies' cradles on one side, and beds for matrons on the other. Then to another room, containing thirty-eight cradles; but so soon as, on the threshold of the door, she informed me they were full of infants with all sorts of diseases in their eyes, I whisked round, and, without giving her my reasons, told her I had rather not enter it. I, however, followed her through a long room full of cradles, surrounded by blue curtains, within every one of which was a sick infant, many afflicted with the measles; and such a variety of little coughings, sneezings, cryings, and here and there violent squallings, as loud as if the child had some cutaneous disorder, and they were skinning it, it would be very difficult to describe. There were two rows of buildings, which I had observed from the windows, and which my attendant told me were full of great children, whom the public are not allowed to see. She, however, with evident pride, showed me a large laundry, two stories high, and a drying ground; a farm-yard for cows and pigs; some large gardens; and an establishment of thirty yellow 'buses, with a cabriolet on the top, for transporting sixteen country nurses at a time (the very number I had seen sitting in a row waiting for their 'bus), with their sixteen babies, to the various termini of the railways on which they were to be injected into the country.—*A Faggot of French Sticks.*

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.—Some mothers make it a practice to go themselves to fetch the candle when the children are in bed; and then, if wanted, they stay a few minutes, and hear any confessions or difficulties, and receive any disclosures of which the little mind may wish to disburden itself before the hour of sleep.

Whether then, or at any other time, it is well worth pondering what a few minutes of serious consultation may do in enlightening and rousing or calming the conscience—in rectifying and cherishing the moral life. It may be owing to such moments as these that humiliation is raised into humility, apathy into moral enterprise, pride into awe, and scornful blame into Christian piety. Happy is the mother who can use such moments as she ought.—*Miss Martineau.*

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten-row;
In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney-coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—O bliss!—the *Molly*—a *tempora fundi*!
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun,
Tolls o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.
—*From the Keepsake for 1832.*

THE CASTLE OF HOHENECK.

How sad the grand old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin;
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls.

PROF. LONGFELLOW.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.
—Mr. J., having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country-houses, reduced to the dulness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide in the month of November; or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—having also observed the facility with which job-horses and the books of a circulating-library are supplied from London to any distance—has opened an office, in Spring-garden, for the purpose of

furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses with company and guests, on the most moderate terms. An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be entitled to receive four guests, chargeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman. An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight. It will appear, from the catalogue, that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning, to any country gentleman at any country-house; among whom will be found three Scotch peers, seven ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole of the Peninsular war), twenty-seven fuzzing dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill at half-price. All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentlemen to allow the guests four feeds a-day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present. Should any guest be disappointed of, the country gentleman is desired to write the word "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country-house, and his place shall be immediately filled up by the return of the stage-coach.—*Joseph Jekyll. Society Office, Spring Garden. October 26th, 1822.*

THE BATTLE OF THE HARVEST FIELD.—A brilliant victory has just been achieved by the troops of General Concord, Commander-in-Sheaf over a formidable field, not, however, of artillery, but of wheat. The enemy, *i. e.* the wheat, was very thickly planted on the ground, there being hardly room, indeed, amongst the heads, for the insertion of another ear; and upon the approach of General Concord and his forces, immediate measures were taken for the attack. The Commander-in-Sheaf drew up his army in three lines: the first consisting of several brigades of the gallant Sickle-eers, supported by flanking parties of the Reaping-hook Light Bobs, and a strong detachment of regular

and irregular Rakers. Behind, and designed to support this division, were the two celebrated brigades of Light and Heavy Binders. In the rear were disposed a powerful body of the Royal Horse Harvest Wagoneers. Scattered bodies of Foot Gleaners were dispersed here and there, and the refreshment of the forces was amply provided for by a perfect battalion of sutlers and vivandières, who, with the most cool and heroic courage, penetrated into those parts of the field where the enemy was falling fastest, with eatables and drinkables for the forces. So certain, also, was the Commander-in-Sheaf of victory, that he caused hospital accommodation, in the shape of barns and granaries, to be erected for the cut-down masses of the enemy, who were conveyed thither by the gallant Wagoneers. The battle commenced at sunrise, by a combined attack from the Sickle-eers and Reaping-hook Light Bobs. The effect was tremendous. The enemy could not stand a moment before the sweep of our forces, who penetrated slowly but surely into their dense ranks, mowing them down by thousands. All this time the Light and Heavy Binders supported their comrades with the greatest efficiency and effect; and the Rakers, regular and irregular, performed prodigies of valour. Indeed, the coolness of the troops, in one sense, was as remarkable as their heat in another. Every movement was performed with unflinching steadiness, and not a man fell (by tripping over a rake) but his comrade stepped into his place (until he got up again). The Binders also distinguished themselves by their discipline; and the order, "Form Sheafs! Prepare to receive Harvest Carts!" was regularly obeyed with splendid promptitude. The fate of the day became speedily evident. The Corn made no resistance worth mentioning, but it certainly stood up with great pluck to be cut down; and by the direction of the Commander-in-Sheaf, was carried to the receptacles provided for the disposal of a brave enemy, with all the honours of the harvest-field. By sun-down the victory was complete. Not an individual of the enemy held his head erect. On our side there was a terrible effusion of perspiration, and a great quantity of provisions and drink were reported missing; but on the whole the Battle of the Harvest Field may be considered as one of the most advantageous victories ever won.—*The Comic Almanack.*

NEW BOOKS.

SCENE.—A Parlour. MRS. SMITH and her Country Cousin, at Breakfast.

Mrs. Smith. And so, Fanny, you think one of the most delightful things in London is the facility with which we procure new books.

Fanny. Indeed I do. At home, though we subscribe to a London library and a provincial book-club, I often have to wait weeks and months for the books I am longing to see. Now, when a new work by a favourite author is

announced, is it not charming to have it in your hands within a few hours, before the first eager desire to possess it has tamed down to a common-place calm wish?

Mrs. Smith. I don't think time alone would calm one's desire; but hearing a book disparagingly discussed, though perhaps by people quite incompetent to judge of its merit; or criticised by the press in the cold, unsympathetic manner of ordinary reviewers, quite as often

satisfies curiosity as piques it. Now, though I acknowledge the great service rendered to literature by reviews and notices, I must confess there is something particularly delightful in being allowed to form one's own unbiassed judgment, by getting hold of a new great book before one has seen a review of it—as I did last week with Longfellow's new poem.*

Fanny. Oh, do tell me about it; you know I dote upon Longfellow, and can never thank you enough for your last New Year's present, the exquisite "EVANGELINE." Do you know I have taught at least half-a-dozen people to read hexameters—Mamma among the number—and this is a great triumph, wedded as she was to the sing-song of some of the "standard poets," venerable shades, whom, when I am in a very pert mood, I call old fogfrums.

Mrs. Smith. Which particularly elegant term I suppose you have caught from Walter. Well, I am too grateful for anything that is really poetry to call the giver bad names, but I grant you that our few greatest living poets—and the American Longfellow, since he writes English, I insist on calling "ours"—for subtlety of thought, for purity of diction, for spirituality of purpose, and for melody of rhythm, transcend all the past poets put together, with the exception of some half-dozen, which belong to all time, and stand aloft the land-marks of Literature.

Fanny. And no wonder; for are we not "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time?"

Mrs. Smith. Exactly so. But if I tell you what I think of *THE GOLDEN LEGEND*, shall I pique curiosity or satisfy it?

Fanny. Not satisfy, I am sure; because I know you are full of enthusiasm about it; and enthusiasm is infectious. It is the very quality professed reviewers always lack—eschewing it out of principle I suppose.

Mrs. Smith. With all due deference to their highnesses, I think they are profoundly wrong in so doing. There are certain books that can only be properly appreciated by sympathetic enthusiasm; and books of real poetry decidedly belong to that class. It is the law of the land, I believe, that people should be judged by their peers; but where can you find the "peer" of a Great Poet to sit in judgment on him? Now, despairing of the Utopia in which we might find such perfect judicial machinery, I think the next best thing for little people who talk and write about poetry to do is to content themselves with describing and extracting true poetry with all the grateful admiration they may feel.

Fanny. But what would you do with mere verses—stupid would-be poetry.

Mrs. Smith. Do and say nothing. Foolish books, like other things of feeble constitution, die out of existence if you only leave them alone. If we chance to make a mistake now and then, and neglect a good thing for a while, the latent

stamina will make itself acknowledged sooner or later. But we were talking of Longfellow's new poem. You know the form of it, I suppose?

Fanny. A sort of drama is it not?

Mrs. Smith. Yes, of the class to which "Faust" and "Festus" belong. A drama having for chief subject the conflict of a human soul with the Evil One. The scene is laid in the Middle Ages; and once receiving as a fact that Lucifer could incarnate himself in the form of a monk or a physician, the wonderful reality with which the work impresses the reader is among its evidences of skilful and accomplished art. Even the self-devotion of Elsie—remembering the age of feudalism and superstition to which it belongs—however romantic, is scarcely improbable; and the Easter festivities, with the imitation of an old Miracle Play, are in the most exquisite keeping.

Fanny. But the myth—the moral of the poem?

Mrs. Smith. Is never lost sight of—from the opening lines of the prologue, in which the evil powers are baffled—to these closing lines of the epilogue, when the recording angel, speaking of Lucifer, says—

"Since God suffers him to be
He too is God's minister,
And labours for some good
By us not understood."

We feel the omnipotence of good—its certain triumph over evil. In the compass of poetry do you remember many things more beautiful than the following lines, which are put into the mouth of Elsie—

"When Christ ascended
Triumphantly from star to star
He left the gates of heaven ajar."

Fanny. Exquisite! A Gospel and an Epic in less than twenty words. Oh, give me some more extracts.

Mrs. Smith. What do you think of the following, taken at random?—

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

• • • • •
"O noble poet! thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of life."

Fanny. Beautiful images, alike true and suggestive. I must buy the book directly.

Mrs. Smith. I have lent my copy, but I think I can remember one other favourite passage—a piece of exquisite picture painting.

"The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river

* *THE GOLDEN LEGEND*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (*Bogue*).

Flows on triumphant through those lovely regions
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margin
And soft reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows, for ever broad and still,
As when the vanguards of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!"

Fanny. Americans may well be proud of Longfellow.

Mrs. Smith. Ay, and of Hawthorne—

Fanny. The author of "The Scarlet Letter," and of the House with the "Seven Gables?"

Mrs. Smith. Yes; two works that, different as they are, alike stand out as among the most remarkable works of fiction of this or any other age. For sustained power, for elaborate finish, for that truth to nature, which, just lifted out of the real into the ideal, is *more true* than any matter of fact, and for high tone and purpose, I know no story that surpasses them, and right few that are worthy to be placed on the same shelf. There is a new edition of "Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales."* You may remember we read these stories some time ago, and agreed that they were full of the promise which the author's maturity has so nobly fulfilled.

Fanny. And yet, if I remember rightly, they were published many, many years before they attracted much attention.

Mrs. Smith. Yes, and this new edition is accompanied by a mournfully pathetic preface, in which, though in no spirit of complaining, the author speaks of himself as for ten or twelve years the "obscurest man of letters in America." When one thinks of what he *has* done, and what he might have done under circumstances of generous encouragement, we feel how deeply the world has been punished for its neglect. There is something very touching in the following words, which could never have been penned but by one who had felt the "chill" and the "numbness"—

"Throughout the time above-specified, he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which in the long run will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers."

Fanny. Have you read the new novel by the author of *Emilie Wyndham*?"

Mrs. Smith. You mean *RAVENSCLIFFE*.† Yes, and think it worthy of the author, who is assuredly one of our greatest female novelists. The story is intensely and tragically interesting, full of dramatic situations, and the style throughout is vigorous and lofty: moreover, the lessons that "Ravenscliffe" teaches are those that cannot be too often inculcated. Most powerfully it shows the miseries which must result from deception of any sort in the holy relations of

married life, and the gnawing cankerworm that dwells in an unforgiving heart. I cannot but wish, however, that the prejudice in favour of three-volume novels were somewhat relaxed. Few, I believe, have ever been written, that would not have been better if condensed; and this striking work is scarcely an exception to the rule. The necessity for this prescribed quantity always seems to me to compel a diffuseness and elaboration which at times weaken the interest. Even the gifted author of "Ravenscliffe" began, if you remember, with shorter stories, and won her first fresh laurels by them.

Fanny. Talking of short stories, reminds me of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's charming *Shakspeare stories*.* I have not seen the recent ones: are they as good as the *Desdemona*, *Ophelia*, and others that I remember?

Mrs. Smith. Quite, I think. Certainly this notion of representing the antecedents of "Shakspeare's women" was a very happy one; but could only have been carried out by an author who, like Mrs. Cowden Clarke, combines a rich and original imagination of her own with a mental saturation of Shakspeare. The last "Girlhoods" I have seen are *Juliet*, *Rosalind* and *Celia*, and *Beatrice* and *Hero*; and these are as interesting and as curiously clever as the former ones.

Fanny. I have heard some people object to any additions being made to Shakspeare.

Mrs. Smith. I deny that these stories, strictly speaking, are additions. They are only the carrying out of hints afforded by the Great Poet himself; and herein is their great charm.

Fanny. I think so too. Do you know I fancy Mrs. Cowden Clarke would write a first-rate historical novel.

Mrs. Smith. I am sure she would; for she has undoubtedly the literary capacity to do so, while her thorough knowledge of the old writers and the olden time has attuned her mind to the right key. Moreover, it would be an historical novel, written from the woman's point of view—a thing which I believe we have never had.

Fanny. What are those books on the What-not?

Mrs. Smith. Let us look. "The Family Economist,† An excellent work, and marvellously cheap. It contains such good writing on so many subjects, that it would be harder to say what is not included in it than what is. "The Economic Housekeeping Book for Fifty-two Weeks,"‡ Not to be dispensed with by any good manager. "Rural Economy; a Treasury of Information for Cottage Farmers and Gardeners,"§ fully bears out its title. I think I could manage a farm-yard myself by its help.

Fanny. And here are some pretty little books for the children; probably, however, the

* THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Nos. 9, 10, 11. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

† Groombridge & Sons.

‡ Groombridge & Sons.

§ Groombridge and Sons.

* Nathaniel Hawthorne's TWICE-TOLD TALES (Bohn's cheap series).

† RAVENSCLIFFE; by the author of "Emilie Wyndham," &c., &c. 3 vols. (Colburn & Co.)

"Oracles from the British Poets" * will be approved by us children of a larger growth.

Mrs. Smith. It will be just the thing for our semi-juvenile Twelfth-Night party. What is the other.

Fanny. "Little Henry's Holiday at the Great Exhibition." † It seems a remarkably nice little work, equally instructive and amusing; and the engravings, though on so small a scale, recall the glories of the Exhibition to one's mind very vividly. The next is "A Sacred Offering." ‡ Does it deserve its name?

Mrs. Smith. Indeed yes; it is a little volume of prose and verse, written with earnest Christian zeal, and some considerable literary taste.

Fanny. And here, I declare, is a medical book; Why, cousin! do you read such things?

Mrs. Smith. Occasionally, when they are of a character fit for the general unprofessional reader. If you look at the title of the one in your hand, you will see it is especially intended for our perusal.

Fanny. "On the preservation of the Health of Women," &c., &c.; by E. J. Tilt, M.D. §

Mrs. Smith. Do you not perceive that it is addressed particularly to women, and by a physician of eminence and experience? It has fallen to my lot to see several publications ostensibly of this description; but never one so lucid, and in my opinion so valuable, as this. I am in hopes the days of *cant* have passed away—days in which it was thought very charming that women should be profoundly ignorant of their own organization—not know, in fact, that they had lungs capable of being compressed by tight lacing, or other organs subject to injury from ignorance or folly. The preservation of our health to the utmost of our ability I hold to

be a high moral duty; but we cannot successfully carry out this intention without the enlightenment of science. This work of Dr. Tilt's is precisely the one a sensible woman requires to direct her. I do not say it is the thing to put into a child's hands, but many a passage from it might be read with advantage by a judicious mother even to the very young. It has also a charm generally found wanting in its class. While combating the yielding to mere foolish nervous fancies, it is at the same time most sympathetic in its tone with that precarious condition of health which leads to nervous disorders. The true physician knows that those sufferings which the coarse-minded rail at as fanciful, are for poor humanity the most real of all. Then he connects with his subject—so wisely—education and mental emotion.

Fanny. I am sure I shall be interested in the book, if only on account of the Dedication. Let me read it to you:

"To whom can I so appropriately inscribe a little work on the 'Preservation of the Health of Women,' as to her whose health is to me dearer than all earthly blessings? Still I have an additional motive for doing so, in the pleasure of acknowledging that to her sound judgment and maternal solicitude I owe much of the wholesome advice offered in its pages relative to the education of the female sex.

"Accept, then, my dear Wife, the Dedication of this little volume, as a token of that regard which, plighted early in life, has stood the test of years, and is fearless of diminution."

Mrs. Smith. It is quite touching; there is so much manly tenderness tersely expressed in it. But come, we must take a walk this fine morning, if we are to carry into practice the wholesome theory of health preservation.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HAYMARKET.

The style of acting now-a-days, as well as our dramatic literature, has very perceptibly felt the refining influence of an advancing civilization. Acting has become more subtle, more natural, and more cultivated than in years gone by; less decided, less noisy, and less extravagant it may be, but not less marked by a keen intelligence, and certainly far more characterised by ease and grace of manner. This development we are inclined to attribute to the influence of the French,

* ORACLES FROM THE BRITISH POETS; A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE-BOOK AND PLEASANT COMPANION FOR A ROUND PARTY. By James Smith; author of "Rural Records," &c. (Washbourne, New Bridge-street.)

† By the Editor of "Pleasant Pages. (Houlston & Stoneman.)

‡ By Eliza Maskell; author of "Poetical Musing," &c. (Houlston & Stoneman.)

§ Senior Physician to the Farringdon General Dispensary and Lying-in Charity, and to the Paddington Free Dispensary for the Diseases of Women and Children. (Churchill, Princes-street.)

who are so successful in dramatic construction that they seem desirous of converting their national government into one continued theatrical display. We have had sense enough to profit by their skill, and to take warning from their ultra ambition. Let us accept their comedies, and avoid importing their constitutions. The Haymarket theatre may take credit to itself for possessing at present three of the most eminent actors of the improved modern school; we mean Mr. Webster, Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Leigh Murray, who are, in every sense of the term, true artists. In a play entitled "The Man of Law," adapted by himself from the French, Mr. Webster has not only shown the ability of an original author, but given us such a display of subtle and expressive acting as must be reckoned among the masterpieces of the stage. Look at him as the intriguing and unscrupulous lawyer! Every fibre of the man is instinct with self-possession; every lineament is rife with unprincipled coolness, every gesture with hypocritical significance. Here is no straining after effect; no striking exaggeration; no clap-trap:

the character lives before you, as a real creation, in all its practised and cunning dexterity—its artifices seem like a genuine second-nature. In the "Ladies' Battle"—another adaptation from the French, and one of the most perfectly constructed plays we ever remember to have seen—Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Murray fill the chief characters with rare completeness and success. The former represents a wary, intriguing, but loving and earnest woman, of the mature and plotting age of thirty; and the latter is her devoted, submissive admirer, who is unfortunately daringly heroic in theory, but dreadfully pusillanimous in practice; and the struggle between these two opposites in his nature is kept up with such true spirit and delicate tact as to verge at last upon pathetic interest. Mrs. Stirling is very successful in her representation of the first-rate woman of the world: wherever there is selfishness in educated and accomplished women, a delicate *souppon* of vulgarity will manifest itself; and this trait of character Mrs. Stirling seizes, and portrays to the life. We are almost ashamed to hint at a fault in company with such high excellence, but we cannot help thinking that she occasionally indulges in a little ultra parade of manner and vocal curvetting which expose art rather than conceal it.

The brothers Brough have, as usual, prepared a Christmas extravaganza for this theatre; but we are going to press just as it is produced, and can therefore only speak from report; but the *on dit* among those in the secret is that it is to rival the best of its predecessors. It is taken from one of Count Hamilton's fairy-tales, called the "Story of Mayflower"; is full of absurdities, of course, the main incident resting on the fact of a Princess having eyes so wondrously brilliant that they kill or blind whosoever dares to look at her. Mrs. L. S. Buckingham is to appear as the *Princess Radiant*, and the clever Mrs. Fitzwilliam is to sustain an important part. May it draw crowded houses, we say; making merry the audiences and glad the management! N. C.

ADELPHI.

"The Forest Rose and the Yankee Plough-boy," with "Paul Pry," "Bloomerism," and other favourite pieces, supported by the racy comic talent concentrated at this theatre, have made it one of the most favourite resorts during the past month. When one thinks of the inimitable Wright—the veteran Paul Bedford—O. Smith, the prince of demons—the American Silsbee—the charming Miss Woolgar, and the long list of welcome names that accompanies theirs, we cease to wonder at the throng who nightly banish care, and enjoy the heartiest of laughs, within the walls of the Adelphi.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Mr. Phelps has been distinguishing himself in Macklin's play of "The Man of the World." The following is from the *Musical World*:—

"This comedy, which long enjoyed the esteem of the public, has been but little heard of since the time of the famous George Cooke. It was revived

many years ago at Covent Garden for Charles Young, who was only partially successful in it. The character of *Sir Pertinax Mc'Sycophant*, although it belongs to a large class of *dramatis personæ*, has some peculiar and striking features. Sordid and self-seeking parasite as he is, *Sir Pertinax* is at least no unconscious and self-deceived hypocrite; for he is not only ready to proclaim his enormities to all from whom he has no interest in hiding them, but ever glories in the avowal, and herein consists the strength as well as originality of the author's sketch. Mr. Phelps's delineation is unquestionably one of his happiest efforts. He gave his son the history of his fortunes, and enforced his *principles* on him, with a *gusto* that elicited incessant laughter and applause. After the paternal denunciation of his refractory pupil, at the end of the fourth act, Mr. Phelps was compelled to step forward and bow his acknowledgments. Miss Fitzpatrick played with the graceful vivacity which seems natural to her. The comedy is splendidly appointed. The scene of *Sir Pertinax's* drawing-room is almost *unique* for taste and elegance, without gaudiness."

RICHMOND THEATRE.

A young actress—Miss Edith Heraud—has recently appeared at this theatre. We may take some future occasion to speak more fully of her merits; meanwhile, we are anxious not to be behind-hand in recognizing a *débutante* of the highest promise. Though barely seventeen, she already essays *Juliet* and *Pauline*, and that in a manner which shows not only that she has great natural tragic power, but that her *genius* has been cultivated and led in the direction of the stage.

PANORAMA OF NIMROUD.

The public are indebted to Mr. Burford's skill and enterprise for a new Panorama, and one of the most valuable that has ever been presented. The wonderful discoveries and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Layard have made his name famous and honoured throughout Europe, and this vivid representation of the scene of his toils forms not only an interesting and instructive exhibition, but is something that stirs one's feelings of pride and enthusiasm. We learn that Mr. Layard has partly superintended, and entirely approves the work; its accuracy may therefore be depended on. It shows the progress of the excavations; the throng of Arabs dragging by main force at the gigantic human-headed bull, with Mr. Layard on horseback directing operations; his own and the Arab encampments, the river Tigris, and the expanse of country; the atmospheric effects of light and shade being managed with great artistic skill. The following is the description of the North West Palace, now in process of excavation:—

"This magnificent abode of the ancient monarchs is the oldest building yet discovered in Assyria; the precise period of its erection cannot, of course, be determined. Mr. Layard supposes it to date eleven or twelve centuries before Christ, or probably to be much older. If, as it may be reasonably assumed, it was founded by the immediate descendants of

Nimrod, or even by the dynasty that succeeded him, which was contemporary with Abraham and the shepherd-kings of Egypt, the date would be at least twenty-one or twenty-two centuries before the Christian era, and it would, consequently, be at the present time nearly 4,000 years old.

"The excavations made here disclosed a perfect labyrinth of halls and chambers, all lined with slabs of alabaster ten or twelve feet in height, sculptured with figures, or bearing inscriptions in the cuniform character, unfolding a vivid chronicle of the annals of those who conquered and possessed, at that early period, so large a portion of the earth. Their deeds in peace and war, audiences, battles, sieges, lion-hunts, &c., and the deities they worshipped under strange forms, all forcibly depicted; the numerous figures delineated with peculiar accuracy, the muscles and bones faithfully, although somewhat too strongly marked, and the grouping throughout displaying a great knowledge of art. Kings, princes, and warriors were there in all their oriental pomp; their richly-embroidered robes, fringes, tassels, bracelets, armlets, and other ornaments, elaborately and delicately finished, the precise curling of the hair, and the artistic arrangement of beard, all truly rendered, the whole having the freshness of recent work, many portions—especially the hair, the eyes, and the sandals—having portions of the paint remaining with which they had been coloured.

"The only side of the edifice that can be regarded as an external façade is that on the north, or towards the spectator; it here presents two large portals, each decorated with a pair of colossal human-headed winged lions, about fifteen feet in height, on either side of which are seen some of the large sculptured slabs of alabaster; but whether these formed part of the external decorations, or two small ante-chambers, has not been correctly ascertained. The figures, which are eight feet in height, represent a king armed with bow and arrows, attended by an eunuch bearing other arms, and two viziers with attendants, heading a line of figures, apparently, from their different costume, captives, bearing tribute or spoil, consisting of ear-rings, bracelets, two monkeys, &c., the same subject being continued on both sides. At right angles with these, against the central wall, are two colossal figures, sixteen and a half feet in height, having wings, and three-horned caps, bearing fir cones and square vessels in their hands. The central wall, from its great thickness, bears evidence of having sustained either upper apartments, or a tabsar, or gallery. The loss of the tops of the walls and roof is much to be regretted; still, we may rest satisfied that all that was most valuable remains; for although, from the fragments found in all directions, they appear to have been decorated with coloured flowers and ornamental borders, profusely silvered and gilt, there is little doubt that the grand effect was intended to be produced by the sculptures below.

"These two portals gave entrance to a vast hall, 154 feet in length by 33 in breadth, ornamented with sculpture of far more elaborate richness and varied character than any found elsewhere, and having at one end an immense slab of alabaster, slightly elevated, on which it is supposed stood the altar of the deity, or the throne of the king. Beyond, and parallel with this hall, was a second of smaller dimensions, principally decorated with religious figures, and this opened by a single doorway into the central court, probably that of the harem or private apartments. On the eastern side of this court ten apartments were discovered, two of which

were of very large size; five of the smaller *en suite*, with only one entrance, were conjectured, from their peculiar decorations, to have been the private apartments of the king; in one was found a vast quantity of iron and copper scale armour, helmets, glass, and earthen vessels, and other remains. On the south side of the great court were several other apartments, one of which, from the circumstance of a number of vessels of copper and bronze being found in it, was judged to have been the kitchen or feasting-hall; and in the two innermost rooms, towards the west, the carved ivory ornaments, evidently of Egyptian workmanship—now in the British museum—were discovered. In an adjacent room the name of the Khorsabad king was added to the inscriptions on the older sculptures, but differing in many of the characters, leading to the conclusion that the palace had not been destroyed at the time of the Egyptian invasion, but had been inhabited by some viceroy or leader, and that when they were compelled to retire the king had his name engraved on these portals to commemorate the recovery of the abode of his forefathers. Many other chambers surrounded the palace on at least two of its sides; but having been formed only of sun-dried bricks, painted, they were in a very ruinous state."

The interesting panoramas of Jerusalem, and the Falls of Niagara, are also open, and are well worthy of a visit at this holiday season.

MUSIC.

SONGS OF ZION. The words by James Montgomery; the music by Francis Hartwell Henslowe. Nos. 3 and 4.—(*Shepherd, Moor-gate Street.*)—The Songs of Zion are a very agreeable addition to the sacred music of the chamber. Mr. Hartwell Henslowe has evidently studied in the best school, and has adapted his compositions very admirably to the spirit of the veteran poet's verses.

MY HOME IN THE VALLEY BELOW. Tyrolienne. Composed by Alexander Lee.—(*Duff and Hodgson*)—This is a lively sparkling ballad, in A flat, worthy of the composer's former fame; the accompaniment is showy and effective, without being difficult; and the words, by a rising young poet, Frederick Enoch, are far above the ordinary song-writing of the day, being characteristic, flowing, and graceful.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS KOSSUTH. Engraved in Lithograph by Thomas Fairland, after a painting by Thomas Skaife. (*Gladwell, Gracechurch-street.*)

This is an engraving destined, we expect, to be treasured in many a household. It is very ably executed from the original picture, which was exhibited in Guildhall on the night of the Polish and Hungarian Ball; and which represents the illustrious Exile as he appeared at the conclusion of his reply to the address presented to him by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at Guildhall, on October 30. It is rather more than half life size, and therefore



there is ample scope for the finish and expression which smaller lithographs often want. The face is full front, and while the ample brow and firmly cut chin reveal the man of action, a mingled expression of mind and of suffering which we recognize in the eyes, completes the character by showing high directing power and great tenacity of purpose and endurance. This

portrait is esteemed an excellent likeness of the hero; but independent of this chief merit, it has a value even were it an ideal picture. It is good for us, amid the hurry and turmoil of busy life, to turn, if it be only to our own walls, and contemplate a noble human countenance, receiving thence the spirit-stirring lessons it is capable of teaching.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR JANUARY.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVY, 73, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

The *gilet*, or waistcoat, is decidedly established in high favour; it had to sustain a struggle, it is true, some little time since; nor can we wonder at this, for as first introduced it had a masculine effect foreign to the general taste of Englishwomen. Now, however, deprived of the objectionable pockets, and not so widely and glaringly displayed as heretofore, it has settled into a most elegant, becoming—semi-equestrian, perhaps—but still quite feminine garment. It is obviously particularly well-suited to the present season, not only on account of its warmth, but because, by a judicious arrangement of colours and materials, the sombre effect of winter costume may be relieved, and a pleasant variety produced with very few dresses. Indeed, so comfortable and convenient are the *gilets*, that they are not confined to morning dress, but in the country especially are often worn at dinner.

A black velvet dress and jacket, with a pink-watered silk *gilet* embroidered in the same colour, form a very rich costume; or if the dress be of coloured velvet, the *gilet* should be of white, either embroidered the colour of the dress, or in some shade that contrasts well with it. A coloured skirt, with a *gilet* either to correspond or judiciously contrast with it may be worn with a black velvet jacket. Or a *gilet* of the same colour as the dress, embroidered with black bugles, and fastened with black studs, has a very rich effect; or if the dress be trimmed with velvet, the waistcoat should be of velvet. They are always more or less embroidered, either in the *soutache*, the richer silk embroidery, or bugles. A lavender *gilet*, embroidered in black, is very suitable for half-mourning. Studs are of course always requisite, and are of gold, pearl, jet, turquois, &c., according to the dress. Some ladies have had old fashioned, obsolete articles of jewellery reset for studs, with very good effect, emeralds, rubies, or amethysts being shown to great advantage on the white watered silk *gilets*. The variety to be produced, however, is nearly endless, many ladies having two or three *gilets* provided for each dress. Those worn for dinner are generally rather open, to display a lace frill or *chemisette*. Morning ones are closed higher up, and are often of the white *piqué* or marcella, which corresponds so well with the thick muslin embroidery. But whichever style is adopted, the great point is to have the waistcoat well made; or that which in its perfection has an air of distinction about it, may be degraded to something approaching vulgarity.

Bonnets are chiefly of velvet, being more generally intermixed with silk than satin. The transparent edge is quite gone out; and though flowers continue to be used inside the brim, they are not at all worn

outside. Feathers and lace are chiefly used for exterior trimming—and the caps are still very full and fanciful. The shapes are less open than they were last season.

One bonnet is of *groseille* velvet, the crown being composed of black lace and thick plaits of velvet arranged in a new and very elegant style. The brim is of drawn velvet covered with black lace; the cap of white blonde intermixed with laurel-shaped leaves composed of stamped *groseille* velvet.

Another is of drawn black velvet brim with helmet-shaped crown composed of pink satin covered with a fall of black lace; cap of white blonde with long ends of black velvet and pink roses. This shape may be made for half-mourning with lavender satin crown and lavender flowers in the cap.

There is a bonnet appropriate for bright weather made of pink terry velvet and pink silk, and with either white or black blonde lappets, and large wild roses inside.

Mantles are large and rich. One is of black velvet ornamented with a new trimming of gimp, bugles, and lace, and has a hood to correspond. It is lined with pink silk.

A less costly one is of stone-coloured cloth trimmed with four rows of purple velvet—the hood has a rich tassel, and the whole is lined with purple silk. The shape and mode of fastening this mantle are very elegant.

There is a dinner-jacket made of black cashmere, ornamented with rows of gold ribbon; it is lined with pink, the inside being trimmed with silver ribbon.

Coiffures present a great variety. Some are formed of the coloured blondes with rich ribbons to correspond. One is of black velvet and roses; another of white blonde and pink and silver ribbon; black lace and black bugles are also much in request. But whatever the materials or precise style, the *coiffures* are invariably very full at the sides; and generally are pointed towards the forehead.

Cashmeres and other dresses of woollen material are worn for morning; being almost always embroidered down the front. These are the dresses with which the marcella waistcoat and *broderie Anglaise* harmonise so well. Velvets—especially for married ladies—are much worn for dinner and evening. Plain silks have always flounces, which are frequently woven to a pattern or embroidered.

Our plate represents a dinner dress, *demi-toilette*. It is composed of rich brocaded silk, with *volants à disposition*. The *corsage* is that of the time of Louis Quinze; the sleeve, with ruffle of three frills, is in the style of Mademoiselle De Lavallière. The *coiffure* is also à Lavallière.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN N. B.—We regret to hear that our correspondent labours under the educational deficiency she mentions; but we have no doubt she possesses some compensating advantages of disposition and manner. Would it not be praiseworthy to acquire the accomplishment which she now slights? However, we are always glad to receive hints from our subscribers; a reform in the direction she points has been some time under contemplation, and we trust that our present number will more nearly approach her wishes.

A FELLOW OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY calls our attention to a remark made by our valuable contributor, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in her last article. He observes—"I think that 'soté,' in Chaucerian language, does not mean 'sooty, or black,' but genteel, appropriate, fitting, or any similar epithet; thus—

'When that April with his showeres *sôte*,'

means, when the *seasonable* showers of April; or some such expression." Perhaps some of our readers may be interested in this learned discussion. We do not undertake to decide which authority is in the right. The following is Mrs. Clarke's rejoinder:—"Chaucer most frequently uses the word 'soté' in the sense of 'sweet'; but I think in the instance in question (where he speaks of 'a soté mantle' worn by the wife of Bath), it is used in the sense of sooty, or black—this being *one* of the meanings assigned to the word 'soté' in Mr. Timothy Thomas's Glossary to Urry's Edition of the Poet.—M. C. C."

C. HUNT.—We regret that we cannot accept his verses, which are fluent enough, but too featureless for publication. We admire his patriotism, as expressed in the following verse; but we cannot see why his love for his country should restrain him from ever travelling out of it: this kind of bondage is very gratuitous and unnecessary:—

"Beautiful England! Land of the brave;
Foe to the tyrant, and friend to the slave;
Proud may I be to call thee my home—
And ne'er from thy soil may I e'er wish to roam!"

EBORICA.—Anything that is worth returning shall be returned, if postage-stamps are sent to cover the expense; but pray do not trouble us with what is not meritorious.

ACCEPTED.—Fritz.

A SLEEPLESS ONE.—We do not know of any cure for "unaccountable sleeplessness." You say that your health is good, but are you sure that your mind is quite at ease? We have heard of very beneficial results from adjusting the head due north and south, like the magnetic needle; as it is believed that electric currents travel in that direction, and influence the nervous system in an important manner. Others suggest the plan of fixing the mind (if you can) upon one monotonous subject of contemplation—such as the vibration of a pendulum, or an endless succession of numbers. Try another experiment—a kind of homœopathic remedy—endeavour to keep the eyes excessively *wide open*; the

effort will soon be insupportable, and the eyes will close in spite of your will.

DR. TOOGOOD DOWNING.—We have received from this eminent practitioner a valuable work on Neuralgia, being the Jacksonian prize-essay on the subject, which shall be noticed next month.

SUSAN.—The postage of our magazine is sixpence, which must be added to the remittance for the original cost. Compliance with this rule will save us much trouble.

SYLVESTER.—We believe the mode of discovering arsenic in the human body after death is as follows: the stomach, &c., are boiled for some time in distilled water, and the liquid is afterwards mixed with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), and put into a small glass syphon, in one arm of which is a plate or bar of zinc; the chemical action thus set up evolves hydrogen gas, which has an extraordinary affinity for arsenic. The gas bearing the poison ascends into a small pipe or jet, where it must be lighted; and above the flame is held a porcelain-plate. If there is the least possible quantity of arsenic in the gas it is immediately sublimed on the plate, and appears as a black spot. This is called Marsh's test, and it is considered infallible. The experiment may be worked in a more simple manner, in a common phial, with a piece of zinc in it; pour the liquid in, and cork up the phial; fix a piece of tobacco-pipe in the cork, through which the gas can escape to be lighted, and the same result will follow as with the more scientific apparatus.

SAPPHO.—We neither know nor care anything about the ages of actors and actresses; and we would recommend our correspondent not to trouble her head with such idle curiosity.

A YOUNG LADY FROM BRIGHTON.—It is most customary for *young* brides to wear white at the marriage-ceremony; plain watered silk, or *glacé*, is usually adopted. Velvet bonnets would not be considered suitable for the bridesmaids; but either pink or blue satin ones would look well. After all, however, these arrangements depend so much on circumstances, that it is very difficult to give advice. It is better to follow an instinct of good taste than an arbitrary rule on such an occasion.

FANNY T.—Another correspondent who questions us on a matter of dress and pin-money. Certainly it is not sufficient for the appearance you are expected to make. Though it is humiliating, show your accounts. Do not forget the proper estimate for necessities of under-clothing, shoes, &c.; and on this point be firm. And though your brother—who you say will not allow you to earn money—thinks the sum you mention "quite enough for a girl," he will probably not choose to see you in shabby gowns and faded ribbons. Yet—since you ask our advice—prefer them always to rent petticoats or insufficient winter-clothing.

BESSIE.—We believe there is no work published of the description this correspondent desires; but if she will favour us with her address, we can put her in communication with the author of the articles on Hair Work, who will most likely be able to give her whatever information she may require.



Engraving by F. B. F. F. F.

Portrait of General von Bismarck

Portrait of General von Bismarck

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 10.)

CHAP. III.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy—
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match its woe."
SHAKESPEARE.

The enfeebled health of my poor mother could not long support the disgrace and distress of my brother's failure. Yet let me do her justice. Though she had been reared in luxury and wedded to wealth, it was the stained honour of her first-born which bore her to the grave; not the poverty into which his imprudence had plunged herself and her children. She died in less than three months, bemoaning, with her dying breath, the departed glory of her house; and the wail of that Ichabod is often in my ears. And now I was indeed a dependant. The small private dowry of my mother, when divided among her ten children, gave each but five hundred pounds; and what was that to support us in the station in which we had been reared? It was a grievous predicament; I was resolved to support myself, and, in utter despair, I commenced authoress—secretly, however; for I wished to succeed ere I braved the contempt of my proud family. Celia had been kindly taken by Adelia, who promised to educate her with her own girls, the difference of age preventing any maternal jealousies lest her radiant beauty might overshadow the young honourables, and interfere with their matrimonial chances. Adelia had imbibed all her mother's sanguine hopes of Celia making a high match; and the girl was so handsome and clever, she expected some credit as her chaperone.

Millicent entreated me to come to her. My proud heart refused to be a hanger-on of the rich; but I was at length persuaded to pay her a sisterly visit till I had arranged my plans. All places were alike to me; my heart was

suffering acutely from the bitter—bitter—disappointment of its young ardent affections. Had I loved blindly, rashly, unworthily, I might have called pride to my rescue—I might have levelled the rough places smooth with the stony roller of self-contempt; but there was no escape for me. Ernest had given up his own affections to his duties towards his tender impoverished mother. I gathered this from a letter addressed to me by that mother. After condoling delicately yet sympathisingly on my own heavy trials, she adverted to hers, which had been so closely involved with mine.

"Yet I cannot help gratitude being now predominant," she added, "when I reflect on the blessing God has left me in my age—a self-devoted and uncomplaining child. For some time we dimly foresaw the thunder-cloud that was being charged for us; and my son gradually gained strength to abandon his dearest hopes, and to lay aside all idea for the future but to support and comfort his mother."

Yes, it became her to glory in the filial perfection of her son; but the proof of his love to her only strengthened my love and esteem for him. Yet his own hand had severed us; he had given up all aspirations for the future; he had then no hope of brighter times. His mother concluded by saying he had been obliged, by the exigencies of their poverty, to accept of temporary employment as a contributor to a country newspaper.

For many weeks after receiving this letter, I seemed in a state of stupor, and ate, drank, moved, all mechanically. I was stunned by the entire hopelessness of every part of my future.

Millicent was very kind; she saw I was unhappy, and she concluded the loss of fortune was the cause; she therefore set about finding a remedy for my depression according to her ideas of the malady and the cure. Is it not extraordinary that women, however unhappily they themselves may be mated, never lose the desire of making matches for others? Though experience has proved to them the falsity of the universal dogma in the female world—"Marry,

happily if you can; but you *must* marry"—yet still these wretched creatures pursue as blindly as ever, for those they love, the imaginary bliss which has proved their bane already. We see this daily, and Millicent, though a disappointed wife, was as arrant a match-maker as the plump matron who wedded at sixteen the object of her first love, and has six interesting "pledges of affection," all ready to make their *debut*, in ball-dresses of blue and silver.

Sir Harriman was quite generous with regard to her equipage and establishment; and though she felt they had long ceased to give her pleasure, she could not imagine a higher success for me than the attainment of a similar position in society.

Millicent was not vain nor frivolous, like Adelia. With a better fate, she might have been a nobler woman; but as it was, she had many negative virtues. She never contradicted her husband; she never scolded her servants; she never was heard backbiting her friends (*this is a very rare negative virtue, the positive vice having the rule of society*); and she was very willing to help any one to her notions of happiness—which, Heaven help her! were dreary enough. Accordingly, she took me down to their country seat, and filled it with gentlemen; taking care each of them had a sufficient rent-roll. But my undisguised nausea at her manœuvring, which I believe I showed ungraciously enough, nullified all her well-laid schemes; and the gentlemen found themselves so tamely attacked that they made good their retreat without discomfort.

Lord Petrie and his younger brother St. George Elphinstone were the last of our visitors. The Baron enjoyed my cool contempt amazingly; it stimulated him so far that, one day, to my infinite astonishment, he blurted out the following declaration:—

"'Pon my soul, Miss Studleggh, you've no idea what a racy thing it is to see a girl, now-a-days, look haughty. To speak candidly, a lord, with twelve thousand a-year, like myself, slides among marriageable women on the slipperiest ice. All compliments, smiles, flattery—flummery! Don't think me vain; I know very well that it is not my worthy self that creates the sensation; gift my groom, yonder, with my title and fortune, and the three Misses Neckorn nothing would fasten on him like hungry hounds. Now you are a very honest girl: you see me a very so so, portly, plump personage, of forty-five, and you have never yet pretended to mistake me for thirty; nor to suppose that the articles in such and such magazines marked 'P.' are mine; nor to hint, meaningly, that I have something to do with the authorship of 'Waverley'; nor to praise my horses; nor to fondle my dogs; nor, in short, to lower yourself the least from the dignity of a free, independent-minded woman. Therefore, Miss Studleggh, I think you all the better fitted to support the dignity of Lady Petrie, which, with the owner of the corresponding name, is heartily at your service."

I could not help laughing; and my bluff, frank suitor laughed also.

"I like a merry acceptance," he said; "so that's all settled."

I interrupted him, in some consternation:—

"By no means, my Lord. I laughed at your amusing sketch of the title-hunters; *not* at the good opinion you have kindly expressed of me. Believe me, we are unsuited for each other. I am not desirous of marrying; and I do not feel myself qualified to make you happy."

"Nonsense; any sensible woman, that knows how to hold her tongue sometimes, can make any reasonable man happy. I don't want a phoenix, and I do not expect you to go into the hysterics of vehement passion for a man of my age. No, no, do be reasonable, my dear Miss Studleggh; I want a wife, and you wouldn't be the worse of a husband; and I do not see why I should not suit you as well as any beardless boy, writing love-sonnets to your eyebrows—which, by-the-bye, are very straight and marked, and that they say shows determination of character."

I did not laugh now. My own ideas of marriage were so sacred—so scrupulously pure. The integrity of the heart had always been to me so heavy a responsibility that I sickened at the light careless way in which it was regarded by those around me.

I replied, firmly and gravely; and his Lordship—like all good-natured men when unexpectedly thwarted—flung from me in a violent passion, and soon after quitted the place.

He was too angry at his failure to publish it; and I never admired the way in which some young ladies reveal their triumphs, as "invulnerable secrets," to half a hundred intimate friends. Consequently, Millicent was very much vexed at his departure, but never guessed the real cause. She never could have reached it by her own unaided wit, for the miracle of a penniless girl refusing a rich lord had never been known before, either among the Studlegghs or the Effinghams.

Mr. Elphinstone did not leave us with his brother. On the contrary, he remained more of a fixture than ever, and accompanied us in all our walks and drives. He was a well-made, gentlemanly man, of thirty-three, or thereabouts. His abilities were rather solid than showy; his conversation betrayed strong, deep feelings, difficult to rouse, but lasting in their effects. He was a civilian in the East India Company's service, and at home on leave. His manner to ladies was distinguished by a respectful deference which I have noticed to belong to Anglo-Indian gentlemen. It was not that he flattered, or was effeminately overflowing with *petite soins*; it was the ready interest displayed when a lady spoke; the considerate handling of female opinions, even when most sillily expressed; the silent and unobtrusive attention to the comfort of every single woman in company. It was delightful to observe his gentle politeness to two withered old sisters of Sir Harriman's—women who had not an idea beyond their netting, their

dress, and their dinner. They seemed to be sacred in Mr. Elphinstone's eyes as part of a grand whole; as sharing, however slightly, in the beautiful attributes of woman.

Say what you please, this sort of general deference to the sex is always taken by each lady as a particular tribute to herself. Millicent grew much interested in Mr. Elphinstone; nor did I wonder at it—regarding, as I did, the dull inanity of the family to which she had bound herself. Without children, with an old sickly husband, whose mind was wholly bound up in the "Military Manual," Millicent stood in a perilous position for susceptibility. Mr. Elphinstone's mind neither took a wide nor a lofty range; it was graceful, and highly cultivated—not unlike a small, choice conservatory. The hardy, free growth of forest trees could not have found room there; the magnificent imaginations of Ernest Marchmont would have dwarfed themselves in their uprisings. Such as he was, he exactly suited Millicent. She could not have comprehended the wild sallies or deep reflections which had so attracted me in Ernest; but the delicate fancies, the lively turns, and elegant descriptions of the Anglo-Indian amused and interested her in a high degree. I did not like to see her so excited by one not her husband; I did not suspect Millicent's integrity, but I feared for her peace, and I resolved to give the pair the restraint of my company.

The cordial way in which this was accepted by both set me quite at ease with regard to Millicent's heart; and it did not require many days of this constant companionship to convince me that she was not the object of Mr. Elphinstone's regard. I believe the style of courtship prevalent in India is very downright and off-hand, which may account for Mr. Elphinstone growing alarmingly demonstrative before I had collected my scattered senses. I would have given anything to retire back to my usual solitude; but Millicent, in whom Mr. Elphinstone confided, took up his cause so warmly, and found so many pretexts for throwing us together, that to keep much out of his way was impossible. My only remedy was to ignore his evident intention; to wilfully misunderstand his expressions; to throw ice and vinegar into my aspect. But Mr. Elphinstone was not easily to be dissuaded from his suit. His feelings had really become engaged, and he was remarkably tenacious in retaining a resolution.

About this time we had a letter from my brothers in India, mentioning how kind Mr. Elphinstone had been to him in a dreary journey to join his regiment; how he had lent Horace his "buggy," and Frank his horses. And Horace concluded by saying—

..... "He has gone home, on furlough, to look out for an English wife. Devilish lucky girl whoever gets hold of him; he has capital interest in high places, and is in the most lucrative of all—the revenue department."

This account fired both Millicent and Adelia, who had come to pay us a visit. "Really this

would be too good luck for Laura, who has always been the 'bête noire' of the family. If she does not accept Mr. Elphinstone, she never will have another offer, and we shall have to support her."

Little did my sisters know me. Their undisguised encouragement, and my listlessness, one day, and embarrassment the next, prevented Mr. Elphinstone from abandoning the chase. I was very unhappy; every one had deserted me, even my own self-reliance had given way—no news from Ernest Marchmont! Day after day I read that letter of his mother's, and told myself he had relinquished me; in vain I recalled the past, and tried to fix on one distinct expression of his love—no, it had been shown in look, manner, action, but never in explicit terms. My head grew dizzy; I began to doubt everything; I loathed society; I tried to escape into utter solitude; my sisters followed me, made me captive, and led me back to be beset by Mr. Elphinstone's attentions. I seemed to feel a strong cord of destiny tightening round my throat. I often compared myself to the Laocoon. At length, from chafing wildly with my troubles, I became sullen and apathetic. I said to myself, all joy is over for me in this world: never again can the ecstatic throb of love stir my breast. I am deserted by him I made my idol, and I can never trust again! No one around me marries for love. Esteem is the highest and purest motive ever prompting worldly unions. Why do I look for the impossible? Let me sink down to the level of my fellow-women, and marry for a home and a protector! I laughed bitterly at myself when I first said this; yet in time I came to act upon it. I could not but feel a difference between the apparent forgetfulness of Ernest, and the disinterested, ardent perseverance of my new lover. The one had given me up when all my looks and words had been encouraging; the other would not be repelled by the coldest and most ungracious manner.

We were about to return to London; Mr. Elphinstone grew desperate; he found me, one unguarded day, alone, and seizing my hand gently, but effectually, detained me to hear him. How I trembled! how I grew sick and cold, and called in my agony on Ernest, the far-off, the unsympathizing! I called, I say; but I mean only the silent vehemence of my mental longing. Silly is the man who makes love by letter! It requires little self-command to write a polite expression of pain and sympathy, and hope that no unconscious manner of yours has given encouragement to such unfortunate choice. This it is easy to do, and if the woman be not *very* strongly impressed with regard for the writer, ten to one but this she will do, and without a sigh. But how harrowing to the feelings to repel a spoken suit! To see the depths of a heart laid bare before you—to hear the voice, husky with emotion, the strong man shaking with agitation, and to know that *you* are the cause—that you, with one word, can give joy or sorrow, can clear that cloudy brow, or dim those kindling eyes with disappointment. I

never suffered more than when Mr. Elphinstone, with all the perturbation of real feeling, pleaded his cause. I dreaded saying what I wished to say, and felt for the moment as if I *must* have given encouragement ere passion could rise so high. I said nothing, because I knew not what to say; and again he pleaded only for a *conditional* assent—any conditions! He would be most happy to give me time—only let him hope. And I, weak, overborne, despairing, I gave him at last the conditional assent.

We parted: he went rejoicing to London, I ran home to my bed-room, locked myself in, and went into a paroxysm of hysterics. I was very ill for some days, and then we removed to London as soon as I could bear the journey. To my distress and displeasure I found Mr. Elphinstone had bruited about our engagement. He made many excuses for himself; he really could not think that I would lead a man on so far, and then throw him aside! It was so unlike my character, such disingenuous coquetry!

I felt this to be true, and I also learned a lesson to be remembered by all young girls. Never flatter yourselves that a conditional engagement possesses any advantage over a definite one. It is a running knot, made tighter by every step you advance. Give a man once the *inch* of a conditional engagement, and he will soon make it the *ell* of a binding one! But I learned by experience. I tried to reconcile myself to fate: I reflected on the mental improvement I might acquire from visiting India—a land where many of my young dreams had strayed. I got a grammar and a master, and began to study Sanscrit. I set before me the life of Sir William Jones, and I said, why should not I climb up a few paces where he ascended miles? The endeavours I took to stimulate myself into interest were unceasing. Lord Petrie, when he heard of my engagement, good-naturedly sent me a diamond brooch, with a few words, that he always thought me a disinterested, honest girl, and he liked me all the better for choosing a younger son; but as he did not intend to marry, I might be Lady Petrie after all!

There were great dinner parties between my relatives and the Petrie family, and presents, and congratulations, and caresses. I felt bewildered by it all, and could hardly comprehend that all this fuss was made about poor me. My brothers and sisters petted me, and discovered merits which I had never dreamed of, in everything I did. Mr. Elphinstone raved about my poetry, and took great pride in having it printed at his own expense, and he also superintended my Sanscrit studies. But intellect was to bow its supremacy before feeling. I had braved love, and love rose up again from his sleep and braved me in his turn, and I quailed before him when he came. I was sitting alone one morning, at my favourite amusement of improvising words to familiar tunes: my imagination was highly excited at the prospect of visiting the East, and wild fancies were running through my head, of the jungles, and mighty trees, and swarthy faces,

and strange, picturesque boats. All at once there came back on me, with a distinctness for which I could not account, a certain strain belonging to the past.

I must relate the circumstance which gave it birth. Menie Fraser was fond of collecting the national airs of different countries, for she was a very skilful musician. Previous to her marriage, while we were all at Inverness, a friend had sent her a very singular German melody. It did not, like most English and Scottish ballads, repeat the music of the first verse in the succeeding ones. It ran on through five or six, with a delicate variation in each, the first half of the verse repeating the burden, the second melting into a different measure. No words had been written to it. Mr. Anson gave it to Ernest, and asked him to add language to its peculiar sweetness. We were all present, and a discussion arose which passion was more clearly expressed by the musical meaning.

"Melancholy, decidedly," said Menie.

"Yes, but what kind of melancholy?" asked Ernest. "I think there is a touch of remonstrance, of reproach in its sadness; and the last verse, indeed, is like an ebullition of passionate horror! See how the minor returns again to the major key," I said.

Ernest looked at me with great interest. "You have exactly expressed my own impressions of this melody: how is it our ideas should have such sympathies?" His tone was very low, yet I did not lose a word.

A few hours afterwards he brought Menie the following, in which he had tried to work out my meaning:—

THE LATE REMONSTRANCE.

"Why wert thou silent when the Truth
Was innocent, and I was free?

Why, then, make shipwreck of my youth—
My very life, in doubting thee?

"Why did the artificial word
War with the passionate glance and tone?
Why did thy lips sound every chord
Save Love's alone?

"Was I so sordid in my soul,
That by my speech thou mightst conclude
Love's purer aim—Life's higher goal
Were both misunderstood?

"Why now return, and by thy sighs
Force back conviction on my breast—
That deep and quenchless sympathies
Unite us, unconfeet?

"Then thou couldst let them clasp my chain,
Nor break thy spell of silent sadness:
But now the thought of thee is stain—
The love of thee is madness!"

Menie sat down and sang it. We were all much affected. "Her voice had tears in it," as some heard a clever woman remark of some singer. I could not, however, help saying, "I would add another verse did the music permit it, which it does not."

"Where?" said Menie,

"After the line, 'Save Love's alone!' I would go on—

'How could I sound it? Woman has scant choice.
Her yea or nay is all that she must speak;
To the heart's death-pangs she must give no voice:
Abandoned oft, because forbid to seek!'"

"Rather severe," said Mr. Anson. "It shows the difference between a man's and a woman's treatment of the same subject. Ernest expressed the wrongs of an individual; you throw down the gauntlet for your sex."

"Well," I continued, a little confused, yet anxious to prove my argument, "and is not the occasion exactly one on which a spirited woman would feel the impotence of her sex? Is it not true that in love affairs women seem enjoined to follow that scriptural precept—'Let your communication be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil?'"

"Laura, my love," interrupted my aunt, "I do not like to hear scripture lightly quoted; and moreover, you seem too knowing on such a subject for your age."

"I did not use the words lightly, dear aunt. Does not your very answer prove the truth of my remark? Because in a general argument I have gone beyond the 'yea, nay,' you consider me too conversant with a subject I never thought about till Mr. Marchmont's verses put it into my head just now."

I shall never forget Ernest's start and flush at this *saave* candour, which was really true; and that he might interpret it differently never struck my in consequence. But here am I, dragging up old stories, instead of going on straightforward with my own. Yet all these recollections ran through me as I sang this song of Ernest's on that memorable morning, as I sat alone. Half-stifled feelings awoke again in me: my own situation was too similar to that supposed in the poetry, and involuntarily my whole soul went with the passionate reproaches. The door opened slowly behind me, but I did not hear it; nor did I pause till, finishing with a long-drawn sigh, I turned my head, and saw Ernest himself before me. He advanced with unusual gaiety. "How glad I am to see you again, Miss Studleggh, and to learn that you have not forgotten me—that my poetry is more fortunate than myself; it goes often where I am banished by fate. How long it is since we met!"

He paused, for I was much agitated: he apparently attributed it to the troubles I had lately undergone; but he guessed not how agonizing it was to me to see him now. He changed the subject, and began to talk of himself.

"The long postponed appointment is again extending a hand of promise. This time I have really some hope; and oh, Miss Studleggh, if you knew the style of my late occupations, you would fervently congratulate me. None of 'Apollo's venal sons' have suffered worse martyrdom. Fancy, if you can, the delights of being a country editor. The solemn congratulations offered to Lord and Lady C., on returning

to their 'Baronial Hall;' the ever-recurring munificent landlords and bountiful patronesses; the equally stolid lamentations when the Marquis of D. took flight 'from these sublunary spheres;' the raking up of his defunct virtues, which had long been buried under the turf—oh! that was a difficult paragraph! Then the bickering between the country justices and the country constables, the loathsome assizes, the corrupted witnesses, and to me, worse than all, the garbled and distorted reports of speeches in Parliament. The mercenary praise of the Duke of K.'s speech, because he is lord lieutenant of the county, and must be propitiated; the equally unprincipled abuse of Mr. N. and Mr. S., because they are in *mauvaise* odour with the shire magnates. My dear friend, nothing but the direst penury has kept me for an hour among such sordid associates!"

His deep voice shook with virtuous indignation, his face crimsoned with the excitement of a lofty scorn. As for me, led on like himself from gay jest to earnest reprobation, I forgot for the moment that I was promised to another. His sentiments found so perfect an echo in my own heart, that my whole spirit threw off at once the petrifying mask which had grown over it through apathy. The sonorous yet melodious tones of that dear well-known voice acted on me like a trumpet sound. It brought back old aspirations, old hopes, old delights; and when Adelia came in on a morning visit, and recalled me to the real world, she seemed indeed to stab me with her first word.

"Mr. Elphinstone will be here at one; he wants to go to the British Museum with us—be sure you are ready in time, Laura. Where is Millicent? I wonder if she has heard of a governess for the girls—I shall go and find her."

She went—but she left me unable to articulate another word. Ernest looked surprised at my sudden constraint, and at the paleness which had come over my face—a paleness I *felt*, myself. I had grown quite cold, and shivered unconsciously. I did not dare to look at him: he began to speak of his mother, and how happy she was at the idea of his promised appointment. I recovered sufficiently to express interest and pleasure in his success, but both words and manner were not like my own. He looked hurt, glanced at the pendule on the mantelpiece, and rather abruptly bade me adieu. His voice faltered as he said, "I hope I shall soon see you again, dear Miss Studleggh—I need not *now* deny myself that pleasure."

Ah! had I been free, what rapturous hopes those few words would have aroused! As it was, my heart bounded, but then sunk more sadly than before.

I could not go to the Museum with my betrothed. I felt guilty towards him—I had acted with wicked falseness. Ernest's visit had set everything in a clear light before me: I saw how vanity, despair, and a certain easy weakness and persuasion, had led me on to consent to be Mr. Elphinstone's wife. I saw my duty,

but how difficult it was! I knew my own character too well to hope that I could *make* myself love my husband. I knew that the chain would gall the worse for its being self-riveted, and "till death." But to break an engagement! to become a *jilt*! that byword of fickleness and heartlessness! to announce to the world that I was unstable as water—to recall my promised word—to destroy all Mr. Elphinstone's generous and affectionate hopes. This long array of difficulties arose before me, and I could only wring my hands and weep!

I was ill that evening and next day, and Millicent was very much astonished. "It is so very odd how suddenly your attack came on: you were quite well before that Mr. Marchmont called."

Her casual remark stung me; I resolved not to be a subject of discussion. Ah, I was yet a coward to the world! I dressed that evening and came down to dinner. Mr. Elphinstone was so taken up about my health, so afraid of my fatiguing myself, that I found I had little to do but sit quiet and listen to all his conversation. After dinner he had insisted on my taking a large reclining chair, and went across the room to fetch a footstool. Adelia, who was present, said, "What a delightful cavalier you do make! I am sure you are a fortunate girl, Laura, as I was saying to-day to your friend Mr. Marchmont. I met him at Storr and Mortimer's, of all places; he seemed exchanging old plate, or perhaps selling it. He asked for you, and said his mother knew you very well; and so I told him you had been ill ever since he called, and that you were going to be married, and how pleased we all were, and what a phoenix of a man Mr. Elphinstone was, &c. &c. I thought he looked rather cross. You had better question her, Mr. Elphinstone, about her flirtations. Fancy Laura flirting! It is too good an idea." Her silly laughter suddenly stopped; Mr. Elphinstone gave a loud cry, and sprang to my side—I had fainted, and no wonder.

CHAP. IV.

"To the idea of life, strife and victory are necessary; as virtue consists not simply in the absence of vices, but in the conquering of them."

COLERIDGE.

Too late came self-knowledge, too late self-contempt. It was all over now. As accurately as if I had stood within his secret soul did I divine the emotions of Ernest Marchmont. Often had I heard him say, that the breath of suspicion tainted for ever the purity of love. Were I to kneel to him now, I could not pray back his faith. But for me there was no casting aside the association of years. The only idol my secluded girlhood had known could not be hurled down, though the temple lay in ruins. Like the gigantic images of Copau, it still stood imbedded among the wrecks. The spirit once

worshipped as a god lingered obstinately to fright me as a demon. Exorcise it, I could not; for my heart was sullied with vanity and selfishness, and evil spirits will not quit their fellows among humanity. I was haunted with memories of the lover of my youth, that youth which I had stained with falsehood; for I had done the irrevocable sin—I had acted a lie.

Every look, every word of my unconscious betrothed stabbed me with self-rebuke. Surely for a brief time I was a coward; I knew myself to be wrong, but I could not take the only honourable step yet remaining to me. I still dreaded the world's laugh. I had also excited my mind by dwelling on the thoughts of India. The voyage over pathless waters, the journeys among wild jungles, and ancient mythological cities of the past, were full of charms to an adventurous spirit like mine; and in all recent castle-building I had put my poor betrothed out of the question. I had overlooked the fact that he would be ever at my side, and so I had continued to chalk out for myself a most attractive and exciting future. Moreover, I had now to choose between a handsome fortune and sheer poverty; not that elegant poverty in a straw bonnet and white gown, which lays aside costliness for simplicity, and descends gracefully from gilt plate to Worcester ware. My small sum of five hundred pounds had already been infringed on for dress; the *trousseau* was actually in progress! I well knew my sisters' spirit. From them I had nothing to hope, were I imprudent enough to break my engagement.

Oh, mothers, who educate your girls for matrimony, who thrust forward their mercenary charms at every drawing-room, ye would verily have thought me mad! I was trying to break the chains of a rich, honourable, and earnestly attached suitor! But my mind was not yet braced enough for so bold an effort: I gave in for the time.

Things went on in a sort of hollow truce between me and my conscience. Mr. Elphinstone was always by my side, and the season coming on, we entered into a good deal of what is misnamed gaiety. We had gone to a promenade in some horticultural gardens near town. I had contrived to slip away from my party during some lively discussion, and was strolling into a more unfrequented part of the grounds. At the abrupt turning of a narrow path in a small rockery, I came full on Ernest Marchmont. He coloured, and bit his lip. I felt my frame shiver with an icy chill.

"Well met, Miss Studlegch!" he said. "This is an artificial scene, yet passing well does it counterfeit the wild grace of nature, and people are like places in that. London is a sad trimmer of redundant foliage: it would clip every free forest tree into a peacock hedge."

His tone was cold and ironical.

I did not attempt to answer. I bowed to hide my face, and was about to turn away, when up came all my party.

"Ah! so you've found out your old friend, Mr. Marchmont," said Adelia in her careless

and musical tones, continuing in the same way, "What a pretty place this is! I like it all the better that it is scenery *en petite*. I think I shall alter the glen at Horsely into a rockery."

"Oh, Adelia!" exclaimed Millicent, "you will ruin the *lion* of your country seat. No one will have an object for a walk if you take away that romantic spot."

"Nonsense; I appeal to Mr. Marchmont."

"Certainly, Madam; you could not do better than remove the unsightly, irregular cascade. Nature has had the bad taste to leave there; the rocks she has left in unpardonable confusion; and the wild flowers do not grow by any means in the exact corners prescribed by the rules of landscape gardening. For these you will judiciously substitute a pond with trained water-lilies, heaps of vitrified refuse from the glass-houses, a Chinese bridge, and alternate tufts of saxifrage and Cape heath."

"Well," said Adelia, amused by his ironical tone, "I shall certainly take your advice. You cannot fancy how damp the place is after a shower; and there is only one flower at a time, which provokes me. First *all* primroses, then *all* periwinkles, then *all* wild roses, and so on during the year. I like a careful assortment of different flowers judiciously intermingled; and by altering the glen, Millicent, I shall drive away all the toads you dislike so much; they will not be so fond of walking over prickly cactuses and sharp stones."

"Yes, I do dislike toads," said Millicent, unaffectedly shuddering; "they always give me a cold shiver, with their slimy hideous forms, and shockingly bright eyes, like the glassy eyes of a dead face."

St. George laughed at her womanish antipathy, but confessed he had himself a horror of cockroaches. "Good people tell us it is very wrong to hate the creatures of Providence; but I always see every one has a pet dislike, a favourite aversion for some animal or other. Some have an unconquerable disgust at spiders, others recoil from earwigs; a black beetle will put some into hysterics, and a mouse has often to answer for a fainting fit. Napoleon, at sight of a cat, felt his skin bristle with horror, as much as the unlucky cat's back ever fretted with rage; and I know many brave men who cannot sit quietly in a cabin at sea when those loathsome brown cockroaches are crawling and flying about."

"For my part," exclaimed Ernest Marchmont, who had been digging the gravel with the heel of his boot (a most eloquent sign of impatience), "the only animal for which I have an irrepressible disgust is a woman that does not know her own mind, that veers from one opposite pole to another with more levity than a weather vane!" So saying, he turned round and marched off, leaving his hearers surprised, and many of them highly amused by his abrupt speech.

"Well, Laura," said Adelia suddenly, "you need not redden as if the cap fitted you. Look at her, St. George; the silly girl! Her blood has all ebbed now, and she is as white as that Narcissus."

Ah! I knew the application of Ernest Marchmont's contemptuous taunt!

Mr. Elphinstone did not now give me much time for self-examination: he pressed for the day to be fixed. There was nothing apparently to wait for but the approval of my own heart. Alas! that seemed indeed postponed *sine die*. I made excuses, but time was progressing, and fate stared me in the face. One evening he had been more importunate than usual. "Well, say this day fortnight, Laura; do not trifle with me any more. You can have nothing now to get ready but what can be done in that time—say the 27th."

The 27th! It came like a flash of light over me that the 27th was the birth-day of Ernest Marchmont. I do not know what I should have answered had not Millicent exclaimed, "Nine o'clock, Laura, and neither of us dressed for Almack's. Truly, St. George, you have the art of making us forget time."

I went to dress—I have never been at a ball since—and I well remember my attire, a gift from Millicent, who was lavishly generous in matters of finery.

I wore a white crape dress, made double and treble in its skirts, and folded simply over the breast. A wreath of blue-bells ran up the front, and a similar wreath crowned my hair, which was very dark. The diamond brooch given me by Lord Petrie completed my adornments. St. George was charmed with the effect of my dress; I really believe he thought me pretty. "These blue-bells seem to have been dyed in your eyes," he said gaily.

The ball-room was excessively crowded. I believe some foreign prince was present. Adelia and her party met us in the cloak-room; Adelia, as usual, *wild* for the new excitement of seeing the stranger potentate. She was very pretty, and her manner carried off a great deal of her real silliness of mind. She was a great favourite with gentlemen, and St. George seemed always happy to comply with her caprices. He therefore allowed himself to be entrapped into her train to escort her to the principal room to get a peep of the lion of the night. I refused to go with them, as I detested pushing through a crowd, and I remained beside Sir Harriman in the dancing-room. The good old baronet was very attentive to me for a few minutes, but an old brother-in-arms soon approached him, and they were lost in recollections of battles and despatches.

Did you ever sit alone in a ball-room, listening to the gay music of the dance? It is the most saddening of all strains when the spirits are not in tune. Mine were in a minor key that night, and the lively valse jarred on them very painfully. The press before me was very thick, the stream of the dance continually forcing the bystanders to recede. In one of these sudden ebbs a man was pushed against me; he turned to apologize—it was Ernest. The music was playing an exciting valse. I do not know what he meant to have said; but what he did say, and what I answered, may be in-

ferred from the fact that in a few seconds I was whirled round the circle, and Ernest's arm was my support in that intoxicating measure. I had often valed with my brothers, never before with any one else. Nothing but that sudden impulse and confused emotion could have brought this about—that I, an affianced woman, should be swept round a ball-room in the encircling arms of one whom I still loved too fondly for my duty in life. The clasp of Ernest's hands, one of which held mine, the pressure of his arm as we spun round, agitated me beyond words to describe. The expression of his eyes, which had forgotten the bold scorn they had lately emitted, now wore the earnest love which had thrilled me so passionately of yore. The buzz of many voices, the whirring of the dresses through the air, changed in my bewildered hearing into the deep, hollow roar of the far-off Falls of Kilmorack; and in a moment arose before me, aye, even in that brilliant crowded assembly, the quiet evening in the solemn ravine, in which I had first leaned over the torrent and dreamed I was beloved. Again I glanced at my partner, again his fervent eyes burned into my soul: principles, duties, feelings, all were at chaos within me; my head swam, my frame tottered. Ernest threw his arm more firmly round me. "Take me away," I murmured gaspingly; "I shall faint—I shall die!" He drew me tenderly into a small card-room, which happened to be empty; I sank upon a seat and covered my face. I did not dare to look at him, for I had no right to the emotions which then unnerved me. I had never been *his* betrothed, and I was now another's. I was startled by his voice—it was again calm, cold, and ironical.

"I am sorry for your indisposition, Miss Studlegh; you seem to have become delicate since you became fashionable—changed in all since I knew you. Brides are generally nervous, are they not? You used to be an exception to the weaknesses of your sex; at least I thought so, fool that I was. Fool, indeed!" And again his voice changed to stern emotion: "Oh, Laura! that I loved you, that I hoped in silence while poverty held an iron hand over my lips! From you I expected such noble things—such grandeur of soul in adversity; and I find you a frivolous idler among dissipated fashionables, and betrothed to one you have known scarce three months. May you be happy, clay idol, that I thought gold! May you be happy in your own way—I was mad when I thought I might make you happy in mine!" He caught my hand with a sudden impetuosity, flung it from him scornfully, and was gone. Adelia and St. George came up at the same moment.

"My dear girl," cried my sister, "what is the matter?—you shudder! have you got a chill? is there a draught here?" No, it was hot and close as a greenhouse.

I tried to command myself, for my teeth were chattering as if with ague. "I am not well—pray let me go home."

"Well, now, St. George, I should be jealous, were I you. Laura's ailments seem mysteriously connected with that Mr. Marchmont. He has just brushed by me, looking as black as thunder—a most portentous face, I assure you."

St. George's brows looked in their turn a little thundery. "Laura," he whispered, "confide in me, dearest; has that fellow been annoying or molesting you?"

"No, no," I said.

"Then why this illness and depression? Indeed you ought to have no mystery from me; my beloved girl, I implore you to be candid with me."

"I will tell you all to-morrow," I said, with sudden energy. "Yes, I will be candid with you—you deserve it; but take me home now."

His face brightened immediately. "Well, I will wait till to-morrow, but I promise you to be very impatient, so do not prolong suspense. I hate concealment—I have none from you; and I think I deserve the same openness from you. Good bye, my dearest one."

By this time I was in the carriage. He would have followed me, but I begged him to return with Adelia, who had lost her own escort, and was not inclined to leave the ball so early. He drew back upon the steps as the carriage drove away. The light of a neighbouring lamp fell upon his manly, generous-looking face. I remember in all my distress a strange impression that he was very handsome. How I had wronged him! Never could I forget the sensations of that night. Had Ernest said a word of love, I could have fled with him, so violently had the old dormant passion rushed back upon me. And was this a frame of mind for a plighted bride? False, false that I had been! I had deceived myself, my betrothed, and I had deceived Ernest; and now I writhed under his contempt, which even the excitement of that dance had only displaced for a moment.

I never lay down all that night. I paced incessantly in my locked chamber. At length the clouds cleared away: I saw once more the distinct line of duty. I took my pen and wrote to St. George Elphinstone. I wrote with shame—with penitence—with sorrow; but the exertion calmed and strengthened me. Very early in the morning I slipped out to the post-office, in the next street, and put in the letter. I returned home, thoroughly tired by sleeplessness and agitation, and, after ineffectual efforts to arrange my plans for the future, my harrassed frame gave way, and I fell into a heavy, feverish, unrefreshing slumber—such a sleep as is often the prelude to dangerous illness.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER ON WATCHES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We have no means of telling how long a period elapsed from that primal time when the "evening and the morning made the first day," ere man's ingenuity devised a means of calculating the passing by of those precious moments of which his duration is composed, in order to economize them to the purposes of life.

Shadows by day and stars at night appear to have indexed the flight of time for the ancient Hebrews; though it is very evident that long before the sun-dial of Ahaz was made memorable by the prophet Isaiah, the Chaldeans accustomed to calculate eclipses, and other astronomical phenomena, must have been in possession of some much more accurate instrument for its computation.

Days, months, and years are constantly referred to in the books of the Old Testament, but nothing is said of more minute divisions of time, save that of the day into the natural ones of morning, noon, eventide, and night, until Judea became tributary to Rome, when three of the Evangelists, in describing the crucifixion, and the supernatural darkness subsequent to that event, remark that it lasted from the sixth hour to the ninth; and it is on record, that the *Clepsydra*, or water-clock (said by Vitruvius to have been invented by one Ctesibius of Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes), was introduced at Rome by P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the 595th year of the city, and consequently many years before the birth of Christ.

This simple time-keeper was so constructed, that the water issued drop by drop through a hole in the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by this means the time that had elapsed.

These instruments, we are told, were set full of water in the courts of judicature, and by them the lawyers pleaded; in order, as Phavorinus tells us, to prevent babbling, and cause those who spoke to be brief in their speeches.

Hour, or sand-glasses, are also said to have originated at Alexandria, and to have been introduced into domestic use amongst the Romans eight years afterwards, or 158 years before the Christian era.

The earliest attempt at measuring time in this country appears to have been on the part of Alfred the Great by means of waxen tapers. The exact period when those direct ancestors of our subject, clocks, or, as they were primitively called, horologes, came into use, is one of those things over which time has cast so thick a veil, that not even the researches of the encyclopædists can penetrate it. By some, the invention of clocks with wheels is ascribed to Pacificus, archdeacon of Verona, as early as the ninth century. And though we read that clocks

(without water) were set up in churches toward the end of the twelfth, the author of the "*Divine Comedia*" is the first writer on record who distinctly applies the term *horologium* to a clock that struck the hours; and he was born 1265, and died 1321.

In 1288, during the reign of the 1st Edward, the *English Justinian*, as he has been called, it is said that a fine levied on a lord chief justice was applied to the purpose of furnishing the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with an horologe, which it is farther stated was the work of an English artist.

Mention is also made of the setting up of a clock in Canterbury Cathedral about the same period, and in that of Wells in 1325. So that those three Dutch horologists from Delft, who came over (as Rymer tells us) at the invitation of Edward III. in 1368, were not, as some imagined, the introducers of the art, though they very possibly helped us to improve it. Up to the time when Henry de Wic astonished the Emperor Charles V. with those seemingly living toys with which he was wont to surround himself after dinner, and watch the beating and revolving of their curious machinery, those rude prototypes of our subject, which are said to have resembled small table clocks rather than watches, and yet were true specimens we imagine, since they continued going in an horizontal position, which is the only mechanical distinction between a watch and clock—up to this period, we were about to say, clocks appear to have endured a very ascetic existence, living in tall houses built on purpose for them, or shut up in church towers and monastic buildings—

"Fell sickerer* was his crowning in his lodge,
As is a clock, or any *abbey orloge*,"

wrote Chaucer in the fourteenth century. And it is not until nearly the end of the fifteenth that we find them domesticated in houses.

From a description of some, which appear in an inventory of articles in the king's palaces of Westminster and Hampton Court, copied by Strutt, the pendules of the period must have been equally ornate with those in modern drawing-rooms, and much more curious.

Thus one, we are told, not only showed the course of the planets, and the days of the year, but was richly gilt, and enamelled and ornamented with the king's (Henry the Eighth's) coat of arms; it also possessed a chime.

Speaking of this monarch reminds us that previous to the scattering of the treasures of Strawberry Hill, there was preserved in the library there a little clock, of silver gilt, the gift

* Sickness—steady, secure.

of Henry on the morning of his marriage to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It was elaborately chased and engraved, and adorned with fleurs-de-lys, and other heraldic devices, and had on the top a lion supporting the arms of England.

The gilded weights represented *true-lovers-knots*, enclosing the initials of Henry and Anne; and one bore the inscription, "The most happye," the other the royal motto.

Though more than three hundred years had passed since the tragic ending of time with its original possessor, it was still going when the ivory hammer of the famous Robins struck it down to another new and more fortunate owner.

About this period watches are said to have been in use; and in the Holbein chamber of the collection just mentioned, a bust of the royal *wife-slayer*, carved in box-wood, represented him with a dial suspended on his breast. The earliest watch known was one in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, which bore date 1541; but from various imperfections in the workmanship they were not very generally used till towards the end of Elizabeth's reign.

Shakspeare frequently mentions the clock, and in "Twelfth Night" he makes Malvolio exclaim, in his babblings of fancied greatness—"While I, perchance, *wind up my watch*, or play with some rich jewel," an expression that would lead us to suppose that they were even then regarded rather as toys or ornaments than things of necessary use.

Archbishop Parker, in 1575, left by will to the Bishop of Ely his staff of Indian cane, with a *watch* in the top of it; a position that savours more of whim than utility. Yet the excellence of some of these ancient time-keepers is remarkable, for Derham, in his "Artificial Clock-maker," mentions a watch of Henry VIII., which was in order in 1714, and of which Dr. Demanbray had often heard Sir Isaac Newton and Demoivre speak; and the old wooden-framed clock of Peterborough Cathedral, which, instead of the usual key or winch, is wound up by long handles or spikes—a sufficient proof of its antiquity—still strikes, says Denison, upon a bell of considerable size.

Guy Fawkes carried a watch in a more practical spirit than Malvolio or Archbishop Parker; Stowe tells us, one was found upon him which he and Percy had bought the day before, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touch-wood with which he had prepared to give fire to the train of powder;" a proof that even in the third year of the reign of James I. watches were not commonly worn, or the circumstance would not have been mentioned.

In the next reign, however, we find the London "Clock-Makers' Company," incorporated 1631—a sign of the increased use of these instruments, and the growing importance of their manufacture; and as this charter prohibits the importation of clocks, watches, and alarms, it proves that we had even then artists sufficiently skilful in the various manipulations requisite in

the construction of these articles, to render us independent of foreign workmanship.

It is a singular feature in the history of this branch of art, that it has remained until very lately concentrated in the metropolis; besides which, Liverpool and Coventry are said to be the only places in England where a complete watch can be manufactured. At the latter place the business has only been introduced since the commencement of the present century, but the number of persons employed are said to equal the number in London.

But before passing from this event in the history of our subject (the incorporation of a company for the protection of their manufacture in the reign of Charles I.), we may as well describe a watch of the period, which a few years before the publication of the "Encyclopædia Londinensis" (in 1811) had been in the possession of the proprietor. It was dug up but a few years previously, near the site of the ancient castle of Winchester, where it had probably lain from the time of Cromwell, who it is well known destroyed that edifice. It was of an octagon form, and had no minute hand; a piece of catgut supplied the place of a chain; it required winding up every twelve hours, had no balance spring, and appeared never to have had one; and it shut like a hunting-watch without any glass.

But to compensate for this interior rudeness in its construction, the lid and bottom of the case, as well as the dial-plate, were of silver, very neatly engraved, with pieces of scripture history in the centre, and in the compartments the four Evangelists, and St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. Jude: it had no date.

The reign of Charles II., who (like his namesake the emperor, in whose time they first appeared), is said to have been very partial to these instruments, was remarkable for the improvements made in them. Spring pocket-watches were invented by Hooke, 1658; and repeaters were introduced, one of the first of which Charles sent as a present to Louis XIV. of France.

According to some authorities, *reproduced* would be the juster phrase here, for it is stated in "Memoirs of Literature," that some of the most ancient watches were strikers, and that such having been stolen both from Charles V. and Louis XI. whilst they were in a crowd, the thief was detected by their striking the hour!

Perhaps the most remarkable repeating watch extant, is that in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and which, like the old Nuremberg watches, is about the size of an egg: within is represented the holy sepulchre, with the sentinels, and the stone at the mouth; and while the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the women enter the tomb, and the same chaunt is heard which is performed in the Greek Church on Easter Eve.

Germany, by the way, has always been famous for the manufacture of clocks and watches, these latter claiming Nuremberg for their birth-place; and from this circumstance, and their

oval shape, Dopplemayer tells us they were originally known as Nuremburg animated eggs.

At present this branch of horometry is chiefly to be found on the other side of the Alps, at or near Geneva, and at Chaux de Fond, in the principality of Neuchâtel, where vast numbers of watches are manufactured. But the wooden clocks, which tick on every cottage wall, and which are erroneously called Dutch, are in fact German, and are nearly all made in the Black Forest, the village of Freyburg being the centre of the manufacture, whence it is said 180,000 wooden clocks on an average are yearly exported.

The Swiss, or Geneva watches, as they are commonly called, owing to the poverty of the workmen, the employment of women, and the subdivision of labour, which is carried to even a greater extent than with us, sell at a much lower price than those made in England; but an English watch has hitherto been a desideratum in every part of the world.

Here, at present, the term watch-maker is no longer applicable, every portion of the instrument being the work of a different artisan, and the separate parts are often sent hundreds of miles, to meet in the metropolis, and make a whole of excellent workmanship.

There are innumerable places in which some branch or other of the manufacture is carried on; but the best movements are made at Prescott, in Lancashire, while the town of Whitechurch, in Hampshire, is employed wholly in making hands.

In London, Clerkenwell Green has long been the resort of artificers employed in the various nice and delicate manipulations requisite in the construction of our subject: here, slide-makers, jewellers, motion-makers, wheel-cutters, cap-makers, dial-plate-makers, the painter, the case-maker, the joint-finisher, the pendent-maker, the engraver, the piercer, the escapement-maker, the spring-maker, the chain-maker, the finisher, the gilder, the fusee-cutter, the hand-maker, the glass-maker, and pendulum spring wire-drawer, are all located; for, owing to the minute division of labour, which tends greatly to facilitate its execution after the movements (which have previously passed through thirteen workmen's hands in the provinces) are received in town, the watch progresses through those of these other twenty-one artificers before it comes forth complete.

Owing to this delicate and varied workmanship, materials originally not worth sixpence are frequently converted into watches worth a hundred pounds and more, so costly may their appendages be made. But in all these different branches of a business which maintains thousands of families, the only part of it which falls to women in this country is the polishing of the cases, which the case-makers' wives are sometimes employed to do.

Perhaps no object of man's ingenuity has been made the exponent of so many grave morals as the watch. Poets and philosophers have managed that its beatings should be only a little

less gloomy to the imagination than the associations of a passing bell; but Paley has thrown a glory round this gloom, and aggrandized it from a peevish reminder of passing time into a fair argument of a Creator's presence, in the delicate and wonderful machinery of nature, which could no more come by chance (as men blinded by folly have occasionally asserted), than could this little instrument have been formed without a contriver.

What the author of the "Old Church Clock" has said of that branch of our subject, may be equally applied to this—"there is no dead thing so like a living one." Day by day, year by year, its iron heart throbs on, some of them surviving, as we have seen, for centuries, though they are said to beat 17,160 times in an hour. Well would it be for us if the time-keeper in our bosoms, beating momentarily the escape of our allotted term, acted as lightly on the frame; but all its emotions help to wear this out.

In the dawn of its appearance, in an age when every science that set men wondering was in some degree regarded as the work of magic, what a sensation must these "animated eggs" have occasioned, and how suggestive! unless the fanciful belief of some of the early fathers of the church, who averred that gems and precious metals were first made known to mortals by fallen angels, who also inspired the desire to profit by, and be adorned with them, had anything to do with the tabooing of evil by holy signatures—how suggestive are the quaint gravings of saints and scriptural subjects on the cover of the watch dug up at Winchester, of the antique custom of inscribing trinkets with sacred symbols, and so converting them into amulets; a custom which the Greeks and Romans borrowed from the Egyptians, and which the early Christians perpetuated after them.

We have seen the watch, originally oval, take an octagon form; after which it appears to have subsided into its present shape, the only variation being in size, and different degrees of roundness.

At present watches are frequently made not thicker than a crown piece, and yet perform their functions with exactness; nay, there are some with perfect works, compressed into a smaller compass than a shilling! A friend of the writer's saw one, not long since, set in a ring, the hands and figures being composed of brilliants, upon a dial of blue enamel; and at the recent Exhibition one filled the place usually occupied by a seal at the end of a pencil-case, and another appeared as an appendage to a lady's bracelet. There was also a large silver watch, such as mariners are fond of wearing, immersed in a vase of water, and yet impervious to any ill effects.

Our subject is one which grows under our hands, and we might go on *ad libitum* describing their different idiosyncracies; for watches, like individuals, have their several temperaments and ways of going. We have all met with *fast watches* and slow ones, and some (a disposition they are apt to contract from their

wearers) are very irregular—varieties of character, which so puzzled their first owner, the Emperor Charles V., who amused himself on his retirement to the monastery of St. John, by endeavouring to keep in order these by-gone

companions of his dinner-table, that they produced a reflection on the absurdity of his attempts to keep together the powers of Europe, when even these little pieces of mechanism baffled him.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

BY ALICIA JANE O'NEILL.

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend."

YOUNG.

"Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss."

COWPER.

Five years! And can it five years be
Since we set forth together,
To sail o'er life's uncertain sea,
Through life's uncertain weather?

How bright, how brief, how beautiful,
Those fond five years appear;
As back through all their homes I glance—
Back with a smile and tear!

A smile of grateful tenderness,
That I have found in thee
All that my early dreams believ'd
A fond heart-friend should be;

A smile of joy, that worldly cares
Have cast no blighting chill
Upon this heart—so glad of old,
So glad and ardent still!

A tear, lest coming years should bring
Their changes on my lot,
And I for treasures now possess'd
Should seek, and find them not!

But down, distrustful, trampling heart!
Down with thy doubts and fears!
The God who bless'd thy joys to thee
Can likewise kiss thy tears!

Then let me sing serenely on
Of precious years gone by—
Those beautiful, fond years I've spent
Beneath *thy loving eye*.

Yes, beautiful! though tempests met
Our shatter'd bark, and we
Were driv'n by adverse gales across
A bleak and troubled sea!

But thou hadst me, and I had thee;
And leaning on thy breast,
I prayed away my cares and fears,
And bless'd my place of rest!

Oh, blessed be the God who gave
That place of rest to me,
And kept us strong in faith and hope
When tempests swept the sea!

Who never left us nor forsook,
But led us safe to land—
Poor shipwrecked mariners forlorn,
But brave in heart and hand!

Strong in the faith "that looks above,"
Our perils sank us not.
Brave in the strength of mutual love,
We bless our happy lot!

EROS AND ANTEROS.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Said a light little Fay to a Dew-drop that lay
On the breast of an opening flower,
"Would thy soft couch were mine for a slumber
divine

But for only one short merry hour!
Oh! what dreams of delight, through the calm of
the night,
O'er this tremulous bosom would steal!"
"Silly trifier, away!" said the Dew to the Fay,
This is folly, not true love you feel."

"Not for joy of my own, on this bud newly blown
Through the calm of the night-time I lie,
But to add to the store of her beauties yet more
With my life—for at noontide I die.
And the love that would give, and the love would
receive,
May be known for the False and the True—
'Tis the True that, as I, for its object would die:
'Tis the False that self-seeketh, like you."

STARS ON A FROSTY NIGHT.

BY ADA TREYANION.

Come, watch with me for one little night
Beside yon glimmering casement white;
The day hath joined the shadowy Past,
And the earnest stars are waking fast:
They are twinkling o'er the heights afar,
They are shedding gleams from each icy spar,
They are smiling in beauty above the sea—
Come, watch them a few calm hours with me.

Oh! it is lovely to see them shine
At the summer sunset's calm decline,
When the silver chime of the vesper bell
Is borne on the air like day's parting knell,
And the leaves are furled, and the winds are mute,
And bliss is soft as a lover's lute;
But clearer yet beam their radiant host
When the cold, grey sky is lined with frost.

Look, look in the realms of space on high—
The free, wide fields which above us lie—
How their orbs of splendour by myriads come
From the hidden depths of the purpling gloom !
How they wreath the dusky brow of night
Like a swarm of flashing fire-flies bright,
And seem to rejoice in the glory sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament !

And see where the frost decks bough and spray
With gems which scatter a silvery day,
And fetters the flow of the leaping rills
As they bound in glee down the tameless hi . . .
What a glittering, ethereal blaze
Is shed by their thousand thousand rays !
One might deem that an angel's veil of sheen
Was floating the heavens and earth between.

The glorious stars—and the sparkling frost—
How calm seems the world when day's cares are
lost !
Could we yield to the present, which charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,

We should think the creation's wide domain
An Eden, undimmed by one dark stain ;
But we know that grief hath its chastening part
In each earthly home, and each human heart.

Yet shall we sorrow, dear friend, for this ?
Life hath enough of yet purer bliss
Than the cloudless joys which pass away
With the light of our childhood's fleeting day !
Ours be that portion ! the bliss to feel
The meanings which Nature's high charms reveal,
In the flowers which bloom or the stars which shine
To trace the power of a love divine.

But lo ! the far voice of the waking main
With its changeful murmurs of joy and pain,
And the sighing sweep of the early breeze
'Mong the jewelled boughs of the cold, bright trees,
And the first faint tinge of the rising morn
Afar o'er the snowy mountains born ;
Oh, ye that have been as a holy spell
Through the hours of the winter night !—Farewell !
Ramsgate, Dec. 10, 1851.

TAKING BOARDERS.

(An American Story.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded from page 27.)

CHAP. VI.

Three months more elapsed. Mrs. Marion was still an inmate of the family. Up to this time, not a word had come from her husband, and she had not been able to pay Mrs. Darlington a single dollar. Painfully did she feel her dependent situation, although she was treated with the utmost delicacy and consideration. But all the widow's means were now exhausted in the payment of the second quarter's rent, and she found her weekly income reduced to thirty-five dollars—scarcely sufficient to meet the weekly expense for supplying the table, paying the servants, &c., leaving nothing for future rent-bills, the cost of clothing, and education for the younger children. With all this, Mrs. Darlington's duties had been growing daily more and more severe. Nothing could be trusted to servants that was not, in some way, defectively done, causing repeated complaints from the boarders. What proved most annoying was the bad cooking, to remedy which, Mrs. Darlington strove in vain. One day the coffee was not fit to drink, and on the next day the steak would be burnt or broiled to a chip, or the sirloin roasted until every particle of juice had evaporated. If hot cakes were ordered for breakfast, ten chances to one that they were not sour ; or, if rolls were baked, they would, most likely, be as heavy as lead.

Such mishaps were so frequent that the guests of Mrs. Darlington became impatient, and Mr. Scragg, in particular, never let an occasion for

grumbling or insolence pass without fully improving it.

"Is your coal out?" said he, one morning, about this time, as he sat at the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Darlington understood, by the man's tone and manner, that he meant to be rude, though she did not comprehend the meaning of his question.

"No, sir," she replied, with some dignity of manner. "Why do you ask?"

"It struck me," he answered, "that such might be the case. But, perhaps, cook is too lazy to bring it out of the cellar. If she'll send for me to-morrow morning, I'll bring her up an extra scuttleful, as I particularly like a good cup of hot coffee."

His meaning was now plain. Quick as thought, the blood rushed to the face of Mrs. Darlington. She had borne so much from this man, and felt towards him such utter disgust, that she could forbear no longer.

"Mr. Scragg," said she, with marked indignation, "when a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman."

"Madam!" exclaimed Scragg, with a threat in his voice, while his coarse face became red with anger.

"When a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman," repeated Mrs. Darlington, with a more particular emphasis than at first.

"I'd thank you to explain yourself," said Scragg, dropping his hands from the table, and elevating his person.

"My words convey my meaning plain enough. But, if you cannot understand, I will try to make them clearer. Your conduct is not that of a gentleman."

Of course, Mr. Scragg asked for no further explanation. Starting from the table, he said, looking at Mrs. Scragg—

"Come!"

And Mrs. Scragg arose, and followed her indignant spouse.

"Served him right," remarked Burton, in a low voice, bending a little towards Miriam, who sat near him. "I hope we shall now be rid of the low-bred fellow."

Miriam was too much disturbed to make a reply. All at the table felt more or less uncomfortable, and soon retired. Ere dinner-time, Mr. and Mrs. Scragg, with their whole brood, had left the house, thus reducing the income of Mrs. Darlington from thirty-five to twenty-three dollars a week.

At dinner-time, Mrs. Darlington was in bed. The reaction which followed the excitement of the morning, accompanied as it was with the conviction that, in parting with the Scraggs, insufferable as they were, she had parted with the very means of sustaining herself, completely prostrated her. During the afternoon she was better, and was able to confer with Edith on the desperate nature of their affairs.

"What are we to do?" said she to her daughter, breaking thus abruptly a silence which had continued for many minutes. "We have an income of only twenty-three dollars a week, and that will scarcely supply the table."

Edith sighed, but did not answer.

"Twenty-three dollars a week," repeated Mrs. Darlington. "What are we to do?"

"Our rooms will not remain vacant long, I hope," said Edith.

"There is little prospect of filling them that I can see," murmured Mrs. Darlington. "If all our rooms were taken, we might get along."

"I don't know," returned Edith to this, speaking thoughtfully. "I sometimes think that our expenses are too great for us to make anything, even if our rooms were filled. Six hundred dollars is a large rent for us to pay."

"We've sunk three hundred dollars in six months. That is certain," said Mrs. Darlington.

"And our furniture has suffered to an extent almost equivalent," added her daughter.

"Oh, do not speak of that! The thought makes me sick. Our handsome French china dinner-set, which cost us a hundred and fifty dollars, is completely ruined. Half of the plates are broken, and there is scarcely a piece of it not injured or defaced. My heart aches to see the destruction going on around us."

"I was in Mrs. Scragg's room to-day," said Edith.

"Well, what of it?" asked her mother.

"It would make you sick in earnest to look in there. You know the beautiful bowl and pitcher that were in her chamber?"

"Yes,"

"Both handle and spout are off the pitcher."

"Edith!"

"And the bowl is cracked from the rim to the centre. Then the elegant rosewood wash-stand is completely ruined. Two knobs are off of the dressing-bureau, the veneering stripped from the edge of one of the drawers, and the whole surface marked over in a thousand lines. It looks as if the children had amused themselves by the hour in scratching it with pins. Three chairs are broken. And the new carpet we put on the floor looks as if it had been used for ten years. Moreover, everything is in a most filthy condition. It is shocking."

Mrs. Darlington fairly groaned at this intelligence.

"But where is it all to lead, Edith?" she asked, arousing herself from a kind of stupor into which her mind had fallen. "We cannot go on as we are now going."

"We must reduce our expenses, if possible."

"But how are we to reduce them? We cannot send away the cook."

"No. Of course not."

"Nor our chambermaid."

"No. But cannot we dispense with the waiter?"

"Who will attend the table, go to market, and do the dozen other things now required of him?"

"We can get our marketing sent home."

"But the waiting on the table. Who will do that?"

"Half a dollar a week extra to the chambermaid will secure that service from her."

"But she has enough to do besides waiting on the table," objected Mrs. Darlington.

"Miriam and I will help more through the house than we have yet done. Three dollars a week and the waiter's board will be saving a good deal."

Mrs. Darlington sighed heavily, and then said—

"To think what I have borne from that Scragg and his family—ignorant, low-bred, vulgar people, with whom we have no social affinity whatever—who occupy a level far below us, and who yet put on airs and treated us as if we were only their servants! I could bear his insolence no longer. Ah, to what mortifications are we not subjected in our present position! How little dreamed I of all this, when I decided to open a boarding-house! But, Edith, to come back to what we were conversing about, it would be something to save the expense of our waiter; but what are three or four dollars a week, when we are going behind-hand at the rate of twenty?"

"If Mrs. Marion"—

Edith checked herself, and did not say what was in her mind. Mrs. Darlington was silent, sighed again heavily, and then said—

"Yes; if it wasn't for the expense of keeping Mrs. Marion. And she has no claim upon us."

"None but the claim of humanity," said Edith.

"If we were able to pay that claim," remarked Mrs. Darlington.

"True."

"But we are not. Such being the case, are we justified in any longer offering her a home?"

"Where will she go? What will she do?" said Edith.

"Where will we go? What will we do, unless there is a change in our favour?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"Alas, I cannot tell! When we are weak, small things are felt as a burden. The expense of keeping Mrs. Marion and her two children is not very great. Still, it is an expense that we are unable to meet. But how can we tell her to go?"

"I cannot take my children's bread and distribute it to others," replied Mrs. Darlington, with much feeling. "My first duty is to them."

"Poor woman! My heart aches for her," said Edith. "She looks so pale and heart-broken, feels so keenly her state of dependence, and tries so in every possible way to make the pressure of her presence in our family as light as possible, that the very thought of turning her from our door seems to involve cruelty."

"All that, Edith, I feel most sensibly. Ah me! into what a strait are we driven!"

"How many times have I wished that we had never commenced this business!" said Edith. "It has brought us nothing but trouble from the beginning; and, unless my fears are idle, some worse troubles are yet before us."

"Of what kind?"

"Henry did not come home until after two o'clock this morning."

"What!" exclaimed the mother, in painful surprise.

"I sat up for him. Knowing that he had gone out with Mr. Barling, and finding that he had not returned by eleven o'clock, I could not go to bed. I said nothing to Miriam, but sat up alone. It was nearly half-past two when he came home in company with Barling. Both, I am sorry to say, were so much intoxicated that they could scarcely make their way up stairs."

"Oh, Edith!" exclaimed the stricken mother, hiding her face in her hands, and weeping aloud.

Miriam entered the room at this moment, and seeing her mother in tears, and Edith looking the very image of distress, begged to know the cause of their trouble. Little was said to her then; but Edith, when she was alone with her soon after, fully explained the desperate condition of their affairs. Hitherto they had, out of regard for Miriam, concealed from her the nature of the difficulties that were closing around them.

"I dreamed not of this," said Miriam, in a voice of anguish. "My poor mother! What pain she must suffer! No wonder that her countenance is so often sad. But, Edith, cannot we do something?"

Ever thus, to the mind of the sweet girl, when the troubles of others were mentioned to her, came, first, the desire to afford relief.

"We can do nothing," replied Edith, "at present, unless it be to assist through the house,

so that the chambermaid can attend the door, wait on the table, and do other things now required of the waiter."

"And let him go?"

"Yes."

"I am willing to do all in my power, Edith," said Miriam. "But, if mother has lost so much already, will she not lose still more if she continue to go on as she is now going?"

"She hopes to fill all her rooms; then she thinks that she will be able to make something."

"This has been her hope from the first," replied Miriam.

"Yes; and thus far it has been a vain hope."

"Three hundred dollars lost already," sighed Miriam, "our beautiful furniture ruined, and all domestic happiness destroyed! Ah me! Where is all going to end? Uncle Hiram was right when he objected to mother's taking boarders, and said that it was the worst thing she could attempt to do. I wish we had taken his advice. Willingly would I give music-lessons, or work with my hands for an income, to save mother from the suffering and labour she has now to bear."

"The worst is," said Edith, following out her own thoughts rather than replying to her sister, "now that all our money is gone, debt will follow. How is the next quarter's rent to be paid?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes. How can we pay that?"

"Oh dear!" sighed Miriam. "What are we to do? How dark all looks!"

"If there is not some change," said Edith, "by the close of another six months everything we have will be sold for debt!"

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Miriam, "dreadful!"

For a long time the sisters conferred together, but no gleam of light arose in their minds. All the future remained shrouded in darkness.

CHAP. VII.

The man named Burton, to whom reference has been made as being particularly attentive to Miriam, was really charmed with the beautiful young girl: but the affection of a man such as he was, comes to its object as a blight instead of a blessing. Miriam, while she did not repel his attentions—for his manner towards her was ever polite and respectful—felt nevertheless an instinctive repugnance towards him; and when she could keep out of his way without seeming to avoid him, she generally did so.

A few evenings after the conversation held with Edith, as given in the last chapter, Burton, in passing from the dining-room, said to Miriam, "Come, I want you to play for me some of those beautiful airs in 'Don Giovanni.'"

"Indeed you must excuse me, Mr. Burton," replied Miriam. "I don't feel like playing to-night."

"Can't excuse you, indeed," said Burton, smiling pleasantly, and at the same time taking Miriam's hand, which she quickly withdrew from.

his touch. The contact sent an unpleasant thrill along her nerves. "So come; I must have some music to-night."

Miriam yielded to the request, although she felt in no mood for touching the piano. After playing several pieces, she lifted her hands from the instrument, and turning away from it, said, "There, Mr. Burton, you must really excuse me. I cannot play to-night."

"Excuse you—certainly; and for the pleasure you have given me accept my thanks," replied Mr. Burton. There was a change in his tone of voice, which Miriam did not comprehend. "And now," he added, in a low voice, bending to her ear, "come and sit down with me on the sofa. I have something particular that I wish to say."

Miriam did as she was desired, not dreaming of what was in the mind of Burton.

"Miriam," said he, after a pause, "do not be startled nor surprised at what I am going to say." But his words and manner both startled her, and she was about rising, when he took her hand and gently detained her. "Nay, Miriam," said he, "you must hear what I wish to speak. From the day I entered this house, you have interested me deeply: admiration was followed quickly by profound respect; and to this succeeded a warmer sentiment." A deep crimson instantly mantled the face of Miriam, and her eye fell to the floor. "Can you, my dear young lady," continued Mr. Burton, "reciprocate the feeling I have expressed?"

"Oh, sir, excuse me!" said Miriam, so soon as she could recover her disordered thoughts. And she made another effort to rise, but was still detained by Burton.

"Stay! stay!" said he; "hear all that I wish to utter. I am rich!"

But, ere he could speak another word, Miriam sprang from the sofa, and, bounding from the room, flew rather than walked up the stairs. The instant she entered her own room, she closed and locked the door, and then falling upon the bed, gave vent to a flood of tears. A long time passed before her spirit regained its former composure; and then, when her thought turned towards Mr. Burton, she experienced an inward shudder. Of what had occurred she breathed not a syllable to Edith when she joined her in the chamber to retire for the night.

"How my heart aches for mother!" sighed Edith, as she came in. "I have been trying to encourage her; but words are of no avail. 'Where is all to end?' she asks; and I cannot answer the question. Oh dear! What is to become of us? At the rate we are going on now, everything must soon be lost. To think of what we have sacrificed, and are still sacrificing, yet all to no purpose! Every comfort is gone! Strangers, who have no sympathy with us, have come into our house; and mother is compelled to bear all manner of indignities from people who are in every way her inferior. Yet, for all, we are losing instead of gaining. Ah me! No wonder she is heart-

sick, and utterly discouraged: how could it be otherwise?"

Miriam heard and felt every word; but she made no answer. Thought, however, was busy, and remained busy long after sleep had brought back to the troubled heart of Edith its even pulsations. "I am rich." These words of Mr. Burton were constantly recurring to her mind. It was in vain that she turned from the idea presented with them; it grew more and more distinct each moment. Yes, there was a way of relief opened for her mother, of safety for the family; and Miriam saw it plainly, yet shuddered as she looked, and closed her eyes like one about to leap from a fearful height. Hour after hour Miriam lay awake, pondering the new aspect which things had assumed, and gazing down the fearful abyss into which, in a spirit of self-devotion, she was seeking to find the courage to leap. "I am rich!" Ever and anon these words sounded in her ears. As the wife of Burton, she could at once lift her mother out of her present unhappy situation. Thus, before the hour of midnight came and went, she thought. He had offered her his hand: she might accept the offer, on condition of his settling an income upon her mother. This the tempter whispered in her ears; and she hearkened, in exquisite pain, to the suggestion.

When Edith awoke on the next morning, Miriam slept soundly by her side; but Edith observed that her face was pale and troubled, and that tears were on her cheeks. At breakfast-time she did not appear at the table; and when her mother sent to her room, she returned for answer that she was not very well. The whole of the day she spent in her chamber, and during all the time was struggling against the instinctive repulsion felt towards the man who had made her an offer of marriage. At supper-time she reappeared at the table, with a calm, yet sad face. As she was passing from the dining-room, after tea, Burton came to her side and whispered, "Can I have a word with you in the parlour, Miriam?"

The young girl neither looked up nor spoke, but moved along by his side, and descended with him to the parlour, where they were alone.

"Miriam," said Burton, as he placed himself by her side on the sofa, "have you thought seriously of what I said last evening? Can you reciprocate the ardent sentiments I expressed?"

"Oh, sir!" returned Miriam, looking up artlessly in his face, "I am too young to listen to words like these."

"You are a woman, Miriam," replied Burton, earnestly—"a lovely woman, with a heart overflowing with pure affections. Deeply have you interested my feelings from the first; and now I ask you to be mine. As I was going to say last evening, I am rich, and will surround you with every comfort and elegance that money can obtain. Dearest Miriam, say that you will accept the hand I now offer you!"

"My mother will never consent," said the trembling girl, after a long pause.

"Your mother is in trouble; I have long seen

that," remarked Mr. Burton, "and have long wanted to advise and befriend her. Put it in my power to do so, and then ask for her what you will."

This was touching the right key, and Burton saw it in a moment.

"Yes, you have said truly," replied Miriam; "my mother is in great trouble. Ah! what would I not do for her relief?"

"Ask for your mother what you will, Miriam," said Burton.

The maiden's eyes were upon the floor, and the rapid heaving of her bosom showed that her thoughts were busy in earnest debate; at length, looking up, she said, "Will you lift her out of her present embarrassed position, and settle upon her an income sufficient for herself and family?"

"I will," was the prompt answer: "and now, my dear Miriam, name the sum you wish her to receive."

Another long silence followed.

"Ah, sir!" at length said the maiden, "in what a strange, humiliating position am I placed!"

"Do not speak thus, Miriam. I understand all better than words can utter it. Will an income of two thousand dollars a-year suffice?"

"It is more than I could ask."

"Enough: the moment you are mine, that sum will be settled on your mother."

Miriam arose up quickly as Burton said this, murmuring—"Let me have a few days for reflection;" and, ere he could prevent her, glided from the room.

CHAP. VIII.

Two weeks more went by, and the pressure upon Mrs. Darlington was heavier and heavier. Her income was below her table expenses and servant-hire, and all her reserve fund being exhausted, she felt the extremity of her circumstances more than at any time before. To bear longer the extra weight of poor deserted Mrs. Marion and her two children was felt to be impossible. With painful reluctance did Mrs. Darlington slowly make up her mind to say to Mrs. Marion that she must seek another home; and for this purpose she one day waited upon her in her room: as tenderly and as delicately as possible did she approach the subject. A word or two only had she said, when Mrs. Marion, with tears upon her face, replied, "Pardon me that I have so long remained a burden upon you. Had I known where to go, or what to do, I would not have added my weight to the heavy ones you have had to bear. Daily have I lived in hope that my husband would return: but my heart is sick with hope deferred. It is time now that I began the work of self-dependence."

"Where can you go?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"I know not," sadly returned Mrs. Marion. "My only relative is a poor aunt, with scarcely the ability to support herself. But I will see

her to-day: perhaps she can advise me what to do."

When Mrs. Marion returned from this visit to her aunt she looked very sad. Mrs. Darlington was in the passage as she came in: but she passed her without speaking, and hurried up to her chamber. Neither at tea-time on that evening nor at breakfast-time on the next morning did she appear, though food for herself and children was sent to her room. Deeply did Mrs. Darlington and her daughter suffer on account of the step they were compelled to take; but stern necessity left them no alternative. During the day, Mrs. Marion went out again for an hour or two, and when she came back she announced that she would leave on the next day. She looked even sadder than before. Some inquiries as to where she was going were made, but she evaded them. On the day following a carriage came for her, and she parted with her kind friends, uttering the warmest expressions of gratitude.

"I have turned her from the house!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a tone of deep regret, as she closed the door upon the poor creature. "How would I like my own child treated thus?"

For the rest of the day she was so unhappy, owing to this circumstance, that she could scarcely attend to anything.

"Do you know where Mrs. Marion went when she left our house?" said Edith to her mother, about two weeks afterwards. There was a troubled look in Edith's face as she asked this question.

"No. Where is she?"

"At Blockley."

"What!"

"In the alms-house!"

"Edith!"

"It is too true. I have just learned that, when she left here, it was to take up her abode among paupers. She had no other home."

Mrs. Darlington clasped her hands together, and was about giving expression to her feelings, when a domestic came in and said that Mr. Ellis was in the parlour, and wished to see her immediately.

"Where is Miriam?" asked the brother, in a quick voice, the moment Mrs. Darlington entered the parlour, where he awaited her.

"She's in her room, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"Are you certain? Go up, Edith, quickly, and see."

The manner of Mr. Ellis was so excited that Edith did not pause to hear more, but flew up stairs. In a few moments she returned, saying that her sister was not there, and that, moreover, on looking into her drawers, she found them nearly empty.

"Then it was her!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis.

"Where is she? Where did you see her?" eagerly asked both mother and sister, their faces becoming as pale as ashes.

"I saw her in a carriage with a notorious gambler and scoundrel, named Burton. There was a trunk on behind, and they were driving

towards the wharf. It is ten minutes before the boat starts for New York, and I may save her yet!"

And, with these words, Mr. Ellis turned abruptly away, and hurried from the house. So paralyzed were both Mrs. Darlington and Edith by this dreadful announcement, that neither of them had for a time the power of utterance. Then both, as by a common impulse, arose and went up to the chamber where Miriam slept. Almost the first thing that met the eyes of Mrs. Darlington was a letter, partly concealed by a book on the mantel-piece. It was addressed to her. On breaking the seal, she read—

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: I shall be away from you only a little while; and, when I return, I will come with relief for all your present troubles. Do not blame me, dear mother! What I have done is for your sake. It almost broke my heart to see you so pressed down and miserable. And, then, there was no light ahead. Mr. Burton, who has great wealth, offered me his hand. Only on condition of a handsome settlement upon you would I accept of it. Forgive me, that I have acted without consultation. I deemed it best. In a little while, I will be back to throw myself into your arms, and then to lift you out of your many troubles. How purely and tenderly I love you, mother, dear mother! I need not say. It is from this love that I am now acting. Take courage, mother. Be comforted. We shall yet be happy. Farewell, for a little while. In a few days I will be with you again.

"MIRIAM."

As Mrs. Darlington read the last sentence of this letter, Henry, her son, who had not been home since he went out at breakfast-time, came hurriedly into the room and, in an excited manner, said—

"Mother, I want ten dollars!"

The face of the young man was flushed, and his eyes unsteady. It was plain, at a glance, that he had been drinking.

Mrs. Darlington looked at him for a moment, and then, before Edith had seen the contents of Miriam's letter, placed it in his hands.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, after running his eyes over it hurriedly. "Miriam gone off with that Burton!"

The letter dropped upon the floor, and Henry clasped his hands together with a gesture of pain.

"Who is Mr. Burton? What do you know of him?" asked Edith.

"I know him to be a man of the vilest character, and a gambler into the bargain! Rich! Gracious heaven!"

And the young man struck his hands against his forehead, and glanced wildly from his pale-faced mother to his paler sister.

"And you knew the character of this man, Henry!" said Mrs. Darlington. There was a smiting rebuke in her tone. "You knew him, and did not make the first effort to protect your young, confiding, devoted sister! Henry Darlington, the blood of her murdered happiness will never be washed from the skirts of your garments!"

Mother! mother!" exclaimed the young

man, putting up his hands to enforce the deprecation in his voice, "do not speak so, or I will go beside myself! But where is she? When did she go? I will fly in pursuit. It may not yet be too late."

"Your Uncle Hiram saw her in a carriage with Mr. Burton, on their way, as he supposed, to the steamboat landing. He has gone to intercept them, if possible."

Henry drew his watch from his pocket, and, as he glanced at the time, sank into a chair, murmuring, in a low voice of anguish—

"It is too late!"

CHAP. IX.

When Mr. Ellis left the house of his sister, he called a carriage that happened to be going by, and reached the wharf at Walnut-street in time to spring on board of the steam-boat just as the plank was drawn in at the gangway. He then passed along the boat until he came to the ladies' cabin, which he entered. Almost the first persons he saw were Burton and his niece. The eyes of Miriam rested upon him at the same moment, and she drew her veil quickly, hoping that she was not recognized. Hiram Ellis did not hesitate a moment, but walking up to where Miriam sat, stooped to her ear and said, in a low, anxious voice—

"Miriam, are you married yet?"

Miriam did not reply.

"Speak, child. Are you married?"

"No," came in a half audible murmur.

"Thank God! thank God!" fell in low accents from the lips of Mr. Ellis.

"Who are you, sir?" now spoke up Burton, whom surprise had till now kept silent. There was a fiery gleam in his eyes.

"The uncle of this dear girl, and one who knows you well," was answered, in a stern voice—"knows you to be unworthy to touch even the hem of her garment."

A dark scowl lowered upon the face of Burton; but Mr. Ellis returned his looks of anger glance for glance. Miriam was in terror at this unexpected scene, and trembled like an aspen. Instinctively she shrunk towards her uncle.

Two or three persons, who sat near, were attracted by the excitement visible in the manner of all three, although they heard nothing that was said. Burton saw that they were observed, and, bending towards Mr. Ellis, said—

"This, sir, is no place for a scene. A hundred eyes will soon be upon us."

"More than one pair of which," replied Mr. Ellis, promptly, "will recognize in you a noted gambler, who has at least one wife living, if no more."

As if stung by a serpent, Burton started to his feet and retired from the cabin.

"Oh, uncle! can what you say of this man be true?" asked Miriam, with a blanching face.

"Too true, my dear child! too true! He is one of the worst of men. Thank God that you have escaped the snare of the fowler!"

"Yes, thank God! thank God!" came trembling from the lips of the maiden.

Mr. Ellis then drew his niece to a part of the cabin where they could converse without being overheard by other passengers on board of the boat. To his inquiry into the reasons for so rash an act, Miriam gave her uncle an undisguised account of her mother's distressed condition, and touchingly portrayed the anguish of mind which had accompanied her reluctant assent to the offer of Burton.

"And all this great sacrifice was on your mother's account?" said Mr. Ellis.

"All! all! He agreed to settle upon her the sum of two thousand dollars a year, if I would become his wife. This would have made the family comfortable."

"And you most wretched. Better, a thousand times better, have gone down to your grave, Miriam, than become the wife of that man. But for the providential circumstance of my seeing you in the carriage with him, all would have been lost. Surely, you could not have felt for him the least affection."

"Oh, uncle! you can never know what a fearful trial I have passed through. Affection! It was, instead, an intense repugnance. But, for my mother's sake, I was prepared to make any sacrifice consistent with honour."

"Of all others, my dear child," said Mr. Ellis, with much feeling, "a sacrifice of this kind is the worst. It is full of evil consequences that cannot be enumerated, and scarcely imagined. You had no affection for this man, and yet, in the sight of heaven, you were going solemnly to vow that you would love and cherish him through life!"

A shudder ran through the frame of Miriam, which being perceived by Mr. Ellis, he said—

"Well may you shudder, as you stand looking down the awful abyss into which you were about plunging. You can see no bottom, and you would have found none. There is no condition in this life, Miriam, so intensely wretched as that of a pure-minded, true-hearted woman united to a man whom she not only cannot love, but from whom every instinct of her better nature turns with disgust. And this would have been your condition. Ah me! in what a fearful evil was this error of your mother, in opening a boarding-house, about involving her child. I begged her not to do so. I tried to show her the folly of such a step. But she would not hear me. And now she is in great trouble."

"Oh yes, uncle. All the money she had when she began is spent; and what she now receives from boarders but little more than half pays expenses."

"I knew it would be so. But my word was not regarded. Your mother is no more fitted to keep a boarding-house than a child ten years old. It takes a woman who has been raised in a different school, who has different habits, and a different character."

"But what can we do, uncle?" said Miriam.

"What are you willing to do?"

"I am willing to do anything that it is right for me to do."

"All employments, Miriam, are honourable so far as they are useful," said Mr. Ellis, seriously, "though false pride tries to make us think differently. And, strangely enough, this false pride drives too many, in the choice of employments, to the hardest, least honourable, and least profitable. Hundreds of women resort to keeping boarders as a means of supporting their families, when they might do it more easily, with less exposure, and greater certainty, in teaching, if qualified, fine needlework, or even in the keeping of a store for the sale of fancy and useful articles. But pursuits of the latter kind they reject as too far below them, and, in vainly attempting to keep up a certain appearance, exhaust what little means they have. A breaking up of the family, and a separation of its members, follow the error in too many cases."

Miriam listened to this in silence. Her uncle paused.

"What can I do to aid my mother?" the young girl asked.

"Could you not give music lessons?"

"I am too young, I fear, for that; too little skilled in the principles of music," replied Miriam.

"If competent, would you object to teach?"

"Oh, no. Most gladly would I enter upon the task, did it promise even a small return. How happy would it make me if I could lighten, by my own labour, the burdens that press so heavily upon our mother!"

"And Edith. How does she feel on this subject?"

"As I do. Willing for anything; ready for any change from our present condition."

"Take courage, then, my dear child, take courage," said the uncle, in a cheerful voice. "There is light ahead."

"Oh, how distressed my mother will be when she finds I am gone!" sighed Miriam, after a brief silence, in which her thoughts reverted to the fact of her absence from home. "When can we get back again?"

"Not before ten o'clock to-night. We must go on as far as Bristol, and then return by the evening line from New York."

Another deep sigh heaved the troubled bosom of Miriam, as she uttered, in a low voice, speaking to herself—"My poor mother! Her heart will be broken!"

CHAP. X.

Meanwhile the hours passed with the mother, sister, and brother in the most agonizing suspense. Henry, who had been drawn away into evil company by two young men who boarded in the house, was neglecting his studies and pressing on towards speedy ruin. To drinking and association with the vicious, he now added gaming. Little did his mother dream of the perilous ways his feet were treading. On this

occasion he had come in, as has been seen, with a demand for ten dollars. When he left home in the morning, it was in company with the young man named Barling. Instead of his going to the office where he was studying, or his companion to his place of business, they went to a certain public house in Chesnut-street, where they first drank at the bar.

"Shall we go up into the billiard-room?" said Barling, as they turned from the white marble counter at which they had been drinking.

"I don't care. Have you time to play a game?" replied Henry.

"Oh yes. We're not very busy at the store to-day."

So the two young men ascended to the billiard-room, and spent a couple of hours there. Both played very well, and were pretty equally matched. From the billiard-room they proceeded to another part of the house, more retired; and there, at the suggestion of Barling, tried a game at cards for a small stake. Young Darlington was loser at first; but, after a time, regained his losses and made some advance on his fellow player. Hours passed in playing and drinking; and finally, Darlington, whose good fortune did not continue, parted with every sixpence.

"Lend me a dollar," said he, as the last game went against him.

The dollar was lent and the playing renewed.

Thus it went on, hour after hour, neither of the young men stopping to eat anything, though both drank too frequently. At last, Darlington was ten dollars in debt to Barling, who, on being asked for another loan, declined any farther advances. Stung by the refusal, Henry said to him, rising as he spoke—

"Do you mean by this that you are afraid I will never return the money?"

"Oh no," replied Barling. "But I don't want to play against you any longer. Your luck is bad."

"I can beat you," said Darlington.

"You haven't done it to-day certainly," answered Barling.

"Will you wait here a quarter of an hour?" asked Henry.

"For what?"

"I want to pay you off and begin again. I am going for some money."

"Yes, I'll wait," replied the young man.

"Very well. I'll be back in a few minutes."

It was for this work and for this purpose that Henry Darlington came to his mother just at the moment the absence of Miriam, and her purpose in leaving, had been discovered. The effect of the painful news on the young man has already been described. From the time he became aware of the fact that Miriam had gone away with Burton for the purpose of becoming his wife, until ten o'clock at night, he was in an agony of suspense. As the uncle could not be found at the office where he wrote, nor at the house where he boarded, it was concluded that he had reached the boat before its departure, and gone on with the fugitives in the train to

New York. Nothing was therefore left for the distressed family but to await his return.

How anxiously passed the hours! At tea-time, Edith only made her appearance. Henry and his mother remained in the chamber of the latter. As for the young man, he was cast down and distressed beyond measure, vexing his spirit with self-accusations that were but too well founded.

"Oh, mother!" said he, while they were alone, starting up from where he had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, "oh, mother! what evils have come through this opening of our house for strangers to enter! Miriam, our sweet, gentle, pure-hearted Miriam, has been lured away by one of the worst of men; and I," the young man checked himself a moment or two, and then continued, "and I have been drawn away from right paths into those that lead to sure destruction. Mother, I have been in great danger. Until Barling and Mason came into our family, I was guiltless of any act that could awaken a blush of shame upon my cheek. Oh, that I had never met them!"

"Henry! Henry! what do you mean by this?" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, in a voice full of anguish.

"I have been standing on the brink of a precipice," replied the young man, with more calmness. "But a hand has suddenly drawn me away, and I am trembling at the danger I have escaped. Oh, mother, will you not give up this mode of life? We have none of us been happy. I have never felt as if I had a home since it began. And you, what a slave you have been; and how unhappy. Can nothing be done except keeping boarders? Oh, what would I not give for the dear seclusion of a home where no stranger's foot could enter!"

"Some other mode of living must be sought, my son," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Added to all the evils attendant on the present mode, is that of a positive loss instead of a profit. Several hundred dollars have been wasted already, and daily am I going in debt."

"Then, mother, let us change at once," replied the young man. "It would be better to shrink together in a single room than to continue as we are. I will seek a clerkship in a store, and earn what I can to help support the family."

"I can think of nothing now but Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington. "Oh, if she were back again, safe from the toils that have been thrown around her, I think I would be the most thankful of mortals. Oh, my child! my child!"

What could Henry say to comfort his mother? Nothing. And he remained silent.

Long after this, Mrs. Darlington, with Henry and Edith, were sitting together in painful suspense. No word had been spoken by either for the space of nearly an hour. The clock struck ten.

"I would give worlds to see my dear, dear child!" murmured Mrs. Darlington.

Just then a carriage drove up to the door,

and stopped. Henry sprang down stairs; but neither Edith nor her mother could move from where they sat. As the former opened the street door, Miriam stood with her uncle on the threshold. Henry looked at her earnestly and tenderly for an instant, and then staggering back, leaned against the wall for support.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"In her own room," said Henry, in a voice scarcely audible.

Miriam sprang up the stairs with the fleetness of an antelope, and, in a few moments, was sobbing on her mother's bosom.

"Miriam! Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a thrilling voice, "do you return the same as when you left?"

"Yes, thank God!" came from the maiden's lips.

"Thank God! thank God!" responded the mother, wildly. "Oh, my child, what a fearful misery you have escaped!"

In a few minutes the mother and sisters were joined by Henry.

"Where is your uncle?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"He has gone away; but says that he will see you to-morrow."

Over the remainder of that evening we will here draw a veil.

CHAP. XI.

On the next morning, only Mrs. Darlington met her boarders at the breakfast-table, when she announced to them that she had concluded to close her present business, and seek some new mode of sustaining her family; at the same time desiring each one to find another home as early as possible.

At the close of the third day after this, Mrs. Darlington sat down to her evening meal with only her children gathered at the table. A subdued and tranquil spirit pervaded each bosom, even though a dark veil was drawn against the future. To a long and troubled excitement there had succeeded a calm. It was good to be once more alone, and they felt this.

"Through what a scene of trial, disorder, and suffering have we passed!" said Edith. "It seems as if I had just awakened from a dream."

"And such a dream!" sighed Miriam.

"Would that it were but a dream!" said Mrs. Darlington. "But, alas! the wrecks that are around us too surely testify the presence of a devastating storm."

"The storm has passed away, mother," said Edith; "and we will look for calmer and brighter skies."

"No bright skies for us, I fear, my children," returned the mother, with a deeper tinge of sadness in her voice.

"They are bright this hour to what they were a few days since," said Edith; "and I am sure they will grow brighter. I feel much encouraged. Where the heart is willing, the way is

sure to open. Both Miriam and I are willing to do all in our power; and I am sure we can do much. We have ability to teach others; and the exercise of that ability will bring a sure reward. I like Uncle Hiram's suggestion very much."

"But the humiliation of soliciting scholars," said the mother.

"To do right is not humiliating," quickly replied Edith.

"It is easy to say this, my child; but can you go to Mrs. Lionel, for instance, with whose family we were so intimate, and solicit her to send Emma and Cordelia to the school you propose to open, without a smarting sense of humiliation? I am sure you cannot."

Edith communed with her own thoughts for some moments, and then answered, "If I gave way to false pride, mother, this might be so; but I must overcome what is false and evil. This is as necessary for my happiness as the external good we seek—nay, far more so. Too many who have moved in the circle where we have been moving for years, strangely enough connect an idea of degradation with the office of teaching children. But is there on the earth a higher or more important use than instructing the mind and training the heart of young immortals? It has been beautifully and truly said, that 'earth is the nursery of heaven.' The teacher, then, is a worker in God's own garden. Is it not so, mother?"

"You think wisely, my child. God grant that your true thoughts may sustain you in the trials to come!" replied Mrs. Darlington.

The door-bell rang as the family were rising from the tea-table. The visitor was Mr. Ellis. He had come to advise with and assist the distressed mother and her children; and his words were listened to with far more deference than was the case a year before. Nine or ten months' experience in keeping a boarding-house had corrected many of the false views of Mrs. Darlington, and she was now prepared to make an effort for her family in a different spirit from that exhibited in the beginning. The plan proposed by her brother—a matter-of-fact kind of person—was the taking of a house at a more moderate rent, and opening a school for young children. Many objections and doubts were urged; but he overruled them all, and obtained, in the end, the cordial consent of every member of the family. During the argument which preceded the final decision of the matter, Mrs. Darlington said, "Suppose the girls should not be able to get scholars?"

"Let them see to this beforehand."

"Many may promise to send, and afterwards change their minds."

"Let them," replied the brother. "If, at the end of the first, second, and third years you have not made your expenses, I will supply the deficiency."

"You!"

"Yes. The fact is, sister, if you will be guided in some respects by my judgment, I will stand by you and see you safely over every diffi-

culty. Your boarding-house experiment I did not approve. I saw from the beginning how it would end, and I wished to see the end as quickly as possible. It has come, and I am glad of it; and, still further, thankful that the disaster has not been greater. If you only had now the five or six hundred dollars wasted in a vain experiment during the past year, how much the sum might do for you! But we will not sigh over this. As just said, I will stand by you in the new experiment, and see that you do not fall again into embarrassment."

Henry was present at this interview, but remained silent during the whole time. Since the day of Miriam's departure with Burton, and safe return, a great change had taken place in the young man. He was like one starting up from sleep on the brink of a fearful precipice, and standing appalled at the danger he had escaped almost by a miracle. The way in which he had begun to walk he saw to be the way to sure destruction, and his heart shrunk with shame, and trembled in dismay.

"Henry," said the uncle, after an hour's conversation with his sister and Edith, "I would like to talk with you alone."

Mrs. Darlington and her daughters left the room.

"Henry," said Mr. Ellis, as soon as the rest had withdrawn, "you are old enough to do something to help on. All the burden ought not to come on Edith and Miriam."

"Only show me what I can do, uncle, and I am ready to put my hands to the work," was Henry's prompt reply.

"It will be years before you can expect an income from your profession."

"I know, I know. That is what discourages me."

"I can get you the place of clerk in an insurance office, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year: will you accept it?"

"Gladly!" The face of the young man brightened as if the sun had shone upon it suddenly.

"You will have several hours each day, in which to continue your law reading, and will get admitted to the bar early enough. Keep your mother and sisters for two or three years, and then they will be in a condition to sustain you until you make a practice in your profession."

But to this the mother and sisters, when it was mentioned to them, objected. They were not willing to have Henry's professional studies interrupted. That would be a great wrong to him.

"Not a great wrong, but a great good," answered Mr. Ellis. "And I will make this plain to you. Henry, as I learn from yourself, has made some dangerous associations; and some important change is needed to help him break away from them. No sphere of life is so safe for a young man as that which surrounds profitable industry pursued for an end. Temptation rarely finds its way within this sphere. Two or three years devoted to the duties of a

clerk, with the end of aiding in the support of his mother and sisters, will do more to give a right direction to Henry's character—more to make success in after life certain—than anything else possible now to be done. The office in which I can get him the situation I speak of adjoins the one to which I am attached, and I will, therefore, have him mostly under my own eye. In this new school, the ardency of his young feelings will be duly chastened, and his thoughts turned more into elements of usefulness. In a word, sister, it will give him self-dependence, and, in the end, make a man of him."

The force of all this, and more by this suggested, was not only seen, but felt, by Mrs. Darlington; and when she found her son ready to accept the offer made to him, she withdrew all opposition.

Steps preliminary to the contemplated change were immediately taken. First of all, Edith waited upon a number of their old friends, who had young children, and informed them that she was, in connection with her sister, about opening a school. Some were surprised, some pleased, and some indifferent at the announcement; but a goodly number expressed pleasure at the opportunity it afforded them of placing their younger children under the care of teachers in whose ability and character they had so much confidence. Thus was the way made plain before them.

CHAP. XII.

A few weeks later, and the contemplated change was made. The family removed into a moderate-sized house, at a lower rent, and prepared to test the new mode of obtaining a livelihood. A good portion of their furniture had been sold, besides three gold watches and some valuable jewellery belonging to Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, in order to make up a sum sufficient to pay off the debt contracted during the last few months of the boarding-house experiment. The real loss sustained by the widow in this experiment fell little short of a thousand dollars.

"How many scholars have you now?" asked Mrs. Darlington of Edith, two months after the school was opened, as they sat at tea one evening, each member of the family wearing a cheerful face.

"Twenty," replied Edith. "We received two new ones to-day. Mrs. Wilmot came and entered two of her children; and she said that Mrs. Armond was going to send her Florence so soon as her quarter expired in the school she is now attending."

"How much will you receive from your present number of scholars?" inquired Henry.

"I made the estimate to-day," returned Edith, "and find that the bills will come to something like a hundred and twenty-five dollars a quarter."

"Five hundred dollars a-year," said Henry; "and my five hundred added to that will make

a thousand. Can't we live on a thousand dollars, mother?"

"We may, by the closest economy."

"Our school will increase," remarked Edith; "and every increase will add to our income. Oh! it looks so much brighter ahead! and we have so much real comfort in the present! What a scene of trial have we passed through!"

"How I ever bore up under it is more than I can now tell," said Mrs. Darlington, with an involuntary shudder. "And the toil, and suffering, and danger through which we have come! I cannot be sufficiently thankful that we are safe from the dreadful ordeal, and with so few marks of the fire upon us."

A silence followed this, in which two hearts, at least, were humbled, yet thankful, in their self-communion—the hearts of Henry and Miriam. Through what perilous ways had they come! How near had they been to shipwreck!

"Poor Mrs. Marion!" said Edith, breaking the silence, at length. "How often I think of her! And the thought brings a feeling of condemnation. Was it right for us to thrust her forth as we did?"

"Can she still be in —?"

"O no, no!" spoke up Henry, interrupting his mother. "I forgot to tell you that I met her and her husband on the street to-day."

"Are you certain?"

"O yes."

"Did you speak to them?"

"No. They saw me, but instantly averted their faces. Mrs. Marion looked very pale, as if she had been ill."

"Poor woman! She has had heart-sickness enough," said Mrs. Darlington. "I shall never forgive myself for turning her out of the house. If I had known where she was going!"

"But we did not know that, mother," said Edith.

"We knew that she had neither friends nor a home," replied the mother. "Ah me! when our own troubles press heavily upon us, we lose our sympathy for others!"

"It was not so in this case," remarked Edith. "Deeply did we sympathize with Mrs. Marion. But we could not bear the weight without going under ourselves."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mrs. Darlington, half to herself. "We might have kept up with her a little longer. But I am glad from my heart that her husband has come back. If he will be kind to his wife, I will forgive all his indebtedness to me."

A few weeks subsequent to this time, as Miriam sat reading the morning paper, she came upon a brief account of the arrest, in New Orleans, of a noted gambler, as it said, named Burton, on the charge of bigamy. The paper dropped to the floor, and Miriam, with clasped hands, and eyes instantly overflowing with tears,

looked upward and murmured her thanks to heaven.

"What an escape!" fell tremblingly from her lips, as she arose and went to her room to hold communion with her own thoughts.

Three years have passed, and what has been the result of the widow's new experiment? The school prospered from the beginning. The spirit with which Edith and Miriam went to work made success certain. Parents who sent their children were so much pleased with the progress they made, that they spoke of the new school to their friends, and thus gave it a reputation that, ere a year had elapsed, crowded the rooms of the sisters. Mrs. Darlington was a woman who had herself received a superior education. Seeing that the number of scholars increased rapidly, and made the pressure on her daughters too great, she gave a portion of her time each day to the instruction of certain classes, and soon became much interested in the work. From that time she associated herself in the school with Edith and Miriam.

Three years, as we said, have passed, and now the profits on the school are more than sufficient to meet all expenses. Henry has left his clerkship, and is a member of the bar. Of course, he has little or no practice—only a few months having elapsed since his admission; but his mother and sisters are fully able to sustain him until he can sustain himself.

"How much better this is than keeping boarders!" said Edith, as she sat conversing with her mother and uncle about the prospects of the school.

"And how much more useful and honourable!" remarked Mr. Ellis. "In the one case, you fed only the body; but now you are dispensing food to the immortal mind. You are, moreover, independent in your own house. When the day's work is done, you come together as one family, and shut out the intruding world."

"Yes, it is better, far better," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Ah! that first mistake of mine was a sad one."

"Yet out of it has come good," said Mr. Ellis. "That painful experience corrected many false views, and gave to all your characters a new and higher impulse. It is through disappointment, trial, and suffering, that we grow wise here; and true wisdom is worth the highest price we are ever called upon to pay for it."

Yes, it is so. Through fiery trials are we purified. At times, in our suffering, we feel as if every good thing in us was about being consumed. But this never happens. No good in our characters is ever lost in affliction or trouble; and we come out of these states of pain wiser and better than when we entered them, and more fitted and more willing to act usefully our part in the world.

THE WOMAN OF THE WRITERS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

No. III.—SPENSER.

Spenser's women are all ideal women. His descriptions of them are so mixed up with allegory, that they are rather embodiments of certain womanly qualities than women themselves—rather impersonations of feminine attributes than actual mortal creatures. He portrays them so figuratively, he deals so in generals, that they present rather semblances of womanhood in the abstract, than portraits of genuine, *bonâ fide* women. They possess no individuality, no character. We are *told* indeed, that they are eminently distinguished for such and such virtue, or merit, or qualification; but we never find them giving evidence of any characteristic of the kind. For instance, the gentle Amoret is, by her name, and by express intimation, meant

"To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And loadstar of all chaste affection
To all fair ladies that do live on ground."

Yet she gives no striking instance of passion or devotion. She is brought up by Venus, it is true; but of *herself*, and in the development of her character and story, we find nothing that distinguishes her from any other love-heroine. The amazon Britomart, the impersonation of Chastity, gives much more active token of loving capacity. She rescues her lover from an ignominious thralldom, and proves herself capable of a heroic preference for his renown and honour, to the indulgence of her own secret wish of retaining him by her side. Even Florimell evinces a far more energetic preference for the sea-nymph's son Marinell, than Amoret for her lover. With the exception of the incidents of their several stories, there is nothing to denote the difference between Spenser's women. For aught of distinctive feature in their native dispositions, Amoret might be Serena, Florimell Pastorella, or Belphebe Una. We know them apart by their several adventures, not by their personal identity. We have exquisite pictures of them all; but they are too much alike in complexion, moral, intellectual, and physical, for us to retain a close individual impression, far less a dominant preference for any one of them.

Pastorella's story is, in its main points, not unlike that of Shakspeare's "Perdita"—a founding princess, the child of royal parents, brought up as a shepherd's daughter. But where, in the former, are the characteristic touches, the subtle points of conduct and speech, which betray at every turn the maiden of high birth and inherited nobility of thought and sentiment in the latter? Pastorella, for aught she discovers of exaltation in word or deed, might be the low-born lass she seems; and for aught of simplicity, or artlessness, or rustic breeding, she

might be a damsel of rank. We have a beautiful sketch of her as she first appears in the poem, crowned with flowers, clad in home-made green, and seated on a little hillock, surrounded by a troop of lasses and shepherd swains; but it merely presents her to our eyes; we learn nothing of herself, of her disposition, her conduct, either there or afterwards. She differs in nothing, save in story, from Amoret, Florimell, and the rest. They are all heroines of certain narratives, and nothing more. We sometimes wonder how their lovers distinguish them one from another, mingled up as they are in a labyrinthine maze of cross-adventure. We scarcely marvel that the witch's creation, the false Florimell, the "snow-maid," formed in counterfeit of the true maiden, should pass current for herself with her lovers. There is hardly more vitality, more individuality of substance in the one than the other. They are both exceedingly fair, passing lovely, exquisite shows of womanhood: but for living, breathing, recognizable touches of womanly worth, the real Florimell possesses hardly one which can help us to distinguish her from her snow-rival. We are *informed* that when they were brought together, it was "like the true saint beside the image set:" but we cannot help feeling that the poet has missed the opportunity of making us acquainted with the real Florimell, by some unmistakeable points of womanly nature which make a great writer's feminine characters individually known and endeared to us. At the same time, it must be owned that the picture he presents to us is perfect as a piece of delicate painting:—

"So forth the noble lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashful shamefastness ywrought
A great increase in her fair blushing face;
As roses did with lilies interlace."

But it is a mere picture—it is no portrait. It might do as well for any other noble and modest lady as for Florimell; for Una, or for Serena, or for Amoret.

The most condensed picture of womanly beauty that Spenser has given us, is his celebrated one of Una, in the wood:—

"Her angel's face
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place:
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

His most highly-finished and elaborate one is the description of Belphebe, too long to indulge ourselves in quoting entire; but these few lines from it are not to be resisted, as they contain more of identity, besides being some of the finest this poet has penned on the subject:—

"Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead :
All good and honour might therein be read ;
For there their dwelling was. And when she
spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to
make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows."

These two last lines, especially, are so lustrous, as to rebuke us with their gentle perfection for anything seemingly ungracious that we may have dared to advance in derogation of Spenser's power of describing womanhood ; all, however, that we would wish to be understood to say, is, that he seems to us rather to succeed in describing appearance than qualities ; female beauty than female excellence. But against our own argument, we will cite a passage in honour of Gloriana (in whom is typified Queen Elizabeth), which is certainly instinct with true dignity and nobleness, as well as with imperial beauty :—

"In widest ocean she her throne does rear,
That over all the earth it may be seen ;
As morning sun her beams dispredden clear ;
And in her face fair peace and mercy doth appear.

In her the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degree are heaped up on high :
And all, that else this world's enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye
Adorns the person of her majesty :
That men, beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idol of her Maker's great magnificence."

Of all Spenser's heroines, the one possessing the most marked features of moral purpose and peculiarity in character, is Britomart. But she is an amazon, and an embodiment of an especial virtue. As the latter, she is necessarily more of an allegorical figure than an actual woman ; and as the former, her martial merits detract unavoidably from her feminine qualities. The effect of a lady freeing her lover from captivity, finding him in woman's attire, feeling ashamed for him, and causing him to be fresh equipped in his proper guise, is not altogether pleasant. It puts the man into a wrong position, and adds nothing to the grace of the woman's. It sets her lover at a disadvantage, and can thus give no advantage to herself. The best things in the descriptions of Britomart, are precisely those passages where she appears least the amazon, and most the woman. For instance, the one in which she is represented cross-questioning the red-cross knight of her lover, Sir Arthegall ; feigning to disparage him, in order to have the delight of hearing herself contradicted :—

"Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with feign'd gainsay ;
So discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay."

With the glowing beauty of her blush of emotion :—

"And ever and anon the rosy red
Flash'd through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning through bright heaven fulmined."

Again, in the instance before alluded to, where she exerts a womanly and noble fortitude in the hour of parting with her lover, repressing her own grief, that she may urge him to go forth in prosecution of a deed which concerns his honour. And, above all, the knightly lady shows to supremest advantage in that scene where she stands revealed in all her sex's beauty, unbelming :—

"With that her glist'ring helmet she unlaced ;
Which doff'd, her golden locks that were up-
bound

Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,
And like a silken veil in compass round
About her back and all her body wound."

One of the womanly accomplishments with which Spenser endues his heroines, is skill in leechcraft—a valuable qualification for ladies possessing knight-lovers. Here is a tasteful image of Belphebe tending the wounded squire :—

"The sovereign weed betwixt two marbles plain
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise,
And then atween her lily hands twain
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruple ;
And round about (as she could well it use)
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
T' abate all spasm and soak the swelling bruise ;
And after having search'd the intuse deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to
keep."

There is a gravity about Spenser that leaves no doubt of his being quite in earnest. He has not a spark of irony. He never indulges in a word that can be mistaken for a jest. He is always serious, always implicit. His great poem presents perhaps the only instance of so long a work without a single touch of comedy. Even Milton—though his subject was of so grave a nature,—has not wholly abstained from attempts at humour ; but in all Spenser's *Faëry Queen* no example can be cited of the most distant hint at humour, still less of jocularity. All is sober, unsmiling narration, as of the weightiest events. Nothing can be more steadily matter-of-fact and sedate than the way in which this highly ideal and poetical romance is told throughout. It is related with all the solemnity of a child, listening to, or telling, a ghost-story. There is none of the sly sarcasm of old Chaucer, occasionally peeping out, like the roguish twinkle of an eye, letting us into the secret that he is half in play. Spenser means all he says, and has, as it were, an underbreathed, impressive mode of uttering his marvels, as if he believed in them with an unmisgiving awe of faith, and called upon you to do the same. Thus, in his most florid hyperboles of the sex, in his most soaring flights to their honour, there is a certain reverential truth, that carries with it conviction of his own perfect credence, and that he is in nowise to be understood as conveying satire under the guise of overstrained praise, as so

many knavish wags of writers have chosen to do. He commences one of the cantos of his poem with a couple of stanzas asserting the power of women over men, that have all the sobriety and sedateness of a legislative enactment; and twice elsewhere, he takes occasion gravely to charge the men with *envy*, in suppressing the records of those glorious women who have achieved renown in deeds of arms, and "great exploits." There is such a genuine air of candour in his statement and delivery of such sentiments, that no suspicion can be entertained for an instant, that he is otherwise than in earnest. Here are two pretty lines of his, that carry with them this sort of quiet conviction as to his sincerity:—

"So easy is 't' appease the stormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind."

As an example of his power of painting powerfully the horrible and loathly, no less than the gentle and lovely, we would point to his portrait of *Envy* in book v., canto xii.; but as it is pleasanter to cite beauteous than revolting images, we will recall to the reader that graceful one, from the same portion of the poem, of a woman's courage reviving. It is quite in Spenser's charming style:—

"Like as a tender rose in open plain,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soon as few drops of rain
Thereon distil and dew her dainty face,
'Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreads the glory of her leaves gay;
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
When Arthegall she saw in that array,
There waiting for the tyrant till it was far day."

Another passage, containing a womanly picture, we cannot refrain from quoting—if it were only for the sake of that one line in it. It is just one of those surpassingly beautiful ideas, which these divine old poets bequeath to us as immortal treasures of thought and imagination:—

"For she was fair as fair might ever be,
And in the flower now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoiced her sweet face to see.

In robe of lily white she was array'd,
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught;
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
Branchèd with gold and pearl, most richly wrought,
And borne of two fair damsels, which were taught

That service well: her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
No other tire she on her head did wear,
But crownèd with a garland of sweet rosiere."

Lest it be said that the above passage confutes what has been stated respecting Spenser's want of character and individuality in his female portraiture, be it remembered that this is a description of *Alma*, or *Temperance*, and that therefore he necessarily impersonated the attributes of that virtue in limning her figure. It is in his heroines, his professedly mortal women, that we miss distinctive traits. It seemed a property of this poet's mind to utter itself figuratively, to typify and allegorize all things and all persons. Even in the twelve *Eclogues* that form the shepherd's calendar, he represents himself, his mistress, and friends, under the names of *Colin Clout*, *Rosalind*, &c., &c. Also in the "*Prothalamion*, a spousal verse in honour of the double marriage of two honourable and virtuous ladies, *Lady Elizabeth* and *Lady Catherine Somerset*," he has figured the two brides under the form of a pair of snow-white swans.

The "*Epithalamion*," in commemoration of his own nuptials, has never been surpassed, perhaps not even equalled; by any poet of any age, for its intensity and holiness of passion, with radiant beauty of portraiture. The one of his bride before the altar, containing a passage reminding us of that which we have already cited as so ineffably beautiful, will form a not unworthy testimony of the poet's sincere homage to womanhood and womanly nature:

"Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dy'd in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad* eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand—
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring."

GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

No. 1.

The language and literature of Germany are becoming daily more and more familiarized among us. Within the last few years numerous translations from the first German authors have appeared from time to time, improving our acquaintance with the manners of their country, and enriching our domain of thought with new

ideas and new images borrowed from their abundant stores. Meanwhile, as a perhaps natural result—if not an exciting cause—a taste for the German language has been rapidly gaining ground upon us: in short, German is the

* Sad—sedate.

fashion. Multitudes of German grammars, conversation-preceptors, *Lesebücher*, and self-teaching manuals of all possible and impossible kinds, have in succession issued from the press. Not to be behind-hand with the world, therefore, we found it necessary to refresh our memories with renewed draughts from the old Teutonic founts; and sometimes, as a relief to the more abstruse study of German metaphysics, to plunge into the mysterious depths of the Deutsche "Märchen."

Those who have looked most curiously into this lighter department of the literature of the country, can scarcely have failed to observe that the most striking characteristic of German legendary lore is its peculiar suggestiveness. With us a tale of mere local superstition imparts the immediate meaning intended to be conveyed by its words, and nothing more. With the German tale it is widely different: we may read the same legend again and again, and each time that we peruse it a livelier sense of horror lingers in the mind: the terror deepens; the internal suggestion of a something mystical and supernatural grows and strengthens; and we are long afterwards haunted by the recurring images, multiplied to our inward vision like the interminable line of the slain Banquo's issue—stretching out "to the crack o' doom."

As an instance of the kind of suggestiveness here indicated, a better legend can scarcely be selected than that of "Lord Allwin." Abrupt and startling in its sudden revelations, it is yet clear and concise—almost epic, in its developments. It is a tragedy in little. The unseen working of a moral witchcraft—the silent progress of an almost sublime retribution—the hand of a Fate—is in it. Brief yet complete, it satisfies with a sense of the fitness of its every part; while, at the same time, relations are suggested which have no distinct being save in the reader's mind.

Difficult as it is to convey anything of the singular impressiveness of the legend in a different language, we here give it as little as possible altered from the simplicity of the original; dividing it into separate sections, or acts, on which to comment as we proceed.

"Once on a time there lived a nobleman called Lord Allwin, who sang with so cunning and delightful a skill, that all who heard him became charmed with the melody, and were lured to his side as by a spell. Amongst the rest was a lovely princess, who, no sooner had she seen him and heard his sweet singing, than she went and stood before her father, saying, 'O, my father, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her father the king said, 'No, my daughter; whoever goes to him returns not again; already has many a one left their life with him.' Then she went and stood before her mother, saying, 'Lady mother, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her mother said, 'No, my daughter, whoever goes to him returns no more; many a maiden has left her life with him.' Then she went and stood before her sister, saying, 'Sister, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her sister said, 'No; whoso goes to him returns not: of all the maidens that have gone to him, not one has ever been heard of more.' At last she went

and stood before her brother, saying, 'Brother, let me go to Lord Allwin.' And her brother said, 'Whither thou goest it moves not me, so that thou keepest thine honour unsullied.' Thereupon she went into her chamber, and clothed herself in garments so delicately fine that she appeared like an angel. This done, she mounted a royal steed and rode away to the forest."

Here we have the first indication of the working of the spell: the delicious music, the mysterious charm, enthralling the ear that listens to its evil voice. Then follows the persistency of the infatuation—"Let me go to Lord Allwin." The fatal repetition sounds like an ominous and portentous burden of unholy sound. We know at once that the hearer of that voice *must* follow, perforce; there is no outlet, no escape. The invisible chain of evil draws her onward, enfolding her in its serpent coil; and we are convinced from the very first iteration of the petition—"Let me go to Lord Allwin"—that remonstrance and warning will be alike in vain. There is something fine in the noble but haughty reply of the brother, "Whither thou goest it moves not me, so long as thou keepest thine honour unsullied." Those words are the heralds of her departure. With a nice truthfulness to nature, she has been seen, though fixed in her own purpose, yet soliciting permission from father, from mother, from sister, and lastly from brother; till, eagerly catching at the slightest hint of a yielding to her request, she robes herself in such regal attire that she is "like to an angel;" and, mounting the "royal steed," is "away to the forest."

"In the middle of the forest she found Lord Allwin. 'Welcome, welcome, O loveliest maiden,' he said. 'Come, O come with me to my lordly castle; there will I load thee with gold and with treasures and with precious jewels.' So they rode along together, whiling the way with many tender words, till they came to a gallows-field. And lo! there hung many a lovely maid. At the sight a pang shot through the heart of the princess. Then said Lord Allwin to her, 'Because thou art so lovely a maiden, choose now whether thou wilt be hanged, or whether I shall strike off thy beautiful head with my sword.'—'Since you give me the choice,' said the princess, 'then choose I the sword, for that is an honourable death. But before you do this thing, draw off, I pray you, your splendid surcoat; for the blood of the young springs far, and it may be that it will spring over you.' Thereupon Lord Allwin was about to draw off his surcoat; but scarcely had he got one sleeve off, when his head rolled on to the ground at her feet! And the head spoke and said, 'Near the grave beneath the gallows there stands a pot of precious ointment; take the ointment, and therewith touch me lightly on the mouth.'—'No,' she answered, 'thou shalt die.' And she did it not; and he died in the self-same hour. But she took his head, and slung it across her saddle-bow; and she left Lord Allwin lying in his red blood."

Finding this male Syren, this supernatural Blue-beard, in the "middle of the forest," the works fully. The two pursue their way alone together, whiling the long and dreary forest

paths with the honey of sweet words. Then comes the dismal revelation. In place of the "lordly castle," with its gold and its treasures and its precious jewels, behold the "gallows-field!" Permitted (very gallantly) a choice in the manner of her death, the high-born maiden answers with a touch of her brother's pride, "I choose the sword, for that is an honourable death." And now dawns upon the mind of the reader for the first time a doubt as to whether this daughter of a regal line is not herself possessed of some knowledge of "glamour;" whether she has not all along been acting a part for the furtherance of that high mission on which it would seem that she has from the first been bound. Is not her hint that Lord Allwin should first remove his splendid surcoat, lest her blood should spring over it, something more than a mere trivial injunction? Does she not see further into the consequences of what she enjoins? It will be observed that she evinces no surprise when the head of her gallant executioner rolls on the ground at her feet! She uses the opportunity as if she had foreseen this result. His pleading for aid, she answers with an apparently predetermined "No, thou shalt die;" and, flinging his head across her saddle-bow, she leaves him lying in his "red blood."

"Now scarcely had she got half the way home, when she met Lord Allwin's father; and he asked, 'How is it with Lord Allwin?' And she answered, 'In yonder green field he sits, and sports with sixteen maidens.' A little further on she met his brother; and he asked, 'How goes it with Lord Allwin?' And she answered, 'He has taught me his art; I left him alone with sixteen young maidens.' And again a little further on she met his sister, who asked, 'How fares it with my brother?' And she answered, 'Your brother is a mighty hero: I have just left him in the midst of sixteen young maidens.' And still a little further on she met Lord Allwin's mother, who asked, 'How is it with my dear son?' And she answered, 'Your son I have robbed of his life: I carry his head here in my lap.' Thereupon his mother wept, and cried, 'Hadst thou but spoken that word sooner, we two should not be standing here together!' Then the maiden answered, 'Wretched woman, think yourself only

too fortunate that I spare your hateful life.' So saying, she passed on, and rode further and further away till she came to the palace of the king her father. There she was received with great delight and rejoicing; and every one praised her for her heroic deed."

There follows the thrilling conclusion. Even as she had stood in silent resolve, before each and all of her kindred in turn, craving a single word which should authorize her going forth on that eventful journey which was to end in the slaying of the slayer; so now, on her homeward journey, with that same reeking tell-tale head slung at her saddle-bow, one after another his kindred—father, mother, sister, and brother—stand before her in her path! Here, be it noted by the way, amidst all the horror of the scene, steals in a ruthless and tender touch of humanity. All, save alone the dead man's mother, ask of him coldly, though with sinister meaning, as "Lord Allwin," or "my brother;" and as coldly and as unmoved, though with a consciousness that her life hangs on her words, she answers them one and all. But the mother asks, "How is it with my dear son?" Thereupon, though loathing the "hässlich Weib," the mother of the slain, her blood warms up to human point again, and she replies, with fearless truth now at last, "Your son have I robbed of his life: I carry his head here in my lap!" With that touch of nature, that mother-love, all the hurtful magic seems at once to dissolve, but not before this deliverer of her sex has passed in safety through her terrible ordeal by the force of her own pure strength of purpose. Her work accomplished, her mission ended, she pursues her onward path unmolested, meeting her just award in the welcome and rejoicing that celebrate her unlooked-for return; while all join in praise of "ihre Heldenthat"—her heroic deed.

So ends Lord Allwin. In the hope that its suggestive power may prove as interesting a study to others as it has done to ourselves, we intend soon to return to our readings in German Legendary Lore.

GOOD ALICE.

(A Tale in Rhyme.)

BY MARIA NORRIS.

I tell thee not its county—but there stands an ancient hall,
Where ivy softens every line, and drapes each olden wall,
And the shadow of a gloomy Past hangs o'er it like a pall.

The oaken tables years ago were laden with good cheer,
And sturdy hunters with the dawn went out to slay the deer,
And sounds of mirth and pleasantry resounded far and near.

'Tis all deserted now, but yonder were the Ladies' Bowers;
There breathed sweet music, while white hands were tracing silken flowers,
And by their scentless garlands growth they measured out the hours.

This hall hath sent forth warriors bold to conquer and to die,
Thou may'st read their carven monuments in the old church hard by,
And their name runs like a golden thread through England's History.

One of this race looked on to see the Black Prince made a Knight,
One fell, brave youth! at Agincourt, in the thickest of the fight,
And one's life in the Roses' wars went out in sudden night.

One stood by the Eighth Henry's side, and pleaded
for Queen Kate ;
One, under Mary, sought to avert the sweet usurper's fate,
And many did good service to the monarch and the state.

At last, in Charles the Second's days, no stalwart
sons sat down—
The noble, proud, old family had dwindled unto one,
And she a maiden whose fair face like summer
flowers shone.

Can I picture to thee Alice ? Saints are sometimes
pictured fair,
And ofttimes very like her, with a cloud of golden
hair,
And a look of innocence and peace more than all
beauty rare.

Her eyes had prisoned the violet's hue in their cool
and earnest shine,
About her mouth there lingered yet the touch of the
divine ;
On her cheek the lily reigned, o'erlaid with roses
fair and fine.

The lily sat there ever, but the roses fled away,
Unsettled as the heavens on an English morn in
May :
They waxed and waned with changeful thought a
hundred times a day.

In fancy I have watched her up yon dark old oaken
stair,
In fancy seen her kneeling down to say her evening
prayer,
While the sunshine like a lover fondly casts his last
look there.

So the orphan grew to woman, lady of these acres
wide ;
No earthly shore had she on which to vent her
heart's full tide,
Till a noble from King Charles's Court came here to
seek a bride.

He wooed her in her innocence—he laid his follies by,
They would not bear the crystal glance of her truth-
beaming eye.
She wedded him. Poor orphan maid ! she had no
mother by.

I've seen a picture hersabout—a dark and fiery
face,
With haughty curling lip, keen flashing glance, and
little grace,
Save that of the wild lioness all eager for the
chase.

'Tis a miniature—my lord had worn it often next
his heart ;
But the altar—so he vowed—had put that face and
him apart ;
And all engrossed with a new love, he felt no fare-
well smart.

And he had once been dear to her—oh nay, that was
he yet !
A woman's heart where love hath dwelt can never
quite forget :
The brightness lingers in the west although the sun
be set.

At first she hungered for revenge, but memory con-
quered pride ;
They say she sought her native land, and laid the
world aside—
In some poor foreign convent the dark Spanish lady
died.

She left behind a little son, commended to *his* care ;
She prayed him with her dying breath to keep the
child from snare,
And to mete him some small portion where he ought
to be the heir.

* * * * *

Ah ! greater victory than her sires had carved out
with their sword,
In the rude old days when might, not right, was
the all-powerful word ;
They say the pure wife's goodness won her weak and
sinful lord.

How oft, when he had learned to pray, he prayed
for children dear,
Who, playing at their mother's feet, might grow in
faith and fear,
In whose young eyes her beauty might be mirrored
calm and clear !

No ! no ! long years went by ; his chestnut hair was
streaked with gray
Before his soul would understand that Heaven had
said him " nay !"
And as he learned that lesson harsh—his Alice
passed away.

* * * * *

Heir to his father's folly, and to his mother's
shame !
In his age there came to him the son who might
not bear his name ;
Rough quarrel followed quarrel, accusation followed
blame.

See'st thou this dull red stain upon the turret's
winding stair ?
Alas ! it was a fearful crime that set that crimson
there !
Black Remorse drove forth the parricide, and left
this palace bare.

Repentance does not always kill the seeds of long
ago ;
As days roll on, and seasons fly, they live, they
thrive, they grow,
And bear a bitter fruit at last, bitter and full of woe.

THE SEASONS.

I love the Spring, the bright the joyous Spring ;
Glad anniversary of nature's birth,
When birds keep festival, and Mayflies wing
Their merry dances o'er the flow'ry earth.

Those sunny days which lure one forth to rove
In spots familiar, where bright cowslips flow ;
And on wild banks, or hid in sheltered grove,
The wood anemone and primrose grow.

I love the Summer, with its sunny skies,
Beneath whose ether blue, in clusters rare,
Ripe fruits hang gem-like, and gay butterflies
Mid countless flowers fan the balmy air.

And oh ! I love, in summer noontide bright,
To seek the spreading forest, in whose shade
The graceful fern unfolds, and day's full light
Into a verdant atmosphere is made.

When o'er the lake the sun his last blush pours,
I love to watch, tinged by the glowing sky,
The rippled water wash, like fairy shores,
White lilies which upon its bosom lie.

How pleasant, too, it is at summer time,
With well-loved faces on the shady sward,
Where grow the briar rose, and eglantine,
To take the social meal at nature's board.

I love the Autumn, when the golden corn
With rustic pageantry and merry song
Is gathered, and in gay procession borne
To winter storehouse 'mid the shouting throng.

At early morn, in Autumn, how I love,
While lingering dewdrops gem the tender blade,
The copse where rabbits gamble, and the dove,
Unseen, coos softly from the hazel's shade.

I dream, when Autumn falls, of pleasures had
In nutting rambles through the forest wild;
Sweet recollection ! for it makes me glad
To think that I was happy when a child.

When in a thoughtful mood I love to stray
Where falls the yellow leaf, and 'neath my tread
Dark pine-cones crackle, and the moss-grown way
With the brown squirrel's pilfered nuts is spread.

I love the Winter, when the glist'ning snow
Covers the earth, and pencilling the sky
Frost clad, fine trellised boughs like silver glow,
Shedding bright ice-drops slowly from on high.

I love to watch the skaters as they glide
In graceful circles, and I love to see
Each happy urchin taking turn to slide
The well-trod ice-path in his boist'rous glee.

I love in Winter with old friends to take
My place beside the cheerful fire at home,
To talk of pleasant times gone by, and make
Fresh plans for happy hours yet to come.

I love all Seasons, and the Power which made
All things so loveable, which gave such bliss
To human kind on earth, as when He laid
Our destiny in such a world as this !

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When the religious lark to greet the dawn
Pours forth its joyous hymn, and to the Spring
Anemones their fragile blossoms bring;
From whose recesses by the wind is drawn
Their hidden scent—the wakeful hare, the fawn
(Roused by its dam), and every hunted thing
That hides from man, where bush or sedges cling
Over a faithless lair, from slumber—grown
Too light for day—awake; awake to care,
And fear of him whose track is on their trail,
Who scents their blood, who lives upon their life!
Ah me ! how strange a thing this mortal strife
'Twixt man and beast ! But stranger still it were,
No more 'twixt man and man to find such strife
prevail !

AN ANECDOTE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Towards the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without passport, she replied that she had exposed herself to all these dangers for the purpose of visiting the château where the barbarous *Sieur de Fayel* had made *Gabrielle de Vergy* eat the heart of her lover. Such a declaration appeared so ridiculous to those who heard it that they were compelled to doubt either the sanity or the veracity of the strange being who ventured upon it. They chose to do the latter, and forwarded the stranger to Paris, with a strong escort, as an English spy. Upon her arrival there, she was safely deposited in the *Conciergerie*.

Public feeling just then ran very high against the English. The countrywoman of Pitt was loaded with ill usage; and her terrors, expressed in a singular jargon of English mingled with broken French, served but to augment the coarse amusement of her jailers. After exhaust-

ing every species of derision and insult upon their prisoner, they ended by throwing her into the dampest and most inconvenient dungeon they could find. The door of this den was not more than four feet high; and the light, that dimly revealed the dripping walls and earthen floor, came through a horizontal opening four inches in height by fifteen in width. The sole moveables of the place consisted of a rope pallet and a screen.

The bed served for both couch and chair; the screen was intended as a partial barrier between the inhabitant of the dungeon and the curious gaze of the jailers stationed in the adjoining apartment, who could scrutinize at will, through a narrow opening between the cells, the slightest movements of their prisoner.

The stranger recoiled with disgust, and asked whether they had not a less terrible place in which to confine a woman.

"You are very bad to please, Madame," replied her brutal jailor, mimicking her defective French. "You are in the palace of Madame Capet."

And shutting behind him the massive door, barricaded with plates of iron and secured by three or four rusty bolts, he left her to repeat

his joke to his companions, and enjoy with them the consternation of Madame Rosbif.

Meanwhile the prisoner fell upon her knees, and gazed around her with a species of pious emotion.

"What right have I," she cried, "to complain of being cast into this dungeon, once inhabited by the Queen of France—the beautiful, the noble Marie Antoinette? I sought food for my imagination; I undertook a journey to France to visit the most celebrated sojourns of the most celebrated individuals. Fortune has come to my aid. Here is what is better than the château of the Sieur de Fayel, and the terrible history of the bleeding heart. Never did a grander inspiration overflow my spirit. I will to work."

She drew from her pocket a small roll of paper, that had escaped the scrutiny of the jailers; and, passing her hand across her forehead, approached the horizontal opening, in order to make the most of the little remainder of daylight: then, taking out a pencil, she rapidly covered ten or twelve pages with microscopic characters in close lines. The increasing darkness at length compelled her to pause, and she was refolding the MS. to replace it in her pocket, when a rude hand snatched it from her grasp.

"Ah! ah! Madame Rosbif," cried the jailer triumphantly, "so you believe yourself at liberty to scribble away here, hatching plots against the Republic, and holding intelligence with the enemies of the nation. *Nous verrons cela!* These papers shall be remitted this very day to Monsieur Tallien, and we well know all about this new attack upon liberty. *Entendez-vous?* miserable agent of Pitt and Cobourg!"

The same evening Tallien received the stranger's manuscript. Being unacquainted with the English language, he rang for his secretary; but the latter was nowhere at hand, so the puzzled minister took the papers and proceeded to his wife's apartments.

Madame Tallien was just completing her toilet for a fancy ball. Leaning forward in a graceful attitude, she was in the act of twining round her slender ankle the fastenings of a purple buskin. Her Grecian tunic, simply clasped upon the shoulder with diamonds, and her hair, knotted like that of the Polyhymnia of the Louvre, harmonized admirably with the classical contour of her features. Monsieur Tallien, as he gazed upon her, half forgot his errand.

The lady uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Upon what grave errand has Monsieur deigned to favour me with a visit at this unaccustomed hour?"

"I have here some papers," replied the minister, "that have been seized upon the person of a female spy, and are said to contain proofs of a dangerous conspiracy. They are written in English; my secretary is absent; and I must ask you to do me the favour to translate them to me."

Madame Tallien took the MS., and looked it over.

"Shall I read aloud?" said she, in an amused tone of voice.

Her husband assented.

"The wind howls mournfully through the foliage, and the descending rain falls in torrents. The terrors of my prison become every instant more fearful. Phantoms arise on every side, and wave their snowy winding-sheets. Misfortune, with her cold and pitiless hand, weighs heavily on my youthful brow."

"Thus spoke the lovely prisoner, as she groped with her trembling hands over the humid walls of the dungeon."

"Here is a singular conspiracy truly," said Madame Tallien, as she finished reading the above. "Let me see the envelope; 'Chapter xii., The Dungeon of the Château.' And the authoress' name. 'Anne Radcliffe.' *Vite, citoyen.* Set this woman at liberty, and bring her to me. Your spy is no other than the great English romance-writer, the celebrated authoress of the '*Mysteries of Udolpho*'!"

Tallien now recalled the romantic intention of the stranger's hazardous journey, as confessed by herself; perceived the mistake of his agents, and laughed heartily. Going quickly out, he issued orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoner, and desired the messenger to bring her straight to the presence of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Frenchwoman, forgetting her toilet and the ball, paced the apartment with almost childish delight and impatience. She was about to make the acquaintance—in a manner the most piquant and unexpected—of the authoress of those romances which had so often filled her vivid imagination with ideas of apparitions, and prisoners dying of hunger in horrible dungeons. She consulted her watch perpetually, and counted the very seconds. At length there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the court-yard of the hotel. Madame Tallien rushed to the door; it opened, and the two celebrated females stood face to face.

The minister's wife could not avoid recoiling with surprise, and some degree of consternation, before the singular figure that paused in the open doorway; for Mrs. Radcliffe had stopped short, dazzled and bewildered by the lights of the saloon, which wounded eyes accustomed for some hours past to the humid obscurity of a dungeon. The English authoress presented a striking contrast to the radiant being before her. Dry, cold, and angular, her attire necessarily in some degree of disorder from her arrest, forced journey, and imprisonment, her whole aspect had in it something *bizarre* and fantastic, that added to her age at least ten years.

A little recovered from her first surprise, Madame Tallien advanced towards the stranger, gave her a cordial welcome in English, and told her how happy she esteemed herself in having been the means of setting at liberty so celebrated an authoress. The Englishwoman made a polite reply to this compliment, and then they seated themselves before the fire, whose clear flame and vivifying heat were very welcome to the liberated prisoner, and quickly re-

stored an activity of mind that appeared to have been benumbed by the coldness of her dungeon. The ensuing conversation was gay, piquant, full of charm and *abandon*, and was only interrupted by the orders given by Madame Tallien to her *femme de chambre* to send the carriage away, and deny her to all visitors.

Mrs. Radcliffe had travelled much, and related her adventures with grace and originality. Hours flew by unheeded, and the Englishwoman was in the very midst of some bold enterprize of her journey in Switzerland, when the timepiece struck twelve. She turned pale, and a visible shuddering seized her. Then pausing in her tale, she looked wildly and fearfully around, as if following the movements of some invisible being. Madame Tallien, struck with a species of vague terror, dared not address a single word to her visitor. The latter at length abruptly rose, opened the door, and with an imperative gesture ordered some one by the name of Henry to leave the room, after which she appeared to experience a sudden relief.

The lovely Frenchwoman, with the tact of real kindness, appeared not to notice this strange incident, and the new-made friends soon after separated, Madame Tallien herself conducting her guest to the apartment provided for her, where she took leave of her with an affectionate "*au revoir!*"

The following evening Mrs. Radcliffe appeared in her hostess's saloon, as soon as the latter had signified that she was ready to receive her. Calm and composed, habited *à la Française*, the English romancist appeared ten years younger than she had done the evening before, and was even not without a certain degree of beauty. She said not a word on the scene of the preceding evening; was gay, witty, amiable, and took an animated part in the conversation that followed. But as soon as the minute-hand of the time-piece pointed to half-past eleven, her colour fled, a shade of pensiveness replaced her former gaiety, and a few moments afterwards she took her leave of the company.

The same thing happened the next day, and every ensuing evening. Madame Tallien could not avoid a feeling of curiosity, but she had too much politeness to question the stranger confided to her hospitality. In this way a month elapsed, at the end of which time Mrs. Radcliffe could not avoid expressing, one evening when she found herself alone with her new friend, her disappointment at being detained a prisoner in France, without the power of returning to her own country. Upon this Madame Tallien rose, took a paper from a desk, and handed it to the Englishwoman. It was a passport, dated from the same evening that Mrs. Radcliffe had been liberated from her dungeon.

"Since you wish to leave your French friends," said her lovely hostess, smiling, "go, ingrate!"

"Oh no, not ungrateful!" replied the authoress, taking the beautiful hands of her friend, and carrying them to her lips; "but the year is fast waning, and a solemn duty recalls me to my native land. In the churchyard of a poor village near London are two tombs, which I visit each Christmas-day with flowers and prayers. If I return not before then, this will be the first time for five years that they have been neglected. You already know all my other secrets," she continued, lowering her voice; "it is my intention to confide this secret also to your friendly ears." Passing her hand across her brow, the Englishwoman then proceeded to relate a strange and tragic tale, for the particulars of which we have not space in our limited sketch. Suffice it to say, that it had left our authoress subject to a distressing and obstinate spectral illusion. In the reality of this appearance she firmly believed, not having sufficient knowledge of science to attribute her visitation to its true origin—a partial disarrangement of the nervous system. This visitation regularly recurred at midnight, and at once accounted for the singular behaviour that had so piqued the benevolent Frenchwoman's curiosity.

Mrs. Radcliffe now returned to London, where she shortly afterwards published "*The Italian*," or the Confessional of the Black Penitents."

We can, in our day, realize to ourselves very little of the effect produced by Anne Radcliffe's romances at the time of their appearance. All the contemporary critics agree in testifying to their immense success, only inferior to that of the Waverley novels in more recent times. Now they appear nothing more than the efflux of a morbid imagination, full of hallucinations and absurdities, and insufferably tedious to our modern tastes, accustomed to the condensed writing of the present day. Their unconnected plots are nevertheless not altogether devoid of a certain sort of interest, and are fraught with picturesque situations and melodramatic surprises. The living characters therein introduced present few natural features. We recognize everywhere the caprices of an unbridled fancy, and a prevailing vitiation of sense and taste.

Anne Radcliffe died near London, on the 7th February, 1823, at the age of 63. The "*New Monthly Magazine*," for May of that year, announces her decease, and affirms that her death was accompanied by singular visions, which had pursued her ever since a romantic event of her youth.

H. C.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FANCIES.

(An Apology for the People's Poets.)

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

A crew of bright Fancies, one fair sunny day,
In the bark of the Muses towards heaven sped their way.

Love and Wit were on board, and a prosperous gale
(A good gift of Apollo) set right in their sail.

Away through the air full of frolic they sped,
Dewy earth left below, happy skies overhead;
While the gay songs of mirth echoed blithe through
the spheres,
And they well nigh forgot the sad world and its tears.

They had spirits about them, for when travelled
Love
But the Angel of Sorrow sat brooding above?
And the Guardian of Earth watched the balcs that
were stored
Full of fair human interests for ballast on board.

Up away, up away, through the clear sunny blue,
With the wind still in favour, the compass still true;
Not a cloud to o'ershade them, or shut from their
sight
The blast haven they sought with its turrets of light,

They went bounding along, till impatient at length
Of the ballast that curbed the wild force in its
strength,
And as eager as lightning to press to their mark,
Ere the night should close in with its shrouding of
dark,

"What are these," cried a Fancy, "retarding our
wells?"

As he spurned 'death his foot the poor earth-laden
balast.

"We should speed twice as swift were these dead
weights away—

Sordid clods of corruption, vile compounds of
clay!"

To the clearance they went. Scarce a sand-grain
had run

In the glass of old Time ere their labour was done;
And away 'gan the bark like an arrow to fly,
But all aimless and vague, through the waste of the
sky.

For the ballastless bark by a tempest was crossed,
And the rudder was broken, the compass was lost;
And a heaven-darted bolt of the lightning at last
These Fancies to earthward avengingly cast.

For think not that earthless the Fancy can soar
To the realms of pure spirit, remembering no more
The dull world and its creatures, but, glorious and
bright,
Hurry on its swift course to the regions of light.

But, if heavenward thou sail, take as ballast the woe
And the sufferings and pains of thy fellows below;
For the sole song of earth that to heaven may
aspire,
Is the song that is hallowed by sympathy's fire.
1851.

SONNET.

(From Calderon's Constant Prince.)

FLOWERS, PRESENTED BY THE CAPTIVE FERDINAND TO THE MOORISH PRINCESS.

These flowers, that in their waking splendours met
Delightedly the whiteness of the dawn,
Within the cold embrace of night, forlorn
Will sink, and leave us but a fond regret.
These hues, where gold and snow and crimson met,
May shame the iris of the sky to scorn,
To shadow forth our mortal being, drawn
Like theirs within a span, are duly set;
For these bright Roses, that in haste to bloom
Awoke with Day, and blooming still grow old,
Will find alike their cradle and their tomb
Closed in one bud; so Man's fleet fortunes told,
Are closed from birth to death within a day—
For ages are but hours when past away!

DORA GREENWELL.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE NEW BABY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"What is the matter, Laura? Why are you
lying on the floor here all by yourself, when
everybody else is glad because a beautiful new
little sister is born? Rise, and come with me.
Your mamma wants to see you, and to shew you
Baby."

But Laura did not move. She still continued
to lie on the floor, all in a heap; with her head
buried between her arms, under her long light
hair. Her kind aunt, finding that she could
not prevail upon her to rise, then endeavoured
to lift her up, feeling somewhat alarmed at this
unusual obstinacy. At length she succeeded in

raising the child from the floor, and gently re-
moving her little hands from her face, she per-
ceived that it was all swelled with crying.

"My darling," said she, tenderly. "what can
be the matter with you? Why this excessive
grief?"

Laura began to sob violently, and amidst her
sobs Mrs. Roberts could distinguish the words
"Nasty Baby! Not love poor Laura any longer.
Nose out of joint."

"My dear child," said her aunt, upon whom
the truth began to dawn, "who has been talking
nonsense to you, and troubling your little heart
by wicked falsehoods?"

"It was Harriet, aunt; it was Harriet,"
sobbed the little girl. "Harriet says, that—
O dear, O dear, what shall I do?"

Mrs. Roberts rang the bell. Harriet answered the summons.

"What is this that I hear?" inquired the lady, in a very grave voice. "You have been poisoning this child's mind, Harriet, against her baby-sister and her good mamma, who loves her too well ever to neglect her for any new comer. Tell me immediately all that you said to her."

"I only told her, ma'am," stammered Harriet, "that her mamma would love Baby now, and that she must learn to be a great girl, and not want petting so much, for Baby would put her nose out of joint. It's a common saying about here, ma'am."

"And a very silly saying. Harriet, you know how much my brother dislikes his little girl being talked to foolishly; and I did hope, when I engaged you, that I had met with a sensible person, who would teach the child no folly. If you ever are guilty of such imprudence again, I shall most certainly have you discharged."

Harriet sullenly left the room, muttering something about "two mistresses." Mrs. Roberts turned to the still weeping Laura, and gently reasoned with her about the confidence she ought to have in her dear mamma, who had never shown her anything but the most devoted affection. 'The good aunt spoke besides of the new baby—its soft, round face and dimpled hands—its touching helplessness, and the pleasure Laura would have in nursing it and soothing it to sleep. She succeeded at length in rousing the naturally tender feelings of the child; and then she led her, her eyes and cheeks still flushed with weeping, but now wearing a mild and serene expression, to the bedside of her mamma.

Mrs. Charlton spoke to her little girl in a weak, low voice; and, folding down the bed-clothes with her transparent white hands, shewed her the baby-sister, all wrapped in flannels, lying in its mother's arms. Its face was quite covered, and Laura feared that it could not breathe while so muffled up. But her mother assured her that babies required covering in this way from the cold, and then she lifted the flannel from its face, to give Laura one peep at its little unformed features. The child scarcely dared to kiss its velvet cheek, so fearful was she of injuring what appeared so delicate; so she took the tiny hand in hers, and admired the small curled-up finger, and little pink nails. But the baby awakened, and began to cry; and the nurse hastened to feed it. When it was satisfied, it fell asleep again; and Laura, being placed on a convenient foot-stool near the fire, was allowed the great delight of holding it in her arms for a short time.

The little girl grew day by day fonder of her infant sister, and yet her apprehensions were not entirely dispelled; she would often go privately to the glass to make herself sure that the most prominent feature of her face was still in its wonted position. Foolish little creature that she was, she would shrink when the wandering hands of the baby came too near her face, as if those tiny fingers possessed the power—even if

they had the intention—to do her any harm. Her mother had no idea of this lingering dread, or she would have had a very serious conversation with her about it; for she did not wish her children to fear anything save the reproaches of their own consciences. It was only known many years after, when Laura related her childish apprehensions to draw a lesson therefrom for the benefit of her own children, as I am now endeavouring to do for my little readers.

Notwithstanding these vague fears, matters went on very comfortably in the nursery, and a proud and happy day was it for Laura when she was first allowed to assist at Baby's toilet. With infinite pleasure she arranged the smart lined basket with its store of conveniences, and poured the warm water into the basin on the low table before the fire; and rubbed Baby's back, and warmed its dimpled feet, with the palms of her own rosy hands; and even was allowed to brush its short, fine black hair, and tie on its lace cap. Then she delighted to walk with nurse in the sunshine, on the days when Baby ventured into the air with a cambric handkerchief over its face; and she was even more skilful than nurse herself in untying the round knitted bonnet and long cloak of the finest kerseymer. And so affairs went on for some months, and Laura neither found herself in danger of a disjointed nose, nor of that far worse calamity for a child, the diminution of a mother's love.

The baby's christening was long passed, and it was beginning to show signs of intelligence, and especially to testify its partiality for the society of its sister, when its health began to fail, and it became subject to frequent fits. One day it continued in one so long, that Mrs. Charlton became almost frantic with despair, and Laura never afterwards forgot the tone in which her mother cried, as her father entered the room. "Oh, William, William! it will die! It will die!"

These dreadful fits necessarily made the little Alice—for so the baby had been named—the object of much solicitude; and now Laura began to fear, in her childish selfishness, that one at least of Harriet's predictions was about to be fulfilled. Her mother's time was almost entirely occupied in watching over the tender blossom so difficult to rear, so early blighted by the chill breeze of continual ailing. Laura's long fair locks now waved, untended by the gentle hands of her "darling mamma," as she was used to call her in her moments of greatest affection; for Mrs. Charlton could not often spare the nightly half-hour which she had hitherto preserved for her eldest child. When the mother, too, sat watching by the bedside of her sickly infant, fearful lest its soothing slumbers should be broken by the least sound, Laura was compelled to repeat her morning and evening prayers with Harriet, whom she had never cordially liked, though the girl artfully contrived to keep in favour with the heads of the family.

Mrs. Roberts had unfortunately departed to rejoin her husband, who had lately returned from one of his long voyages; and thus the little

girl was frequently, in the absence of her father, cast entirely upon her own resources; for she did not go to any school, her mamma intending to educate her herself. Poor Laura! She used to wander about the garden, those beautiful spring days, trying to invent plays to lessen her sense of desolation: but it would not do. She was by no means of an imaginative turn of mind, and could not live alone: naturally lively and formed for society, her mind and heart degenerated in solitude. From being listless and discontented, she became melancholy; and her melancholy merged by degrees into a feeling of almost dislike towards the innocent cause of her desertion—the poor little fretful baby, whose cries pierced to every heart. The latter, meanwhile, was growing worse and worse: there was little hope for it, the doctors said; and one morning, when it seemed rather better than usual, and was gladdening its mother's heart by sitting up in her arms, and faintly crowing as it stretched forth its hands towards its coral and bells, a change came over its wan countenance, and it died!

Laura was ascending the hall-steps when her mother's shriek met her ears; it rang through the long corridor and down the stairs—a mother's shriek of agony! The child's knees trembled beneath her, and she sank into one of the hall-chairs. "Harriet!" gasped she, as the woman hastily passed her on her way upstairs—"Harriet, that dreadful scream! It was mamma's voice; what is the matter?"

"Don't keep me, Miss; I am going to see: something has happened. Maybe the baby is dead!"

Laura trembled all over, and dared not follow Harriet, who was already half-way up-stairs; so she sat weeping and shivering until the girl returned to look for her. "It is all over, Miss!" she said, in a low voice: "Miss Alice is gone, and Missus looks enough to break one's heart. She does not cry, as is natural: she does nothing but moan, until it would melt a stone to hear her. Come to her, Miss, immediately: perhaps when she sees you the tears will flow and relieve her."

So Laura went up-stairs and threw her arms around her mother's neck, all insensible to aught save her new misery; and then the maternal heart was touched, and the healing drops gushed forth, and the tears of mother and child mingled in one sacred tide. But as she sat there, caressing and caressed, a bitter thought was in Laura's heart, a remorse that was fast becoming penitence: for she remembered how she had anticipated this hour—how she had said to herself, "If baby should die, my mother will love me again." And now that it had happened according to her latent wish, she would have given all that she possessed in the world—more, she would willingly have sunk back into her obscurity and temporary banishment, to have beheld that sweet baby pressed once again, even

in its fretfulness and its absorbing requirements to its mother's aching breast.

Three days of sorrow and mourning and darkness followed, during which little Alice lay still and silent in her small coffin, shrouded by blossoms whiter than herself, "pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers." It was a strange and solemn consolation for Laura to visit the chamber of death, and to pour out her childish penitence beside the bed whereon the coffin was placed; for a smile that lingered on those infant lips seemed to tell her of a happy world beyond the grave, where human blossoms, untimely gathered from this, bloomed towards a more glorious maturity.

* * * * *

Years passed on, and Laura was nurse, companion, and playfellow to a whole troop of little brothers and sisters. Gentle, judicious, and unselfish, she knew no greater pleasure than to administer to their wants and guide their sports, and was too busy and too useful to murmur at her increasing independence of her mother's cares and caresses, now continually needed by rapidly-succeeding infant claimants.

"Laura," said Mrs. Charlton one evening, as they sat sewing together, after all the little ones were safe in bed, "do you remember that foolish fancy of yours about your nose being put out of joint by poor little Alice?"

"Oh, mamma, did Aunt Roberts tell you of that?"

"Yes, my love; and I have often wondered why you never mentioned it to me yourself."

"Because, mamma, I was ashamed: but I really did believe it at the time. Mamma"—

"Well, my dear."

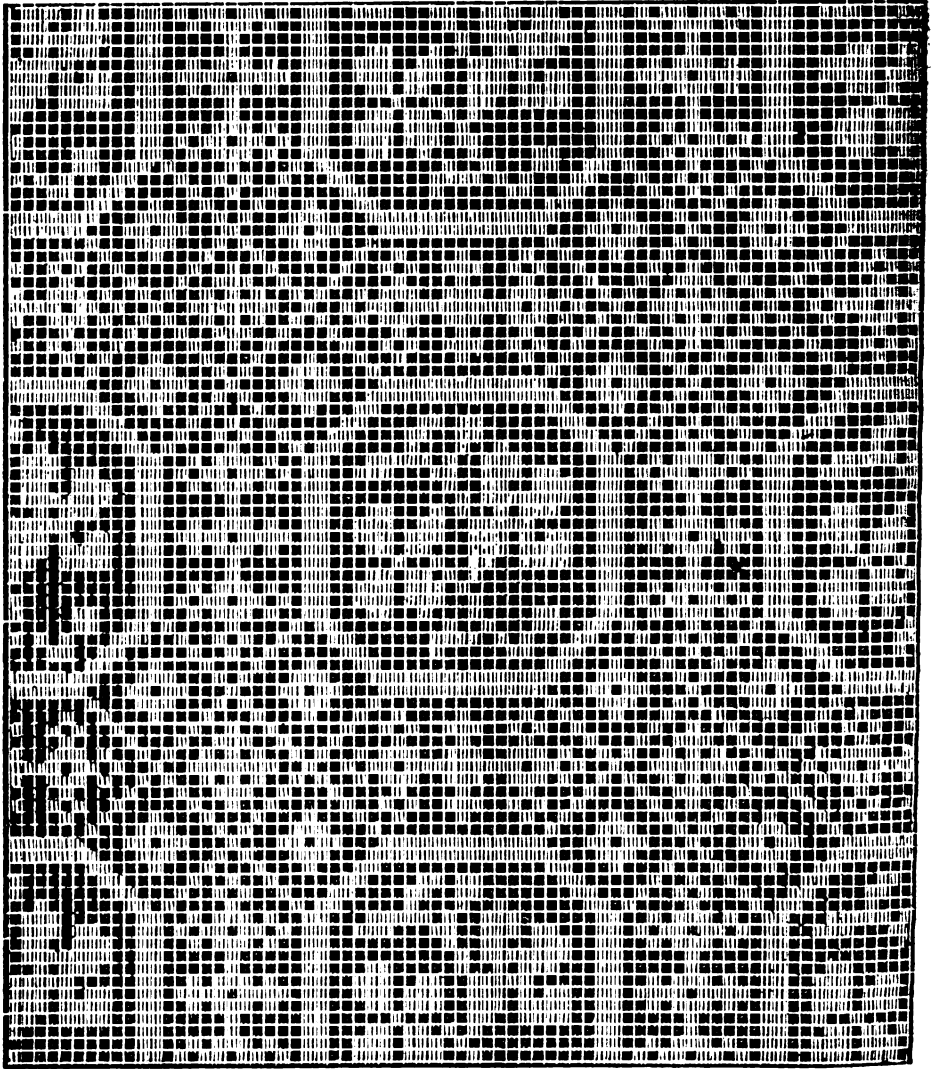
"I don't know whether to tell you or not; but yet I think I shall be happier when I have confessed—what I hope God has long since forgiven me for—my dislike to poor little Alice before she died, because I thought she took all your attention from me. Oh, mamma! when she was taken away, it seemed a judgment upon me for my wicked jealousy of her!" And Laura could not refrain from weeping at the remembrance.

Her mother also was much affected, but recovering herself, she tenderly wiped her young daughter's tears away, and pressing her to her heart, told her to think no more of the past. "Surely, dearest Laura," said she, "that sin of childish selfishness has been amply atoned for by your true penitence, evidenced in your daily untiring care of the exacting little ones now around you; and in losing yourself in others, you gain a bright reward, do you not? These young ones will one day appreciate and repay your sisterly tenderness and interest; and meanwhile, delivered from all idle fear of being overlooked and undervalued, you grow daily in self-respect and self-control—two of the healthiest and happiest qualities of the human soul."

THE WORK - TABLE.

CROCHET CURTAINS.

MATERIALS:—Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 4; Bolton's tapered, indented Crochet-hook, No. 14. This pattern is also very suitable for Antimacassars; for this purpose, Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 12, with a proportionably fine Crochet-hook may be used. [Border and edging will be given next month.]



The curtains may be made of any size required, by beginning with a chain of sufficient length, as it will be seen from the engraving that the design consists of a constant series of repetitions. A single pattern requires 147 chain, and any number of times that amount can be made; in addition to which, 12 chain must be allowed for a border of two close squares at each edge, and 6 more chain, to permit the patterns at the edge to be complete. In making

the foundation chain, therefore, count the stitches by the patterns, namely, every 147; do as many times that number as you may think requisite for the breadth, and add 19.

Do two rows of d c; then begin the pattern at the top line of the octagon. Repeat for any length desired.

Work-in all the ends as you go on, the two close squares at the extremities of the row allowing this to be done invisibly.

These curtains would be very pretty for a bed, in which case the whole of the hangings should correspond, and the counterpane be made to match. A coat of arms looks extremely well for the centre of such a counterpane, and the same design might be at the head-board of Arabian bedsteads. The watch-pockets and other *et ceteras* might have the crest.

Certainly this is no trifling piece of labour, but many ladies are now indefatigable crochet workers; and those who have not inclination or time to do such things themselves would be conferring no slight boon on some of the many hundreds of reduced gentlewomen who are so anxious to obtain employment, and who, precluded by health or other circumstances from engaging in the more active occupations of life, seek in needlework a resource against some of its most bitter trials. To employ such candidates for occupation does more real good, and confers more happiness, than large donations to public charities ever can achieve. I trust our friends will not think I am stepping out of my path in making these observations. Could they peruse the applications made to me in any one single week, by the class to which I allude, they would learn something of the vast amount of silent suffering which this great metropolis contains; and I feel assured that those who have it in their power to do so, would respond to the cry of thousands whose only prayer is, "Give us leave to toil."

AIGUILLETTE.

ANTIQUE POINT COLLAR.

MATERIALS:—Evans's Point Lace Cottons; Evans's Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 80; and 3½ yards of Italian Braid.

Having drawn the pattern on coloured paper, as highly glazed as possible, line it by tacking underneath a piece of merino or alpaca cloth. This I find to be an improvement whenever the outlines are to be done in either thread or Italian braid, as the material holds the needle better than calico, and allows it to return in the same place in the paper. Indeed the old mode of working point was on parchment, on which the outlines were perforated, as in a pounced pattern; the outlining was then done by laying on the coarse, outline thread, and tacking it down with another, the needle always being passed up and down through the same hole. However, parchment is so stiff, it is anything but pleasant to work on it; and good coloured paper, lined with merino, will be found to answer every purpose.

The neck and outer scallops of the collar are done in one continuous line of Italian braid.

The outer scallop of the flowers is also done in the same way, all these parts being marked *a*.

The outlines of the stems and lower parts of the flower, marked *b*, are done in outline, with Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 80; and are



filled in, closely, with the same Brussels stitch, worked on a bar, which I described in collar No. 2, in the October number of this Magazine. This stitch is to be done in Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 120.

c. The edges marked *c* in the alternate flowers, are ordinary Brussels edge, done with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

d. The calyx only of the other flowers, edged with Venetian, in the same cotton.

e. Mechlin lace. A single wheel of this fills

up the calyx of one flower, while the outer part of the other is done in the same stitch, with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 80.

f. English lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 90.

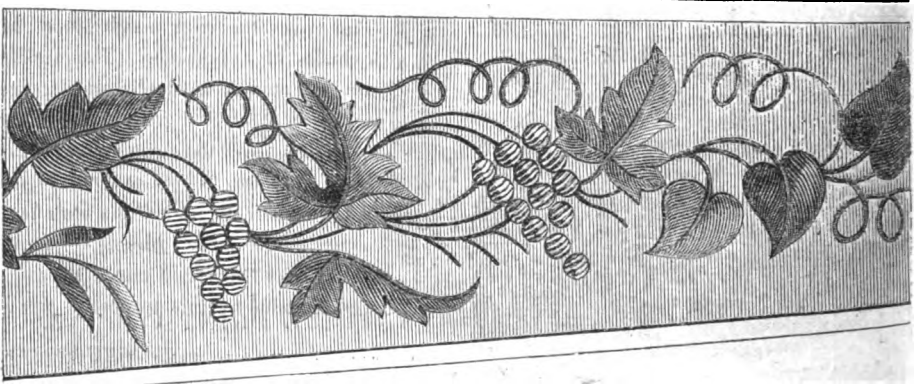
g. English rosette; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

h. The grounding; done entirely in Raleigh bars, with Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

AIGUILLETTE.

EMBROIDERED BRACES.

MATERIALS:—Light brown Kid Leather, the length of one brace and the width of two; brown, and six shades of green embroidery silk; fine gold cord; and bright and dead gold bullion, of the finest size; fine yellow sewing silk. The green embroidery silk must be of a yellow tint.



Begin by drawing a pattern the full length of the brace, from the diagram given: prick it in outline, and mark the leather from it. Then line the leather with a strip of merino or alpaca, and stretch it in a frame for working.

The design consists of successive sprays of vine-leaves and grapes, with tendrils interspersed. The leaves are embroidered in long stitch, with the green silks, the variety of tinting being produced by using the darkest or the lightest shades, or, in the large leaf, all of them. The half-leaf has only the three darkest shades; the smaller perfect one, all but the lightest. Work the veining of this leaf in the brown silk, in half-polka stitch. The veinings of the others, and the stems, are in the gold cord, which is laid on, and sewed over, the ends only being drawn through the leather. The tendrils should be alternately in gold cord, and the darkest shade of green. If the latter, the half-polka stitch must be used.

The clusters of grapes are worked in gold bullion, the lower fruit in bright gold, while the upper part of each bunch is in the dead gold.

In order to give the raised appearance of the grapes, work them first in floss silk (yellow, if you have it); then lay on the bits of gold bullion close together.

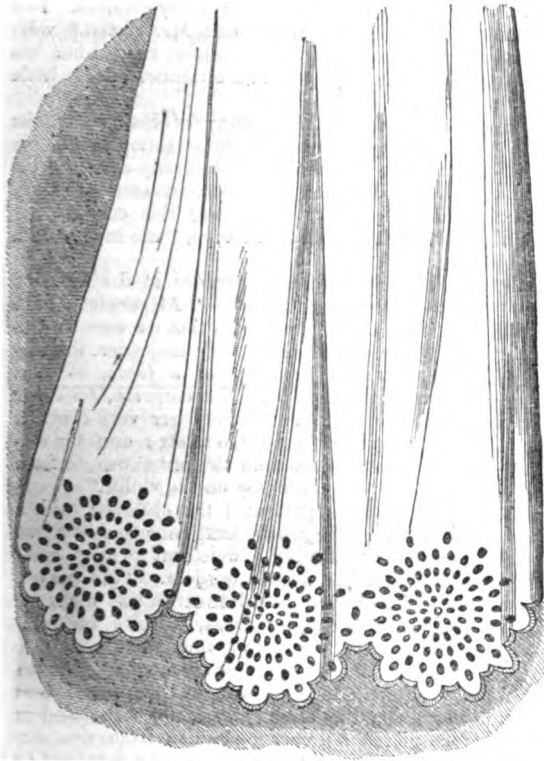
Whenever gold bullion is used in embroidery, it is necessary to work first underneath it, unless a flat surface is intended to be produced, which is very rarely the case. The gold is then cut in bits of the proper length, and laid on evenly, and in close rows, with silk of the same colour, the needle passing through the bullion.

These braces should be made up at a good shop; the lining should be buckskin, and the fittings of a colour to correspond with the kid.

AIGUILLETTE.

SLEEVE, IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

MATERIALS:—Muslin Sleeves, which are bought ready stamped; and Evans's Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.



This fashionable kind of work is one of the simplest known. The pattern is cut out with a machine, in small holes, which are sewed round with soft cotton, the thread passing on the wrong side, from one to another. The border is in small scallops, forming one large one, of which about five are sufficient for a Mandarin sleeve. It is marked in the usual manner of muslin work, with indigo; the scallops should be run several times, as in satin-stitch, before they are worked in the long button-hole stitch. This gives the edge a substance, and richness of appearance. The scallops are cut out with sharp scissors after they are worked. It is a great improvement, in sewing over the open parts of Broderie Anglaise, to hold in a thread, and work over it. It renders the work handsomer, and more durable. Evans's Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 24, is very suitable for this purpose.

AIGUILLETTE.

PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF GENIUS.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

No. I.—MOZART.

"Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That if I then had waked after long sleep
Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again."

The Tempest.

Whatever may be our peculiar tastes and prejudices in musical matters, it is impossible not to consider Mozart as one of the greatest masters of his art; his wonderful powers of expression and diversity of style, the marked originality of his melodies, and the satisfactory manner in which he works out ideas at once brilliant and uncommon, proving him to be alike a true genius and an accomplished artist. His life, extending over, alas! little more than thirty-five years, was fruitful in adventure; he lived in interesting times: when he was a boy, travelling with his father and sister through the capital cities of Germany, the great French Revolution had not then begun, the monarchs of the old *régime* seemed to sit securely on their thrones; luxury was encouraged, and to amuse or to be amused was the whole business of

many a life. The home of Mozart was a safe and happy place of development for a genius so large, so enthusiastic as his. From his childhood the materials of his art were about him; he had no discouragements in the bosom of his family; his father was a man of virtue and talent, himself a musician, whose great aim seems to have been to do his very best for his two children; for Mozart had a sister, five years older than himself, who was considered the first female performer of her day on keyed instruments.

Leopold Mozart, the father of the great musician, held the appointment of "Composer and conductor of the orchestra" in the establishment of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who rewarded his services with a bare pittance, expecting in return the most unremitting attention and the most servile obedience.

The elder Mozart, with a wife whose health was not good, and a constantly increasing family—for he had, in addition to Wolfgang and Anna Maria, five children who died in infancy—was fettered in every way. He was not in a situation to have any source of certain income, however slender; and although besides attending to his duties as Vice Kapellmeister, he gave lessons on the violin and the clavier*, and stole a month or two now and then to travel with his children, exhibiting their wonderful talents at the courts of the neighbouring princes; and even though he brought out an excellent system of learning the violin, his utmost labours barely sufficed, as he himself pathetically says, to keep him out of debt.

The great genius of Mozart was discovered almost by chance; the child was accustomed to be present while his sister received her lesson on the clavier; and as early as three years old amused himself by striking thirds, and by the discovery of other harmonious intervals. At four his father began, half in play, to instruct him in music; and from that moment his progress was so steady and uniform, that his family soon looked to his wonderful genius as a means of future support.

Musical precocity is common enough at the present day; but children, like exotics, when unnaturally forced into bloom, spend their strength, and their glory is soon over. Our "infant wonders" generally outlive their fame, and grow up very common-place people; but Mozart's early development was perfectly healthy, and resembled the rose-tints of the east which precede and prophesy the noon-tide glory. His first appearance as a public performer was most probably at Munich, whither his father took him in his seventh year; they were absent from Salzburg three weeks, during which time Wolfgang performed before the elector, and excited great admiration.

The tour to Munich was made in January, 1762; in September of the same year the whole family visited Vienna, where they met with

marked encouragement, but with little money. The father writes from Vienna to a friend at Salzburg—"At night we were at Stein, and arrived here on Wednesday. Our business with the revenue officers was short, and from the principal search we were entirely absolved. For this we had to thank one Mr. Woferl,* who made friends with the *douanier*, showed him his clavier, and played him a minuet on his little violin."

Away from the tyranny of his master the archbishop, flattered by the attention paid to his children and himself, and honestly admiring his son's genius, the elder Mozart seems to have been in good spirits during this encouraging tour. "The ladies," he says, "are in love with my boy."

The child's first appearance at the Austrian court is thus mentioned:—"At present I have not time to say more than that we were so graciously received by both their majesties, that my relation would be held for a fable. Woferl sprang into the lap of the empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six; and the emperor himself came into the anteroom, to fetch me to hear the child play on the violin."

The empress presented the children with a robe each; Wolfgang's dress consisted of a coat the colour "of a lily," waistcoat of the same, with double broad gold borders. This was the dress of an archduke. Nannerl's was the court costume of an archduchess, "white brocaded taffeta, with all sorts of ornaments."

These tours, which were repeated as occasion served, seem to have brought them more fame than gold; the nobility were not rich, and in some places not very generous; from one city the father writes, "I should not be detained by the prince, but he is waiting to see what the elector gives." On another occasion he says, humorously, that if kisses had been *louis-d'ors*, they would have been well off. Presents were plentiful, such as swords, snuff-boxes, lace, &c., of which they had enough, the father writes, "to set up a shop," but money was scarce.

During a visit which they made to Paris in 1763, we are told that Madame de Pompadour had the young Mozart placed upon a table; and when, on his advancing to salute her, she turned away, the child cried, "Who is this that will not kiss me? The empress kissed me!"

Having succeeded in Paris, the family proceeded to England, where the children performed before the king and queen, and received marked approval. This was in the spring of 1764. They were lodged at the house of a Mr. Williamson, in Frith Street, Soho. During this visit the father writes: "I can send you no more particulars than you will find in the papers. It is sufficient to say that my girl is esteemed the first female performer in Europe, though only twelve years old; and that the high and mighty Wolfgang, though only eight, has the acquire-

* A keyed instrument, the immediate precursor of the pianoforte.

* Fond diminutive for Wolfgang.

ments of a man of forty. In short, those only who see and hear can believe; and even you in Salzburg know nothing about him, he is so changed."

During all these absences from home, the elder Mozart was teased by inquiries from the Archbishop as to when he would return? It may be readily supposed that his residence at Salzburg presented few attractions when contrasted with the gay and genial life which he and his family led while on their travels; at last, however, they returned, and for some months Mozart devoted his increasing talents to the study and practice of the works of Emanuel Bach, Handel, &c., &c.

Mozart's later tours were not always merely triumphal progresses; the boy very early became advanced in composition, and had a ready flow of ideas, some of which indeed he did not at first fully work out; and it is interesting to know that sometimes in later life, when his powers were expanded, he would return to a theme and complete the development of some beautiful fancy of his earlier years. This facility of production, and the style of his compositions, provoked the jealousy and dislike of many of his contemporaries who were wedded to the Italian style, and could not endure those full harmonies and the massive counterpoint of the young Mozart.

We may not linger to detail his efforts and his father's anxieties during the composition and attempted production of three operas; the spirits of the youth seem to have been all but unconquerable, and he wrote on, in spite of every sort of discouragement which envy or malice could inflict upon him.

A very striking feature in the character of Mozart is the sensitiveness of his affections. As a child, we are told, he would inquire of those around him, many times during the day, "Do you love me?" And if answered sportively in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears.

He finds time when on a tour with his father, receiving flattery and homage on the one hand, contempt and discouragement on the other, to write the most affectionate letters to his sister, for whom he seems to have had a warm regard; he inquires after his friends in the cathedral choir, after a boyish love—a Mademoiselle von Molk; even after a little bird, of whom he was at the time reminded by hearing another sing a "G sharp exactly like him." And all this at an age when grandeur and luxury are exceedingly apt to inflame and corrupt the mind. But Mozart, throughout his life, diligently cultivated the domestic affections, and it is doubtful whether any man was ever more entirely beloved in his family than he.

In the spring of the year 1772 a new archbishop of Salzburg entered upon his duties, but whatever hopes were at first kindled by this change were doomed to a rapid extinction; for the princely ecclesiastic had not the least taste for music, and was mean to penuriousness in rewarding the artists in his employ. Mozart, as a boy, received a guinea annually, which nominal

payment was looked upon rather as an earnest of future preferment and protection than as a remuneration for his young efforts. It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless strictly true, that long after he had distinguished himself both in church and secular music, and while he was constantly bringing out something fresh at the archbishop's concerts, or in the cathedral, the same miserable dole was made!

Well might the Mozarts feel impatient at their serf-like condition. Well might the energetic, fiery, yet affectionate and loving Wolfgang, long to be out of the shadow of Salzburg Cathedral, long to be a free man, at work for a tangible reward, and able to pursue his own method without the prying interference of an ignorant and unsympathizing lord.

In 1777 therefore, Wolfgang, accompanied by his mother, quitted Salzburg with the intention of offering the young man's talents to the various neighbouring princes, in the hope of obtaining for him an appointment in some degree worthy of his extraordinary genius. We may readily imagine the eager anxiety and warm anticipations of young Mozart, the tender cautions of his good father, the parting between Madame Mozart and her husband, and Nannerl's affectionate care that her beloved Wofel should be protected from the cold. They cross the threshold, they enter the diligence, Nannerl rushes upstairs to shed a few natural tears, poor Leopold Mozart gazes after the coach, shakes his head, remembering how often during a long life his own hopes have been frustrated, yet little dreaming that he and the beloved wife of his bosom have parted for the last time.

We may fancy how the old man and the girl watch for the first letter. Mother and son arrived at Munich; nothing offering itself, they proceeded to Mannheim: it is the old story; Wolfgang gets plenty of flattery and watches, swords and jewellery, but little hard cash; so they go on to Paris.

At Paris, Madame Mozart, the faithful mother, the tender wife, was taken ill and died. "Great God!" writes the afflicted husband; "that I should have to search for my dear wife's grave in Paris!" The fatal news reached Leopold while in the midst of a letter of congratulation to his Anna on her approaching name-day. Nannerl was to have added her felicitations at the close; but the tidings of the mother's death arrive, and the poor girl is too distressed to write at all.

Every attention that can soothe in such a situation was paid by Wolfgang to his mother in her illness; yet we can conceive how her thoughts turned from Paris to Salzburg, to the dear husband and daughter at home; to the cathedral burial-ground where her five babes were laid, beside whom she had hoped one day to rest.

While at Mannheim, Mozart had formed a serious passion for a young singer, named Aloisia Weber, daughter of "an honest German, who has brought up his children well." The fair Aloisia, though only fifteen, had a splendid and well cultivated voice of great com-

pass, and interpreted the young composer's music with fire and enthusiasm. How natural for him to fall in love with her! At first she seemed pleased with his attentions; and even in his grief for his dear mother's death, he turns to her for comfort.

His father writes to him, advising him to cultivate the acquaintance of the great. Wolfgang replies thus:—

"You advise me to visit a great deal, in order to make new acquaintances, or to revive the old ones. That is, however, impossible. The distance is too great, and the ways too miry to go on foot; the muddy state of Paris being indescribable: and, to take a coach, one may soon drive away four or five livres, and all in vain, for the people merely pay you compliments, and then it is over. They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, 'O c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant.' And then—'Adieu!'"

His residence in Paris is, in the end, as disappointing as it proves expensive, and the archbishop, by the recommendation of his friends, invites Wolfgang back to Salzburg, the concerts having sadly declined in interest during his absence. The star of Gluck was then in the ascendant at Paris, Marie Antoinette having been his pupil; in short, the young Mozart found little prospect of success, and is already disposed to return to his father. The archbishop offers him a salary of five hundred florins as director of the concerts, and his father holds out an additional inducement for his return by telling him that he is not to play the violin at court, but simply to sit at the clavier and direct, adding slyly enough that there is the prospect of an opera at Salzburg, in which Mademoiselle Weber has half promised to assist.

This was, we may venture to say, the turning point; and young Mozart, disgusted with the heartlessness and vice of Paris, set out on his homeward journey, stopping awhile, however, to offer his services once more to the Elector at Munich, and also to give some concerts at Strasbourg.

In consequence of the union of the Electorates of Mannheim and Munich, the orchestra had been removed from the former place to the latter; and on reaching the city, Wolfgang hastened to Weber's house; but here he was doomed to disappointment. Aloysia, who had parted from him with tears, received him so coldly that he was effectually repulsed; and he finally devoted himself to her younger sister, Constance, who understood him better, and subsequently became his 'helpmeet' in the real sense of the word. Aloysia was singularly unhappy in her wedded life: she married an actor named Lange. She owned in after days that she saw Mozart only as "a little man;" and to his insignificant appearance, probably, Mozart was indebted for the cool reception which turned his thoughts to the amiable Constance, and eventually gave him perhaps the best wife a genius ever possessed.

At the commencement of the winter of 1780, Mozart was engaged by the Elector of Bavaria to compose an *opera seria* for the approaching

carnival. He accordingly proceeds to Munich; and his father, who was, as usual, eager for his success, wrote to him as follows—

"Consider that for every dozen real connoisseurs, there are a hundred persons wholly ignorant; therefore do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, and forget to tickle the long ears."

Wolfgang replies—"Don't be apprehensive respecting the pleasure of the crowd; there will be music for all sorts of people in my opera, but *nothing for long ears.*"

This opera, "*Idomeneo*," was the triumph of Mozart's twenty-fifth year, although the work of only a few weeks; for, as we have seen, he went to Munich at the beginning of the winter 1780-81, and the opera was ready early in January. It has been regarded as a model of its kind; his new disposal of the instruments of the orchestra was speedily adopted by Haydon; and in fact the influence of this work on modern music can at the present day be scarcely calculated.

The success of "*Idomeneo*" was followed by a brief period of holiday festivity among Mozart and his friends, the members of the old orchestra at Mannheim. The archbishop renewed his leave of absence from weeks to months, and not until the 16th March, 1781, was he summoned back to his duties, not at Salzburg, but at Vienna, where the archbishop and his court were staying.

To Mozart, who had mixed on familiar and almost equal terms by virtue of his art with the most distinguished aristocracy of Germany, and whose feelings were as keen as his perception, treatment like the following must have been galling in the highest degree:—

Date, Vienna, March 17, 1781.

"Dinner was served at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, which was for me unfortunately rather too early; and there sat down to it the two valets in attendance, the controller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my littleness. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honour to be placed at least above the cooks. * * * Our excellent archbishop glorifies himself with his people, receives their services, and pays them nothing in return."

Others of the nobility, however, are more liberal in their behaviour, particularly the Countess Thun, who was the generous patroness of Haydon, and herself an accomplished amateur musician. "The countess," says Mozart, "is one of the most lovely, charming women I ever knew, and I am in great favour with her."

How readily do his kind feelings spring up into gratitude toward those who treat him with consideration!

The countess offers to lend him her beautiful pianoforte (then a recent invention), that he may play gratis at a concert to be given for the benefit of musicians' widows. Mozart gladly consents, but the archbishop puts a veto on the proposal, which veto the persuasions of the nobility, and not any charitable feelings of his own, compel him to withdraw. This selfish, unsympathizing

master seems to have cast a gloom on every scene of our Mozart's existence; so far from taking a pride in the successes of his concert-director, he oppresses and degrades him in every way.

He proposes to give a concert, and the kind ladies of Munich undertake to sell tickets for him; but the archbishop refuses his permission, and Mozart (whose five hundred florins appear to have been cut down to four), begins to be quite tired of his employer, who keeps him hard at work writing fresh music; for which, however, he makes him no acknowledgment in addition to his ordinary salary. He is at last disgusted and wearied out, and having formed a good connexion in Munich, he throws up his beggarly appointment. This happened in May, 1781.

It was not so desperate a step as his father thought it, "for," says Wolfgang, "the archbishop is hated here, and, above all, by the emperor!" For this hatred alone, one feels inclined to love the Emperor Joseph, and the whole population of Vienna.

From this time the life of the gifted composer was one intense struggle against untoward circumstances. He gives lessons and concerts, his pianoforte performances exciting the greatest applause: but the Viennese were a lively, changeable people; novelty rather than decided excellence appears to have been their object, and Mozart soon found a difficulty in bringing out his works. Nevertheless, he sends his father at intervals sums of from ten to thirty ducats. How one must sympathize with poor Leopold Mozart and his daughter, in this dull life at Salzburg, dependent on the caprices of the ignorant archbishop, and working hard (for Nannerl too gave lessons) to gain a morsel of bread, while he who had been the life of the house was gone away from them!

In August, 1782, Mozart having been successful with his opera "*Die Entführung*" (The Abduction), made a bold step, and married his good Constance, in the presence of her mother and her sister Sophie, to whom we are indebted for the best particulars of the composer's domestic life.

This union, which was hallowed by true affection, lasted nine years. "Stänerl" brought him no fortune, and was frequently in delicate health; added to which, a young family grew up rapidly around him. At one time, from sitting so much in a sick room, where absolute quiet was necessary, he acquired the habits of accosting every one in a whisper—even his friends in the street, and of putting his finger on his lip as a sign of silence, when they began to answer him. How forcibly does this speak a heart open to every tender emotion, and under the sway of the most devoted love!

"Why did you not marry a rich wife?" asked the Emperor Joseph. "Sire," replied the dignified musician, "I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love!"

Notwithstanding Madame Mozart's ill-health, she outlived her gifted husband, and paid him

the highest tribute she could offer to his memory, charging herself with the liquidation of his debts, the last farthing of which she eventually paid.

In August, 1784, Anna Maria Mozart married, and the disappointed and hard-working father was left alone in his old age. Mozart wrote, and begged him to apply for a pension, and in the event of its being refused, advised him to come to Vienna and live with his son. The elder Mozart did not exactly take this advice, but he went to Vienna for six weeks, and wrote to his daughter, Madame Sonnenburg, detailing concert after concert, at which Wolfgang played his own compositions with great applause. The sage father adds that Constance's housekeeping was most economical, and that unless his son wastes money, he must be saving it. The fact is, that Mozart's life was not so regular during the last few years of his existence as one could wish. Wearied by lesson-giving, which to a man of his quick appreciation was extremely tiresome, and harassed by disappointments innumerable, he appears to have diverted himself a little too much with convivial society. His sister-in-law, Sophie, tells us, notwithstanding that she never saw him intoxicated, he drank at home only sufficient to exhilarate him; but it is to be feared that, when abroad with his friends, he occasionally overstepped the bounds of sobriety.

His difficulties gradually became more and more pressing, in spite of Constance's utmost care and economy: his children were ill, his wife for a year and a-half was confined to her bed; yet he brings out work after work, each one sufficient to create a reputation, with little cessation and undiminished power. A mere catalogue of these immortal productions would be uninteresting, and the limits of this sketch forbid a longer notice. Those who know his "*Figaro*," and "*Don Giovanni*," need no assurance that the promise of his earlier days was abundantly fulfilled: and yet all his genius, all his industry, could not keep him above the apprehension, and sometimes even above the prospect of want.

On one occasion, as he stepped into his carriage to go on a tour, he was arrested for a debt of thirty florins, but was fortunately enabled to borrow the sum without much delay.

His sensitiveness, instead of decreasing, grew upon him until he became excessively nervous, and his mind fatigued by severe application to his profession, was apt to be depressed by the least cause. The circumstance of his being commissioned to write a requiem, by a stranger, who suppressed his name, and an unexpected meeting with this man just as he was setting out for Prague on professional business, gave him more uneasiness than he cared to confess. His dear "Stänerl," as he fondly calls her, accompanied him to Prague, where he was to compose an opera on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II. The opera—"La Clemenza di Tito"—was written in an almost incredibly short space of time, and performed with the

most distinguished success; but with the exception of a few brief sparklings when in the company of his friends, his spirits were wretchedly low during his visit. He was constantly using medicine; his appetite failed, and his whole appearance changed for the worse.

He had a notion that he was writing the requiem for himself, as indeed proved to be the case. This idea preying on a mind naturally delicate, weakened by application, and excited by disease, may be considered to have hastened his death.

He took leave of his friends at Prague with the idea that he parted with them for the last time. He returned to Vienna, and it was as he feared. He reached Vienna in September, put the last touches to the "*Zauberflöte*," and resumed his labours upon the requiem—a work which he pursued amid the deepest dejection. It is melancholy that his death should have been so near, when, for the first time in his life, he had a reasonable prospect of achieving a real independence. On his return from Prague he found awaiting him the appointment of kapellmeister to St. Stephen's Church, as well as large commissions from Holland and Hungary. Under these circumstances it is natural that the prospect of death should have been exceedingly distressing; especially to a man who possessing the warmest affections, felt himself about to be snatched from a devoted wife and a helpless family, at the very period when he could have provided for them. The requiem was concluded, and sung by the invalid, joined by his friends, around the death-bed; after this he sunk rapidly, and expired in the presence of his affectionate wife and her sister on the 5th of December, 1791.

Thus closed the life of one of the most gifted and amiable of men. His successes were his own, for he was no courtier, and shrunk from any servile attendance upon the great; his failures were assuredly owing to anything rather than to the want of industry and assiduity. These failures indeed, in a measure, were the causes of his greatest triumphs, for it was when he tore himself from an eternal round of concert performances and lesson-giving, that he

earned nothing, and these were the intervals of composition during which he was laying the foundation of a world-wide fame.

His music, during his life, earned him a great reputation; but we have seen that his best and brightest efforts, though fruitful in compliments and presents, brought him little besides. The system also at that time pursued between the theatrical composer and the manager was so loose and imperfect that the right of copying and publishing was almost nominal, and Mozart was frequently anticipated in bringing out arrangements from his operas for the clavier and piano-forte, by persons who had obtained copies of the airs from those who wrote out the music for the theatre.

We will conclude with a picture of his beloved sister, Madame Sonnenberg, drawn by the hand of Mrs. Novello, who visited her, carrying with her a subscription from some friends in London, in the year 1829.

Poor Nannerl! What a finish to a life which opened so brilliantly!

"We found Madame Sonnenberg lodged in a small but clean room, bed-ridden, and quite blind. Hers is a complete decay of nature. Suffering no pain, she lies like one awaiting the stroke of death, and will probably expire in her sleep. . . . Her voice was scarcely raised above a whisper; so that I was forced to lean my face close to hers, to catch the sound. In the sitting-room still remained the clavichord, on which the brother and sister had frequently played duets together; and on its desk lay some pieces of his composition, which were the last things she played before her illness."

Here are the true variations of an artist-life: the dress of an archduchess one day, and life amid the gaieties of the Austrian court. The reverse of the picture we have presented in the quotation from Mrs. Novello.

Those readers who wish to acquaint themselves more minutely with the biography of the great musician, are recommended to the work of Mr. Holmes, entitled "*The Life of Mozart*," from which the materials for the preceding narrative are collected.

FAITH, THE IDEAL, AND ART.*

Johnson loved a good honest hater, and we love with equal fervour a downright thorough-going enthusiast, even though his enthusiasm be about nothing.

Here has some earnest thoughtful gentleman determined to prove that Art at present is all astray, and that none can lead the wandering sheep back to the fold save Mr. Millais and the pre-Raphaelites.

If the declension of Art be a fact—which we are by no means disposed to admit—we do not

clearly perceive that Mr. Millais will redeem our School of Painting; that the "*Future of English Art* is in the hands of the Pre-Raphaelites," we humbly venture to doubt. It is one thing to start a grand "*Idea*," and another thing to be capable of elaborating it. The conception of the steam engine had floated in many inferior minds before a more mighty intellect brought it practically to bear. To create a political revolution was the work of Robespierres and Marats; but to forge and temper the sword of power upon such an anvil was the destiny of the master-spirit, Napoleon the Great. That the Pre-Raphaelites are right in theory, we believe

* *Faith, the Ideal, and Art.* George Bell, 186, Fleet Street.

that Mr. Millais will establish that theory, we disbelieve; we judge men's powers by their works.

The *just* principle of this school—for *just* and *true* we assert it to be—is to substitute for the present *inventive* style of painting one that plays no fantastic tricks with nature, but renders it humbly, faithfully, reverently upon the canvas, contriving no imaginary skies, no impossible combinations of colour in foliage, none of those effects, in fact, which have never existed in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth.

"It is especially to be noted," says the writer, "that our landscapists fail much in truth of colour; for one might fancy that each man at starting had *provided vast store of some favourite green or grey*, and uses it for everything ever after; and so we have Jutsum's green, and Brunett's green, and Creswick's green; and none of these Nature's green; just as among the figure painters, we have MacIise's flesh, Frost's flesh, and F. Stone's flesh, Redgrave's flesh, Cope's flesh, and Eastlake's flesh—all different, and none of them perfectly natural," &c.

That there is some truth in all this we admit; but is Mr. Millais able to paint better pictures than these artists?—pictures, that will correct the general taste, and command attention towards a higher standard. That truth would be more noble, it is a truism to assert; but much may be said upon the way in which it is to be rendered, and upon the *choice of subjects* to be made by a painter. What noble image is presented to our minds by Mariana, the lady in the bright dress, who is ugly, common-place, vulgar, and a-weary? In avoiding Ideality, Mr. Millais indulges us with a Reality that is not nature. He gives us the monster of Frankenstein before it had received the breath of life; the hideous similitude conveyed by a daguerreotype—exactitude of outline, with a false expression, or none at all.

What Mr. Millais may do hereafter we are unable to say; but to judge from his present performances, we see no prospect of his commanding sufficient attention to effect the change required by the purest taste. The "Idea" appears to us too large for him; it is like riding fifteen stone upon a pony; it is the reverse of the mountain and the mouse, or the exact fac-simile of the frog attempting to assume the unattainable proportions of the ox.

The faith of the writer of this pamphlet, however, in the Pre-Raphaelite capabilities is unbounded. He refers us to the next production of Mr. Millais, as an evidence that his power of painting landscapes surpasses that of any contemporary artist whatsoever. He prophesies that, although in limning the human countenance, hitherto they have effectually marred every beauty it contained, they may in future condescend to allow a female countenance to reassume its natural and original loveliness. We hope they may! Others have offended us so long, by turning Hercules into a dancing-master, and Antigone into a ballet-girl, that our return to classical truth will be as sweet as a draught of pure spring water to a fever-stricken patient. But in his struggles for the delineation of homely nature, Mr. Millais must not give us Hercules with the hooping-cough, or Antigone with an umbrella up, because mortals are subject to cough and rain.

Though some portions of this pamphlet are so enthusiastic about smaller matters as to call forth the eastern exclamation of the fig-dealer, "in the name of the prophet Figs," still it contains noble sentiments that are too seldom enunciated, and an earnest admiration of truth not often so boldly spoken. We recommend its perusal confidently to our readers, if only as a matter of curiosity. Many have *talked* a great deal more than this gentleman without saying half so much. W. B. B.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

(See Plate.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

Well hath the artist the expression caught
Of dignified and tranquil contemplation;
With what calm earnestness thy brow is fraught,
Oh! Prince, loved truly by a grateful nation;
In Nature's gifts how few can thee excel!
Yet not for these we value thee so well.

It is, because, through each revolving year,
We have descried some ever-new revealing
Of thy fine mind, thy judgment apt and clear,
Thy active kindness, and thy generous feeling,
Prompt to attend to Charity's soft call,
Ready to think, and act, and strive for all.

Eager that Knowledge should its sway extend,
And that the People should partake its treasures,
And willing thy expansive mind to bend
Even to plan and share the People's pleasures.

How at these words a pageant seems to rise
In bright, distinctive freshness to our eyes!

The wondrous scene we never can forget,
Where nations came—but not on hostile mission,
Within thy dazzling Crystal Halls they met
In peaceful, yet in glorious competition;
That day in England's page shall ever shine,
That work of mighty triumph, Prince, was thine!

Long may'st thou live and prosper—long be seen
Thus with the People holding high communion,
Long may our gracious, fair, and happy Queen
Rejoice, that in her heart-directed union,
She owns a good, her regal state above—
The tranquil blessings of domestic love!

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, January 21.

MY DEAR C—,

We have bid adieu to the old year, with all its stirring events, and after the vigorous struggle that here preceded its dissolution, we have laid it in its grave, quietly, but not obliviously, for the annals of French history will bear few stranger pages than that which records the events of 1851, and not only those which marked its own existence, but still more those to which its deeds have led the way in the time of its successor. Two months ago, Louis Napoleon was the merely nominal chief of the nation; he was bullied, opposed, thwarted by the Assembly, hampered by the Constitution, attacked by the press, caricatured by the illustrated journals; he was an *imbécile*, a *niais*, an *encroulé*; he said little, he did less, he let the load of insult (which, be it admitted, was far from being altogether unmerited), accumulate, when, the day of reckoning arrived, he rose sometimes in the morning, and in a twinkling, Assembly, Constitution, liberty of the press, liberty of speech, nay, *liberty of silence*, are swept away, scattered to the winds, and the supine, indolent, much-enduring President finds himself, or rather *makes* himself, one of the most absolute autocrats in the civilized world! We know all that may be said *pour et contre*; on the one side we hear of the provocations he received, of the factious opposition of the Assembly, of plots and conspiracies against his government and his person, of the fallacies of the Constitution, of the perilous position of the nation—all true; on the other we are told of broken faith, selfish ambition, tyranny, illegality, reckless assumption and exercise of unjustifiable authority, crushed liberty—true again, equally true; and until Louis Napoleon, having achieved that to which he aspires, has fairly started the chariot of government, and shown how and in what direction he intends to drive it, it will be very difficult to pronounce a verdict on all that has passed. In the meantime, *espionage*, arrests, transportations, suspension of journals, in short, despotism in all forms, goes on merrily, and if people venture to *think* their souls are their own, they dare not say so. You may be surprised at my saying that liberty of *silence* no longer existed; but it is a fact, the *Siccle* and the *Opinion Publique* having been suspended because, while abstaining from censure, they did not conceive themselves bound to express approval of the *coup d'état* and its results! This is a state of things that was foreseen some months back by Emile de Girardin, the truest and farthest-sighted political prophet of the day; "*Bientôt*," he said, "*nous n'aurons plus le droit de ne rien dire!*" and so it is. It is among the list of names of those "*expulsés du territoire Français, de celui de l'Algérie et de celui des*

colonies, pour cause de sûreté générale." (!!) A satisfactory accusation, and one easily replied to and refuted.

An amusing *on dit* goes about with regard to Louis Napoleon's interview with the Archbishop of Paris, relative to the sacramental ceremony at Notre Dame: the Archbishop strongly objected to perform the office, alleging that having administered the oath of the Constitution, he could not, in conscience, execute a rite resulting from the violation of that oath. "*Beh! M. l'Archevêque*," exclaimed the President, "*est ce qu'il ne vous est jamais arrivé d'enterrer un enfant que vous avez baptisé!*" However grave circumstances may be, in France an occasion for a *bon mot* is never wanting: When, immediately after the President's election, he went to the opera, there was a perfect storm of applause on his entrance; Duprez (whose voice, as we all know, is "going, going," almost "gone"), being asked by a friend what he thought of the demonstration, replied, "*Je vois que pour réussir à ce théâtre il faut BEAUCOUP DE VOIX!*"

Among the "*signs of the times*" may be noticed that "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," is being erased from all the public buildings; all the trees of liberty that remained are being removed; the streets, theatres, public institutions, &c., are resuming their former names; and in short everything relating to the Republic is gradually but surely disappearing.

The ball at the Hôtel de Ville was a strange medley (as to the guests) of splendour and shabbiness; beside the most brilliant and *recherchées* toilettes, appeared *robes montantes*, and gloveless cavaliers! Most of the *élégantes* wore a little black lace, or broad black velvet *cravate*, close round the throat, with a tie, in the centre of which glittered a rich *agraffe* or brooch; the fashion, which is an old one revived, is very pretty, but I think will be hot for dancers.

Much interest has been excited by the circumstances attending a duel fought last week between the Comte de S— du P— and the Marquis de C—. In a quarrel, at whist, at the jockey-club, the latter made use of some disrespectful observations relative to the favour shown by the President to the Comte; on the following day the duel (in which M. S— du P— was wounded in the hand) took place, and M. de C— received an intimation, that, in consequence of the language he had used, he was advised to depart *forthwith* on a voyage he contemplated making into Egypt, or the Government would undertake his immediate removal, without consulting his choice of destination.

At the Italian Opera, the new barytone, Ferlotti, has *débüté* in "*Maria de Rohan*"; he seems to be much liked, though perhaps the piece is hardly so well suited to his voice as some others where less vehemence of expression is requisite.

Guasco has an immense success; the charm of his voice and method is fully appreciated, and perhaps the more so that previous to his arrival an ill-natured report was circulated, to the effect that his voice was *usée*, and had lost all its freshness and force — a statement which the result has fully contradicted. At the Ambigu, Alexandre Dumas's "Vampyre" has had an extraordinary run: we went last week to see it. It is founded on the Vampyre attributed to Byron, and, with certain alterations, is nearly the same in substance. It is singularly striking, admirably acted, and admirably got up; and I think fully merits its success. At the Théâtre Français, they are giving one of the prettiest, one of the most natural, and one of the most *healthy* little pieces that has for a long time appeared. If I can procure the *libretto* I will send it to you, as I am sure it will please your readers. It is called "La Diplomatie en Ménage," and is written by Mme. Caroline Berton, the daughter of M. Sanson, whose inimitable acting is one of the chief attractions at the "Français." Here is a *morceau* from the "Pays," that I think will amuse you, relative to a theatrical quarrel. It may be as well to say, *par parenthèse*, that the *dégraisseur* of a theatre is the person employed to examine the pieces accepted, and to remove or alter such passages as may be considered objectionable:—

"M. Lemadre avait, depuis longues années, l'avantage de dégraisser le théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin. Il jouissait dans l'administration d'une réputation sans tache et comme homme et comme dégraisseur; on lui avait confié d'immenses travaux; il avait tour à tour nettoyé Perrinet Leclerc, Lucrèce Borgia, la duchesse de la Vauhallière, la dame de Saint-Tropez, Jenny l'Ouvrière, et un grand nombre d'autres personnages, qui étaient passés par ses mains, d'où ils étaient sortis lavés de toute souillure.

"Cependant, il y a deux mois, M. Lemadre s'aperçoit tout à coup que la clientèle devient moins bonne; presque plus rien à dégraisser: quelques malheureux paysans, quelques comparses, quelques doublures; pas un premier rôle! M. Lemadre se disait: C'est étrange! comme les premiers sujets sont devenus propres et soigneux! Cependant les quinquets dégouttent et fument comme à l'ordinaire. Le mot de cette énigme, M. Lemadre ne tarda pas à l'avoir. Il apprit qu'un confrère, M. Poirier, était

allé offrir à l'administration de les dégraisser au rabais, et qu'on avait accepté. M. Lemadre est furieux et jure de se venger.

"Un jour donc, rencontrant M. Poirier sur la scène, et joignant les voies de fait aux reproches, il lui donna un soufflet en lui disant: 'Ah! tu dégraissses au rabais! eh bien! dégraisse ta joue de cette gille.' M. Poirier recule de surprise et d'indignation. Dans ce mouvement rétrograde, son pied heurte le balcon de la tour de Nesle, et son corps va tomber sur une place de village. M. Lemadre, qui le poursuivait, enjambe par-dessus un nuage, saisit un pont-levis et s'apprête à le lancer sur la tête de M. Poirier, qui pare le coup avec un orneau séculaire. Se glissant alors le long d'une rivière, M. Poirier enfila une porte cochère et échappe enfin aux colères de son concurrent en se blottissant derrière le lit de Marguerite de Bourgogne.

"Cité, à raison de ces faits, devant la police correctionnelle, M. Lemadre a été condamné à 25 francs d'amende et 50 francs de dommages-intérêts."

It is said that few balls will be given this season in French houses, almost all the gaieties being confined to those of foreigners, the diplomatic circles, and the "powers that be." There is to be a grand *fête* at the Tuileries very shortly; *c'est le commencement de la fin* probably!

Great satisfaction seems to be felt in general by the new rules for the Garde Nationale, more especially that which exempts all men from the age of fifty from serving. It would form a most amusing chapter to cite all the ingenious devices that have hitherto been adopted to avoid the detested ceremony of mounting guard; I know one gentleman who escaped on the ground of being an American, having once carried American despatches! As to the strange, manifold, and complicated maladies that have incapacitated apparently healthy subjects from performing the duty, I do not suppose the annals of medicine can produce such cases; as, however, it frequently happened that the authorities were so inhuman as to give the invalids the alternative of mounting their guard despite their sufferings, or spending some days in prison, it is much more agreeable now to have certain legitimate exemptions. *A révoir.*

My dear C—,

Ever yours,

P*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

"EXPERIENCE" IN ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-outang which, having had, when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been

applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage-horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure; but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, be made to pull the refractory horses backwards. The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever

it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another dog, which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer-match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals arrive at a knowledge of cause and effect. Strend, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air-pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog, having a great antipathy to the music of the violin, always sought to get the bow and to conceal it. The well-known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience: he says, that a mule, laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the same contrivance afterwards purposely; and that to cure it of the trick, its panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated it could barely stagger.—*Thompson's "Passions of Animals."*

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.—Rupert now directed his attention to the boxes on either side of him, which were rapidly filling; the stage-box, more especially on his right hand, excited his curiosity; from seeing a young lady, apparently about eighteen or twenty, of great personal attractions, enter it, surrounded by a perfect swarm of men; one removing her hood, another carrying her fan, a third her bouquet, while a fourth arranged her chair, and a fifth stooped down to place a footstool for her; the whole house, including *les sommités aristocratiques*, evinced the greatest *empressement* to bow to this lady, who returned their greetings, with a circular salutation, which included them all, in the most graceful manner, and with the least possible trouble to herself, as she sank into her chair, and leant back to speak to one of her satellites, who was in waiting at the back of it. She was very little above the middle height, of beautifully rounded proportions; and plump, without being fat. Her skin was of a dazzling and satiny whiteness; her bust, hands, and arms being most symmetrical. Her face was more round than oval; her forehead was high and intellectual, the brows being low, straight, and beautifully pencilled; her eyes were large and liquid, and of a dark hazel; her nose small, white, and excessively *piquant*, having the end descended a little below the delicately chiselled nostrils, which had those little *fossettes* at each side, that a century and a half later Madame de Genlis was so vain of possessing. Her cheeks were suffused with that vivid, yet delicate, and peach-like bloom, so rare among her countrywomen; her mouth was a little large, but the lips were so deep and bright a red, and formed such a perfect Cupid's bow, from the

short upper lip to the dimpled chin, and the teeth within it were so dazzlingly white, that envy itself could find nothing to criticise. Her magnificent hair (which was a dark brown, with that Georgione or horse-chestnut red varnished tinge through it, as if sun-beams had got entangled amongst its meshes) she wore, according to the fashion of the time, wreathed in plaits round the back of her head, and divided very low on the forehead, with a profusion of long tendril-like ringlets on either side, which were tied with knots of blue satin ribbon, over which, so as to show the blue ribbon through, were large bows of set pearls, with streamers and tassels of fine Oriental, pear-shaped, strung pearls; and the shoulders and front part of her *berthe* were also fastened with the same, likewise the centre of her bodice, down to the point of her stomacher, where hung one large pearl, nearly the size of a pigeon's egg. Her dress was composed of white *moire*, with a broad sky-blue velvet stripe upon it, while the *berthe* was entirely of blue velvet, with a *résille* or network of pearls over it, which formed no contrast to her snowy skin. "What a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Rupert. "Who is she?"—"You are partly right and partly wrong: *beautiful* she most unquestionably is; but for her girlhood! if you want to find *that*, you must go back to the time when our friend Molière accompanied his late Majesty Louis Treize to Narbonne, in 1641, and even *then* she was not over *girlish*, being at that time five-and-twenty, as last Tuesday she completed her forty-sixth year."—"Impossible," said Rupert.—"Nothing is impossible to Ninon de l'Enclos, except, perhaps, ceasing to be Ninon," rejoined Rohault.—*School for Husbands; or Molière's Life and Times. By Lady Bulwer Lytton.*

WIT.—Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.—*Johnson.*

HINTS FOR A NEW VOCABULARY.

"America.—A spirited lad, who beat his big brother for bulleying him, but who will join him as partner in business when they both become men."

"Reformer.—A person known first as a 'Visionary,' then as a 'Quack,' then as a 'Benefactor.'"

"Chivalry.—The *aurora borealis* of the dark ages."

"A Good Hand of Cards for a Happy Couple.—Lots of Hearts, a sprinkling of Diamonds, no Clubs, and one Spade—last card of all—between the partners."

Punch's Almanac.

NEW BOOKS.

SCENE.—A cozy little drawing-room; MRS. SMITH and her COUSIN FANNY look through the windows for a few moments in the vain hope of finding a "break" in the weather.

Mrs. Smith. It is no use, Fanny; that straight, small, stedfast rain gives not the least hope of a clearing-up. We must resign ourselves to our fate.

Fanny. Not much resignation is required on my part. I think a long working, talking, and reading morning very delightful, and if I am privileged to stir the fire and draw my chair to the hearth-rug, I can make myself supremely happy.

Mrs. Smith. Then pray be happy in your own way. But I recommend you to choose an easier chair than the one you have taken. There, are not those broad arms, and that not-too-sloping back, delightful? Greedy child! are you going to read half a dozen volumes at once? As bad as your father, who generally puts his elbow on two newspapers while he "looks at" a third.

Fanny [laughing]. I do dearly like a lap-full of new books; and as I am nearly sure you have read these, and as by the resolute manner in which you have donned your thimble you look vowed to finish that *broderie* scallop before you stir, I mean to keep the books—for the present. Here is Miss Mitford's new work; * I am sure I shall be delighted with it. Everything by the author of "Our Village" must be charming.

Mrs. Smith. It is a deeply interesting work; less so, however, from its extracts and criticisms, than from the personal recollections which abound in it, and which the author has the happy manner of relating so simply, and yet with such graphic power. Miss Mitford speaks of herself as upwards of sixty, and her recollections commence at the close of the last century. From circumstances and position she has all her life mixed with eminent people, of many nations, and of many who died before her time she has heard curious and authentic anecdotes. It would make a long catalogue to name half the celebrities of whom in these three volumes she has something to say—poets and statesmen, Tories and radicals.

Fanny. I see not a few contrasts in turning over the pages. Lockhart of the *Quarterly* and the famous William Cobbett, Chatterton and Southey, Richardson and Motherwell; a rare chapter about the Brownings, that true Poet Pair; and—

Mrs. Smith. Half a hundred others of great note and interest. Miss Mitford is evidently a devourer of books, as well as producer of delightful ones; and she has stumbled on many gems of literature—gems really of "purest ray

serene," which yet seem to have been forgotten or but half appreciated; and she does great and true service by thus permanently embalming them, especially is this the case with some of Praed's poems, which, if we mistake not, were first collected and published in America.

Fanny. Yet Praed was an Englishman?

Mrs. Smith. Yes, and it is a feather in Brother Jonathan's cap to have been the first to appreciate his merits.

Fanny. I see several American names here.

Mrs. Smith. And you will find charming writing about them; Daniel Webster, Longfellow, Hawthorne, &c., &c.; and at the beginning of the second volume there is a story so interesting and so well told, that one longs to know *who* is the hero of it. Give me the book, and I will find the place. Here it is: Miss Mitford has just been relating a story of her garden, and some flower-seeds transmitted to her from America by Daniel Webster himself.

"I could tell another story also of a great American orator, a story told to me two or three years before this occurrence by another distinguished American visitor. He told it to me with the low tone of a deep sympathy one summer evening in my old garden room, the moon rising red and full above the pyramid of geraniums and the scent of a thousand flowers floating upon the air.

"I do not know why I tell it here; except that both stories belong in some sort to my garden, and that both relate to men eminent in America as lawyers and as statesmen; although of my friend's hero, for obvious reasons, I do not venture to give the name. Many years have passed since I heard that interesting narrative, and in small circumstances of detail I may mistake; but the one great fact, the admirable self-denial and self-sacrifice can never be forgotten. It strikes too deep a root in the heart.

"The story was of a father, one of those sturdy pioneers of American civilization, who hew their way through the Western Forest, and of his two stalwart boys. They had built a homestead, and cleared many acres around them, when, during a pause in their labours, one of the sons (I think the younger) addressed his father to this effect: 'Father! the house is raised; the trees are down; the fields are fenced. You have my brother to help you and can do without me. Let me go to the town and study. I feel that I was born to fight my way amongst men, and not to wear out my days in the toils of a husbandman.'

"The father must have been worthy of such a son, for he understood him, and felt the full force of the appeal. 'Well, my boy,' said he: 'go where you will, and my blessing shall go with you. Take these dollars and make them last as long as you can, for I have no more to give.'

"So the bold adventurer sallied forth to the nearest town where education was to be won. The dollars were but few; and the young pupil, although a model of frugality and application, found himself penniless long before he had fought his way through the college course. His courage, however, never failed. By that time he had discovered his own

* "RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE; or, Books, Places, and People." By Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

strength. He engaged with a lawyer to write for him during the evenings and by night, whilst he pursued his regular studies by day; thus defraying his own expenses, whether for education or for living; and evincing in his legal avocations such extraordinary ability and aptness, that by the time he had arrived at the head of his class, his friend the lawyer furnished him with a letter to his own brother, then in high practice in the chief town of the State, assuring him 'that the recommendation which that letter contained would secure to him immediate employment, and eventually, with his own powers and perseverance, all that he required for a high success in life.'

"Enchanted with his prospects, our adventurer set forth upon a visit to his forest home, to take leave of his parents before the long absence which he anticipated.

"On his arrival at the farm, he found the delight and pride which such a career could hardly fail to claim; but he found also that which he had seen no cause to expect—the brother whom he had left behind content with healthful labour sickening and drooping under the same hunger and thirst for mental improvement that he himself had experienced some years before. What was the resolve of that noble heart? How did he act under such a trial? He laid his letter of introduction aside—that letter which was to command fortune! He took his brother with him to the town which he had quitted as he thought for ever; placed him in the college where he himself had studied; returned to his old friend the lawyer; resumed his labours in the office, and worked calmly on until the brother, whom he wholly supported, aided by his instructions, had overcome all his disadvantages and attained the high place in the classes that he himself had occupied.

"This was my visitor's story. I only wish I could tell it to my readers as he told it to me. But even under all the imperfections of my poor narrative, and lacking the crowning name that gives to it such a power of contrast, it still seems to me almost unequalled in its simplicity and grandeur of self-sacrifice. When some powerful monarch, like Charles the Fifth, abdicates the thrones of Germany and Spain and the Indies, it sounds much. But then it is a sickly, aged, disenchanted man, who knows full well the vanity and nothingness of what he resigns; who has felt for many a year how weary a thing it is to be an Emperor. Besides, he is an Emperor still. The eyes of the world are upon him. He has only put on a new form of royalty. Now here is a young, an ambitious, a self-reliant spirit, who puts aside, not by one grand and solemn abdication, but by the quiet, silent, painful effort of days and months and years, the most precious crown of all the world—the bright crown Hope.

"After some natural exclamations of admiration, came the equally natural question, 'Did that favoured brother prove himself worthy of such a sacrifice?'

"'Alas!' said my friend, 'he lived only long enough to show how worthy he would have proved. He had already taken his place amongst the most eminent lawyers of Massachusetts when he was snatched away by death.'

Fanny. What a noble character! Who is it, do you think?

Mrs. Smith. I have a guess. But never mind.

Fanny. Tell me, cousin, shall I like Mary Howitt's new book.*

Mrs. Smith. You will, I have no doubt; but it is more than I should promise a mere silly, novel-reading girl; yet I don't know; the story is interesting enough even to please those who habitually read *only* for amusement. But of this I am sure, that the more philosophic and thoughtful readers will be precisely those who will think the most highly of this work.

Fanny. I see it is *adapted* from the Danish: this means something more than literally translated.

Mrs. Smith. No doubt; but we may rest quite satisfied of Mary Howitt's taste and discretion. The true translator thinks less of literally transcribing a work, than of fusing it as it were in his own mind, and then producing a recast—such a work as the original author would have given, had he been a native of the land to which it is thus introduced.

Fanny. We may be pretty sure that this is precisely what Mrs. Howitt has done. How well read she must be in these strange Scandinavian tongues, which are generally so little known! Is this Danish story at all like Miss Bremer's Swedish ones?

Mrs. Smith. Not the least in the world. With all Miss Bremer's merits, and they are great and particular, one cannot but feel that in the story of Jacob Bendixen we are brought into contact with a far higher order of mind than hers. And most interesting and gratifying is it to find that the translator rises and proves herself more than equal to her loftier task.

Fanny. I can understand this: her own poet nature must have warmed to sympathy with such a work as you describe.

Mrs. Smith. Precisely so. Jacob Bendixen is the history of a Danish Jew, from his birth to his grave, the principal incidents occurring from twenty to thirty years ago. But it is a psychological novel—the history of a heart and mind, the developments of which form the strong interest, and to which events seem only the needful accessories. Goldschmidt is, we believe, himself a Jew—that he is a man of genius his work sufficiently proves—and therefore we may presume that his revelations of the inner life of his nation are absolutely faithful. The father of Bendixen is a wealthy man, a conscientious Jew—ambitious for his son, and well aware that his student career can never be pursued except by free mingling with Christians. And from the attempt at an impossible union come all the sorrows that are related. An impossible union, he it remembered, because the Bendixens are not lukewarm in their faith, but hedged round by a bristling fence of observances, and belief, which however much the Christian praying and sighing for converts may lament, the mere human being can scarcely fail to respect. Jacob is no common character, the

* "JACOB BENDIXEN, THE JEW;" adapted from the Danish of Goldschmidt. By Mary Howitt. 3 vols. (Colburn & Co.)

sensitive poetic temperament is his, and the philosophic mind that analyses its own and other natures, sometimes to the point of torture. Yet he is the man of action, too, no mere dreamer. The following will show how early his trials begin; it is a school-room scene—the rector is speaking:—

“‘When I see,’ said this excellent man one day to some of the under masters, a short time after Jacob’s entrance in the school,—‘when I see that boy, with his oriental countenance, sitting low down on the bench among the dull, heavy-headed scholars, it seems to me as if they were all a collection of domestic animals, amongst whom had come a young tame panther. I only hope the whelps will be kind to the panther cub, so that its nature may not be aroused.’

“These words were as much spoken in jest as in earnest, but to his surprise he soon saw that they were quite correct.

“At the beginning Jacob was enraptured by his new position. But, although his intellect had been developed by the subtleties of his Talmudic studies, and his memory crammed with fragments of knowledge gathered from innumerable sources, yet he was now come to school without knowing a single school-book; he was like a person who can play, but who knows not a note. He was examined as the other boys were, but he could not answer a word. When, however, he began to participate in the instruction, and thereby, so to speak, the compass of his mind seemed to extend beyond that which had hitherto filled it, and he himself became conscious of what he needed, he made amazing progress.

“And what a delight it was to him to sit upon a bench among other boys! To be considered as good as they; sometimes even to be preferred before them; not to feel any difference excepting that which industry and natural abilities occasioned! How industrious he was; and how he longed every evening for the next day, when he might recommence this glorious strife!

“What a delight it was to sit upon a bench among other boys! but it was thus only during the hours when the boys were, like soldiers, under the restraint of strict discipline. Scarcely were the school hours over before Jacob heard that he was a Jew. True, it was no longer necessary for him immediately to leave his playmates, and for him to stand as much aloof as if a wooden fence had separated them. As long as he was unaccustomed to school life, and the strife of emulation with his fellows had all the attractions of novelty, he did not so much mind this new persecution; his whole soul was taken up with the school hours, and with the objects that occupied them. But after some time, when the youthful enthusiasm had somewhat abated, his mind became more sensitively alive to the other boys’ ridicule. When the whole class would swarm around him laughing and shouting ‘Jew!’ or ‘Ach wai mir!’ or ‘Hep, hep!’ he felt almost stupefied by it; it was as if he heard the whole world shouting at him, and as if he must bow himself before their voices.

“If, however, a single boy dared to approach him, and taunt him with the exclamation of ‘Be off with thee, Jew!’ or such like, it seemed to him immediately much more of a personal affront, and like a wounded tiger he bent his fine flexible limbs, and sprang upon his enemy. The end always was

the same; a crowd rushed on against him, and Jacob was beaten.

“One evening, the man whose duty it was to sweep out the rooms found a boy lying insensible on one of the floors, with marks on his body of having been severely handled. His head was cut, and blood flowed from the wound; and in this state of insensibility he was conveyed home.

“The next morning a command was issued that all the scholars should assemble in the great hall, where the masters already sat in conclave.

“The Rector ascended the elevated seat, and related the occurrence of the foregoing evening, adding, ‘There is, I am afraid, very little hope of the boy who has been guilty of this outrage convicting himself; and probably the wounded boy himself, when he recovers, may conceal his name, from a feeling of school-boy honour. But let the guilty one be whoever he may, he will bear with him the consciousness that his teachers, and every right-thinking school-fellow regard his conduct with the deepest displeasure. And this I expect from every one among you who has the honour of the school at heart, that he will not conceal, from a mistaken sense of honour, anything that he may know regarding this affair; so that the guilty one, if possible, may be discovered, in order that suspicion may not rest on the innocent.’

“The Rector cast a keen, penetrating glance round the assembly; but all were silent.

“The next moment Jacob Bendixen rose and said:

“‘It was I who did it.’

“‘How!’ exclaimed the head-master, and stepped back in astonishment; ‘you, Bendixen! the best behaved and the most quiet of all the boys in the school! I cannot believe it!’

“‘It is as I say,’ continued Jacob, immoveably.

“‘But what insanity could have possessed you—for you could not possibly do it intentionally?’

“‘Yes, I did it intentionally,’ said Jacob, in the same tone. ‘He was always the one who taunted me most with being a Jew, and yet he always managed to conceal himself behind the others. Yesterday we happened to be the last in the school; and when I was going, he ran after me, and shouted, “Get out of the way, Jew!” and struck me against the door, so that I hurt my knee. On that, I struck him, and left him as he was found. I know very well,’ added he, coming forward a step or two, ‘that they all think of me as he did, and call me Jew; but yet they none of them do it when we are alone!’

“Jacob’s lips quivered, and his cheeks were pale as marble. A death-like stillness prevailed through the hall. The Rector gazed fixedly upon him; the masters gathered round his chair; and after some moments’ whispering together, they all went out. When they had closed the door after them, one single boy said, in a suppressed tone, ‘Now, Jew, thou’lt catch it!’

“The others were all silent, and several minutes passed in breathless expectation. Jacob remained standing, immovable, and heard nothing. At length the masters returned; and amid deep silence, the Rector reascended the high chair.

“‘Jacob Bendixen!’ said he, addressing him, ‘the insults of which you have been the object are so low and despicable, and I feel so sensibly the effect which, if they were allowed to continue, must be produced on your mind, that I cannot consider myself as justified in punishing you.’ The Rector paused, with his eyes still fixed on Jacob, who stood

as if transfixed; and then, turning to the other scholars, he said, in a stern voice, 'And you others, pay attention to what I say! If the ennobling and humanizing sentiments which it is the purpose of the school to instil into your hearts, are not sufficient to raise you above the vices of the mob, then you may expect the severest punishment whenever any instances of this kind come again to my knowledge. And now I hope, Bendixen,' said he, again turning to Jacob, 'that you will have sufficient confidence in me, never in the future to think of avenging yourself, however much you may be affronted. Remember what you owe to the school, and come to me for justice. Now, go all of you quietly to the play-ground, and wait till the next hour begins. I trust that this hour, although it may not be devoted to books, will not be lost.' "

Fanny. It is a fine subject for a great work.

Mrs. Smith. I am sure you will admire it, I can hardly say enjoy, it is too painful for that word to be used: but it is a book to profit from, for it teaches us to think and feel. The love-passages are exquisitely beautiful. Jacob loves, is loved by, and betrothed to a Christian girl, Thora; and mark how, even in that beautiful Scandinavian mythologic name a contrast is suggested between the northern nature and that of the oriental, and you will find the subtle clue to some of the labyrinths of the story.

Fanny. Ah, do not tell me the plot.

Mrs. Smith. Very well; but I will warn you not quite to lose your heart to the genial manly Martin, the hero's friend and fellow-student.

Fanny. I'll not promise: for one's passing loves for these pen and ink ideals are very pleasant and very harmless—but is this Martin so particularly charming?

Mrs. Smith. Tastes may differ; for my own part I think it a most artistic creation. No genius himself, he reverences the genius of his friend: while his excellent good sense and affectionate nature would stand the hero in good stead—if—if! ah, this little word! I am compelled to add, if poor Jacob had not genius, had not sensibility, and in short stood in no manner of need of his friend's good offices.

Fanny. So much for this Danish story. Here are three little Christmas books,* each looking very inviting; which is the best?

Mrs. Smith. That is a question I would rather not answer. They are so different in style and character, that comparisons would be very unfair. "ALICE LEARMONT" is a semi-supernatural tale, told in the most poetical and effective manner. It is founded on a Scottish tradition, and the scene is laid in Scotland in the time of Queen Mary. Like the more important works of this author, "Alice Learmont" bears the true impress of genius. The

illustrations by James Godwin are very clever and appropriate.

Fanny. "THE PATHWAY OF THE FAWN"—what a singular title!

Mrs. Smith. You must read the book to understand the association which gives propriety to the title. Mrs. T. K. Hervey is a charming writer, and I think this book not second to anything she has done. It is a story of wrong and suffering, the retribution and the atonement being brought about by the instrumentality of parental and filial ties. The character of Bertha, the girl sculptor, is sweetly delineated, and there is displayed throughout the work a fine feeling for Art, which, to the lovers of it, is very delightful. Mrs. Hervey is a poetess, and scatters through her pages some pretty songs, which come upon one like strewn flowers.

Fanny. And how beautifully the book is illustrated!

Mrs. Smith. Yes, it is exquisitely got up. The general designs are by Thomas, and the chapter-initials by T. R. Macquoid. I have rarely seen anything so fine in wood-cutting, and they may be truly said to illustrate the work, carrying out its delicate fancies and suggestive sentiments.

Fanny. "MR. WRAY'S CASH-BOX" has, I see, a frontispiece by Millais, one of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Mrs. Smith. Which, notwithstanding its quaintness, is full of feeling, truth, and expression. That is a genial little book, at which one alternately laughs and cries. The story is so simple, that it would melt away like snow between our fingers, in the attempt to abridge it: but slight as is the thread, Mr. Collins contrives to string upon it most racy descriptions of life and character. He has succeeded, too, in one respect, where tale writers so commonly fail—his *good people* are not wits; hardly, indeed, up to an average cleverness; and yet the reader is intensely interested in them; for the author has given them what is better than all—heart.

Fanny. You have a new book on Chess,* I see.

Mrs. Smith. Yes, a nice little portable manual, written evidently by an enthusiastic lover of the game, and it is to be presumed a fine player. It is well calculated to supply the place of those more elaborate works which few, I should think, except thorough chess students ever read through.

Fanny. This "Pocket Companion" seems just the thing to have at hand for reference, if one wants to play one's battle over again with better skill, or to study when learning the game.

Mrs. Smith. And here is the first part of a publication,† which promises, I think, to be ex-

* "ALICE LEARMONT; a Fairy Tale of Love." By the author of "Olive," &c., &c. (Chapman & Hall.)

"MR. WRAY'S CASH-BOX." By W. Wilkie Collins. (Bentley.)

"THE PATHWAY OF THE FAWN: a Tale of the New Year." By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. (Office of the National Illustrated Library.)

* "THE CHESS-PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION." By Samuel Comyn, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

† "A DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY." By Spencer Thomson, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh. Part I. (Groombridge and Sons.)

tremely valuable to several classes of persons. I am no advocate for the unprofessional doctoring themselves, but there are cases, such as those of dwellers in the country or emigrants, to whom a knowledge of what to do, and what *not* to do in an emergency, might often save life and suffering. So far as I can judge from this first part, the projected work, published so cheaply, that when complete it will cost but a few shil-

lings, will supply a positive want: and the dictionary form renders reference more easy than any other. The woodcuts, too, which illustrate the mode of applying bandages, &c., simplify the descriptions.

Fanny. Hark! the postman! and I have a presentiment of letters to answer instead of reading this morning.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HAYMARKET.

We have been more than once to see Mr. Webster's finished personation of the "Man of Law;" and a more intimate acquaintance with it has confirmed the impression we expressed last month of its great superiority above the average of theatrical performances. We must not, however, be tempted to dwell upon its excellencies, but proceed to notice the extravaganzas of "The Princess Radiant," which is a most agreeable entertainment. The story is taken from one of Count Hamilton's fairy tales; and by way of introduction, the revived Count himself comes forward to describe, after the fashion of "This is the house that Jack built," the rise and progress of the characters and adventures of his narrative. The effect was very good and comic. Mrs. L. S. Buckingham personates the "Princess Radiant" herself with great elegance, and gives us a model of feminine grace and proportions such as few actresses can display. In that part where she comes forward in a white muslin tunic, with ornamented breast-plate, and gilt and plumed helmet, as the leader of a troop of Amazons, she excited universal admiration. Fancy Buckstone, dressed up as a miserable old witch studying astrology, preparing devils' broth, and playing the fool, and you have the perfection of the burlesque.

There is a certain Miss Collins here, in whom we place considerable confidence for her many excellent theatrical qualities. She acted her part of *Mayflower* with neatness and discretion. A pretty little bit of scenic illusion is produced when she enters the witch's cave, with her head apparently surrounded with a brilliant halo: her gilded hat, and the light from the bull's eye of a dark lantern, are of course the simple and innocent agents in creating this spectral surprise, which was, however, uncommonly well managed.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as *Lord Pooh-poo*, was matchless as usual. Miss Louisa Pyne, in Opera, has been gaining laurels; and those who have not heard her rich and cultivated vocal powers will do well not to lose the present opportunity.

More recently the favourite comedy of "London Assurance" has been revived, Mrs. Stirling supporting the character of *Lady Gay Spanker* in a most spirited manner. And just as we are going to press, a new Opera, by Mr. H. Glover, of which report speaks highly, is being produced.

ADELPHI.

It would be a long story to narrate all the good things to be seen at this theatre, and the best proof of the quality of the entertainment is the crowds that throng to it every night. Silsbee, the American actor, is an entire novelty in his way to an English audience: the peculiarity and oddity of his humour quite baffle description; he must be seen to be understood: one of his singularities is his extraordinary literalness—rarely can there be witnessed such a specimen of loutish acuteness and vulgar Yankee low-bred dexterity, and so thoroughly real, that the critic almost sighs for a little more refinement and imagination; but perhaps Silsbee would not give such entire satisfaction to his audience if he fulfilled the higher requirements of art: his success depends upon what he is, and we must scarcely wish him to be different.

There is a capital burlesque at this house, in which "Little Red Riding Hood" is brought into robbers' castles; and she runs through a series of hair-breadth escapes, such as never were contemplated by the author of the nursery tale; but Miss Ellen Chaplin, Miss Fitzwilliam, Paul Bedford, and others, reconcile us to every kind of absurdity, and send us home delighted.

Wright has recovered from his indisposition, and has returned again to the stage in all his glory.

MISS EDITH HERAUD.

We had the pleasure of seeing this accomplished young actress the other evening in the trying part of *Pauline* (in *The Lady of Lyons*), at the Woolwich Theatre, where she has been preparing herself for more select and perhaps metropolitan audiences. She has certainly great gifts—albeit though yet in the bud—and when they have bloomed in maturity she will be a very decided acquisition to the stage. She has positively very little to learn beyond carefully allowing her own nature to develop itself spontaneously, and avoiding all influences and conditions that spoil. Her emotion is genuine and true; her action on the whole decidedly graceful, and her memory strictly correct. Time, talent, and health, will do everything else for her, and render her fit for the

highest walks of the drama. Her self-possession is extraordinary, and we shall look forward to her future progress with no ordinary interest. The Fates will indeed be spiteful if so much promise does not very soon burst into the most complete fulfilment: they will certainly be intolerable despots and most hypocritical patrons, if they intend anything but a high career for the young *debutante*.

of course only true lovers and appreciators of the Great Master, such an audience found the highest gratification from the selection; while Mr. Aguilar's own masterly performances elicited the most enthusiastic applause. With all the brilliancy of the modern school, he combines the power of feeling and expression which is so requisite in interpreting compositions full of subtle meaning, passion, and sentiment.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREEES CLASSIQUES.

The first of a series of classical concerts, projected by that admirable pianist and composer, Mr. Aguilar, took place on the 13th ult., at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street. With the exception of two or three songs by Miss Ursula Barclay, the evening was devoted to performances on the pianoforte and violin, of the compositions of Beethoven. The experiment was eminently successful. Attracting as it did

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Handel Gear announces Three Soirées Musicales to take place at his residence, 17, Saville-row, on Tuesdays, Feb. 10th, 24th, and March 9th. A great treat may be expected, since among the vocalists said to be engaged, are Misses Dolby, Birch, Messent, and Louisa Pyne; Messrs. F. Bodda, Weiss, Harrison, and other singers of note; while among the instrumental performers we perceive the names of Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Aguilar, Herr Lützen, Herr Pollitzer, R. Blagrove, &c., &c.

THE GARDEN.—FEBRUARY.

"The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May."

COWPER.

PLANT HOUSES.

Conservatory.—Now is the best time to give oranges, camellias, and other thick-leaved plants, a thorough cleaning from dust and insects, previous to making their growth; sponge the whole of the leaves, both on the upper and under surfaces, with soft water, and be careful not to bruise them; afterwards apply a good syringing with tepid water; look also to the state of the roots, stir the surface, and apply fresh compost where required. Train, tie out, and give encouragement at the roots to Kennedias and other creepers, now forming their shoots for blooming, and cut well back such plants as *Passiflora racemosa cœrulea*, *Tasconia mollissima*, *Plumbago capensis*, and others, required for late summer blooming. Begin now to apply a little more water to plants of all sorts, whether in pots or borders, which are starting into growth. Choice specimens of plants in pots require to be frequently turned round to prevent their being drawn out of shape. Continue to bring forward a succession of plants into the forcing-house, without which a gay appearance cannot be kept up in the conservatory for the next two months.

Stove.—Withhold water gradually to such plants as have finished blooming, and require rest; remove them to the coolest place, or to an intermediate house. Shift or top dress, and cut back if necessary, all that are starting into growth; do not over-water them until the roots are well started. Creepers required to bloom early must be well cut back, and the roots encouraged. Put a portion of the stock of *Gesnera zebrina* to work, for early flowering. Keep a moist, growing atmosphere, and syringe frequently with tepid water; but when fumigation is necessary, let both plants and atmosphere be dry when it is applied.

Greenhouse.—Proceed with previous directions as to shifting and training plants making growth; apply no fire-heat, except to dry up damp or exclude frost, but air abundantly. Use every means to keep the growth gradual: this, with abundance of clear light, will ensure a dwarf, stocky growth and strong bloom. Pelargoniums required for early blooming must have a temperature by fire-heat, ranging from 45 to 50 deg. Keep them near to the glass, and constantly turned about and trained into shape; avoid over-watering, and syringe occasionally in mild, bright weather, when abundance of air can be given.

FORCING HOUSES.

Pineries.—Continue to shift and bring forward into the fruiting-houses the best of the succession plants, to fill up the places of those from which the fruit is cut or just ripe, as the latter may be taken out of the bed and placed on the curb or front stand, out of the way, for a few days. Never neglect, even for a day, to keep the fruiting-house stocked; and that this may not cause unnecessary trouble, be careful to keep the proper composts always in a state of readiness for use. Bear in mind the previous direction to keep the bottom heat from 80 to 85 deg., no higher. Succession plants as before directed, but prepare to give them a shift.

Vineries.—Continue stopping the shoots in the early house, and as they advance towards blooming give a gradual increase of temperature—80 by night, 65 to 70 deg. by day; maintain a moist atmosphere until the blooms expand; after that, for a time, a drier atmosphere is desirable. If strawberries and French beans are grown in these houses, be careful to keep them well syringed, and the pipes now and then painted over, when cool, with diluted sulphur and soot, to keep down red spider. Young



rods of vines in the late houses must be bent down, so that the apex may be lower than the base, which will cause them to break more regularly.

Peach-house.—Proceed as before directed with regard to disbudding; commence also thinning the fruit when well set. These two processes must be carried on gradually. Follow up well with syringing both in early and late houses, and do not forget to see that the roots are well supplied with tepid water. Apply diluted liquid manure to trees partially exhausted by overbearing. Employ the means above directed to keep down red spider, and fumigate for green fly. Cherries: Keep up a good circulation of air, and a slight increase of temperature; they will not submit to hard forcing. Water carefully at the roots, and syringe freely twice a-day. Strawberries starting into bloom in bottom heat may be placed on shelves in the vinery or peach-house, and more put to work. Sow successions of dwarf beans; stop those advancing, and secure them to small sticks. Give air at every opportunity to melons and cucumbers in a course of preparation for ridging out, and throw up the beds intended to receive them.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

Persist in the propagation of the summer bedding plants, as the earlier this sort of work is got over the better for all purposes. Attend to the progressive potting-off autumn stores, as room becomes vacant. Protect beds of choice tulips with hoops and mats. The late-flowering mixed ranunculus may now be planted: cover the roots with an inch of silver sand before levelling the soil. Sow a few hardy annuals for transplanting. Prepare beds for planting roses, by trenching in some rich manure. Dahlias should be put into heat immediately, to supply cuttings.

Shrubbery.—Proceed with planting and alterations as fast as possible. And observe that the borders should be well filled quite up to the grass, as a long border-line is out of character. Amongst other things the Mahonia family should be extensively used, New Zealand flax, Yuccas, Scotch roses, laurestines, with here and there an Irish yew, and our native juniper, trained cypress fashion, will afford a very good variety for border work, and they may be kept dwarf by pruning and frequent transplanting.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR FEBRUARY.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVY, 73, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

There is no very striking novelty to announce for the present month. Ladies usually equip themselves for their winter toilet on the dreary side of Christmas, and though the days "lengthen," and perhaps the "cold may strengthen," they are seldom disposed to make much change until March draws near, and reminds us that spring is coming.

The comfortable and elegant *gilette* maintains its vogue for morning and demi-toilette. Mantles of velvet trimmed with the woollen laco (*dentelle de laine*), with the hood and tassels to correspond; or velvet mantles, ornamented with gimp or braid, are much worn. Less expensive ones are of fine cloth, tastefully trimmed with braid or velvet, and generally have the Capuchin hood.

Velvet bonnets have still the preference; such as we described last month, with drawn brims, and finished with a good deal of black lace, being the most esteemed.

Rich silks are universally worn for dinner dress, and this winter has produced some of the most beautiful fabrics we have ever seen. There is one of black and deep orange colour *moiré antique*. The ground a shot, the pattern a brocade of the orange colour. Another is of a black ground, with flounces brocaded in roses and rose-buds. A third is called *pain brûlé*; the colour produced by the shot precisely bearing out the title, "burnt bread;" and the flounces are woven to imitate a trimming of ten *toises* of narrow velvet. By this means of course a softness and regularity are achieved which nothing but the loom could accomplish. Something in this style is a silk, the ground of which is the royal blue. It is woven in breadths, a rich brocade of black reaching nearly to the waist; but the pattern is divided at three intervals by rows of black velvet, woven in graduated stripes. This dress is particularly elegant and *distingué*.

There is also a new fabric for a bridal dress, of peculiar richness. It may be described as a white silk and satin brocade. The pattern, representing a perfect maze of roses, is called *Buisson de Roses*,

and is woven in breadths. Some notion may be formed of its beauty, when we mention that one portion of the pattern has the satin for ground, and the other the silk, the two blending into one another in an indistinguishable manner, but producing an effect of light and shade that reminds one more of frosted silver than anything else.

Ribbons this winter are also very rich, and are much used for trimming silk dresses of a plainer quality than those described.

Evening dresses, especially when of thin material, continue to be much ornamented both with flounces and fancy trimmings; the *corsage Louis Quinze* being still the favourite. There is one evening dress, that consists of double skirts of *chené* silk, the pattern woven to correspond: the under-skirt has a white ground, the upper pink; the design of the *chené* being something of the character which we understand by the term shawl pattern.

Coiffures are still full at the sides, and are composed of blonde, flowers, ribbon, and some other materials. One head-dress, of blue terry velvet and gold, combines richness with simplicity of style.

The *coiffure romain* is formed entirely of gold bullion and sequins, and is made to support and confine the hair almost independently of a comb.

Among what may be called caps, we should mention one of French lace, ornamented with rings of narrow violet ribbon, looped together in such profusion that they resemble curls in their effect. This cap would suit a face to which ringlets are becoming.

There is another cap, with long lappets of greyish blue terry velvet, edged with black blonde, and full bunches of pink roses at the sides; and a cap of somewhat similar style has pink and blue convolvuli instead of the roses.

Our plate represents an evening dress, with six flounces of alternate widths, richly embroidered. *Corsage Louis XV.*, embroidered to correspond, and *chemisette* and ruffles of Mechlin or Brussels lace. The hair is simply arranged with a head-dress of black velvet and gold.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEDDING-CARDS.—"Dear Editress,—It has repeatedly struck me that the fashion of sending wedding-cards to the divers friends of the bride and bridegroom but ineffectually performs its office under the present system. The object being to communicate the fact of *who* are the parties thus joined in the holy bands of matrimony, it is surely but partially effected by sending the cards of the lady, superscribed with her married name. Now, if the cards of the new-made couple were accompanied by one bearing the maiden name of the bride, the double purpose of announcing her recently-attained title, and of informing her friends who she was, as hitherto known to them, would be answered. It not unfrequently happens that among a large circle of friends, severally known to the wedding-couple, there are some who previously have only been acquainted with the bridegroom, others only with the bride; and it is consequently a complete puzzle to these latter when they cast their eye on the perplexing inscription, 'Mrs. A——.' They may know her perfectly as the pretty Fanny B——, or the sparkling Laura C——, or the charming Kate D——; but who this mysterious 'Mrs. A——' may be, is a fact more coyly hidden than bride's face beneath nuptial veil. I remember an enigma of this sort remaining on my mantel-shelf, to torment the Eveish iota in my disposition, during many a month. It smiled at me more mockingly than coquet's lip; it frowned more forbiddingly than Sphinx's riddle. It seemed to taunt me evermore with its hopeless, inexplicable, inaccessible secret. At length, in a pet of foiled curiosity, I tossed the provoking 'Mrs. ——' into the fire; and to this day have never learned who was the individual I treated, in her bridal effigy, with so scorching a rudeness. There lies at this very moment, in the card-basket of a friend of mine, a certain silver-edged, enamelled envelope, containing one of these smooth-faced perplexities; and my friend declares he has some thoughts of sending the mystery for solution to the next number of 'NOTES AND QUERIES,' as the only possible chance of gaining a clue to the identity of Mrs. ——. And in that case, how would the lady like to see her new name, in all its first blush and gloss of honey-moon dignity, figuring among the 'Replies to Minor Queries,' next perhaps to a paragraph on 'the age of the oak,' or 'the origin of the cow-pox'?"

"Will you, dear Editress, circulate my views on this subject among your young-lady readers, who are likely, as bridesmaids, to send out cards; or, as brides, to be sent out on cards? Tell the latter, as one inducement, that their old maiden-cards will never be of any further value, excepting perhaps as substitutes for silk-winders; therefore they may as well be saved from so ignominious a fate, and be devoted to one last little piece of usefulness before their fair owners quit spinsterhood for matronhood.

"Yours, dear Editress, faithfully,

"M. C. C."

[Our playful correspondent has started a subject which certainly deserves consideration, and her suggestions are worthy of some more practical realization than pointing pleasant jests. We have seen some American wedding-cards, which give very ample particulars respecting the senders, thus:

MR. & MRS. ROBINSON.

WM. ROBINSON.
ELIZA PARKER.

Perhaps the difficulty of identifying the lady is one of those mysteries that people derive pleasure from creating, and solving it would spoil some funny mistakes.

ANTONINA.—To your three questions we may answer—

1st. That we cannot undertake to return any rejected contributions, unless postage-stamps are sent, to cover the expense.

2nd. We believe that the length of serpents has been greatly exaggerated: there is no authentic record of any serpent exceeding 30 feet.

3rd. We have a very short and a very decided opinion of Louis Napoleon, and that is anything but in his favour. We think he is preparing for himself and his country most fatal consequences, and no catastrophe which he pretends to have averted could be so terribly pernicious as his own treacherous usurpation. The French are quietly submitting at present, but they are beginning to jest—a symptom with them that something serious is being contemplated. The following witticisms have been circulated in Paris, of course secretly:—

"En formant son Conseil intime,
Notre Sauveur!
A choisi des Gens qu'on estime
A leur valeur!"

"Il a compris, dans son genie,
Ce grand Héros!
Qu'une unité se fortifie,
Par des Zéros!"

"Le glorieux mot de Pavie,
Jusqu'à la corde était usé;
Le rédempteur de la Patrie!
Napoléon l'a retourné;
FORS L'HONNEUR, tout est sauvé."

AUGUSTA.—We are very glad to hear that this correspondent so much approves of the reform we have made in our "fashion department." A little gossip about dress is very advisable, but too much of it is tiresome. If any one wishes to know more of any particular details of the wardrobe, we shall be happy to give the required information.

Miss B——, Middlesborough.—The article to which she refers appeared under a former editorship, and we are therefore in the dark on the subject. We have, however, forwarded her letter to the proper quarter.

QUAKER MILLINERS.—We have received the following inquiry, to which we shall be glad if any of our readers will enable us to give a satisfactory reply:—

"I am a great admirer of the bonnets, but much more so of the caps worn by the persons called Friends or Quakers. Can I be informed, through your kindness, of the address of a Quaker cap-maker?—SIMPLICIA."

ACCEPTED.—A Dirge. The "ODE TO THE MIDNIGHT SKY" and another poem are scarcely up to their author's usual standard; but we shall be happy to hear from him again when he is "i'the vein."

TO FATHER CLEMENT'S COUSIN we must give a somewhat similar answer. As our circulation increases and our readers become more fastidious, we are obliged to be more strict in our estimate of what constitutes poetical merit.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

MARCH, 1852.

MEMOIR OF MADAME DU DEFFAND.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Descended from the ancient and noble family of de Vichy Champrond, in the province of Burgundy, Marie de Champrond was born in the year 1697. Her father was Gaspard de Vichy, Count de Champrond; and her mother was Anne Brulart, daughter of the first President of the Parliament of Burgundy, who was son to Marie Bortillon de Chavigny, widow of Cæsar Augustus, Duke de Choiseul. Mademoiselle de Champrond, while yet a child, was placed in the Convent de la Madeleine de Trenelle, in the Rue de Charonne, where she passed many years; but, unfortunately, though brought up in a religious institution, the seeds of religion were not properly implanted in her mind, or, unhappily for her, failed to fructify—a fact which was proved while she was in the flower of her youth, and before she had left the convent, by her expressing doubts on a subject above all others of the utmost importance to her happiness here and hereafter. In vain did her spiritual director endeavour to open her mind to the sacred truths it rejected; his efforts were unavailing. Nor were those of the great and virtuous Massillon more successful, when, solicited by her alarmed relatives to remove her doubts, he used every argument that a sound understanding and an ardent piety could suggest to vanquish her heresy.

The Marquise du Deffand had two brothers and a sister. The elder, the Count Champrond, attained the rank of Marechal de Camp in the French service, which ill health compelled him to resign in 1743, when he retired to his estate in Burgundy. This nobleman married a lady of ancient family, in the same province, of the name of d'Albon, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. The younger brother of Madame du Deffand entered the church, and became Treasurer of the Holy Chapel at Paris. Of her sister, the Marquise d'Arclon, little is known, except that she lived at Avignon. The relations of the Marquise were all persons of distinction. Her aunt was the Duchess de Luynes, a lady greatly respected, and the confidential attendant of the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth; and the Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards Cardinal de Lorraine, was her grand-nephew.

It would appear from her own complaints on

this subject, that the education of Mademoiselle de Champrond was not what it should have been. Accomplishments were more attended to than those branches of a solid education which fit a woman for filling her place in society, and strengthening her mind while cultivating it. This neglect might have precluded a person of less talent from distinguishing herself in after-life; but it did not prevent Mademoiselle de Champrond from early giving indications of those abilities which subsequently acquired her a celebrity. The development of her mind did, however, as sometimes occurs, lead to an expansion of those feelings and sentiments which form the peculiar charm of women.

It was the misfortune of Marie de Champrond to lose her mother in early life; and such a loss was but too well calculated to chill the affections which slumber in the heart, until a mother's tenderness awakens them, and, like the genial influence of the sun on flowers and fruits, warms and ripens the precious produce of the heart, which, in after years, forms the happiness of others, if not always of her who possesses them.

To the want of cultivation of the affections, may be traced the all-engrossing selfishness which through life marked the character of Madame du Deffand, and which rendered her more admired for her wit and caustic turn in conversation, than beloved for any of those qualities of the heart, without which affection is seldom excited, and in which she was accused of being wholly deficient. A total want of sensibility gave to her manners a dryness and hardness that repelled tenderness. She was a woman to whom men of wit would have repeated their *bon mots*, certain of her comprehending them; but to whom no one in sorrow would have been tempted to reveal its cause, feeling assured that she would afford him no sympathy.

In August, 1718, Mademoiselle de Champrond was united to Jean Baptiste-Jaques du Deffand, Marquis de la Lande, Colonel of a regiment of Dragoons, and of a family not inferior to her own. This marriage—like most, if not all, contracted by the French noblesse of that period—was one of *convenance*, in which the choice was left to the parents; and the feel-

K

ings of the individual's most nearly concerned were never consulted. To indemnify themselves for those enforced contracts, the parties seldom failed to seek in illegal bonds, the happiness denied in ill-assorted ones; and society, if it did not openly acknowledge the right to commit crimes so fraught with evil, at least tacitly tolerated them by not excluding those who were guilty from its pale.

The union of the Marquis and Marquise du Deffand was neither happy nor of long duration. They separated by mutual consent, each pursuing the line of conduct most agreeable to her and him; and it is a proof of the demoralization of the time, that, notwithstanding the reprehensibility of this conduct on both sides, they continued to maintain a friendly understanding until his death; interrupted only when the lady, by some unaccountable caprice, sought a reconciliation with her husband; which, after much difficulty, was accomplished; but which, at the end of six weeks, terminated by a new and final separation, to the secret satisfaction of both parties; but which led to an interruption of their friendly feelings for some time. It was asserted that she only sought the reconciliation with her husband to annoy a lover who had deserted her, and who, piqued into jealousy by this step on her part, wrote her a letter so full of reproaches, and renewed tenderness, that she again broke with the Marquis du Deffand, and received her truant admirer into favour.* Nevertheless, when dying, in the year 1750, her husband expressed a desire to see her; and she attended his death-bed, with every appearance of friendship and kindness. No offspring crowned the marriage of the Marquis and Marquise du Deffand. Had this blessing been granted, it might have kept them together, and have softened and ameliorated her heart; for who can deny how much maternal affection tends to purify the feelings of women, and to awaken them to a sense of duty!

The beauty and wit of this clever person caused her society to be much sought after in the brilliant circles of the French capital; and, gratified by the adulation showered on her, she repaid it by opening her house to those who offered it, and rendered it a focus of attraction to clever literary men and women, and men of fashion. Among the persons to whom she was said to entertain a more than ordinary preference, was the profligate Duke of Orleans†—a preference which reflected great discredit on her, it being considered by all who knew him, that no woman not lost to every sense of delicacy could entertain an attachment to such a man. It was not for several years after that her *liaison* with the President Hénault commenced, which, whatever might have been its nature, had at least the merit of constancy; for it continued unbroken till his death, though often clouded over by her tyranny and exactions, which, if we may credit the evidence of some of her con-

temporaries, imposed a heavy yoke on him. Marmontel, who lived much in the society of both, asserts that the duration of this attachment may be attributed more to the timid character of the President, which made him afraid to break with her, than to his affection; as, to use Marmontel's words, "he continued a slave to fear a long time after he had ceased to be a slave to love."

The friendship between Monsieur de Formont* and the Marquise du Deffand, was also said to be of a less pure character than was consistent with her honour, but it is one of the inevitable consequences of one sin in woman, that it entails on her the suspicion of many more, and she can never indulge in friendship with any man, however free from guilt it may be, without incurring this odious and insulting charge, a result which in itself is the severest punishment to which a proud and delicate-minded woman can be exposed. Such, however, was the state of morals in France at that period, that neither suspicions, nor even proofs of misconduct, excluded a woman from society. The demoralizing example of the Regent, Orleans, and the doctrines of the Philosophers, as the Encyclopedists were termed, taught women to make light of the violation of certain virtues, and rendered society so indulgent to these violations, as to enable them to commit them with impunity. Such a state of society, if it cannot be pleaded as an excuse for the conduct of Madame du Deffand, should at least serve to mitigate the censure pronounced on it; and those who live in our own better times must, however shocked and disgusted they may feel when perusing the details of society at the period to which we refer, bear in mind, that the conduct which would now draw down the penalty of ostracism on the women who dared to practise it, was then fully tolerated.

Among the intimate associates of the Marquise du Deffand, were the Duchesses de Luxembourg, de Gramont, de Choiseul, and de la Vallière, and Mesdames du Châtelot and de Staël, with Messieurs d'Alembert, de Saint Lambert Montesquieu, le President Hénault Marmontel, and, though last, not least, Voltaire, when at Paris. These individuals she was daily in the habit of seeing, either at her own house or in the houses of others, yet except the Duchesse de Choiseul, who appears to have been a gentle and amiable woman, she does not appear to have entertained any real attachment to any of them, although she received, and repaid to a certain degree, the flatteries of all. It must not, however, be supposed that Madame du Deffand was in general a flatterer. On the contrary, though not unwilling to accept this current coin of the society in which she moved, she would, had it been possible, and consistent with her own interest, have preferred remaining a debtor for it than repaying it, for she had no taste for making pleasant speeches, and was so well aware of the defects of her acquaintances as to find

* "Lettres de Mademoiselle Aissé," page 138.

† The Regent.

* The friend of Voltaire.

little to praise in them. In the period to which we refer, and in the artificial circle in which she lived, flattery was as necessary to insure a good reception, as a suitable dress, and was used to effect the same purpose. Hence she adopted it, feeling convinced that if she did not, she should fail in drawing around her the persons whose presence, though it did not give her any real pleasure, she believed that her life would be insupportable without.

Her reputation as a *Bel Esprit* entailed much discomfort on her, as it must on any one who has acquired it. Once won, the winner is expected to sustain it, often a painful effort, when the health is less vigorous, or the spirits less elevated, than when this reputation was first attained. The *Bel Esprit*, in the consciousness of diminished vivacity, generally forgets how indulgent are the listeners to less brilliant *bon-mots*, or less sprightly conversation, after the reputation of a wit has been established; though it is a fact well known, that people are often so prepared to admire whatever proceeds from certain lips, that they hardly wait to have the sentence concluded before they bestow their applause, even although it be unmerited. Dissatisfied with herself, and with the world, the Marquise du Deffand found no happiness in the present, no satisfaction in the past, and no hope in the future; while to those who look not beneath the surface, she was deemed an object of envy, because her Salons were filled by persons of celebrity, her society sought by the great, and her sayings praised by those whose praise is considered to give fame.

While surrounded by the artificial circle who occupied her time, without interesting her feelings, she found that their society did not "fill the void left aching in her breast." A confession from her own lips proves that the uncontrolled indulgence of her selfishness had not achieved its object. Struck one day by the caresses bestowed by an acquaintance on an adopted child, she observed, "You then really love that child?"

"Yes, Madam," was the reply.

"That is fortunate for you; I never could love any one."

What a picture of a cold heart is conveyed by these few words! and what must have been the state of the mind that dictated them!

The assemblies of Madame du Deffand became so much talked of, that few strangers of distinction visited the French capital without requesting permission to join them. She was frequently a guest at Sceaux, with the vain and ambitious Duchesse du Maine, where she formed a friendship with the lively and clever Madame de Staël, whose letters to her are among the most amusing of her correspondence. We have shown that a freedom from all moral constraint, and an indulgence in every offered pleasure, did not afford the Marquise du Deffand the gratification anticipated. She had discovered, as all votaries of pleasure sooner or later are doomed to do, how wide is the difference that separates this imaginary good from happi-

ness, or even its humble substitute, content; and a life hitherto wasted in idleness and amusement, broken in on, it is true, by the frequent visits of melancholy reflections, became menaced with a misfortune, for the patient endurance of which her mind was, alas! ill prepared. Her sight, for a considerable time very weak, began in 1752 to fail her entirely, and rendered the assistance of an amanuensis indispensable. In the hope of an amelioration she determined to retire from the gay world for some months, and on trying the effect of her native air. It is a proof of the levity of one of the wits of that period,* that one of the greatest infirmities with which a human being can be afflicted, offered to him an occasion for addressing to the sufferer a copy of the following flattering verses, in which he affects to be also blind. But no subject is sacred to such writers.

"Où je perds les deux yeux; vous les avez perdus,
O sage Du Deffand, est ce une grande perte?
Du moins nous ne reverrons plus
Les sots dont la terre est couverte
Et puis, tout est aveugle en cet humain séjour;
On ne va qu'à tâtons sur la terre et sur l'onde;
On a les yeux bouchés à la ville, à la cour:
Plutus, la Fortune, et l'Amour
Sont trois aveugles nés qui gouvernent le monde."

Not content with this piece of flattery, the same writer, in a letter to M. Formont, the friend of both, says, "What you tell me of the eyes of Madame du Deffand, gives me an extreme pain: they were in other times very brilliant and very beautiful. Why should one be punished by that by which we have sinned? And what rage prompts Nature to spoil her most beautiful works? At least Madame du Deffand preserves her wit, which is still more beautiful than her eyes."

In 1752 the Marquise du Deffand undertook a journey to Champrond, the abode of her brother, the Count de Vichy, in Burgundy, where she spent some months, and where she first made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, an acquaintance which some years after terminated so disagreeably, and caused her so much chagrin. The talents and cultivation of mind of this young lady attracted the attention of the Marquise du Deffand, while her own increasing infirmity of sight suggested to her how desirable an acquisition the constant society of such a companion must prove. To write for her, to read to her, and to converse with her, and so beguile the long and tedious hours of solitude, would be to make her lose the sense of at least a portion of her misfortune; and she determined on trying to secure for herself this solace. The peculiar position of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, who was the disowned child of a lady, who was mother to the Countess de Vichy, induced the Count and Countess to extend their protection to the illegitimate sister of the latter. They had given her a home beneath their roof, where she fulfilled the duties of a governess to

* Voltaire.

their children. A more painful or more humiliating position could hardly have been found. She received little, if any, remuneration for the arduous services which she was called on to perform, and was not treated or considered in the light of a relation; for respect to the feelings of the father of the Countess de Vichy precluded this kindness. Never was there a human being less calculated to support with patience the false position in which she was placed than Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. With a sensibility over which reason exercised too feeble a sway to moderate its excess, this unhappy young woman writhed in agony at the contumely to which she believed herself subjected; and before the arrival of Madame du Deffand, had determined on leaving Champrond, and seeking refuge in a convent at Lyons, with no other resource than the scanty pittance bequeathed her by her mother, which was insufficient for the most humble and frugal existence. The Count and Countess de Vichy, although not disposed to treat her in a manner that might have rendered her abode beneath their roof permanent and desirable to her, were yet unwilling that she should leave it; for, independent of being aware of the advantage of her tuition to their children, they dreaded lest she might claim rights which would interfere with their own pecuniary prospects, and also revive all the scandal which her birth had occasioned. All efforts to retain this disowned sister beneath their roof were ineffectual. She left Champrond, and Madame du Deffand soon after her departure decided on offering her a home with herself. Before, however, taking this step she consulted her aunt, the Duchesse de Luynes, on its eligibility, urging her infirmity and the helplessness it entailed as her motive. She thought herself in duty bound to refer to the opinion of this aunt, who had procured for her a pension for life through her influence with her royal mistress, the Queen of Louis XV., rendered necessary by the smallness of her income, which was wholly inadequate to maintain her station in life.

Previously to leaving Paris Madame du Deffand had determined, from motives of prudence, to retire to a monastery, and selected that of St. Joseph for her abode. Our readers must not, however, imagine that, in retiring to a convent, Madame du Deffand had any intention of subjecting herself to any of the rules of a monastic sanctuary: that of St. Joseph, like other institutions of a similar kind, afforded a refuge to persons whose religious feelings, taste for a tranquil solitude, or pecuniary difficulties, led them to seek so economical an asylum. The apartments selected by the Marquise were those prepared for the Duchess de Montespan in the previous reign, where, by an occasional temporary retirement from the pleasures of the Court, she sought to obtain a remission of the sins she committed in it; hence we may conclude that the chambers were not deficient in the comforts, nay more, of the luxuries which habit had rendered necessary to its first fair occupant. In this residence Madame du Deffand

knew that she should enjoy the same liberty of egress for herself, and ingress for her friends, as in her hotel, and with no more constraint. She therefore decided that if Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse accepted the offer of taking up her abode with her, she would hire an apartment for her close to her own in the Convent St. Joseph.

It was not until April, 1754—nearly two years after she had first become acquainted with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse—that the Marquise du Deffand received her in the Convent of St. Joseph, after having obtained a solemn promise from her that she would never make any attempt to urge her claims on the family of her mother. The Marquise, fully aware of the defects of her own temper, had with perfect openness entered into them by letters to her *protégée*. A passage in one of these letters* proves her frankness on this occasion. "There is," wrote the Marquise, "a second article, on which I must have an explanation with you; it is that the least artifice, or the slightest deception in your conduct with me would be insupportable to bear. I am naturally suspicious, and all those whom I believe to possess *finesse*, become objects of it to such a degree, that I never can have any more confidence in them. You must therefore resolve, while you live with me, on observing the utmost truth and sincerity, never to have recourse to insinuation nor exaggeration: in a word, never to lose sight of these conditions, and never to lose one of the most agreeable qualities of youth, which is simplicity. You have a good deal of wit and gaiety, and are capable of sentiment. With these qualities you will be charming as long as you abandon yourself to your natural character, so that you remain without pretension and without affectation."

Two persons less calculated to live together on terms of amity could hardly have been found, than the Marquise du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. The first possessed of a degree of worldly wisdom, that blunted her feelings, which had never been tender, and increased the natural selfishness of her disposition, joined to a suspicious turn of mind, which rendered her prone to be alarmed at the slightest indication of insincerity, and often without cause. The second, warm-hearted, with a sensibility which knew not the control of reason, and which, yielding to every impulse, proved a source of misery to herself.

The exchange of one convent for another did not tend to the happiness of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. For sometime the Marquise evinced the utmost satisfaction at the acquisition she had made; and those who frequented her society, pleased by the intelligence and good manners of the young lady, as well as by her extreme attention to her hostess, treated her with marked attention. With a good figure, and a face that was only prevented from being handsome by the traces left on it by the small-pock, Made-

* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. page 86.

moiselle de l'Espinasse possessed wit and imagination, with the power of bringing these advantages into play so naturally and gracefully, as to add to their attractions.

Accustomed to keep late hours, Madame du Deffand, tired perhaps by the length of days unbroken by light, converted day into night, and only left her pillow to be ready to receive her company at six in the evening. When they departed, which was at a late hour in the night, the old lady sought her bed; and it was the task of her companion to read to her until she fell asleep, which in general did not occur before the ensuing day had far advanced. The interest awakened in the hearts of the visitors of Madame du Deffand for her youthful and *spirituelle* companion, rapidly increased when they observed the striking contrast presented by her to the selfish and capricious old lady. The one cold-hearted and worldly-minded, thinking only of herself; the other ingenuous, and disposed to please and be pleased. The patience with which Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse supported the ill-temper of her protectress, still further won the esteem of her new friends, and some of them, desirous of enjoying her society free from the presence of Madame du Deffand, adopted the habit of coming an hour sooner than the one named for her reception, which hour they devoted to the young lady in the little cell allotted to her exclusive use.* So admirably did she perform the honors of it to her guests, that they began to find it much more agreeable to their tastes than the salon of Madame du Deffand; and suspecting that, if these stolen visits were made known to her, that she would angrily resent them, they were carefully concealed from her. After some time she discovered them, and her rage was ungovernable. She declared that her *protégé* had betrayed her, had seduced her friends from her, and vowed that she would no longer nourish in her bosom the serpent who had stung her! No alternative was left Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse but to leave the Convent St. Joseph. She engaged a lodging in the Rue de Belle Chase, which Madame de Luxembourg furnished for her; and the President Hénault, touched with her misfortunes, pressed her to bestow on him her hand—an offer which must

have wounded Madame du Deffand in the tenderest point, but which she however declined. Furious at what she termed the treachery of her old friends, Madame du Deffand offered, with unsuppressed rage, the alternative to M. d'Alembert of breaking with her or with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; and her fury may well be imagined when he accorded the preference to her rival, and devoted himself wholly to her.

Some notion of the sufferings inflicted on Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse by Madame du Deffand may be formed, when it is stated that, while in the Convent of St. Joseph, it is asserted that, tired of a life continually embittered by the ill-humour and caprices of her protectress, this poor young woman took opium to destroy herself. It failed in producing the desired effect, but had so grave a one on her nerves, as to have occasioned her a long and serious illness. It was while her life was in danger that Madame du Deffand, alarmed at the result of her unkindness, was led weeping to the bed of her victim, who uttered no other reproach than “Madame, it is no longer time!”* It is a proof of the excellence of her heart and principles, that after she quitted Madame du Deffand, she was never heard to speak an unkind word of her; but always, when that lady was named, referred to her in terms of respect. Not such was the conduct of Madame du Deffand towards her. Time did not soften the anger she experienced against her, or heal the wound inflicted by the friends who adhered to her; for when, many years after, the news of the death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was announced to her, she exclaimed, “I wish she had died fifteen years sooner, for then I should not have lost d'Alembert!” A phrase which justifies the opinion of M. de la Harpe,* “that it would be difficult to have less sensibility or more selfishness, than Madame du Deffand.”

It is generally the fate of the selfish, ever to miss the happiness for the attainment of which they would not scruple to sacrifice that of others: and such was the case with Madame du Deffand. Old age overtook her, unloving and unloved, and with few, if any, of the consolations which render it supportable.

(To be continued.)

THE WISH.

Oh that I were a little flower,
With dewdrops filled and fragrance sweet,
With thee to pass but one short hour,
And then to kiss thy sylph-like feet;
To bloom beneath thy smile, to be
Caressed, admired, and loved by thee!

Oh that I were a crystal stream
That murmurs by some mountain's side!
Thy form should, as in some sweet dream,
Upon the silver waters glide,
And mirrored on my breast would be
The image, then, dear maid, of thee.

Oh that I were the bird of night,
That sings as sweet as 'twere mid-day,
Close by thy lattice to alight
And sing the shades of night away;
To fill with liquid notes the air,
As though heaven's echoes lingered there!

Oh that I were some forest-tree,
That standing in sequestered shade
Might form a summer-bower for thee
To sit beneath my ample shade!
The whispering breeze should bid thee, sweet,
Glad welcome to my lone retreat.

* *Memoirs de Marmontel*, tome ii., page 298.

* *Historique sur Madame du Deffand*, tome i. p. 15.

Oh that I were some seraph bright,
To guard and cheer thee on thy way,
To hover round thee, love, by night,
And sweetly smile on thee by day;
To gladden thee when bowed with care,
And on my wings a blessing bear!

By Death's cold hand when snatched away,
To sleep beneath the dreary tomb;
When Death's sad messenger—Decay
Had robbed thee of thy youthful bloom,
Might then the bliss to me be given
To waft thy sainted soul to Heaven!

PERCIE.

THE YOUNG POET'S LAMENT.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

I pine in silence day by day,
And see pass by the young and gay
On Pleasure's glittering car upborne;
Whilst I—poor I—dejected mourn,
Gazing on space with vacant eye;
Then hang my drooping head, and sigh,
From morning to the setting sun,
There is not one that says, "Well done!"

Anon, my sunk eye flashes wild,
Again I am a poet-child,
Bright glorious visions round me gleam,
Like notes within the solar beam:
Earth, sea, and sky, are all my own.
They fade—once more I am alone!
Sighing, from morn till setting sun,
There's no dear voice that says "Well done."

I seize my lute, and with its tone
Come back the scenes of days long flown—
The blessed days of boyhood's prime,
When all to me was fairy rhyme—
The world a poem; and I steep
The strings in bitter tears, and weep,
From morning till the setting sun,
For one dear voice to say, "Well done."

I gaze on Woman's lovely face;
I mark her form of swelling grace;
And then my thought flies to the grave
Where o'er one form the wild weeds wave.
There low I lay my weary head,
Praying to share her narrow bed;
Sighing, from morn till setting sun,
There's now not one to say, "Well done."

Ah! who that read the thrilling tale,
And laugh, or sigh, as thoughts prevail
Of joy or grief, can tell the ache,
The withering cares that all but break
The songster's heart, whose swelling throat
Bursts with a grief they cannot note,
Praying for one, oh God! but one
Sweet loving voice to say, "Well done?"

Alone! yes, in the deep, deep well,
Where joy comes not, how many dwell!
Who call with magic voices around
Bright forms, from out the dark profound;
Who place the pageant on the stage,
Unseen themselves like sealed page,
Sighing behind the scenes for one
Dear cheering voice to say, "Well done."

'Tis well! the world is wise and free;
And gay and generous too, may be!
And Fortune showers her golden smile
On those who need it not the while.
And youth and age throng Fashion's road,
Heedless of those the storm has bowed,
Who sigh, from morn till setting sun,
For one dear voice to say, "Well done."

But there sits One above the skies,
Who wipes all tears from out all eyes,
Without whose will there falleth not
The humble sparrow. Not forgot
Will be by Him the Poet's sigh.
There let me turn my mournful eye,
And pray, when sets my latest sun,
That He, perchance, may say, "Well done!"

STANZAS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Oh deem not, when the turf is spread
O'er one long-prized and justly dear,
The flowers of love and friendship shed
Their latest fragrance on the bier:
There is a soul-born sympathy
No tears may quench, or time remove,
Which joins in mystic unity
The fond below and blest above.

As bounds the bark which breezes sweep,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway o'er the deep
The shining track no more is found;
Thus floating down Death's silent tide,
The best and loveliest of earth
Fleet as that white-winged pageant glide,
And leave no record of their worth.

But as the bark, though lost to view,
'Mid scowl of storm, or calm of rest,
Takes the lone heart's affection true,
Like holy sunshine, on her breast:
So, when our idols pass from sight,
Our love, if pure, knows not decay;
It triumphs o'er the grave's dark night,
And mounts with them to realms of day.

Death, who divides all outward ties,
Discovers not heart linked to heart;
He does but guard love's sacred prize
From earthly chance and change apart;
Making it higher, holier seem,
More chastely pure, more heavenly fair;
As the ice closing o'er the stream
Keeps baser things from mingling there.

Ramsgate, Jan. 15.

THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It was a day of great interest in the quiet little country town of Oakbury. Mrs. Everett was about to give a dinner-party. Now Mrs. Everett was one of those

"Lean-jointed widows who seldom draw corks,
Whose teaspoons do duty for knives and for forks!"

To give a dinner-party at all was a remarkable event on her part; still more so, to invite Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm, who lived in good style in the neighbourhood of Oakbury, and above all, to invite them when Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were staying on a visit to them, and to venture on the desperate step of sending a card to the fashionable London couple! That the invitation should ever have been sent was matter of wonder, that it should have been accepted, still more so. Some envy was excited by Mrs. Everett's success, but not so much so as if, after the usual custom of country town ladies, she had invited no one but the clergyman and physician of the place to meet her brilliant guests. Mrs. Everett asked seven of her relations to dinner, all of whom felt a peculiar wish to see and to converse with the Colonel and his Lady. Oakbury was a dull, primitive little town; indeed it must of course have been so, to have felt any excitement about such a trifling matter as Mrs. Everett's dinner-party; and my readers may reasonably wonder what link could possibly exist between its denizens and the stylish pair to whom I have alluded, which could make them so desirous of an introduction; yet such a link there was. Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were in the habit of continually meeting in London with Rosamond Sutton, the beautiful heiress of the wealthy jeweller, who, in right of her own loveliness, and her father's riches, was a welcome guest in the first society, and, strange to say, Mrs. Everett and her family party were all of them connected by first or second cousinship with the jeweller, who had actually achieved the difficult point of making his wealth talked about in London!

Many years ago, James Sutton, then a young lad, was smitten with the ambition of going up to London, and making his fortune there. His parents were dead, and none of his relations interfered to prevent him from doing as he wished; in fact, London, to the inhabitants of Oakbury at that time, was what California is to the rest of the world at the present day, a place where gold was considered certain to be within the reach of those who had courage to stretch out their hands to grasp at it. Sutton had an old schoolfellow settled in London, and from him he doubted not that he should immediately be able to obtain information of at least a dozen different roads to fortune.

As for the story of Whittington, although Sutton had more than once read it attentively, it fell

far short of realizing his ambitious ideas. To be Lord Mayor for a year, and then to relinquish his golden glories, would not at all have met his views; no, he trusted that he should eventually be able not only to gain but to maintain a firm footing in the world's high places, live in a series of perpetual banquets, and associate on familiar terms with the nobles of the land. Strange aspirations these for a moneyless youth reared in a fourth-rate country town! aspirations which some of his friends concluded would terminate in an unlimited shower of gold, and others in a leap from Blackfriars' Bridge; neither of these conjectures, however, seemed likely to be verified. Sutton, soon after his arrival in London, established himself as assistant to a working jeweller; and year after year he remained with him, paying an annual visit to his friends at Oakbury; and in return to the condolence that he received touching his humble position in the great city of London, he constantly replied, that "it was a difficult thing to gain even a tolerable start in life, and that he was disposed to think that he had been very fortunate in doing so well as he had done." Years passed on, and although they did not improve Sutton's position in life, they greatly improved his personal appearance; he became decidedly good-looking; and in one of his visits to his native town, a certain Miss Margaretta Sutton, who ranked among his many cousins, gave him such unequivocal tokens of her partiality, that he was obliged to confide to another lady-cousin, who was the chosen intimate of his enamoured fair one, his intention of "only marrying to improve his circumstances." Now again could the good people of Oakbury see the probability that a golden shower might eventually descend on the head of their adventurous townsman. Unluckily, old Willis, the working jeweller, was a bachelor; he had no daughter to dower, no wife who might become his wealthy relict; these roads to story-book prosperity were closed to Sutton; but still, London abounded with heiresses, at least so thought the unsophisticated people of Oakbury, and they doubted not that Sutton would soon be successful in gaining

"A weel tochered lass, or jointured widow!"

Sutton, however, seemed destined to fall short of his own ambitious views, and to disappoint those of his friends; his marriage was no very brilliant affair after all; he united himself with a plain, quiet widow, some years his senior, having a life-income of three hundred a-year. This income, nevertheless, amply sufficed for the expenses of Sutton's frugal establishment, even when his family was increased by the birth of the little Rosamond, of whom honourable mention has already been made. Shortly after Sutton's marriage, the jeweller (feeling of course

a greater inclination to befriend him when he knew that he was independent of his assistance) received him into partnership; but still, Sutton spent not an additional five-pound note in consequence of his increased exchequer; his wife was naturally retiring and economical, and was quite reconciled to the thrift of her husband, when he told her that it was necessary to lay by a portion for the infant Rosamond, as the income of each of her parents would cease with their life. Sutton continued his annual visits to Oakbury, where his wife was much liked, and the beauty of his little daughter extremely admired; in fact his marriage turned out no bad speculation, for the painstaking, money-loving old Willis would have shrunk from the idea of enriching a couple who seemed to have the least taste for spending money when they had got it. Mrs. Sutton was the counterpart of her prudent husband: the little Rosamond was brought up with an extremely limited knowledge of toys, bonbons, and necklaces; and when the prudent old jeweller departed this life ten years after the union had taken place which had given him so much satisfaction, it appeared that he had left behind him a substantial token of his approbation of the tactics of the economical pair, in the shape of a properly-signed and witnessed parchment, whereby he bequeathed the whole of his property of every description to his esteemed partner, James Sutton. Whether the surprise of sudden wealth was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Sutton I cannot say, but certain it is that her health at this time began rapidly to decline, and that Sutton was a widower in a very few months after he became an heir. Doubtless, had his wife died before his benefactor, he would have bitterly and deeply mourned for the loss of her—three hundred a-year! As it was, he bore his troubles with edifying resignation; he had never really loved any being on earth but himself and his daughter, and brilliant prospects now seemed to be opening to both of them. A magnificent jeweller's shop in a fashionable street at the west end of the town shortly gave visible signs of Sutton's wealth; the windows blazed with gems, enraptured pedestrians stopped to cast longing looks on the treasures thus temptingly displayed to them, and a throng of splendid carriages crowded the door. Sutton engaged an elegant private residence; and an accomplished and highly-salaried governess undertook the education of his daughter, assisted by a bevy of "professors" of all sorts of arts, sciences, and languages. I am sorry to say, that as soon as Sutton became wealthy, he also became forgetful of his old friends at Oakbury; his summer visits were now paid to the Continent, and the correspondence which his wife had so patiently and indefatigably kept up with Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Colyton, and half-a-dozen other cousins, was suffered to fall to the ground. Deeply did the inhabitants of Oakbury lament that their townsman should become lost to them just as they had reason to feel proud of him; they could not console themselves

by saying it was "the way of the world," for of the world and its ways they knew nothing, Oakbury at that time being unable to boast even of a literary institution, or a railway to London!

Years rolled on—the jeweller's wealth gathered like a snowball; the governess retired on an annuity; Rosamond took the head of her father's table; they removed into a larger house, and engaged additional carriages and servants. Various "nymphs of quality" had "admired," or affected to admire, the jeweller, but none of their spells were successful; he openly declared his resolution never to marry, and his intention that none but a man of rank should marry his daughter. There was small difficulty apparently in bringing about this arrangement; the jeweller's wealth was sufficient to purchase half-a-dozen scions of quality, but his daughter and himself were particular in their choice, and Rosamond did not, as was predicted, marry in her first season. That first season was just over. Rosamond had lent the light of her countenance to the Book of Beauty, had been celebrated by fashionable poets, and panegyrised in fashionable newspapers.

Mrs. Everett could no longer resist the craving desire she felt to behold, and to exhibit to others, the noted beauty to whom she was allied; letter after letter of solicitation was sent to the long obdurate jeweller, till at length, fairly worn out by the tenacity of his country cousin, he very reluctantly promised that his daughter and himself should spend a couple of days at Mrs. Everett's house, in their way to visit a titled friend in the North. Like most pleasures to which people have eagerly looked forward, this visit proved a disappointment to the people of Oakbury; the good-natured, unassuming Sutton had been converted by prosperity into "a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," making constant allusions to the Marquises and Viscounts with whom he seemed to live on the most intimate terms, patronizing the cousins who used to patronize him, and condescendingly praising the viands which he once esteemed it a great favour to be invited to partake of. Rosamond was still more changed; the timid, plainly-dressed, simple-mannered child, was now a brilliant, graceful girl of fashion, dressed in the extreme of the mode, playing and singing like a professor (according to the Oakbury ideas of a professor), and talking incessantly of operas, fancy balls, and public breakfasts. The French waiting-maid of Rosamond, and the Swiss valet of her father, acquitted themselves still less to the satisfaction of Oakbury than their superiors; unfortunately they could both speak English well enough to be understood, and their criticisms on the discomforts and short comings of Mrs. Everett's establishment (all faithfully reported to that lady by her housemaid), were peculiarly pointed and expressive. It was a relief to all parties when the visit came to an end, and it was never repeated. Still, however, the jeweller and his daughter were regarded by the people of Oakbury in the light of a property, and they made them a constant subject of con-

versation when in company with new acquaintance.

There was a little bathing-place at a convenient distance from Oakbury, consisting of a dozen cottages, three villas, a few shops, a library, and a couple of hotels, where in the autumn a tolerable number of persons were wont to congregate; and here, Sutton's Oakbury relatives particularly shone: they were continually repeating anecdotes of the rich jeweller and his fascinating daughter, unsparingly heaping upon them all sorts of private good qualities, in addition to their publicly known advantages; indeed they appeared qualified to draw their characters with fidelity, since, according to their own account, Sutton was in the habit of asking advice on matters of importance from all the elderly men of Oakbury, and his daughter was the bosom friend of all the young ladies in it. Latterly, however, they had felt a great wish to add to their stock of anecdotes from some authentic source of information, and Mrs. Everett obtained great credit from having originated the bold stroke of inviting the London couple to her house. Her invitation was accepted, because Sir Thomas Chisholm had a nephew on the point of standing for the county, and wished to cultivate the good graces of his country neighbours; and for the same reason, Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm and their accommodating visitors took their places at Mrs. Everett's board in the most amiable of all possible moods, resolved to please and to be pleased; and when they found that their hostess was particularly anxious to talk about Rosamond Sutton, they showed themselves perfectly willing to keep up the ball of conversation just as long as she wished.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Everett, "Rosamond is a model of beauty and excellence, but perhaps, as a near relation, I may be allowed to be partial."

"I cannot admit that you show any partiality," replied Lady Charlotte. "Miss Sutton quite verifies the character you give of her; the Marchioness of Arlingford was lately observing to me that Miss Sutton was not only one of the most beautiful girls in London, but that her mind and manners would render her attractive even if she were deprived of every personal recommendation."

Happy Mrs. Everett! how she triumphed in the success of her dinner-party—how she coloured with delight at the idea that she was second cousin to a fashionable beauty who had been admired and commended by a Marchioness!

"Miss Sutton's lovers," pursued Lady Charlotte, "are, as you may conceive, numerous; many wonder that she still remains unmarried."

"Dear Rosamond," said Mrs. Mullins, sentimentally, "I am selfish enough to wish that she may continue single—marriage so often estranges a girl from her family."

If marriage could have estranged Rosamond Sutton from her family more than she was

estranged already, it would indeed have brought about a great marvel!

"Her offers of marriage," said Colonel Huntley, "have all been from men of rank; it is understood that her father would sanction no other suitors."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Everett, drawing herself up with dignity.

"And even these suitors," continued the Colonel, "have a difficult part to play, for Mr. Sutton is apt to suspect that they are attracted towards his daughter by the charms of her dowry."

"I should hope those mercenary motives are not very common in any rank of life," said Mr. Mullins, who, be it known to my readers, had married an extremely plain, shrewish woman for the sake of her four thousand pounds!

"Lord Robert Ransford," said Lady Charlotte, "had wealth as well as rank, and was, I believe, truly and devotedly attached to Miss Sutton; but she refused him because she could not reciprocate his attachment."

"Exactly my own feelings," murmured Louisa Mullins, who had for two years been laying desperate siege to a gouty, ill-tempered old miser!

"At present," said Lady Charlotte, she has two distinguished admirers, who are rivals for her good graces. Lord Belson is reported to stand high in her own good opinion, the Earl of Eppingham in that of her father; but I am repeating what cannot by any possibility be matter of news to the present party."

"Oh! surely not," replied Mrs. Everett, "but the subject of dear Rosamond is one of which we are never weary; she and her father occasionally spend a part of the summer with us," (Mrs. Everett did not absolutely violate truth by this statement, inasmuch as the memorable two days spent with her by the Suttons certainly constituted a part of the summer); "and I assure you we are eagerly looking forward to their next visit."

"Mr. Sutton," said the Colonel, "is a devoted father, and an excellent man."

"He is, indeed," sighed Miss Margareta Sutton, the cousin who five-and-twenty years before had fixed her youthful affections on the assistant of the working jeweller, and who was now a sharp, sour-looking old maid.

"I am sure we have all reason to say so," said Miss Sutton, her still sharper and sourer-looking elder sister. "I remember the time—"

Here Colonel Huntley, who thought that remembrance had now gone to its utmost allowable extent, interposed with a remark about the opera-house, which had the effect of turning the discourse, much to the regret of the Oakbury cousins, who could have talked about Rosamond Sutton and her father till midnight, without showing any signs of weariness. Nevertheless, there was a handsome young man of the party, who had studiously avoided taking any share in the discourse, and yet he also was one of the enviable cousins of the heiress. His parents, Mr.

and Mrs. Colyton, had been among the kindest of Sutton's relations, always giving to himself, his wife, and child, in their yearly visits to Oakbury, not only a warm and hospitable welcome, but many acceptable little presents.

A few years after Sutton's inheritance of old Willis's boards, they had both died, leaving a small property to their son, who had just taken orders, and accepted a curacy in a neighbouring village. Colyton was seven years older than Rosamond Sutton; he had been not only the playfellow, but the protector of the timid child; he had deeply lamented the cessation of all intercourse with her, and none expected her arrival with more heartfelt interest than himself, when she and her father vouchsafed to pay their two days' visit to Mrs. Everett. Yet to no one did Rosamond behave with so little kindness as to Colyton; her relations in general were so perfectly well disposed to consider her as a descending goddess, that she could not well avoid infusing a little graciousness into the appropriate dignity of that character; but Colyton, in whose mind at the moment of meeting, the lapse of time and distinctions of worldly wealth were annihilated, and who only beheld in his cousin the "little Rosamond" of former days, greeted her with such unquestionable warmth and cordiality, that the spoiled beauty, accustomed to the smooth flatteries of the nobles of the land, had become distant and freezing in her manner, and the Lady of Lyons could scarcely have evinced more scorn to the enamoured Claude Melnotte, than did the London heiress to the presumptuous country curate! Yet in spite of her disdain, she was seldom absent from the thoughts of Colyton, and he listened to the accounts of her splendour and gaiety, not with pleasure, still less with envy, but with fear lest the temptations of the world might prove fatal to her happiness, and lest she should become the unloved wife of one who might wed her not for herself, but for her riches.

When the ladies retired into the drawing-room, Lady Charlotte was again beset with eager inquiries on the subject of Rosamond Sutton, to all of which she good-naturedly replied; and the "womankind" of Oakbury, who had hitherto only possessed floating and indefinite ideas of the style in which Rosamond lived, were now actually made aware of the colour of her carriages and liveries, the costumes which she had worn at fancy-balls, and the songs which she had sung at musical parties. At length the evening came to an end. The Chisholms and Huntleys honoured the company they left behind with a very brief notice.

"How fond those people are of talking about the Suttons," said Lady Charlotte Huntley.

"And really," replied Lady Chisholm, "they have no reason to be fond of the subject; it is years since the Suttons have taken the smallest notice of them."

Not so brief was the conversation in Mrs. Everett's drawing-room.

"Really," said Mrs. Everett, taking the lead in discourse, as she had the right of a hostess

to do, "when I hear all these particulars of the grandeur of Sutton and his daughter, I am more and more shocked at their ingratitude. Why are we to be informed of all these festivities by strangers? Why are we not to be invited as relations to partake of them?"

"Carriages at command must certainly be a great luxury," said Mr. Richard Sutton, who suffered grievously from rheumatic-gout.

"And how delightful to be able to go to fancy-balls in character," exclaimed Louisa Mullins. "Rosamond Sutton appeared at one ball as Anne Bolyn; at another as Psyche, and at a third as the White Lady of Avenel."

"Then how many eligible offers of marriage she seems to have received," exclaimed Miss Margaretta Sutton (who had never received one in her life), heaving a deep sigh as she spoke.

"It is sad," remarked Mrs. Mullins, looking intently on her daughter, "that where nature has made so little distinction between young people, fortune should make so much."

No one was so ill-bred as to contradict Mrs. Mullins's inference; but, in reality, nature had made a great deal of difference between Miss Mullins and her cousin—the one being clumsy, plain, and dull, while the other was abundantly gifted with grace, beauty, and talent.

"You do not seem to have a word to say on the subject," said Mrs. Everett, sharply addressing Colyton; "and yet I am sure you have been as ungratefully treated as any of us! What kindness was shown to the Suttons by your father and mother, and your father's sister—and what repayment of it have you ever had? A word from Sutton to one of his titled friends would, very likely, get you the promise of a good living."

"I am not ambitious, my dear aunt," replied the young man, "and probably am far happier in my state of mediocrity than my London relatives in the midst of their splendour. There are many temptations attendant upon prosperity, and also the great danger of a reverse. We frequently hear of rich men who suddenly become poor; and, in that case, how much happier would it have been for them, had they, like me, been accustomed to 'range with humble livers in content.'"

"It is absurd," said Mrs. Everett, "to talk of James Sutton ever being a poor man. I should just as soon think of the failure of the Bank of England! He is more likely to be raised than depressed in the world. I suppose he will soon be saluting his daughter as Countess of Eppingham!"

"And forgetting his best and earliest friends," said Miss Margaretta, spitefully, "in the distribution of cake and cards. I dare say we shall only hear of the marriage through the newspapers."

The next morning, Colyton, at an early hour, entered the simple, pretty little cottage of his maiden-aunt. Miss Colyton had been invited to join Mrs. Everett's dinner-party; but indisposition had prevented her. She was a remarkably amiable person, intelligent, sweet-tempered,

and unaffectedly religious; she was charitable to the poor on a small income, and was a great favourite with her equals; for she possessed the difficult art of giving advice without giving offence, and the still more difficult art of knowing when to refrain from giving it at all. None had shown more kindness than herself to Sutton and his daughter in former days; but she never complained of their ingratitude, nor envied their prosperity.

"I tremble for poor Rosamond," she said, when her nephew had given her an account of the party of the preceding day. "Thrown into the vortex of the world, without a hand to restrain her, or a voice to warn her of its dangers, I can scarcely venture to hope that she will escape unhurt. Truly did Bishop Latimer say, 'He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.'"

Two days from this time, Mr. Mullins was leisurely and composedly unfolding the newspaper. Had he indulged Mrs. Mullins or Louisa with the first reading of it, they would unquestionably have turned to the marriages, that they might have ascertained if Rosamond Sutton had yet become a Countess. And failing of making any discovery in that quarter, they would have sought for an account of fashionable festivities, to learn if she had appeared in any new character at a fancy-ball. Mr. Mullins, however, did neither of these things; he turned, as was his constant custom, to the list of bankrupts.

Surprising! Could he really trust the evidence of his own eyes? Was it—could it be the fact, that James Sutton figured among the bankrupts? Sutton, so wealthy that he was worth incalculable sums, and so honourable that "his word would pass for more than he was worth," could Sutton indeed be degraded, penniless—nay, worse than penniless?

In another part of the paper was a confirmation of this statement, in the shape of a paragraph, expressing much astonishment at the unlooked-for event; but hinting at a speculation in railroads as the cause of it. Railroads are certainly very convenient things, both in novels and real life. Whenever a man becomes suddenly and unaccountably ruined, railroad-speculations are constantly seized upon as the solution of the mystery, and nobody ever thinks of questioning it!

Mr. Mullins speedily made the results of his morning reading known to Mrs. Mullins and Louisa; and they eagerly set out, in a sharp drizzling rain, to spread the intelligence through Oakbury.

The feelings of Sutton's relations were of a mixed kind. It was quite clear that they must abstain from all future boasting on the subject of the jeweller and his daughter. They must appear with greatly diminished consequence at their favourite little watering-place; but still, there were counterbalancing advantages in the matter.

Rochefoucauld says that "there is something

in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us." Now Sutton was not the "best friend" of anybody in Oakbury. He had wounded the pride of his family by his long-continued neglect; and so far from being a displeasing, it was rather an agreeable reflection that he had sunk decidedly beneath them, inasmuch that he was oppressed by the weight of innumerable debts, while they had got their receipted Christmas bills snugly ensconced in their writing-desks or secretaires!

Miss Margaretta Sutton was peculiarly alive to this feeling, and talked so much about her "lucky escape in not marrying James Sutton," that she almost persuaded herself—although she failed in persuading her auditors—that she really had once had the option of doing so!

Colyton and his aunt were the only persons who truly felt grieved at the intelligence that their dignified townsman had thus abruptly "fallen from his high estate."

"Poor Rosamond," concluded Colyton, after half-an-hour's conversation, in which not one ill-natured or self-righteous remark had been made by himself or his companion; "how sad a change for her! How soon will she have cause to experience the fallacy of the friendship of the world!"

"Let us hope," said Miss Colyton, "that there is a bright side to the question; and that this misfortune may prove a blessing to our dear Rosamond. Well and truly has Wordsworth said—

"The shower whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root."

* * * * *

The jeweller and his daughter were seated in one of the smallest rooms of the splendid house from which they were soon to take their departure for ever. Three weeks had elapsed since Sutton's bankruptcy had been proclaimed, and the fashionable world had behaved just as badly as the most bitter satirist or the most gloomy cynic could have predicted. The young friends who had "loved Rosamond as a sister," the matrons who had "regarded her as a daughter," the elderly men of fashion who had "wished themselves young for her sake," the lover of her own choice, the lover of her father's recommendation—all were seized with a sudden unanimity of purpose which induced them to think that the very kindest way of consoling the Suttons in their trouble was to leave them entirely to themselves. Too true is it, that when Poverty comes in at the door, Friendship is to the full as ready as Love to jump out of the window!

"Next week, dearest Rosamond," said poor Sutton, "we must remove from this house. I cannot quit London; I have many arrangements to make in my confused affairs. We must separate for a time, and happy am I to say that a friend has kindly offered to take charge of you."

"The Marchioness of Arlingford?" eagerly inquired Rosamond.

The lady to whom she alluded was the aunt of her favoured admirer, Lord Belson, and had always professed the warmest affection for her.

"The Marchioness has neither called nor written," said Sutton, drily, "since she heard of our misfortunes."

"I am glad," said Rosamond, with a sigh, "that we have even a solitary friend remaining; but I am perfectly unable to guess her name."

"She is one of our relations at Oakbury," replied her father.

"Mrs. Everett, no doubt," said Rosamond, reddening. "Dear father, do not accept her invitation. She, who was so fawning and servile in our prosperity, will indemnify herself for our neglect of her by her malicious triumph over us in our adversity."

"Fear not, Rosamond," replied her father; "the letter does not come from Mrs. Everett; but from a very different person. You need apprehend no ungenerous triumph from *her*. I experienced many instances of friendship from her in former days; and you also, young as you were at the time of our intimacy, can have no difficulty in calling to mind the kindness that she always showed towards you. We have both forgotten her for a time; but this letter will show that in our trials she has not forgotten us."

And he put into Rosamond's hand a letter, which, as my readers have doubtless ere this conjectured, came from the warm-hearted and sympathising Miss Colyton.

Poor Miss Colyton! she had done a really kind and disinterested deed in offering Rosamond shelter and protection till her father had adjusted his most pressing difficulties, but everybody in Oakbury, with the exception of her nephew, who was just as kind and disinterested as herself, highly disapproved of the course she was pursuing. Her conduct was by turns designated as "mean-spirited," "romantic," and "Pharisaical;" all possible and impossible evils were predicted as the result of Rosamond's residence in her house; it might have seemed that like Christabel (only that none of the Oakbury people had ever read Christabel), she was on the point of inviting an evil spirit to cross her threshold in the guise of a beautiful lady. Miss Colyton, however, was undismayed by all these denunciations; she knew that she was performing her duty in showing kindness to the friendless, deserted Rosamond, and the love that she had borne towards her when she was an engaging, artless child, rendered that duty a pleasure to her. Rosamond arrived on the appointed day, conducted by her father, who after warmly and cordially expressing his thanks to Miss Colyton, took his departure; and the flattered London beauty, with a limited quantity of luggage, and no waiting-maid, was left to domesticate herself as best she could in a very small quiet cottage, an elderly single lady her only com-

panion, and two plain, neat country girls her only attendants. Rosamond's trials, however, came not from those within the house, but from those without it; the perpetual wonder expressed by Mrs. Everett regarding the imprudence of her father, the sneering condolence of Miss Margaretta Sutton, touching the defection of her lovers, Mrs. Mullins's ceaseless questions whether she did not sadly miss her carriages and servants; and Louisa Mullins's unwearied curiosity to learn the minutest particulars of the costumes of Anne Boleyn, Psyche, and the White Lady of Avenel; these were indeed hard to bear, but Rosamond came through the ordeal wonderfully well. In the first place, she was four years older than when she enacted the descending goddess on her former visit to Oakbury; increasing years had brought with them increased good taste and feeling, and she would not now, under any circumstances, have received with hauteur the fussy attentions of Mrs. Everett, or chilled with disdain the warm-hearted regard of Colyton. Secondly, she had suffered adversity; she had tried the world's friendship, and found it wanting; her fancy, although not her heart, had been engaged to Lord Belson, and when his conduct clearly evinced that his motives for seeking her hand had been merely of a mercenary character, she felt grateful for her escape, and disposed to think that honest good-will, or even undisguised indifference, was preferable to the smooth, honeyed declarations of affection and devotion which had really never existed. Therefore was Rosamond Sutton disposed to love and respect the quiet, unassuming Miss Colyton, whose kindness to her was so unquestionably disinterested; and therefore was she ready to tolerate even the occasional impertinence of a few of the Oakbury denizens, because she felt impertinence to be far superior to insincerity. Rosamond, however, was not long destined to suffer impertinence, for the Oakbury people soon began to like her very well indeed; they were selfish, shallow, and narrow-minded, but none of them, not even Miss Margaretta Sutton, possessed that inherent and bitter spirit of malignity, utterly incapable of being disarmed by inoffensiveness and gentleness. The Oakbury people had long entertained a most exaggerated idea of Rosamond's luxurious habits and splendid appointments, and they would have been ready to believe any one who had asserted of her as Fag does of Lydia Languish, in the comedy of the "Rivals," that her thread-papers were made of bank-notes, and that she fed her parrot with small pearls! Then they had ascertained that the creditors of a bankrupt laid no claim to the "vanities" of a lady's wardrobe; therefore, if they had been required to put their thoughts into words, they would have predicted that Rosamond would have descended to breakfast in brocaded silk and Valenciennes lace, paid morning visits in a white satin pelisse, and gone to tea-drinkings in a silver gauze dress; as for her daily employments, they supposed that they would principally consist in painting greenhouse exotics and singing Italian bravuras. Rosa-

mond, however, like all sensible persons, knew that fine dresses and fine ways would neither suit her fallen fortunes nor the locality in which for the present she seemed destined to remain, and Oakbury soon discovered, to its very great surprise, that the fashionable beauty wore muslin dresses and a straw bonnet, worked with a needle, and sang English ballads. I do not mean to say that Rosamond accommodated herself without an effort to her new mode of living; she felt the want of many luxuries, which to her seemed necessities of existence; she lamented the deprivation of literary institutions, galleries of pictures, and concerts of fine music; and she missed the conversation of the world, for trifling and superficial as it often was, it at least boasted the charm of variety and of refinement; she was accustomed to hear of the most interesting private and public events while the bloom of novelty was fresh upon them, and it was wearying to her to listen to the perpetual vapid gossip of Oakbury, where the new shawl of a tradesman's wife, or the rose-coloured ribbons of a housemaid, furnished matter for half-an-hour's discussion. But Rosamond had, like the princesses in fairy tales, "a great deal of wit," which in fairy-tale phraseology signifies quickness of apprehension; she felt that the gay world was nothing to her, and that the kind, feeling Miss Colyton was worth the whole of "her dear five hundred friends;" nay, she did justice to a much lower grade of good will, and called to mind that while Mrs. Everett deemed no tea party complete without "Rosamond and her music-book," and Louisa Mullins arranged the proceedings of every pic-nic excursion with the view of "a nice point for Rosamond to sketch from;" the Lady Claras and Lady Emilys, who had vowed eternal friendship for her, were now quite oblivious of her existence, and if they thought of her singing and sketching at all, it would only be to deplore that she did both in too common-place a style to compete with any of the accomplished prodigies who embellish the governess column of the *Times*. I have, however, a still better reason to give for Rosamond's increasing satisfaction with her situation; she could not but feel that while the lover selected for her by her father was taking a continental tour, and the lover encouraged by herself was paying his addresses to the deformed daughter of a rich city mercer; Colyton, the kind companion and protector of her childhood, whom she had treated with disdain during her prosperity, Colyton was unwearied in his endeavours to amuse and interest her, and to prevent her mind from dwelling on her recent trials.

Colyton was a daily visitor at the house of his aunt; he lent books to Rosamond, sang duets with her, accompanied her in her walks, and predicted that brighter days were yet in store for her dear father. Thus wore away the winter; the letter that Rosamond received from her father was written in a tranquil spirit, and the arrangement of his affairs was, he said, advancing quite as satisfactorily as he had any right to expect it would do.

Spring came. Miss Colyton was sitting alone, when Miss Margaretta Sutton was announced.

"I wonder where Rosamond is," said the visitor, looking round.

"She will not be at home for some time," replied Miss Colyton; "she has gone to take a long walk with my nephew."

"I thought so," said Miss Margaretta, forgetting that her "thinking so" was rather at variance with her previously expressed wonder on the subject of the "whereabout" of Rosamond. "I must say, Anne, that I am quite surprised at your blindness."

"In what respect?" quietly inquired Miss Colyton.

"Why in regard to the attachment so evidently forming, or formed, between your nephew and Rosamond Sutton," answered Miss Margaretta.

"Who told you that I was blind to it?" asked Miss Colyton, smiling.

"My dear Anne," exclaimed Miss Margaretta, "surely you cannot recollect that Rosamond Sutton has no independent fortune, and that a bankrupt's daughter has no claim to a shilling."

"I am perfectly aware of both these facts," replied Miss Colyton. "My nephew has a small income, and as it is enough for the moderate comforts of life, and as he will inherit my little property at my death, I think that if the young people are satisfied with their prospects, we have no right to interfere with their choice."

"But if Colyton thinks he can afford to marry without money," persisted Miss Margaretta, "why cannot he fix on Louisa Mullins, who is just as nearly related to him as Rosamond Sutton, and whom he has seen almost every day from her childhood?"

"Simply because he loves the one and not the other," answered Miss Colyton.

"And how do you know that James Sutton will approve of the way in which you have disposed of his daughter's hand without consulting him?" asked Miss Margaretta in a slightly raised key.

"I have not done so without consulting him," Miss Colyton replied.

"Then depend upon it," said Miss Margaretta triumphantly, "he will immediately summon his daughter back to London. Do you think he will allow her to throw herself away upon a poor curate? She is a beautiful girl (it was the first time that Miss Margaretta had ever allowed her to be so), and I dare say he will manage to get an outfit and an introduction for her, and export her to India."

"I do not think he had ever any design of that kind," said Miss Colyton; "at all events, if he had, he has cheerfully relinquished it, and given his ready consent to his daughter's marriage with my nephew."

"And do you really mean to say," exclaimed the angry Miss Margaretta, "that a marriage is arranged to take place between two of my relations, and that I am the last person to be informed of it?"

"I mean to say no such thing," replied Miss

Colyton; "Mr. Sutton's consent only arrived this morning; and therefore, Margaretta, you are the first person to be informed of the intended marriage, as indeed I had determined you should be at all events; and had you not happened to call upon me, I should have been a visitor at your house in the course of an hour for the purpose of giving you the information."

Miss Colyton was never in the habit of telling polite untruths; she really meant what she had just said; she knew that whoever received the first tidings of the proposed marriage would disseminate it through Oakbury before sunset; and as she thought that Miss Margaretta was the person whose good will would be the most difficult to conciliate, she had resolved to bestow upon her the empty honour of being the original proclaimer of the news, judging rightly that nothing would so much tend to disarm all unamiable feelings on her part. The event proved the wisdom of the course she had pursued. Miss Margaretta took a hasty leave of her, hoping that after all the affair would turn out better than she had expected, and paid a round of visits at Oakbury to tell the news, saying that it was the particular wish of her dear Anne Colyton that she should do so, and hinting that she had all along been in the confidence of the young couple, and that as their hearts seemed set upon the matter she did not know but that it was better to let them take their own way. All received the communication in very good part. Louisa Mullins had lately been staying with a friend tolerably well married, who was some years older, and much plainer than herself, and had consequently risen so highly in her own estimation, that she openly declared she would never marry without fifty pounds a year pin-money, and a one-horse chaise. Therefore she was perfectly well satisfied to relinquish all chance of Colyton, and turned her thoughts with much amiability towards working an ottoman for his destined bride. Mrs. Everett resolved to make the young people a present of a silver cake-basket, and plenty of good advice; others were no less gracious, and the same set of people who, a year ago, had secretly envied and disliked Rosamond and her father, were now well pleased to befriend and assist the former, and even expressed their hopes that the latter would "now and then come to see his daughter, and take a peep at his old friends."

* * * *

A month had elapsed, and Rosamond's wedding-day was approaching: she was staying in London, at the request of her father, who wished daily to see her, but could not spare time from his affairs, to visit her at Oakbury. He had procured her an invitation from the wife of his solicitor, Mr. Benwell. Rosamond had never seen Mr. Benwell above two or three times, and had never seen Mrs. Benwell at all; she was a plain, common-place person, and lived in a small house in a street near Bloomsbury Square; but Rosamond had been quite cured of fine ladyism during her stay at Oakbury, and made herself

so very agreeable, that Mrs. Benwell quite regretted that her wedding could not be deferred for a month longer. Rosamond, indeed, was perfectly happy: her lover came several times to London to see her, and her father was not only looking remarkably well, but was in excellent spirits: in fact he, like herself, seemed improved by adversity; there was no longer the least vestige of the "three-tailed Bashaw" about him; there were no allusions to noblemen, no talk about eligible matches. He inquired kindly and repeatedly about his Oakbury friends and relations; and to his son-in-law elect his manner was everything that could be wished—cordial, confiding, and affectionate.

The wedding-day arrived. Rosamond, attired with simple elegance, was given away by her father: the Benwell family alone were present, Mrs. Benwell's niece officiating as bridesmaid; and they returned to a quiet little collation at the Bloomsbury domicile. The young couple, who lacked money for the usual honeymoon indulgence of a continental trip, had thought of immediately returning home; but Sutton had laughingly declared that he must retain possession of them for a few days, and that if they resigned themselves to his guidance, he would venture to say that their time should pass pleasantly. They willingly acceded to his request, anticipating a sojourn of two or three days at one of the villages near London. Leave was taken of the friendly Benwells, and the bride was handed by her father to the carriage waiting at the door, which proved to be not the hired conveyance which had taken them to church, but a new and very elegant barouche. No remark was made by any one, but both the bride and bridegroom felt rather uncomfortable at the unexpected splendour of their transit. Each formed a different opinion on the subject. Rosamond concluded that her father had borrowed the carriage "for that day only" from one of his great friends, who had not quite thrown him off, and she was sorry that he should have laid himself under such an obligation. Colyton, on the other hand, remembering all he had heard of the magnificent tastes of his father-in-law, was apprehensive that, having saved a few hundreds out of the wreck of his property, he was only anxious immediately to dissipate them.

The coachman, who appeared to have received his orders, drove to a house in Hyde Park Gardens; here Sutton alighted, kindly welcomed his daughter and son-in-law, and led them upstairs to a tastefully furnished suite of drawing-rooms.

"Has this house been lent to you by a friend, my dear father?" inquired the astonished bride.

"No, Rosamond," replied her father. "I have not a friend in the world who is likely to lend me so much as a fire-screen or a hearth-brush; and happily I can very well dispense with their good offices. This house is my own, and therefore yours; may you both live long and happily in it."

"But my dear sir," suggested his son-in-law,

"is there not some mistake? It is so short a time since your fortunes were under a cloud, that"—

"You mean, I suppose," said the jeweller, "to say, that as I have recently become a bankrupt, I cannot fairly possess the means of living in such a house as this: under ordinary circumstances, such might be the case; but mine is a bankruptcy of a peculiar description."

Again did the young couple draw a different conclusion from Sutton's speech. Rosamond imagined that her father must be speaking in jest, not knowing what peculiar kind of bankruptcy that could be which would enable its victim to live in Hyde Park Gardens! Colyton was more enlightened on the subject: he had heard of fraudulent bankruptcies, where the supposed sufferer came out of his troubles a great deal richer than before he got into them: but it grieved him to think that Rosamond's father should be one of those, and it greatly surprised him that he should have the hardihood to avow it.

"I will explain the mystery of my bankruptcy in as few words as possible," said Sutton. "A year ago I was very desirous of quitting business, and investing my property in the funds; but the enormous sums owing to me seemed to defy all my powers to call them in; they would not 'come when I did call for them.' You have heard, Colyton, that my brilliant tiaras sparkle in the flowing tresses of duchesses and marchionesses, and that my bracelets and rings encircle the slender waists and snowy fingers of countless court maidens; and possibly you, in your happy ignorance, may imagine that these valuables were all paid for on delivery, or at least that a settlement took place every Christmas. Not so; there is many a Lady Townley in the present day, who loses at cards the money destined to defer her just debts. How could I dun my fair creditors, when I and my daughter were on visiting terms with them? Could I threaten the Marchioness of Arlingford with arrest, when her nephew was inditing love-sonnets to Rosamond? Could I declare that I would expose Lady Emily Tracey to the world, when I was anxiously endeavouring to promote a marriage between my daughter and her brother? I determined on a fictitious bankruptcy; my assignees have gathered in all that is owing to me; my affairs are completely settled, and I am at this moment, in mercantile phrase, 'as good a man as ever!'"

"But my dear father," exclaimed Rosamond, "why did you not admit a few friends into your secret?"

"Because," said her father, "it would then have speedily ceased to be any secret at all; and because, Rosamond, I had a double view in my bankruptcy. I wished not only to get my accounts paid, but to try the truth of my professing friends, and your fair-speaking lovers. I had always been haunted by the fear that you would be married rather for your fortune than yourself. Here was an opportunity of testing the disinterestedness of all the young men who

had said, in the words of the old song in 'Lionel and Clarissa,' 'Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!' The experiment succeeded, and I had cause to feel so much displeased with my friends, that I began to feel very much displeased with myself, and to think that I had done unwisely in lifting my daughter and myself out of the sphere in which we had been accustomed to move, for the sake of associating with people who merely tolerated us on account of our wealth, and who cast us off directly we ceased to possess it. Then I thought of Oakbury, and of the many happy days I had enjoyed there during the lifetime of my wife, when everybody believed our means to be very moderate, and sought our society solely for the sake of ourselves. Just then came in the kindest of letters from the excellent Anne Colyton, and most happy was I, Rosamond, to reflect that you would have the advantage of residing for a few months under the roof of so admirable a person; for while I was blaming myself a great deal, I could not help blaming you a little, and thinking that you had been the spoiled child of prosperity, and that a short season in the school of adversity would do you a great deal of good. My wishes have been promptly fulfilled: not only have you gained an invaluable friend and many well-wishers by your visit to Oakbury, but a true and disinterested lover. You will pardon me, my dear Colyton, for trying your disinterestedness to the very last point. I have heard of instances where the lovers of penniless beauties thought better of a foolish business even at the altar."

"Not when so charming a bride as Rosamond was standing at it, I conjecture," replied the young man. "But surely, my dear sir, you might have imparted your secret to your daughter?"

"My good young friend," said the jeweller, "you entertain a very high opinion of Rosamond, and so do I; but still she is but a woman; and it has always been my opinion that there is only one secret which a woman can be trusted to keep—that of her own age!" (At the time this conversation occurred, the new Census had not taken place, otherwise Sutton would have seen women deprived of the power of keeping even that solitary secret!) "Besides," he continued, "I wished to try Rosamond's stability as well as your own. She believed that 'her face was her fortune;' and I imagined she might consider that so very pretty a face entitled her to expect no trifling fortune in exchange. And now, having finished all my explanations, let me again welcome you to the house which I hope you will share with me. You must give up your country curacy, Colyton: you will find that the gay world stands much in need of your admonitions, and I trust that it will profit by them. In two or three days we will all visit Oakbury, and you shall tell your dear aunt in person of your changed prospects."

And they *did* visit Oakbury; and great was the bustle and the excitement of that happy lit-

the town when the important news was circulated through it. Sutton was full of kindness and cordiality to his old friends; and not only did he warmly invite them to come and see him in London, but he made purchase of a pretty house and grounds about half a mile from Oakbury, to which he promised that himself, his daughter, and her husband would pay frequent visits, if Miss Colyton would favour him by taking up her residence there. This she agreed to do; nor was she the only person who experienced the liberality of their old townsman. Every silver cake-basket, worked ottoman, China jar, or papier-maché portfolio that had been given to the curate's affianced bride, was returned to the donor in presents of large value; and these were all received with pleasure, because they were not given in a spirit of patronage and ostentation, but were offered as tokens of friendship and good-will.

Five years have now elapsed: Colyton is a celebrated preacher at a London chapel, and has, as his father-in-law predicted, been the cause of great benefit to many of his hearers. His wife and himself live happily with the worthy jeweller: and two children are added to the family party, who, to the great delight of Miss Colyton, pass much of their time at the house

at Oakbury. As for the Oakbury people, they talk more about the Suttons than ever; but they do it with a far different feeling: the stories of intimacy and regard which they were formerly compelled to improvise, have now become matter-of-fact, and the envy and dissatisfaction lurking in their minds have been exchanged for the truest esteem and regard. Only one evil has resulted from the course that Sutton has pursued: the Oakbury people, never very bright and quick-witted, have become thoroughly confused and mystified in their ideas touching the stability or instability of men of business. Formerly, if they saw the name of any one they knew in the list of bankrupts, they used to talk of him with pity; but now they conceive it probable that he is only perpetrating a playful *ruse* on the "Fair of May Fair;" and that when all his accounts have been duly settled and made over to him, he will, like Sutton, emerge from the temporary clouds that surrounded him! Whether such events are frequent I am not prepared to say; but the one in question has certainly had the happiest effects in improving the character as well as the fortune of the jeweller, and in gaining a sincere and disinterested lover for the "Jeweller's Daughter."

A STROLL BY THE RIVER AMSTEL—AMSTERDAM.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Few of the Batavian poets, from old Jacob Cats to Da Costa, but have bestowed a lyric on the "brimming Amstel," which, after winding its mazy way between green prairies to its confluence with the Y*, pours itself out commingled with that river from between the horns of the port at Amsterdam into the Zuider Zee.

It was a lovely morning that on which (lured by the poets' sweet praises) we determined on a pilgrimage to the village which bears its name, and with no other companions than our pencil and note-book, set forth on the *trekking path* for our destination.

The canals and rivers, as all the world knows, are the great highways of Holland, and the Amstel a very principal one; so that every now and then, curiously shaped craft, white-sailed, and highly varnished, with perchance a group of Frisian women seated on deck, their close-fitting head-gear of gold or silver plates, glittering like cavalry helmets in the sun, made pictures in sailing by; and not less curious and novel was the appearance of the men, who, mounted sideways on their horses, with rings in their ears, and pointed Klompens† on, rode slowly past, sometimes towing huge canal boats, as heavily loaded as the barges on the Thames; and at others smaller vessels, with gilt fiddle-

heads, and sides that shone like polished mahogany, with long golden spotted pennants flying, or painted flags with full-sized figures of the Good Vrow, or Three Zisters, &c., under whose names they sailed.

Every little while, for it was market-day in the metropolis, prams laden with flowers, or filled with corbells of raspberries and red currants, with a fringe of green leaves laid round them, and larger boats, flat-bottomed and shallow, some heaped with wooden shoes, the manufacture of a distant hamlet—some with vegetables from far-off gardens, and others freighted with the useful turf—stole down upon their way to Amsterdam.

Even the vehicles upon the road were quaint looking and oddly shaped as the boats upon the river; some with high-carved backs painted green, with red foliage; others varnished and gilded, while the more stylish looking resembled in shape the scollop shell chariot in which the sea-borne Venus is sometimes represented; the horses in every instance were sleek and stout limbed, well fed and cared for, and their head-gear and harness inlaid with the white shells which children call Blackmoors teeth, shone in the sun as if inwrought with silver.

All the roads in Holland are bordered with trees, as nearly as possible alike in size and height, and which for the sake of the timber are shorn of their lower branches, and made to look

* Pronounced eye.

† Wooden shoes so called.

like overgrown green mushrooms; they are for the most part planted in double lines, and this plan of depriving them of their lateral boughs, while making them more valuable as merchandize, prevents all danger of ill-disposed persons lurking in these solitary footways, in which (though high roads) one may walk for half-an-hour without meeting a fellow-passenger, so much more popular is the transit by water; occasionally, a young farmer, in a short-tailed coat, with a gold ornament hanging round his neck, and a huge bunch of extinguisher-shaped silver seals, that made him jingle like a bell-horse as he walked, lifted his cap in passing; but for the greater part of our journey we had the *treckpath* and the lime-trees, which at this season (it was full Midsummer) drop honey on the earth, and fill the air with their delicious odour, all to ourselves.

For some distance out of the city the houses are mostly places of entertainment—Dutch editions, in fact, of the suburban public-houses and tea-gardens in the vicinity of London; but farther, you come upon the country houses of the citizens, each with a small pavilion, full of windows overlooking the road, and as a consequence the ditch of stagnant water which borders it. These serve the purposes of summer parlours, and early as it was, a singing party was practising in one of them.

In leaving the city, the Hollander leaves behind him his taste for high carved roofs and decorated fronts; and the generality of these abodes were either handsome square buildings of modern architecture, or unpretending little places—all roses, larkspurs, and hortensia, the mere summer eve resort of flower-loving citizens, who are so fond of these occasional glimpses of green fields and gardens, that those who cannot afford a country house hire one of the pavilions alluded to, and on Sundays go there with their wives and families, to enjoy their possession and smoke cigars and drink coffee. This love of retirement and rurality is admirably expressed in the names of these suburban residences, which are either painted or blazoned in golden letters on the gates, and “Zomer lust” (the love of summer), “Brouw lust” (a desire for trees and fields), or “Stroom in Lommer” (shade and water), are the most frequent titles of these retreats.

We passed one or two houses of more importance than the rest, standing in old-fashioned quadrangular gardens, with stately walks embowered with trees, and the interior space laid out in formal flower-beds and trim alleys, with statues at each end; and a rustic bridge leaping a piece of water in the centre—exactly the sort of garden that was in fashion two hundred years ago, and which Evelyn, when in the neighbourhood, was likely to have visited and admired.

Once in the course of our walk we came upon a very melancholy spot, bearing all the outward and visible signs which in England indicates a Chancery suit—the “Zomer rust” (summer rest) of some rich burgomaster of former times, reduced to ruins—the house a mere remnant,

with half the materials lying in heaps about what had been a flowery garden (but was now a badly ordered potato pround), over which a nymph in stone—white-washed for cleanliness—smiled faintly from her moss-grown pedestal, as if she had grown daft with desolation; the trees which remained were lopped (probably for firewood) into the most miserable plight imaginable; and a pair of river gods (it may be the Y and Amstel) gazed frowningly with empty urns upon each other’s misfortune in the midst of a rustling oat-field; while a couple of broken-down, *had-been* ornamental bridges, led over unseen streams, masqued with duck-weed, and sword-leaved waterflags, with the brown maces of the “major typha” marshalling their choked-up way, and seeming to whisper through the loose panicles of the waving reeds, “omnia vanites!” This place was but a stone’s throw from a meadow in which a pointed obelisk of grey stone had been set up, having reference to the peace between Holland and Russia in 1625.

Looking back from this point of view, all that broke the smooth green surface of the land, whichever way the sight diverged, was the red or black glazed roof of a farm-house, glistening through a sheltering cluster of surrounding trees, or the tall body of a wind-mill towering in the distance, with its expanded sweeps outlined against the horizon, or the white or tawny sails of vessels, picturesque in their clumsiness, showing themselves in the midst of grazing cattle and green fields.

The absence of human bipeds made us the more observant of those “guests of summer, the temple-haunting martlets,” as Shakespeare calls them, and those curious little birds the water-wagtails, of which there were numbers about; those, on the wing skimming the air in undulating circles in the vicinity of their clay-built nests, and these, poised with light steps, and nicely balanced vibrations on “the green mantle of the stagnant pool,” seeking their insect food on leaves of frog-bit, duck-weed, and the water-plantain; while every now and then (those zoological-garden birds with us), cranes, with fringy wings, black and white bodies, and pink legs and beak, would rise up suddenly from the river side, which flows on nearly on a level with its margin, and apparently only prevented from overflowing them by the tall and matted reeds which line the shores.

The shelter of these plants, like *power everywhere*, had gathered round them a multitude of dependants, and the tough-rooted night-shade hung its dark blue exquisitely painted petals beside the showy clusters of the yellow loosestrife, whose namesake, with long purple spikes of flowers, bent lovingly above the great St. John’s wort—the *sol terrestris* of the ancient herbalists; and edging the border of the road, upon a bed of its own silky leaflets, the *silver weed* disposed its glittering flowers; and laughing pimpernel (*anagallis*), with dotted leaves and scarlet corolla, turned up its weather-wise wide-open eye, prophetic of the day’s continued sunshine.

It is by such flowery bulwarks that the Amstel is restrained within its banks, and these themselves supported and consolidated. The intervening roots of trees, binding and grasping the earth together, and the surface overlaid with this fibrous progeny, forms an effective dyke, and gives firmness and body to the soil, naturally so loose and sandy as to be easily washed away.

On the opposite side of the river, the reeds are the only impediments to its encroachments, and form the boundaries of many of the enclosures belonging to the market-gardeners, whose tree-screened houses appear at intervals along the shore.

It is a sad trial, in this land of ditches, with the finest specimens of *flowering rush*, and other aquatic plants, (always growing on the opposite side from that which you are on) that even the innocent larcenies of the botanist are prevented by the intervention of relentless dykes, which divide and encompass the fields in every direction, and render it impossible for any one less efficiently booted than a navigator to get at them.

In spite of the unbroken flatness of the view, devoid of all those salient points of interest to which the *tourist at home* is accustomed—the woods, the rising hills, the stately mansions, which are never far apart in English landscape—the rich meadowy surface of the surrounding country, with Paul Potter-like groups of grazing cattle, sleek-skinned and dappled; the strange aspect of *vessels sailing here and there amidst the fields*; the passing by of eccentric-looking craft upon the brown, smooth waters of the Amstel, with here a patient fisher in a moored *pram*, and there a shallow boat filled with a party of boys, every one of whom is smoking, as they glide dreamily on, impelled by a pair of short, broad-bladed oars, looking like overgrown bull-rushes with black heads: all had at least the charm of novelty and freshness; while the coolness of the green prairies, the waving of the ozier holts, the sighing of the grey-plumed reeds, as the soft wind winnowed them, and the shadows of the trees edging the path, were as gratefully delicious as the aspect of repose more distantly expressed in the interminable extent of parallel meadows.

In common paths, as well as on the great highway of life, it is pleasant to recall the memory of the good and the great, who have trod therein before us: and few ways are richer in such remembrances than those in the vicinity of Amsterdam. Rembrandt and De Keyser Stork and Vender Helst, men whose works have made their names "familiar as household words," not only in their fatherland, but throughout Europe, had hallowed with their steps this very path, and felt their spirits lulled and softened by the same tranquil images we gazed on. Hither came Spieghele, and old Dirk Comhert, drinking inspiration from the calm face of their beloved river, as if its waters had been those of Hippocrene. While Vondel, the Milton of the Netherlands, must surely, in the

chorus of "*Palamedes*," have had its details in his mind's eye, when he sang—

"Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn—
Here glides a bark by meadows green,
And there the village smoke is seen."

Here, in his boyhood, wandered Reiner Analo, and that apprentice poet of Amsterdam, Gerard Brandt, who forsook his father's shop and watch-making for the love of poetry and a poet's daughter, the fair Susannah van Baerle.

But we must not linger with these masters of high art, and sons of song, who have made the banks of the Amstel river classic ground, but pursue our way, where still

"The meads red-speckled daisies bear,
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough."

It was well for us that fancy had not been castle-building, and that our walk—for with us the "*simplest charm prevails*"—had sufficiently repaid the trouble of undertaking it; for at the hamlet which made the point of our pilgrimage we found nothing to requite us, save its pure air and ultra cleanliness. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found the streets newly swept, the windows garnished with fresh blinds and flowers; and the women in their well-scoured klompens, full petticoats, white jackets, and snowy caps, seated at their doors with quite an air of holiday. A general peace pervaded the village, reminding us of the sweet usage once customary in our own country (and of which this is the remnant), of making in rustic places the afternoon of the Sabbath's advent almost as sacred as the Sabbath itself. The plough ceased its labour, the hinds left their work, and it became a sort of half holiday, during which refreshment and rest were all over the hamlet.

We found the kirk at New Amstel a plain, ugly building, with a few pews crowded into the corners, and the rest of the space left vacant for chairs; the floor paved with grave-stones, without other inscription than the name of the occupant; the walls, like all the Calvinistic places of worship, whitewashed; and over the most lean, dry-breasted pulpit to appearance, a gallery in which stood a small hand-organ. There were no monuments of any interest, and none dated previous to 1758. As we had arrived here by the *Treck-path*, we resolved to return by the opposite side of the river, and left New Amstel (where we were told a number of English resided), by a willow-shaded path, rich with wild flowers, and haunted by bees and butterflies. The houses on this side of the Amstel are few and far between, and of quite another description from those on the opposite bank, being simply farms or peasants' cottages, each with a little garden at the side, and a market-boat or pram drawn up amongst the reeds on the shore, or moored beside a wooden landing-place in front of the dwelling, for the convenience of crossing the Amstel, and conveying the produce of their homesteads to Amsterdam, where twice a-week

the "Bluem" (flower) and vegetable markets are held.

Alas! if the objects of view had been limited on the other side, they were still more so on this, where the reeds and tall-growing typha closed out our sight of the river, and voices sounded in boats invisible to us, though not an oar's length from the shore.

Except the passing by of a peasant with a pair of dazzling white milk-pails, followed by an assistant vrouw, we had only the face of nature (calm as Dutch physiognomies generally are) to interest us. Countless oxen spread themselves over the wide extent of rich green pasture-land; at long intervals the thin grey turf smoke, indicative of human habitations, curled up amongst the distant tree-tops; while the aroma of new-mown hay, and "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow," came mingled with the tempered redolence of raspberry plantations, the perfume of which hung about our path almost all the way to Amsterdam. Moreover, at intervals, we heard the flute-like whistling of an orange-bill'd black-bird, and the vesper-hymn (for the clouds were growing gold-hued in the west) of a choir of skylarks fresh voiced; as if the day had only just begun, and the chirping of innumerable cicades.

Then there was no lack of wild flowers; for here, as on the contrary shore, the gamboge-coloured *lysimaichia* put forth its clustered panicles; and close at hand, as if to contrast with its golden splendour, the stately loosestrife waved its purple plumes. Then there was *comfrey*, with its pensile blossoms, and holy thistle and pink willow herb; while midst the blue green reeds the greater bindweed, prodigal of ornament, looped up her leafy wreaths with snow-white flowers, or threw them out like streamers in the wind, or venturously running round their roots, crept to the very verge of the brown Amstel, and lay there, nymph-like, glassing her loveliness in its smooth depths.

Anon, the railway came in sight, and the ships' masts, and tall, black Moorish steeples, with windmills, houses, and the Palace dome. So crossing the river in a market-boat, we exchanged the flowery solitude of its banks for a crowded avenue in the outskirts of Amsterdam, and entered the city as the sun went down, not at all sorry that the plainings of a Dutch poet on the banks of the Rhine, for the quiet beauties of his native Amstel, had tempted us to seek them for ourselves.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 64.)

I was awakened from this stupifying repose by a knocking at my chamber-door. I rose confused, with all my senses in disorder, and admitted Millicent.

"For goodness' sake," she exclaimed, "dress yourself, Laura, and go down to St. George. Something has gone wrong. He is quite frantic, and will not leave the house till he sees you. He will not tell me what is the matter; saying, none but yourself can explain it. What can it be? You seemed all happy last night. Adelia did say something about your being ill, and leaving so early; but I thought it was a common headache. Had you any quarrel, dear, with St. George?"

I sank back, helplessly, on the bed. I had a raging headache, and my limbs ached with coming fever.

"Tell him I am really ill. I cannot see him; indeed I cannot."

Millicent went away; but immediately returned with a sealed letter.

"He insists on it you are well enough to answer this. It is mystery to me. He is quite wild—and poor Sir Harriman looks really frightened at his vehemence."

I opened the envelope. There was my own letter, and these few hurried lines:—

"I do not believe it. I do not care if it be true. You are not cold-hearted. You cannot see how I love you, and throw me off for a fancy of bygone sentimentality. Laura, you are ruining my happiness and your own, by a mere shadow of a past dream. What do I care if you loved another once; you must—you will—love me now. My whole life will be spent in trying to make you happy. These chimeras of girlish romance will fade away. I send back your letter. I will not release you from your promise. Your heart will soon be mine, wholly, I am sure! You are ill, dearest; send me but this simple message—'It was a mistake'—and I shall be satisfied. "St. G. E——."

I burst into tears.

"This is wretched," I cried; "O it was not a mistake. No, it is too true. Go to him, Millicent; take him this note."

I sent back these lines:—

"It was no mistake. It is exactly as I wrote to you; I cannot marry you: I dare not go to the altar with a lie upon my lips. Forget me, I pray you! You will soon do it! You will marry happily, and I shall be thankful I was spared the great sin of deceiving you in the sight of Heaven.

"LAURA STUDLEGH."

Millicent did not return for some time. She looked much disturbed. I had fallen into a

sort of doze, for I seemed incapable either of feeling or reflection.

"Well!" said Adelia, who accompanied her, "this is the oddest affair altogether I ever knew. Here I find you lying on your bed, as stupid-looking as if you had taken an over-dose of opium. And Mr. Elphinstone brushed by me, as I came in, looking a perfect tempest—exactly like that Mr. Marchmont last night. I declare, Laura, your extraordinary illnesses have always had so much to do with Mr. Marchmont's comings and goings that I half expect to find him in the drawing-room when I go down stairs."

Millicent did not share her sister's levity; but, leaning over me, asked anxiously what the cause could be of my strange behaviour, and what I had done to St. George.

"He is not a man to be played with, good sister," broke in Adelia's careless tones. "If you show him caprices too soon he will fly off at a tangent," as my Lord says; "and then what becomes of your castles in the air, Laura?"

"They are already dispersed," said I, rousing myself; for the explanation must come, and the later the worse for me: "I have broken off my engagement—Mr. Elphinstone is free."

"Are you mad, child?" cried Adelia, sharply; while Millicent said, with gravity, "O, Laura, how *very* foolish!"

"What," continued the former, with an ebullition of anger, "what can you look for in a husband that St. George has not? Birth, station, wealth—a handsome man, and really fond of you; more so than any one ever will be again, I am sure. No one likes to marry a jilt. This is too provoking!" and the prosperous matron waxed warmer in wrath. "Here are you—the plainest of the family—a portionless girl—flinging away your only chance of matrimony; and *such* a chance! And now you are on our hands for life, I suppose, unless you are too proud to be a dependant, and choose to go out as a governess."

"Hush, hush," said Millicent, reprovingly, "you are too warm; there may be some mistake here."

"Mistake? Insanity, I call it!" cried Adelia. "How can I help being warm? You know, Millicent, I would have gladly had Laura in my house, and given her every opportunity of making a good settlement in life; but really I cannot afford, with my family and Lord Fitz-Interest's sporting extravagance, to keep her for ever, year after year, refusing, for no reason on earth, to take the blessings sent her by Providence!" And Lady Fitz-Interest drew herself up, and looked very moral.

"But you have not heard Laura's reasons," urged Millicent. "She could not have done so silly a thing as break with one lover unless she had arranged with another. Speak, Laura, is it not so? Who have you dismissed St. George for?"

"That Mr. Marchmont, I suppose," sneered Adelia; "I see his name gazetted for a secretaryship at the Cape of Hope. I suppose Laura prefers Africa to Asia."

Stung by this taunt, I said, hastily, "I am not going to be married to any one. I have my own reasons with regard to the step I have taken. It is as much for St. George's happiness as mine. We should never have suited."

"And pray who would suit you, in these weathercock caprices? No one. A girl who jilts a man, without giving a sufficient cause, will never find another lover. That is my prophecy." And Adelia folded her hands, and evidently prepared herself for the worst.

The excitement I had undergone in this stormy discussion had effectually stirred me from my apathy, and the fever burning in my veins now rushed to my head, so that, not delirious, I was yet far more impassioned than my wont, and had nearly lost control over the expression of my feelings. This must excuse me for resenting as I did the sneers and indignation of Adelia.

"It matters little," I retorted, "whether I marry or not. I will not sell myself for either name or fortune. I think people may do very well without that weary matrimony that is beaten into a girl's head from the time she can understand a single word."

My sisters both laughed, contemptuously.

"My dear Laura," said Millicent, "proud as you are, you must succumb to the prejudices of society. You are too poor to be single; you must marry to be independent."

"I can work," I exclaimed, with baughtiness.

"Work!" echoed Adelia. "I am glad my girls are not here to listen to such rank treason. A young lady educated in your rank of life to talk of working."

"I do not choose," I cried, "to depend on the alms of my relations. The bread of dependence would choke me—given, as I see it would be, in so grudging a spirit."

"Not at all. We don't grudge having you, if you try to keep up the family dignity by a proper marriage. Now I will make you a fair proposal. Millicent and I will keep you if you will make up matters with poor dear St. George. It is very easy to turn it off as a lover's quarrel; or if he is too much offended for that, you must promise to do your best to get a match as nearly suitable, and to accept the first reasonable offer of which we approve."

"A very good proposal," said Millicent; "I will do all I can to pacify St. George. Come, Laura, we'll forget to-day's foolishness; you cannot continue these small heroics, my dear girl. Give me my message, and I'll go at once to St. George."

"It is impossible," I cried; "all is over with St. George. I would not marry him for the world; nor will I bind myself to your conditions, nor go a husband-hunting into company. Sisters, your views in life are the opposite of mine; you think of splendour—I of self-esteem. I know I am poor; be it so: I have a strong heart, and will struggle manfully—I will be dependent on no one!"

Adelia—who could not believe me in earnest—laughed till the tears sprang. Real tears were in Millicent's eyes:

"You are indeed mad, Laura. Think again—you will see we are judging wisely for you. You cannot afford to jilt St. George."

"Perish your sordid calculations!" I cried, shaking her hand roughly from my arm. "I am resolved—it is the only honourable course left—I will not stay with you on those mercenary terms."

I rose hastily, and began to dress myself. Adelia got up—looked at me fixedly:

"You will repent this, to-morrow," she remarked. "Let her have her whim to-day, Millicent. It will not be long before she comes back, to implore your good offices with St. George. Poverty is a sharp quickener of common sense."

Adelia thought herself very wise and penetrating into human character. She did not know how to read mine.

Millicent—who greatly admired her, and generally gave way to her stronger will—on this occasion lingered sadly behind her, as she swept out of the room, looking towards me with eyes in which a remnant of old sister-love shone out dimly and sorrowfully. But my heart too was hardened, and I suddenly stooped my head over a trunk, and pretended to be busy packing.

"Farewell, Laura; I cannot countenance you in this folly. When you repent it, return to me; I will do my best to repair the past, and to secure to you your proper position in society. Marriage alone can do that."

Her voice faltered; she did not say another farewell, but walked quickly away.

Doggedly I went on with my preparations. I did not pause to reflect. I huddled into my boxes the few things I could call my own. My wedding clothes were still at the dressmaker's—ill-omened that they were! When all was ready, I rang the bell, and ordered the French maid, who answered the summons, to fetch me a hackney-coach. Madame Victorine was a spoiled soubrette, and had no small authority in cabinet-councils with her mistress.

"Miladi Hauton not know, you go away vid all your boxes, Mademoiselle? Que lui dirai-je? Est ce que l'on va se marier de cette façon à Londres? Que les Anglais sont barbares!" And so on did she mutter, in vain curiosity to learn my reasons for such an unaccountable proceeding.

The coach came; was laden with everything to the very last parcel; the staring lacqueys stood sneering in the hall, venting their wonder in very audible whispers. I stepped into the carriage with some difficulty, my head swam so painfully. There was no one to bid me adieu. Sir Harriman was at his club; Adelia had carried off the gentler-hearted Millicent; and, unblest and unmourned, I departed from the family that had thrown me off in scorn.

The hackney-coachman was about to close the door after me, when the postman came up the steps of the hall, and gave a letter to one of the footmen. After he had rudely scanned the address, postmark, and seal, he carelessly handed it to the coachman. The latter gave it to me.

I saw Mrs. Marchmont's writing. It came on me like a draught of clear spring-water in fever. I did not open it, as we drove away; but indulged in a dreamy delightful reverie. Could Ernest have heard I had broken my engagements? With the knowledge I had of his high honour, I had not looked that he should reward me by love for a breach of a most solemn vow. Yet now—now, when it was done, I confess, for a moment, I was mad enough to hope that the knowledge of my freedom would bring him to my side. Wild and short-lived hope! I opened the letter, and read the following:—

"MY DEAR MISS STUDLEGH,

"Yesterday night I arrived in London. In another hour I shall be on my way to Portsmouth. This hurry must excuse me for leaving Britain without seeing you. Ernest's appointment of Secretary to the Governor of Cape Town was only notified to him a few days ago; and as he was directed to proceed in the ship 'Hibernia,' which sails to-morrow morning, we have both had little time for preparation. Ernest tells me he saw you last night, and also your betrothed. May you have every happiness, dear young friend! Your talents eminently fit you for society. It is a great comfort to me that you are placed, by this marriage, beyond the reach of poverty. I had once hoped—what Providence, wiser than I, has proved would have been happiness to neither of you—yet still, daughter of my heart, I turn back sorrowfully to think of you and those pleasant aerial dreams. It may be many years ere we return to England; but you, as the wife of a Bengal civilian, are very likely, sometime or other, to visit the Cape, and Ernest joins me in hopes that we may all meet there in after-years, and talk gaily over the old times. Meanwhile, I must say Adieu; for the post-chaise is at the door, and the day is slipping away.

"Ever, my dear young friend,

"With every hope for your happiness in wedded life,

"Your attached friend,

"C. MARCHMONT."

Gone, gone, for ever lost to me! I daresay my readers expect that I should faint now at this climax of my troubles, but it was otherwise. Extreme sorrow, in some minds, brings strength instead of weakness. While I had wavered and struggled with conscience, I had been nervous and trembling; but this was the worst, and, like death after sickness, it very certainly calmed me.

It was first necessary to secure cheap lodgings. With some difficulty this was managed. I crept away to the unfashionable neighbourhood of Russell Square, and hid myself in a narrow street in that labyrinth of crescents and squares. How strange it was to me to sit down alone in the pigeon-hole of a parlour by myself to one teacup and spoon! A little variety like this often makes a strange impression in the midst of grief. I was resolved not to give way to retrospection, for I felt I required all the strength I might ever have possessed; therefore, till a late hour, I busied myself in little arrangements, in spite of the headache and shivering fits, which continually reminded me of the morning's agitation. At last there was

nothing for me but to go to bed; and as I had truly foretold, in the silence and the darkness arose the phantoms of lost joy. How terrible, with a headache weighing on the brows like an unrepented sin on the conscience, to lie staring into the black void, and shaping out of that thick gloom the faces of the lost for ever.

It was Ernest's last night in England—it was my first under a friendless roof. I fancied I saw before me the huge ship lying on the waters, springing from the anchor which held her fast, as a mastiff tries to spring from the chain of his kennel. I saw Mrs. Marchmont sad and resigned, looking back on the country of her long and not untroubled life. And Ernest, did he feel no sorrow? Ah! had he not said he had once dreamed to make me happy in his way; and could he already have learned indifference, though I was unworthy to be loved? I thought I saw his face turned landward, as the bark bore him to the outward-bound: his deep emotion, his kindly pity; for in that hour the parted were like the dead—mere errors were sacred from scorn. And then, as imagination went on to paint the freed vessel darting forwards on the blue waters, with her white sails expanded, and her light hull bounding in the breeze, then I remembered my first sight of the sea—the ecstatic tears—the meeting with Ernest—the instantaneous and rapturous love. Alas! alas! physically and morally I was shaping phantoms out of black darkness.

Life was now stripped of the "purple light of love." The tallow candles of poverty were to be my stars, without even the snuffers of friendship to trim their flickering dim rays.

Next morning I was doomed to pay the never-failing penalty of over excitement and over fatigue.

I had a very long and dangerous illness. No one knew where I had gone, and therefore I was utterly alone. Had I been able to write, my pride would have yielded to my extreme distress; but I was delirious, and could not hold a pen or write a coherent word, or even dictate a message.

After some days, when I recovered my reason, the little shabby dusky chamber of my lodging confused and puzzled my bewildered memory.

"Where am I?" was my faint question; a young woman came to the bed, and replied—

"You are in your own room, Miss Studleggh; and my father, who is a surgeon, is attending you. I am sure he will be glad, on his return, to see the good change in your health."

"And you?" I said, half inquiringly.

"Am happy to be of any use, as I live on the same floor, and have nothing to do when papa is out."

"And how do you know my name?"

"It is in brass letters on your desk, which you left locked on the table; but as there was no address, we could not send to your friends. But indeed you must not speak any more till papa sees you."

She brought a tumbler, and made me an effervescing draught; and in compliance with her

desire I lay back in silence, and watched her as she resumed her work.

She was about sixteen, tall, and very thin, as if she had always lived on spare diet, which I afterwards learned was really the case. Her dress was very plain, but neat, and the colouring strictly that of a lady's choice. I always think the lady shows more in the hues than in the material of her dress. The head of this young girl was well set on her shoulders, not with the commanding majesty of a queen, but with the slightly bending grace of a loving and dependent woman. Her features confirmed this fancy. They were small and delicate, and flexible almost to a fault. London had made her cheeks sallow, and her lips of a dull red; but the eyes so eager, yet so shy, so sorrowful, and so joyous by turns, no fogs, no city smoke could ever affect them.

She interested me strangely with a sort of presentiment that she was to be connected with my future life.

"What is your name?" I asked abruptly.

"Not N. or M., as the Church Catechism says; only Carola Morton, at your good pleasure."

"Carola!" I repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, people call it an odd name; but to me, of course, it sounds as familiar as the wind among the chimney-pots. My mother was an Italian, and wishing to name me after her father, Carlo, she invented this feminine edition, which has the advantage of being really a name, a distinctive term, not an engine of family confusions, like a Jane or Mary, where they call all the children the same.

"But here is papa; how glad he will be to see you so much better!"

At this moment an elderly man entered, too Scotch in appearance to be handsome, but of peculiarly pleasing and gentle manners. His light hair and high cheek bones (the latter sharpened still more by age and care), his weak voice and slow accentuation did not prepossess me in his favour; but I could not long resist his expression of sincerity, his simple kindness, and refined gestures.

He found me so much improved that I might rise to tea; "but as you are still weakly, you had better keep Carola a little longer on duty; she is an experienced nurse, and actually enjoys a sick room."

"Yes," added his daughter, with a sweet engaging smile, "I am almost sorry you are getting well; you will be independent of me, and I shall be useful no longer."

My heart warmed to this innocent, generous young creature, to whom I already owed so much gratitude.

"Will you come sometimes and enliven my dulness?" I said, as her father left the room. "I am sure we shall be good friends."

"Oh, so am I! I could love an owl if I had nursed it in a fever. I think seeing any one in great suffering raises an interest in them which we never can afterwards forget;" and she blushed as ingenuously as she had spoken.

I read at once her character, clear and firm as lake ice. We then began a friendship, which has endured through sore trials. She is now a wife and a mother, blessed above women in her home. I am a disappointed, withered spinster, with every bright hope dead, every high aspiration in the dust.

CHAP. V.

"The steps

Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed
And construed as the lookers on presume.
Point out thy ways, then, in such even paths
As mine own jealousies from other's tongues
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserved."

The Lady's Trial.

Of all the women I ever knew, Carola Morton was the most self-forgetting. Gentle she was not by nature; she had a high temper, subject to occasional outbursts of violence; but the subduing influences of a sick room, in the long decline of her mother, had led her to conquer this fault, and now the warmth of her temper had all merged itself into the warmth of her heart. She shared in common with me the peculiarities of an ardent temperament; but, unlike me, she was a plant that required a stronger stem to cling to. She had a passionate love and admiration for genius, but she was diffident of her own opinion, and certain to be swayed by her affections. She was one of those who see through the eyes of love. Her abilities were far above mediocrity, but they were uncultivated and unknown to herself; her story was brief and uneventful. Her mother, an Italian Catholic, had always been delicate; and the young girl's childhood was spent in the offices of nurse. The poor lady died when Carola was about thirteen, and her death induced Mr. Morton to leave Italy, where he had for her sake dwelt, and to resort to London to pursue his profession and his studies. He was an enthusiast, and therefore a poor man. Many years before I became acquainted with him his mind had conceived an idea with respect to some little-understood disease, which he hoped by study to mature to perfection, that should benefit mankind. I do not think he cared much for *fame* in the abstract. The love of his kind reigned in his large and gentle heart. From the commencement of his career his whole joy had been in doing good. His abilities were acknowledged; but, being without interest, the utmost he procured by them was an appointment to one of the large hospitals. This fully occupied his time, though its influence was not so apparent on his purse. The rest of his practice was either among the poor, or on the footing of a general practitioner; and it takes more five shilling visits than ever fell to his lot to give a man the income of a gentleman.

Yet unlike those whose private disappoint-

ments are a key to their abuse of the institutions of society, Mr. Morton never grumbled at the titled Charlatans who monopolized the task of healing around him; he kept his love for and faith in human nature, though it had failed to recognize his right to its praise. He brought up his only child to be simple, self-denying, and satisfied without luxury; and he had his reward in her cheerful gaiety, which never dreamed of the splendours beyond her reach.

Having thus described my new acquaintances, I need not add that we rapidly became intimate friends. Carola's heart was almost vacant; she had nothing to love but the memory of her mother, her father, and a good old Signor Suspini, a cousin by the maternal side, who had incurred the anger of his government many years previous, and had fled to England, where he lived poor and merry, with a violin, and a statuette by Canova, for the whole of his worldly possessions.

Long and weary had been the days to Carola Morton in that little plain lodging, the sole prospect from whose window was of a print-shop opposite, where the change of one old engraving for another in the window, or the appearance at the open door of some newly-arrived grim, frameless portrait, covered with dirt, and hideously smiling at beholders, caused quite a sensation in the little dull street. Mr. Morton was generally out all day, and at night too often shut up in his own room, making chemical experiments affecting his embryo discovery.

Carola had no books of her own, and no money to buy any. Her piano was a great resource, so was her needle; but one tires of working alone, and the singer cannot help often sighing for a hearer. Therefore, in spite of her liveliness and aptitude to enjoy, Carola wished continually for a friend.

I seemed to her exactly what she had wanted, and I should have been very cold and selfish could I have resisted the winning cordiality with which she sought my friendship.

As soon as I had recovered, I resolved to go to see my family. It was my duty to preserve the relationship, unreasonable as my sisters had shown themselves. Besides, I was not wholly without blame; I had been, to all appearance, capricious and ungrateful in trifling with Mr. Elphinstone's feelings—none knew how I had striven to amend my first great error, *that* was overlooked, and what seemed my fault was in reality but the working of penitence. But I could not expect others to judge me as I judged myself, and I owed to my sisters an attempt at reconciliation.

Still it was a disagreeable undertaking. I was too weak to walk the intermediate distance between my lodging in Mary Street, New Road, and Millicent's house in Grosvenor-place. I took a coach part of the way, but dismissed it before I reached my sister's. It is a silly shyness, but I have all my life dreaded encountering the insolent menials of the great, or at least imitative great ones of this ostentatious country. I felt far more nervous that day at the idea of being

admitted by the supercilious Johnson, who condescended to display his powdered head to my sister's visitors, than at meeting that sister herself.

But the weariest walk has a bourne, and I found myself at the entrance of the aristocratic mansion. To my surprise the shutters were all shut, and the blinds taken down. The family had then left London. My first thought was of joy to be spared the unwelcome interview—my second of disappointment, for there were many things requisite to an arrangement of my affairs which I could only learn from Millicent or Adelicia. I therefore rang the bell boldly, desirous to ascertain from the woman or man, or whoever it might be left in charge of the mansion, whether Lady Fitzinterest's family had likewise deserted their town residence. There were heavy steps soon heard within, a mighty clanking of chains and sawing of bolts, apparently intended to strike terror into the heart of the intruder; and after some loud *hems* of defiance the door opened gradually, till half the person was visible of a little grey woman, with quick black eyes, curl-papers of nearly the same hue sticking out of a wide-frilled cotton cap, and a mouth drawn into an extraordinary grimace, which was intended to represent dauntless courage.

"You need not come here begging," said she sharply, looking in all directions but the one in which I stood. "I know your tricks; you want to spy where you can get in at night to rob, but I've always a policeman at tea—I'm not a lone woman, mind you."

"Molly Sanders!" exclaimed I, laughing. The little old lady shook from head to foot. "Lor bless us! if the thieves have not got hold of my name; what if the policeman's a thief in disguise. Oh lor! who'd keep a great house by themselves; they'll rob and murder me, and cut me into little bits, and drop 'em separately into all the areas! I won't stay here—I'll write to-night to my lady—I shall die of terror! Goodness gracious! why if it ain't Miss Laury."

"Of course it is Miss Laury," said I, pushing the door gently back, and entering the hall; "and so Lady Hauton has gone to the country."

"Mercy me! she went a week ago. Such a rumpus as they kicked up about you, Miss Laury, I never see'd. When my lady came back from her drive, and found you off, she went into hystries, as the doctor called them; and in the middle of them down comes Mr. Elphinstone, raving like mad, when the men told him you had drove away, nobody knew where. I thought he'd have beaten Johnson because he had not heard you tell the coachman where to go; and then Miss Celia, she came to ask all sorts of questions; and lor! how she did cry her pretty eyes out about you."

My own eyes filled at this proof that I was not utterly indifferent to my beloved Celia.

"But when my lady came to herself, she sent for Lady Fitzinterest, and them two was closeted for an hour; and when they came out, Lady

Hauton gives orders at once to leave London; and I heard say in the footman's pantry that t'other lady's gone too, and Miss Celia and all of them; and Johnson told me the day they went that Mr. Elphinstone came quietly, and gave him two sovereigns, saying he was sorry for having been cross, and that he was going to Hittley immediately. So that's my story—and bad enough, for the upshot of all is that Mrs. Turner, the 'ousekeeper, left me sole and totally in charge, as she said; and feared enough I am by myself, though all the plate's took away to the Bank, and the policeman teas here regularly to keep off thieves; but he's but a little skip-jack of a man, and if I were a thief myself, I could easily knock him down. So really, Miss Laura, if you'll be writing to Lady Hauton, please, Miss, make my duty to her ladyship, and I don't like being here alone, not by no means."

The cool familiarity of this request recalled me to the reflection that I was gossiping with a servant—a piece of undignified folly very unusual with a daughter of Lady Arabella Studleigh. I hastily moved to the door, advised Molly Sanders to prefer her own petition for release in her own writing, and with a trifling donation—for my poverty did not permit me to lavish gratuities—I returned to my own lonely lodging.

When the mind has been wound up to undergo a *scene*, the non-arrival of the contemplated trial is often as fatiguing as the having borne the extremest agitation. I had rehearsed all I had to say to my sisters; and because it was left unsaid, I felt disappointed and worn out. My little room seemed darker and dingier than before. I laid my head on the table, and for the first time since my recovery indulged freely in tears.

While I was thus foolishly yielding to distress, Carola, who had heard me return, rapped gently at my door. I did not hear her, nor answer to the signal. She naturally enough entered; but seeing me weeping, her sweet sunny face overclouded at once, and she made a quick motion to withdraw.

"Nay, do not go away," exclaimed I; "you shall not see me continue to play the fool;" and I smoothed my hair from my face, and tried to smile.

"Ah, that looks sadder still, dear Miss Studleigh," cried my visitor: "do not try to force merriment. We must all weep sometimes, though I am sure since you came I have not felt half so often inclined to tears as of old."

"It is a comfort I am of some use somewhere," I rejoined. "Indeed, sweet Carola, you are the best friend hard fortune has left me, and the little gratitude I can show you is by telling you my short, luckless story."

"Oh, thank you for your confidence," cried Carola, with beaming eyes, catching my hand warmly to her bosom. "Sorrow shared is more than half soothed."

"It is, indeed," I said, as I briefly recounted the events of my life; but I did not mention

Ernest, or indeed any one by name : of Ernest's very existence I gave no hint—that was a secret for my own sad breast. Carola listened and wept with me ; she entered into all my troubles, my lonely childhood, unsympathising relatives, my hasty engagement, and bitter repentance, the struggle in my own heart, and the conditions offered by my sister, and my final resolve to work for my daily bread. In all she felt for me, and applauded my conduct in few, but strong words. My heart was relieved by this outpouring. Weeping on the bosom of that young ardent girl, to whom every effort of duty came like a home name, was very different from the feigned constraint under which I had so long struggled. Carola was too young and inexperienced to give me good advice ; but the very confidence in her kindness gave me confidence in my own strength. Sympathy strengthens as much as it softens. After speaking freely to her, I could look boldly in the face of events, and sat down with tolerable composure to frame a letter to Millicent. I tried to write calmly, yet I expressed myself decidedly on my resolutions against marriage, and in favour of independence, however laborious. At the same time I urged her anxiously to overlook the irreconcilable differences of opinion between us, and to uphold me in my difficult career with sisterly affection and encouragement.

The days lagged insupportably till the answer came : Adelia was the writer. My heart sank when I saw her handwriting. It began—

"You know poor Millicent's weak affection for you too well, or you would not have addressed to her such a tissue of romantic absurdities. As the eldest of the family, I feel myself compelled by duty to take the management of this most unpleasant business. The difficulty of a nameless girl like you obtaining admission into the higher walks of literature, is notoriously evident ; and I am sure that neither of our dead parents would have allowed you to sully your family by sinking into a hackney scribbler for the press. It would be fatal to Celia's prospects to have her sister known as a *Times* reporter, or penny-a-liner to the *Sunday Observer*, or some such plebeian trade. In justice to her we must insist on your abandoning your chimeras, and acting rationally. The terms I offered you that last day at Millicent's house were what no sensible girl would have refused. On those terms only can you be received again among us : reject them, and we hold you no longer as a sister. I know our mother would approve of my present principle of action, and both Sir Harriman and Lord Fitzinterest concur in my views. Your brothers are indignant at the want of self-respect you show, in proposing at your age to live alone, and work like a hired drudge ; when you might, by a little address, perfectly excusable if not very agreeable to yourself, obtain as good a match as any of us have done. Besides, as the mother of growing girls, I could not conscientiously bring them into contact with a young lady so alarmingly indifferent to the opinion of the world as you have lately shown yourself to be. If, then, you still obstinately decline our overtures, the only notice taken of your letter will be a communication from the solicitor, who will pay you the remnant of your property in the name of the firm. In hopes that

your decision may be as honourable to yourself as pleasing to us, I am, your sister

"ADELICIA FITZINTEREST."

This letter puzzled me not a little. It was Adelia's hand, and had a good deal of Adelia's petulance ; but the parade of moral rectitude, and attempt at severe and dispassionate reasoning, was something above my volatile and careless sister. She had had assistance in composing it ; that was clear, and very probably from the solicitor to whom I was referred. I wept much over this last cold farewell from my own family. I was indeed thrown upon strangers ; yet even at that bitterest time of trial, when everything loomed darkly on my path, not for a moment did I repent of what I had done. Difficult and painful it had been, but it had brought its reward in peace of mind. My first error was atoned for, and I felt again the exquisite contentment of treading life's path in perfect singleness of mind. I would not have undone the events of the last month not even to have been Ernest's bride. With regard to him also I felt happier. I had acted in a way that he would have approved, if cognizant of the circumstances ; and though that might never happen, though we might never, never meet again to explain the past, yet the consciousness that I now deserved his esteem was inexpressibly cheering and encouraging : moreover, I was still very young and very sanguine, and I did not despair then of seeing Ernest under brighter auspices, and of perhaps earning in after-life a reward for the trials of my youth. In the meantime two things were to be attempted—fame and daily bread ; both then seemed to me equally important. I wrote the final negative to Adelia, and in return received the promised lawyer's letter. By the time I had paid the luckless bill for wedding-dresses at Madame Tarlatane's, my patrimony had diminished to four hundred pounds—a hundred pounds for dresses which I could not wear. It was very provoking. The same evening of the payment of this enormous bill, I was sitting in Carola's parlour, working. My young friend was reading aloud one of Wordsworth's poems : it was a great delight to her that I had brought so many delicious books with me, and that I freely gave her the use of them. I had always, as a child, laid out my pocket-money in books, and had now accumulated a very respectable library, more choice in selection than splendid in binding. I never care about the binding of a book. I like to have a book that nothing can spoil in the way of hard usage ; such, for instance, as I by forgetfulness inflicted long ago on "*The Miseries of Human Life*," which I left in a damp wood for two rainy days, and found it after a long search imbedded in dead leaves, with a back as peeled as if it had been a soldier returning from the halberds. My books were therefore fitted to my fortunes—rough and strong—and therefore did not require that odious disguise of brown paper, in which costly calf gilt and morocco are so frequently masked, like beauty in a brown Holland domino, or a prince in a smock-frock.

But I forget, I am growing old and egotistical, while I dilate on my favourite, homely-dressed friends, which have accompanied me through so many years of trial and disappointment.

Carola had just finished reading the beautiful lines on woman, the oft-quoted verse—

“A dancing shape, an image gay,”

when her father came in with an open note in his hand.

“Have you any fancy, Cara, to enact the ‘dancing shape’ to-morrow evening? for here is an opportunity; a card for ‘an almost impromptu dance,’ as the lady said to-day in giving it to me.”

“Mrs. Hampton Teddington, Fitzroy-square,” read Cara, with raised colour and happy eyes. “Ah, I do like a dance, dear Papa; and though I shall neither haunt nor waylay partners, still I shall enjoy an evening’s gaiety very much.

“I hope you will be more than ‘a moment’s ornament,’” said I; “vanity of woman never was satisfied with such an infinitesimal allowance of display.”

“My vanity,” exclaimed Carola, “has little to do with the matter, I think, now-a-days: it is the dress more than the lady that is admired; and my pretensions in that way are very small.”

“A modest way of praising your pretensions in the other way of good looks,” said her father, smiling.

“Ah, no, Papa; I am not so conceited as to think I can entirely dispense with the milliner’s aid; so I cannot but long for a new gown. My old muslin is really like the dress on one of Madame Tussaud’s wax ladies after a season’s exhibition; but, being all I have, it must e’en do.”

“My dear child,” said her father, in a tone of chagrin, “if your dress is not good enough, always come to me for money; I will give you five pounds to-morrow; more I have not at present to give; but I daresay you can get a pretty silk for that.”

“My dear father, cried Carola, flinging her arms round his neck with impetuous affection; “you shall never say that Carola spends your little savings on her own selfish vanity. I was only in jest, Papa; my muslin will do very nicely. I am ashamed my levity should have made you think me discontented with my regular allowance. Pray forget it, Padre Mio.”

Mr. Morton rubbed his eyes: they were suspiciously moist. “Well, Cara,” he at length said, “if you do not actually require the money, so much the better; for I am rather hard pressed. And so ended the subject.

However, after Mr. Morton’s departure next morning, I perceived Cara very busy furbishing up a somewhat faded pink muslin. She appealed eagerly to me, “Don’t you think now, that when properly ironed out, with the ribbons a little altered, it will look very tolerable by candle-light? It won’t look faded then?”

I gave a very insincere assent, for it was certainly not a suitable dress for my pretty young friend. I then went out as before arranged to a

person to whom I had been recommended as a buyer of ladies’ cast-off wardrobes. To her, after much chaffering and haggling—an operation that fairly disgusted me—I at length disposed of all my wedding *trousseau*, save one evening dress, and got about fifty pounds for what had cost me ninety, and had never been worn. I then ordered the remaining dress to be sent to my lodging, and returned home.

The people were not dilatory in dispatching it, and while I was still listening to Cara’s eloquent defence of her ancient robe, in came the oil-cloth covered basket.

Carola’s eyes dilated with wonder; but how they flashed joyful surprise when I unfolded the rich silk and presented it to her.

“Though you are taller and slighter than I am, a few of your skilful stitches will make this a perfect fit, ma mie; and who then will be the belle of the evening?”

The young girl’s lustrous glances wandered over the rose-coloured stripes of the white silk, which lay before her so dazzlingly, but returned to me with an expression of painful constraint which I perfectly understood.

“You do not like to accept this expensive dress from me, Carola, because you know I am poor.”

She seemed relieved by my candour.

“Yes,” drawing a long breath; “yes, but I did not exactly like to say so. You have so much to do with your money as well as myself—I think so rich a dress ought to have been purchased by neither of us.”

“Nor would I have bought it in my present circumstances; but it is a relic of the station from which I have descended: it was ordered for the bride of St. George Elphinstone, and will, I hope, grace the worthier bride of some as worthy man. I was obliged to pay for it, and therefore rejoice that it can be of some use after all, though I should never require that style of dress again. But come, let us try it on. Look, here is the wreath belonging to it—China rose-buds and jessamine.”

Nothing ever looked prettier than Carola Morton in that tasteful garb. In spite of her generous, unselfish content with her plain dress, she shared largely in the feminine love of costly finery; and her rapture was unbounded in the first really handsome dress she had ever possessed. Her father came in while she was still dancing before the smoked round mirror on the mantel-piece; he was as happy as herself in her elegance, and his eyes followed every movement of her young lithe figure with all a parent’s proud admiration.

I had never spent money more gratifyingly to myself, and enjoyed all Carola’s dances by sympathy.

She often received invitations to evening parties from her father’s patients, who greatly admired her; and my pleasure was, always the next morning, to hear the merry descriptions of the last night’s entertainments. Not a few of my materials for composition were gathered from Carola’s lively portraits, though frequently

she gave me only avowed caricatures. She had, unconsciously, a talent for observation, and a quick perception of the outlines of character, which made her not only an amusing but an instructive companion; and indeed she suited me entirely in friendship. She had such a boundless admiration for those she loved, and could not imagine them to be wrong. This peculiarity, superabundance of faith in the beloved, was a perilous gift for a young creature likely to have so much storm in her future career; it often made me tremble for her, but it certainly made me love her more devotedly. It made the risk of wretchedness more imminent in respect of her marriage, but it also made her more what man loves to dream of in woman-kind. This was the dissonance between us, which in fact made harmony. Had we been equally prone to trust, or equally self-relying and independent-minded, we should not have been the friends we were. Our opposites fitted us into each other, as in joining two tablets of wood, where there is a cavity on the one side there must be a projection on the other, and such an union is firmer ten thousand times than when two planed flat-surfaces are laid closely on each other.

To Carola therefore I read a selection from my papers, and was guided by her naturally fine taste in marking those most worthy of being published.

But now in truth began my troubles. Shall I enumerate my fruitless attempts with different publishers for at least a reading of my poems? Almost everywhere I was told that poetry was a drug in the market; that nobody bought new poetry except stamped with the royal names of the kings of modern verse—Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, &c.

I returned home spiritless and disappointed, and even Carola's caresses could not revive my dejection. Next day, on receiving a similar repulse, I asked almost petulantly what then would best "go down" with the enlightened public.

"Not such poems as these," answered the man of patronage, with a condescending smile. "Only serious disquisitions on the arts and sciences, pungent criticism on politics, flagellating reviews of new works, or eccentric outbursts of egotism, like Christopher North's in *Blackwood*; or, what are even more popular, the wild witty ravings of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"A wide field!" answered I, "but as accessible to me as if I were a husbandman sent to plough the watery waste. Well, prose is the bread-giver, so I must for the present lay aside poetry, the glory-giver."

That evening, for the first time, I sat down to write an essay. Like all spontaneous poets, I found the greatest difficulty in stringing my thoughts coherently and without inelegance in the unaccustomed pages of prose. I felt what L. E. L. describes with elegance in the preface to her first novel—the favourite words that, like Monsieur Tanson in the play, would recur

at every sentence; the lame conclusions; the abrupt transitions; the prosy inanities. Heartily dissatisfied I was with my performance. Even Carola said "it read as if written without ease;" and the finale of my exertions was to consume the essay in the flames. Next morning I was up betimes, with fresh zeal. Thinking over my efforts as I dressed myself (a practice I recommend to all authors, and one I took from the example of Sir Walter Scott), I perceived where I had failed and why; the ideas which had fled, scared by the array of blank pages, returned thick and brilliant on my mind in that dreamy reverie, and by the time I had fairly finished dressing I was ready to begin writing. I had chosen a practical subject which I understood; and I carried it, when completed, to the publisher before-mentioned. He was connected with an influential magazine.

"Very fair, for a beginning," was his verdict. "I will send this to the editors, and have no doubt it will be accepted. And if you really intend to make writing your profession, I advise you to apply yourself to reviewing the new works. Ladies make capital critics of novels; and you will find it more profitable than writing poetry no one cares now-a-days to read."

With this unflattering hit at my poor verses, I went back to tell Carola how I had sped. She, foolish innocent, was far more elated than myself at this *premier pas* having been gained.

"It is everything, dear Laura. Once admitted into the brotherhood of the craft, you will soon get a right footing, and your poems will be read as well as printed."

I shook my head dubiously; but the sanguine girl ran on:—

"How little I thought a month ago I was to have an *author* for my friend. When I was a little girl, I used to fancy that genius had a divine presence of its own—the light of the star within shining through the feature-clouds; and I remember crying once because after mamma had read me some of Milton's poetry, she told me he was one of those who, by violent language, and misabused scripture-arguments, hurried King Charles to a bloody end. I never even now can fancy a great man who is not good. Byron's senseless sensuality and mocking malevolence are too evident in his writings. Even from the little I have read of his works, I see that he has not a true poet-heart. There is a want of the genial hope—the serenity of a peaceful conscience, which genius striving to benefit mankind ought by right to possess. Look at my father. The end of all his toils is unselfish, it is the good of others; but the nobleness of the aim reacts upon himself. He is not always feverishly fretting, as Byron did, about the opinions held of him by the herd; he loves that common herd, and knows that by bestowing on them the fruits of his labours he will lay them under an everlasting obligation; and this thought is all sufficing to a noble mind—a worthy heir of immortality."

Carola's pale face had kindled into lovely bloom; her expanded eyes blazed with a glorious

radiance. She adored her father, and exulted in his high aims and unselfish toils.

With such a generous enthusiast to spur the flagging energy, I wrote, as advised, various experimental reviews on popular romances. Contemptible as was the field, it was an honest way of obtaining subsistence, and it *might* hereafter pave the way to real advance in higher themes.

A few days subsequently I had the honour of a communication from the editor of the magazine to whom my essay had been sent. He said that through the inaccuracies and haste of a first composition he perceived evidence of sufficient talent to authorize his offering me the post of reviewer of novels and poetry to the periodical over which he presided.

I duly expressed gratitude, and accepted his offer. It was very little, in a pecuniary point of view, for the magnate was too politic to spoil a new drudge by overpaying her; and the remuneration was "barely decent," as Carola said, on hearing my amount of *wages*. I did not long remain in office. I found I was expected to be the mouthpiece of all the petty jealousies and time-serving flatteries appertaining to the clique at the head of affairs. They had their pet poets and their favourite aversions, and I was to pitch my review to the key-note of their humours. 'This was completely out of my line. Had I refused a comfortable home for conscience' sake, and was I now to lie daily for a mere *penny fee*? The advantage of a great effort of integrity in early life is this, that by it you establish with your own self-esteem a reputation which you dread ever after to sully by the slightest dereliction from honour. So strangely formed are we, that often, where principle fails, self-respect succeeds in restraining us from wrong.

My first sin against authority was praising heartily and unaffectedly a rising author, who belonged to a different set from my patrons. For this I was sternly admonished. "It was an unpardonable blunder."

"Not a blunder, indeed," I interrupted; "it was my candid opinion."

"It is a blunder, Madam," angrily replied the Editor, "to give a candid opinion on certain occasions. The interests of this periodical must be consulted."

Here the sub-editor made a diversion in my favour.

"After all, the mischief is not so great. It may be taken as an outburst of generosity, which *our* magazine can well afford to indulge."

"Pardon me," said I, "it was not generosity; it is simple justice to a deserving poet."

"Poet—nonsense!" exclaimed the head; "I tell you that Algernon Prateapace said distinctly

he was no poet. Quite discouraged by all his set, Lady Bas Bleu would not allow the poems to be read at her conversazione; and I believe Prateapace means to cut him up in a satire to be called the *Snoriad*. So you see, Miss Studleggh, we cannot mix up our name with these unknown scribblers. You must have more discrimination if you mean to continue in the magazine."

Prateapace was a fop of a drawingroom-versifier, of good family, personable appearance, and unbounded impudence. His vanity was egregious; but he had cunning enough to prevent it from disgusting his patronesses—for his encouragement came chiefly from the female sex.

He had entered the church, but much preferred dangling in the drawing-rooms of the London ladies to toiling in the obscure walks of a country parish. He had one talent in perfection, that of finding out people's weak points. Having once discovered this, he applied the battering-ram of his flattery with might and main, and generally took the citadel by storm. He wrote sugary sonnets and frothy satires, and romances in octo-syllabic metre, the very mimic of Scott's style. Indeed, at that time he had prevailed on many to believe him the true Great Unknown, on the strength of his having been a year in Scotland—a fact which he garnished with many marvellous adventures and picturesque journeys, though in his own mind he knew that he had never once stirred half a mile from his top "*land*" in the Canongate. He had, however, been successful; for success in this life is not measured by merit. He had puffed the would-be Sappho, Lady Bas Bleu, into an overweening conceit of herself, and a strong admiration for him; and as she was then forty-seven, with a good jointure from the deceased Sir Benjamin, Prateapace was in prospect of a comfortable seat in her luxurious household; and by dint of her influence in the coteries, had already achieved some reputation, such as it was—well worthy of himself and his gilt-edged, empty volumes.

Very shortly after my interview with my offended master (as he evidently thought himself), the Editor sent me a volume of Prateapace's last published works, signifying broadly that I was to expend on them the utmost amount of adulation which my pen could command.

I felt very indignant, and wrote a stinging but just satire of the worthless trash, so impudently put forth for poetry; this I despatched with a decided note that such were my truthful sentiments on the subject, and that I would not bind myself to falsehood for any salary. In reply I received my MS., with a haughty note from the Editor that "he begged to decline the honour of any further contributions from Miss Studleggh."

(To be continued.)

THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."

LOWELL.

I hear December's biting blast,
I see the slippery hail-drops fall—
That shot which frost-sprites laughing cast
In some great Arctic arsenal;
I lean my cheek against the pane,
But start away, it is so chill,
And almost pity tree and plain
For bearing Winter's load of ill.

The sombre sky hangs dark and low,
It looks a couch where mists are born—
A throne whence they in clusters flow
Or by the tempest's wrath are torn.
I turn me to the chamber's Heart,
Low pulsing like a vague desire,
And strike an ebon block apart,
Till up there springs a Tongue of Fire!

It hath a jovial roaring tone,
Like one rebuking half in jest—
Yet ah, I wish there could be shown
The wisdom that it hath exprest—
Or sinking to a lambent glow,
Its arched and silent cavern seems
A magic glass whereon to show,
And shape anew, our broken dreams!

I vow the Fiery Tongue hath caught
Quaint echoes of the passing time;
That laughs it at my idle thought,
My longing for a fairer clime:
"So—so you'd like some southern shore,
To gather flowers the winter through,
As if there were on earth no more
For busy human hands to do!

"You'd like to doze in myrtle bowers,
And taste the *far niente* cup,
And, droused by odour of the flowers,
Your soul to scarcely waken up!
Or if aroused by random shaft
To miss your Northman's priceless pearl,
And know it melted in that draught
You had not strength away to hurl!

"Oh, keep your pearl—your Saxon Heart
And all the jewels round it hung:
Ye English, do your noble part
And teach it with unfettered tongue:
Hold out Your Freedom for a light;
Let darkened Europe not despair,
Though like a raft-tossed crew at night,
Strange perils now the Nations share!

"And guard your Own!—In this, oh mark
High duty and the world's far fate;
Thou art poor deluged Europe's Ark,
Her fortunes on Thy Safety wait;
And—couching lion at her feet,—
In all her matron graces drest
Let free Britannia smiling greet
Her radiant Daughter of the West!

"The broad Atlantic flows between,
But love can bridge the ends of earth;
Of all the lands my race have seen
These two the rest are more than worth;
Not for their skies, or fruits, or gold,
But for their sturdy growth of Man,
Who walks erect, and will not hold
His life beneath a tyrant's ban.

"Yet do not curl your lips with scorn
That others are not great as ye;
Your fathers fought ere ye were born
And died that thus it now should be!
I tell ye spirits walk unseen,
Excepting by the soul's strong sight;
Hampden and Washington I ween
Are leaders yet in Freedom's fight!

"And shadowy hosts I need not name
Are Legions in the cause to-day,
From dungeon's rack, and martyrs' flame,
Their spirits mingle in the fray;
See how their sorrowing eyes look down
On every craven's drooping head:
Oh, be your loftier nature shown
If but in homage to your Dead!

"Think how they bore the knife, the cord,
The scaffold's hideous triumph car;
The sharpest sword of cruel word,
Before you were what now you are!
So neither nourish idle pride,
Nor sigh for sweets the south has blent;
I vow I could such weakness chide
If my hot breath were not so spent."

It ceased; but oh, It's words of fire
Had dropped upon my Northman's heart,
Rebuked a moment's vain desire,
And slain it like a hunter's dart;
Oh, welcome now the slippery hail,
And welcome winter's biting blast,
Ye braced our sires; they still prevail
Who triumphed through the stormy past.

And as beside the ruddy blaze
We muse or talk of mighty things,
In clarion tone one little phrase
Still through the heart's deep echoes rings—
"Our Hearths—our Homes—beyond compare!"
Those charmed circles whence there rise
The steadfast souls that do and dare,
And shape a Nation's destinies!

There, pile the faggots high—aslant—
And let them crackle out their hymn—
There is no logic—that I grant—
In wilful words of woman's whim:
And yet I feel the links that glide
'Twixt English Hearths and Liberty,
And track how We—our truest pride—
First sheltered Her Divinity!

GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

No. II.

That the legends of all nations—the German especially—are occasionally suggestive of the ludicrous, is unquestionable. The bathos of grandiloquence is sometimes substituted for the sublime of terror; and not unfrequently are the two combined so as to produce associations the most incongruous. At other times the simply burlesque features will predominate, and invention plays a sort of will-o'-the-wisp game over the morass of a disordered fancy. Then, physical laws and good morals are alike set at defiance: minutest pigmies do the work of the most stalwart giants; the most delicate princesses turn arrant scolds; armies are raised by the simple dislocation of a knobbed walking-stick; the twang of the self-same fiddle annihilates and restores to life: in short, a heterogeneous mass of materials are huddled together, till the issue of the story attains to the climax of the marvelously absurd.

What has more particularly struck us in the greater portion of the last-named class, is the unprecedented advantage possessed by younger sons. Let the rest of the male part of the family be what they may, the youngest of three sons appears to be ever the favoured youth—the darling of fiction. The first-born of the house may go forth upon his travels; but his fate is hopeless from the beginning. As you read, you wish him joy; but your hopes for his career will inevitably be disappointed. It would seem that he is doomed to ill-luck from his very birth. He departs, with every possible advantage on his side; yet if you follow his steps but a few paces onward, you will be led to the conclusion that his fortunes—or rather his *mis*-fortunes—are in some inscrutable way essential to the well-being of that same hopeful younger brother: that he has, in short, no particular business in the narrative unless it be to pave the way for the infallible third comer.

His journey ended, his fortunes hopelessly and irretrievably wrecked, the second brother next sets out. But from him, too, the benighted stars hide their heads. Pursue the fortunes of this equally fated second brother a little way, and you may perceive, perhaps, a shadow of difference as to the manner in which he comes to his untimely end; but come to it he must and does. As before, the same incomprehensible obstacles rise up one after another, and are again combatted—in vain. His efforts to avenge his predecessor are futile. Fate is triumphant; and he, too, succumbs.

And now, at last, his two forerunners in the chase of life despatched out of his path, the way

is cleared for young hopeful. Let us take as an example "The lovely Princess in the garden."

"A poor widow had three sons; and, having scarcely any means of subsistence, she became so distressed that she thought her heart would break for very sorrow. She sat down and wept bitterly; and, when her three sons beheld this, they were grieved, and the eldest said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake, mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world.' Thereupon his mother gave him a cake, and mended his hose, and he departed. When he had proceeded some way upon his journey, he came to a vast forest; and he dived further and further into its depths, till at last it became pitch-dark. He then climbed up into a lofty tree, whence he beheld at a distance a faint glimmer of light. Towards this he pursued his way, and continued to wander the whole night long. When morning dawned, he found himself before a splendid castle which shone as if it were built of diamonds. Seeing the gate open, he entered; and all at once perceived that he stood in the middle of a garden more beautiful than mortal eye had ever yet beheld. As he gazed around him, he saw flowers, and trees bearing apples and pears and golden nuts. Lost in wonder and delight, he continued his way unconsciously, till he reached the end of the garden. There sat a Princess of the most surpassing loveliness. At the first glance he thought it must be an angel from heaven. He doffed his cap and said, 'Save you, lovely maiden!' 'Many thanks,' said the Princess; 'but tell me now truly, what is it that pleases you best in all my garden?' He answered, 'Ah! lovely lady, the bright flowers delight me most.' 'Ha! thou stupid lout,' said the Princess, 'dost thou know of nothing fairer? Then away with thee to the cellar!' And with that she seized him by the collar, and thrust him into the cellar."

Furnished with a cake, and sent forth, or rather led by a remorseless fate—his stockings well darned—the eldest son begins his career by climbing a tree. From this one would suppose that, although the eldest son, he has scarcely yet outgrown his juvenile propensities. Arrived in front of the castle, the spirit of mischief leads him to pass through the open gateway; and on finding himself within those mysterious garden-bounds, he is evidently attracted, schoolboy-like, by the apples, the pears, and the golden nuts. Well instructed, however, by his very amiable and industrious mother, in the laws which pertain to well-regulated society, he makes no surreptitious attempt to possess himself of the inviting banquet spread out upon the tree-tops. Persevering, too, in his nature, he unhesitatingly goes on to the very end of the garden. There, meeting the Princess, in whom—poor youth!—he fails to see the intended of his more fortunate

younger brother, and dazzled by her attractions, he likens her to an "angel from heaven." But mark his after error. The dominion of beauty is here all in all. More exacting than Cunigunda, she demands that her features shall please him more than all those ripe melting fruits, or even the lovely flowers; and because he refuses to like her better than a "winking Mary-bud," calls him a stupid lout. "Know you of nothing more tempting?" she cries; "then away with you to the cellar!" expediting his movements by a sort of female lynch-law, furthered in its operation by the application of her hand to his collar.

"As the eldest son failed to return, the second son said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake; mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world.' So his mother gave him a cake, mended his hose, and he departed. He journeyed on, till he came to the same vast forest, and at last to the castle. He also entered and wandered round the garden, till at last he reached the bower, where sat the charming Princess. 'Save you, fair lady,' said he. 'Many thanks,' said the Princess: 'but tell me now truly, what is it that pleases you best in all my garden?' Thereupon he answered, 'Ah! lovely lady, the things which please me best are the ruddy apples, the yellow pears, and the golden nuts.' 'Ha! thou stupid lout!' returned the Princess, 'dost thou know of nothing more charming? Then away with thee to the cellar!' And she took him by the collar, and thrust him into the cellar."

So far from entertaining any misgivings as to the fate of the first, the second brother is seen setting out as if nothing had happened, in the happy consciousness of a probable fortune to be had for the seeking. He too, poor boy, gets a cake like the first. This cake, by the way, as also that of the first brother, we must suppose to have been eaten in the forest, which will account—setting morality aside—for the fruit not being touched! This second brother goes not only along, but *round* the garden. The result, however, is the same: whatever difference there may be in the means, the inevitable end is there. Yonder sits the inexorable Princess in her bower. Little dreaming of the cellar, or of the old companion he is to find awaiting him in its hungry depths, he bravely and openly declares his preference for the "ruddy apples, the yellow pears, and the golden nuts." He, too, falls a victim to his want of taste; and, in spite of his innocence and tender youth, is thrust incontinently into the cellar!

"Now, as the second son did not return, the youngest son said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake, mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world.' Thereupon his mother gave him a cake, mended his hose, and he departed. He journeyed on and on, till he came at last in the same manner to the forest and to the brilliant castle. He marvelled greatly at the abundance of the various lovely flowers and inviting fruits; and he was seized with a sudden desire to taste the latter; but he repressed the inclination, and continued his way till in the distance he caught a glimpse of the Princess. 'Never,' said he to himself, 'never, in all my life,

have I beheld so enchanting a maiden;' and he lifted his cap, approached her more nearly, and greeted her respectfully. 'Save you, loveliest lady.' 'Many thanks,' answered the Princess: 'but tell me now truly, what is that in all my garden which seems most charming in your eyes?' 'Ah! it is thyself, most enchanting Princess!' replied he very quickly; 'for, near you, one sees neither flowers nor apples; in short, nothing whatever but thy beautiful self! Then the Princess fell upon his neck, and said, 'Then thou art mine, and I am thine; and thou shalt be my own dear husband!' And the Princess led him into the castle, and the next day she became his wife, and they lived contented and happy with each other."

Now was ever injustice equal to this? With an admiration equal to that displayed by the two former heroes for the delicious fruits and flowers presented to their eyes, the moral perceptions of this favoured youth were surely less acute than theirs. In a moment it occurs to him that he would like to *taste* of the fruits: still, early education is too strong to allow of so unwarrantable a depredation; and, repressing the forbidden desire, the luck-led youth pursues his way, till, at a distance, he catches a sight of the Princess! That he *might*, by possibility, have caught this glimpse of the owner of the garden *previous* to the magnanimous combating of his forbidden craving for the golden nuts, is an unfortunate suggestion; and we have no after-clue to enable us to exonerate him. As before—"A thousand thanks," says the Princess; "but what in this garden pleases you best?" Very *quickly*—feeling doubtless some unpleasant twitchings about his collar, and oppressed by an instinctive warning of the cellar—he replies, "It is thyself, O loveliest Princess!" The issue is as unprecedented—except in legendary lore—as it is startling. Falling at once upon the neck of this no doubt long-looked-for younger brother, the Princess—presuming it Leap-year, we suppose—makes her proposal of marriage without delay. Without delay, too, the nuptials are celebrated; and the youthful couple are represented as living contented and happy together. For the sake of good morals, we are glad to find one reservation made as to the *continuance* of this happiness. When we remember that not one word is said of the incarcerated elder brothers, whose fates are left in a most uncomfortable state of "primeval darkness;" and when we consider how their probable end—by starvation or otherwise—must weigh upon the conscience of the bride, if she has any ruth in her, our misgivings are manifold. In tales of this kind, the duration of wedded felicity is generally announced as being eternal, the parties being stated to exist even up to the present time in an uninterrupted state of connubial endearment. Here, however, it is otherwise. Beyond the immediate contentment of the pair, nothing is said; and the reader is left to form his own conclusions upon the probable issue of so hasty and ill-judged an arrangement. With anything but comfortable feelings, therefore, we take our leave of the "younger brother."

WILD FLOWERS OF MARCH.

"The sun yrisen hatho,
 Tho birdes bin singen clero,
 Tho larko with cheerie laye
 Awakes the blushing morne.
 Up, up, mio love, nor longer staye,
 But through the verdaunt meades let 's straye;
 Or bie the babbling brook,
 Or 'mid the foreste danke;
 And gather, as we go,
 The gemmic flowers that growe,
 Now all bespronto with dewe."

OLD MS.*

I hope that the readers of this magazine are lovers of flowers. It is in the belief that they are that I purpose presenting them with an occasional bouquet of "Wild Flowers," freshly culled from the fields and woods, from the blooming hedgerows and the flowery banks of the mountain stream.

Humble in growth, and modest in colouring, the native wild flowers of our land often seek to shun the vulgar gaze by meekly retiring beneath the overhanging woodland bough, the shady rock, or the long green grass of the meadow. Unlike the gay ornaments of the garden *parterre*, they seek not to court the eye of admiration; but on that account they are all the more worthy of our regard, and the enjoyment of them is reserved for those genuine lovers of nature, who obtain their delight from the contemplation of her humblest objects in their quiet haunts of seclusion. But all of the native flowers are not of this character; on the contrary, some of them present a conspicuous appearance in the landscape. As the gorgeous blossoms of tropical lands give to tropical scenes much of their grandeur and beauty, so many of the gentle flowers of our northern isle come forth from their shy retreats to deck the merry plains of old England, and to begem the "land of brown heath" with brighter beauties than the poet dreamt of while depicting her features of stern grandeur. If the southern forest can boast of its tree ferns † rising in stately majesty, o'er-topped by the towering palm, and of the less grand, but not less lovely, productions that luxuriate in the deep shade, or festoon the branches of every tree, can we not point the finger of admiration to the golden glow of our summer fields, the glory of our shady dells, brightly blue as the heavens o'er our head, with hare-bells and forget-me-nots? Or, with a prouder feeling still, can we not direct the eye to our lofty mountains, covered far and wide with their mantle of bright purple heather, with here an oak and there a pine forest waving in

the mountain breeze, and sheltering beneath their rough boughs many a modest gem of loveliness, linked in its associations with the finest feelings of the human heart? Beautiful in their lowliness, the humble wild flowers claim our warmest sympathies. They are the dear things that adorn our native land, the remembrancers of many a hallowed scene, and of many a long-cherished love and friendship. In an especial manner are they entwined around our hearts: they have "a soul in every leaf," and we call in their aid to give expression to the highest and holiest emotions and feelings of our nature. The poets have lavished on them many a line of praise, and adorned with their fragile forms many a tale of love and innocence, joy and sorrow; and even the botanist often cherishes them as dearer than the bright and beautiful blossoms, that unfold beneath the sunny Indian sky:

"Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
 Than those that flourished by a garden wall."

March is not garlanded so richly in flowers as some of the months that follow her; but at this early season of the year, when we begin to behold the returning verdure and floral beauty of vegetation, we prize each humble blossom as a holy thing, a pledge of summer's coming, her lap filled with the woodland flowers:

"Cold is the heart
 That, bending o'er the first-seen flower of spring,
 Feels not the glow of joy and thankfulness
 Through all his senses gushing. Spring's first
 blossom!
 It seems a pledge of blessing manifold
 From Him who is all love and mercy."

The reigning floral beauties of March are the violet and primrose: it is to them that our woods and hedgerows chiefly owe their gaiety at this season, and in their presence all the other wild flowers of the month hide their diminished heads. How vividly does the prince of Nature's poets call to our mind the vision of—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
 Half hidden from the eye,
 Fair as a star when only one
 Is shining in the sky."

* Leighton's *Flora of Shropshire*.

† Lovely examples of this—the grandest of all vegetation in its physiognomic character—may be seen in the great palm-house at Kew.

There is a considerable number of distinct species of violets, native in Britain, some of which are very common; while others are more circumscribed in their geographical range. The violet of the poets is the "sweet violet," known in botanical language as *Viola odorata*, and is familiar to all as one of our earliest and most odorous flowers. It is cultivated to a considerable extent for its early flowers, to form bouquets: but in the woods in many parts of England, and in the South of Scotland, we find at this season a profuse abundance of

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

Their delicious fragrance pervades the air we breathe; and the early woodland bees, invited by the sweet odour, wander from flower to flower, gathering nectar such as no other blossom but the "violet in her greenwood bower" could give. The true wood-violet (*Viola sylvatica*) is readily distinguished by its greater abundance of more showy flowers, which are moreover destitute of scent. It is the commonest of our British violets, and in early spring the green and grassy banks in the woods and shady places are often completely covered with its bright array of blossoms. The pansy of our gardens is derived from a species quite distinct from the two we have mentioned, and to it we shall have occasion to allude at the proper time, when its blossoms invite our admiration.

The violet—early flower of poet's delight—meets with a meet companion in the pale primrose, one of the gayest flowers of the season, and a universal ornament of every scene of rural seclusion. In advance of surrounding vegetation, it is seen

"Starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak;"

and when seen clustering in the sheltered nooks of the shady bank or along the quiet margin of the stream, it has an imposing effect on the early spring landscape, giving a lightsome air of summer beauty that makes the green turf look fresher, and seems to call forth the forest leaves before their appointed time. The golden glow of a primrose-bank is a scene of passing loveliness, and cannot fail to enchant the imagination of even such unimaginative beings as Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth wrote:—

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Nicoll beautifully depicts the primrose, and its peculiarity of universal diffusion:—

"The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
A sudden glance doth throw.

"The humble primrose' bonnie face,
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It crouches and nestles there,

"Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall;
And where its dwelling-place is made
It straightway hallows all!"

"On field-paths narrow, and in woods
We meet thee near and far,
Till thou becomest prized and loved,
As things familiar are.

"I love the fireside of my home,
Because all sympathies,
The feelings fond of every day,
Around its circle rise.

"And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet
In lowly love doth live."

Closely connected with the primrose in Botanical characters, as well as in general appearance, are two plants well known in the realms of poesy, and as often associated with the primrose in the poet's lay as in the shady woods—these are the oxlip and cowslip; both distinguishable from the primrose by their flower-stalks bearing a plurality of flowers, instead of one as in that plant. The blossoms of the oxlip are nearly as large as those of the primrose, and have a gay aspect; but the cowslip is altogether a modest, pensive thing, its flowers drooping shyly, and often hid from view, seldom bursting their petals through the tear-like dew-drop with which the dewy morn has invested them.

Moist banks, and rocky springs by the margins of streams, are now adorned with the lively verdure and minute flowers of the golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium*), of which there are two kinds readily distinguishable, the one having its leaves opposite each other on the stem, and the other having them alternate. Botanists therefore name them respectively *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, and *C. alternifolium*. Besides these, on the moist earthy banks, the lesser celandine exhibits its glistening flowers, and reflects the sun's rays in its bright, golden, shining petals. Although belonging to a family of acrid and poisonous plants, the root of this one is used to some extent; but the tubers are so very minute that a successful display of horticultural skill in their fuller development will be required to introduce them as a feasible substitute for the potato.

On the tops of turf-capped walls and on bare rocky banks exposed to sunshine and drought, the little *Draba verna* is now to be found. It is one of the smallest of our native flowering plants, and a complete plant of it has been grown in a morsel of earth placed upon a sixpence, and there produced its roots, stem, foliage, and flowers! Such a tiny garden—one can scarcely imagine such a thing beyond the regions of fabled fairy-land!

"The prickly furze, with knops of gold,"

now sheds a golden glory over our commons and hill-sides, and reminds us of the rapture with which Dillenius first beheld it, when he fell upon his knees in an ecstasy of admiration,

M

The English and Scotch furzes are quite distinct; and although their distinctions are not readily conveyable to the reader in general terms, still they present physiognomic characters of a totally different kind. The English furze is known by botanists as *Ulex nanus*; it is an autumn flowering plant, the Scotch one, *U. europæus*, being the one to which we would draw attention at the present time, being in all its glory.

Last, though not least, we add to our wreath of wild flowers that old favourite the daisy, the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

which was so sweetly sung of by Scotia's ploughman-bard.

Wordsworth cherished the daisy as one of the dearest delights afforded to him by the floral world, and he had many kind things to say in its favour:—

"Bright flower, whose home is everywhere,
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow.

"Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see

The forest thorough."

This common flower is always in bloom; "at all times and at all seasons" it expands its "soul-

like wings." So pure and lovely is it "that it has been consecrated by the Celts to infancy," and called "The flower of innocence—the flower of the new-born." It is a plant we all regard with the most pleasurable emotions, and although we meet it in every walk, we never tire of admiring it; our affections become the more strongly entwined around it, and we cherish it more dearly than any other flower.

In depicting the beauties of our March Flora, I have been led to indulge freely in the fancies of poesy. Should any of my readers incline to be critical, I would remind them that "Poetry, like truth, is a common flower: God has sown it over the earth, like the daisies, sprinkled with tears or glowing in the sun, even as He places the crocus and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death!"* Poetry and flowers are inseparably connected; we cannot think of the one without recurring to the other. I have purposely drawn my illustrations of our native Flora from "common things," deeply impressed with the belief that all are beautiful, and not forgetting that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The plants mentioned are therefore flourishing in all their native beauty around the dwelling of every reader, and only have to be looked upon to be admired and loved.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

LITTLE ANN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

Author of "*Mrs. Anderson's School*," &c., &c.

"Clara, my dear," said Mrs. Denham to her daughter, "how would you like to go and spend your holidays with Aunt Hannah?"

Clara left off playing with Ponto's ears, and half rose from the sofa on which she was lounging, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma! I should like it of all things! that is, Mamma, if they are really to be *holidays*, and I am not to do any lessons. Aunt Hannah is always for making me do something when she is here, and I don't mean to do anything all the holidays—any lessons, or practising, or drawing, or plain-work, I mean. There's no fun in coming home from school, you know, if one is made to do those things."

"Do you think there is more fun in lying for two hours together on a sofa, and playing with Ponto and the cushions?" inquired her mother, smiling.

"Oh, yes, Mamma!" And she took his little black head between her two little white hands, and kissed Ponto's nose. But Clara was a sensible little girl, although sadly inclined to be idle; she was also very fond of her mother; and after a minute more of play with the little dog, she got up and put him out of the room, and went and sat down on a stool at her mother's feet,

Mrs. Denham was an indulgent mother, perhaps a little too indulgent; but she had not good health, and that was some excuse for the idle habits which Clara, her youngest child, had acquired. Fearing that these habits would be strengthened if she remained at home, Mrs. Denham had sent her to school six months before, when she was just ten years old. As Clara was a clever child, she got on very well with her lessons, upon the whole; but her teachers all found that she was not fond of work. If she could ever get off a task she would never do it. This was a great pity, because she never enjoyed the pleasure of being entirely absorbed in her employment. I am sorry to say that she was really very idle, and hated work; and, in consequence, she was not half so happy as she might have been. She had yet to learn that the greatest and most difficult of all tasks is to do nothing; and that people who give themselves up to that task generally find their temper, health, and spirits give way under it.

Clara came home for the Midsummer holidays with some few proofs that she had *done* something in the course of the half-year; but Mrs. Denham did not think she had improved in the art of employing herself. For the first three days the little girl went, like the goosey goosey gander in the nursery rhyme, up stairs and down stairs, and in all the ladies' chambers, and

* Ebenezer Elliot.

in some of the gentlemen's too, for she was extremely curious about what new things her sisters and brothers had bought or had given them in her absence. When she had examined every new thing in the house about fifty times, and had run about the garden till all was familiar to her again; when she had asked and answered all sorts of questions, she began to find the time hang heavily on her hands. One of her sisters suggested that Clara might do a little needlework; and another that she had better practise on the piano for at least half an hour a day. William offered to set her some sums to amuse her, and Tom volunteered to hear her read French every day. But the little lady shrugged her shoulders, or made grimaces at all these kind proposals, and replied—

"No, indeed! It was quite enough to do all sorts of horrid lessons and needlework when she was at school! It was not fair to want her to do anything in the holidays." Only, when her mother gently suggested that there were some pretty stories in such and such a book, did Clara bestir herself. She was very fond of reading tales, but she was too idle to sit steadily to read them; and I am sorry to say she would loll on a sofa with a book in her hand, in a very indolent fashion, even when visitors were in the drawing-room. This gave occasion for such remarks as the following—

"How very badly that child is brought up! It is a sad thing to see a little girl so lazy! Mrs. Denham neglects that youngest daughter shamefully!"—"Did you see the disrespectful rude way in which she continued to lie on the sofa and read, after we came into the room?"—"She is very young, certainly; but she is quite old enough to behave better."—"If her mother does not take care, little Clara will grow up dreadfully indolent and self-indulgent."

Clara was so fond of her mother, that if she had had an idea that she would be blamed by strangers for her indolent tricks, I do think she would have made an effort to cure herself, young as she was. It was something very different from hearing the observations of others that first made Clara feel strongly the evil of being idle; it was her own observation of another little girl who was, in almost every respect, the opposite of herself. I must tell you how that happened.

When Clara had been at home a week, she had read nearly all the stories which were considered fit for her to read; and the time began, as I said before, to hang heavily on her hands. Mrs. Denham received a letter from her maiden sister, Miss Hannah Spencer (Aunt Hannah, as she was called in the Denham family), inviting her niece Clara to come and spend the holidays with her at Sherbrook. Clara would enjoy herself, Aunt Hannah said, "because there was a great deal to see and to do just now in the country. The hay was being cut on all the farms round Sherbrook: the flowers in her garden were very abundant, and wanted tying up, and keeping free from weeds; and there was a great deal of fruit that wanted picking for pud-

dings and preserves." When Mrs. Denham read this part of the letter to Clara, she said—

"I shall like being in the hayfields of all things, Mamma! it will be so nice to play with Ponto there, (I shall take Ponto, of course—may I, Mamma?) I shall like to gather lots of flowers; but I am not going to tire myself with weeding, and tying up, and all that. It will be very nice to pick the fruit and eat it; but Aunt is quite mistaken if she thinks I shall like to keep on picking fruit for pies and puddings."

Mrs. Denham desired her to be quiet just then, as she had some other letters to attend to; and Clara and Ponto went on with their play. At last Mrs. Denham returned to her sister's letter, and thinking it would be a great advantage for her idle little girl to stay a few weeks with her active industrious aunt, she addressed Clara again on the subject. "How would you like to spend your holidays with Aunt Hannah, Clara, my dear?"

When the little girl had turned the dog out of the room, and taken her seat on the little stool at her mother's feet, they had a long talk together about Aunt Hannah and her pleasant ways, and her great kindness, and her wonderful cleverness, and her pretty cottage at Sherbrook. This cottage (Woodbine Cottage, it was called, on account of the profusion of woodbine that grew over the porch and up the walls) Clara had heard a great deal of, ever since she could remember. All her brothers and sisters had been there, and considered it a great treat to go there at any time; but she had never yet been. Her aunt's invitation came at a very opportune time, for she was tired of doing nothing at home, and was ready for any novelty. Her mother was very glad, for various reasons, to send her to Sherbrook, but especially because she hoped that Clara would acquire some taste for employing herself usefully while she was with her aunt, who was not an invalid like herself, but an industrious lady, who lived on a very small income, and contrived to do a great deal of good with it.

Two days after Aunt Hannah's letter came, Clara was taken down to Sherbrook by her brother William, who returned home the same evening, leaving Clara in excellent spirits, running about the flower-garden of Woodbine Cottage, "and looking," as he told his mother on his return, "as if there was nothing to be done in this life but to run about a garden, and consider which one likes best, roses or pinks. Happy little thing! she thinks no more than a rose or a pink about troubles and cares. Would it could be always so with her!"

"Nay, William," said Mrs. Denham, "that is not a very wise or a very kind wish for her. To become a good and useful woman (which is a better thing than the best rose or pink) our little Clara must learn to do something, and to take care and trouble in the doing of it. I have allowed a great deal of mischievous idleness and self-indulgence to creep over her. I wish she were less happy in her indolence. If it made her uneasy I should be more sure she would

become industrious in time. But I trust this visit to her aunt will be beneficial."

"I am sure it will," replied William. "She won't be lazy there—she *can't*; the very atmosphere of Woodbine Cottage is destructive of all laziness."

Little Clara felt that truth very soon, without understanding it. At half-past eight o'clock the evening of her arrival, Aunt Hannah called to her from the parlour window—

"You must come in now, and go to bed, Clara."

"Go to bed, aunt! I don't want to go to bed yet—I'm not at all sleepy. I never go to bed till ten o'clock at home: I don't like going to bed early."

"I'm sorry you don't like it, my dear," said her aunt, mildly, yet firmly, "because I never allow little girls to sit up late. I could not expect them to be good and active all day. While you are here you must go to bed early, and get up early."

"Get up early! How early, aunt?" asked little Clara, who began to think coming to Woodbine Cottage would be as bad as going to school.

"As soon as you are awake," replied her aunt.

"Oh! I never wake till I am called, at half-past seven, at home," said Clara. "Do you call that early, aunt?"

"Oh dear, no!" said her aunt, laughing; "I breakfast every morning at half-past seven. If you are not down before a quarter to eight, I fear you will find the breakfast things all cleared away, and my maid Kitty will not like to give any one hot milk and bread after that time."

Clara was a little perplexed at the idea of having no breakfast. "Aunt, will you call me when you get up to-morrow morning? for I don't think I shall ever wake unless I am called."

"I will call you, my dear; but I shall be surprised if you are not awake—going to bed early is the surest way of waking early. Now, my dear, I will go with you to your room, and see you comfortably in bed." Clara followed her aunt to the bottom of the stairs, when she pulled her sleeve—

"I have had no supper, aunt—I always have supper at home."

"That is a very bad habit.—Now, if I were to let you have supper, I could not expect you to get up early. Take my advice, and do not eat supper till to-morrow morning. Kitty, give me one or two biscuits. There, you shall take these up stairs with you, and if you feel hungry while you are dressing in the morning, eat them then."

"But I am rather hungry now, aunt."

"That is fancy, I believe; you cannot be

really hungry, for it is only two hours since you made a capital meal. Suppose you try my plan for once, and go to bed without supper: it will make you sleep all the better. You shall, however, do as you like; there are the biscuits, eat them now or in the morning, as you please."

Clara was fond of Aunt Hannah, and though she thought it rather hard to be made to go to bed without supper, and long before her usual time, and to be threatened with the loss of breakfast if she did not get up very early, still she did not like to be perverse or disobedient. She went to bed that night at half-past eight, fell asleep directly, and awoke in the morning with the sun shining on her face, and the swallows' twittering song in her ears. She soon got up, and amused herself with watching the operations of the birds in and around their nests just under the eaves; she could see them very well by going close to the window. As she stood there, half-dressed, looking up at the swallows, she heard a voice in the garden below, calling "Little Ann! Little Ann!" Then she looked down and saw Kitty, her aunt's maid, standing in the gravel-walk almost under her window, with a mug of milk in one hand and a thick slice of brown bread in the other. "Come here, child," she called again. Clara looked over the garden, and soon saw a little girl, very poorly dressed, jump up from weeding one of the flower-beds, and bringing a large basket in her hand, come towards Kitty.

"What! have you picked out all those this morning?" said Kitty. "That's a very good hour's work. Now, come and sit down on the step, and eat your breakfast."

The little girl looked pleased, and said, "I am very thirsty," and was just going to drink some of the milk, when she stopped suddenly, and said, "Oh! if you please I would rather have some water, if you will let me take this milk home for little Charley: mother cannot get any milk for him from the vicarage this week."

"No, no, child," said Kitty, kindly; "you drink that milk, and I will give you some more to take home."

"Thank you, aunt," said Little Ann, making a curtsy, and taking the bread and milk. She then sat down on the door-step, and began to eat it with a good appetite. Kitty went away into the house, and Clara watched the little girl, and tried to dress herself at the same time.

When Little Ann had finished her slice of bread, Clara thought she looked as if she could eat some more if she had it; and just as she herself was going to eat the biscuits her aunt had given her the previous night, she restrained herself, and opening the window, she put her head out, and called in a cheerful voice, "Little Ann! Little Ann!"

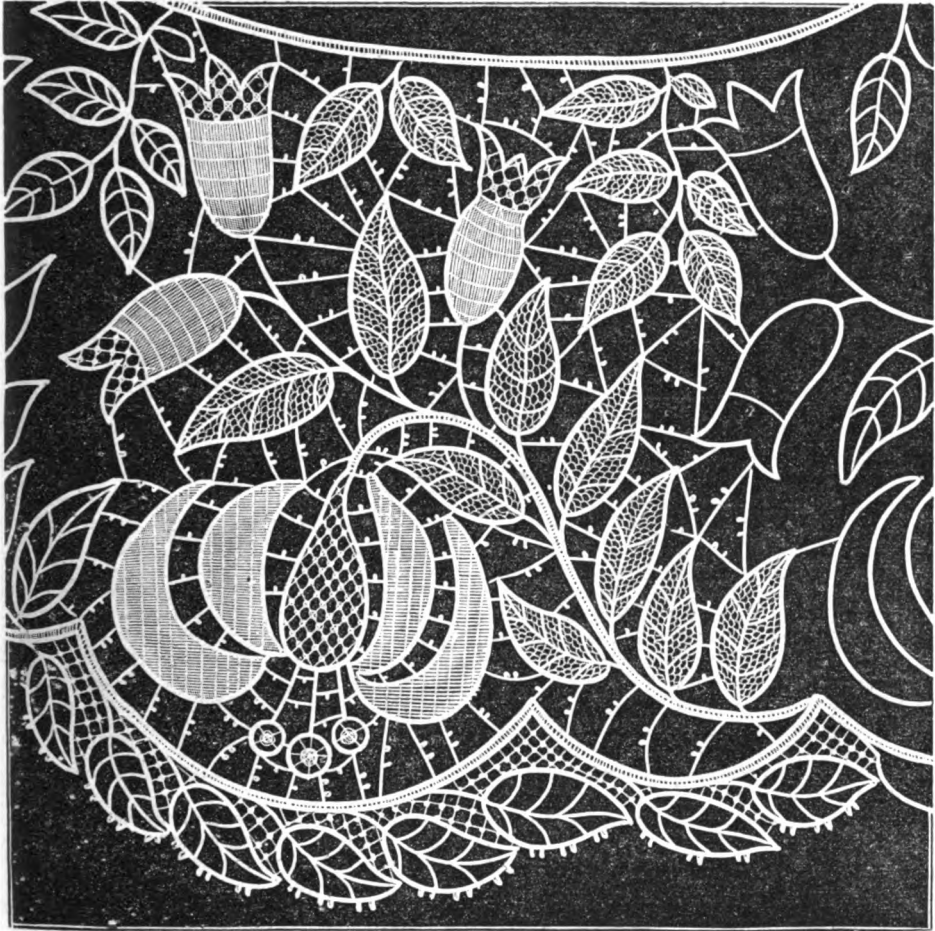
(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WORK-TABLE.

DEEP POINT-LACE.

FOR SLEEVES, &c.

MATERIALS.—Evans's Point Lace Cottons, and Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 80 and No. 1. No Braid whatever.



The pattern (a section of which is given of the full size) is to be drawn and lined according to the instructions given for the collar in our last month's number. It will be observed that a single pattern of the edge consists of a small and a large scallop, both being required for each spray of the Turk'scap lily. The outlines are done entirely in thread; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 1, being used for every part except the leaves which form the edge, for which No. 80 is required. The scallops, and principal stem, which, in the engraving, have the appearance of braid, are worked in a new stitch, or rather in one of the very oldest in existence.

As it will be found in many future patterns, I

will describe it fully here, and term it the *braid* stitch. Four threads are laid on, instead of one, for the outline, two quite close together, and with about the breadth of a thread between them and the next two, which are also close. All are put on separately, and perfectly parallel. These are formed into a braid, by working backwards and forwards from the centre with finer Mecklenburgh, slipping the needle just under one pair of threads, and then under the other, and taking the stitches, always *quite close to each other*. For covering these outline threads, Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, may be used.

The centre petal of the lily is filled in, in English lace, with Evans's Boar's Head, No.

90, the outline being covered with button-hole stitch. The outlines of the other petals do not require to be button-holed, as in the barred-Brussels lace (see collar No. 2, in this Magazine for October). The threads are twisted round the edges, and all the four are filled up with the same stitch, in Boar's Head, No. 70.

The lower parts of the buds are done in the same; the upper part in English lace, and the outlines, as well as the stems, covered with close button-hole, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

The leaves are filled in with common Brussels lace, in Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100. The outlines are button-holed closely, and the veinings are Venetian bars, worked over the Brussels, and not in any way connected with it.

The leaves which form the outer edge are worked in the same way, without any Brussels, and finished, as in the engraving, with Raleigh dots, placed in pairs. The space between the leaves and scallops is filled with English lace, in Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

A rosette is made in the centre of each stem, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, the outlines being button-holed.

The whole grounding is worked in Raleigh bars, with Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

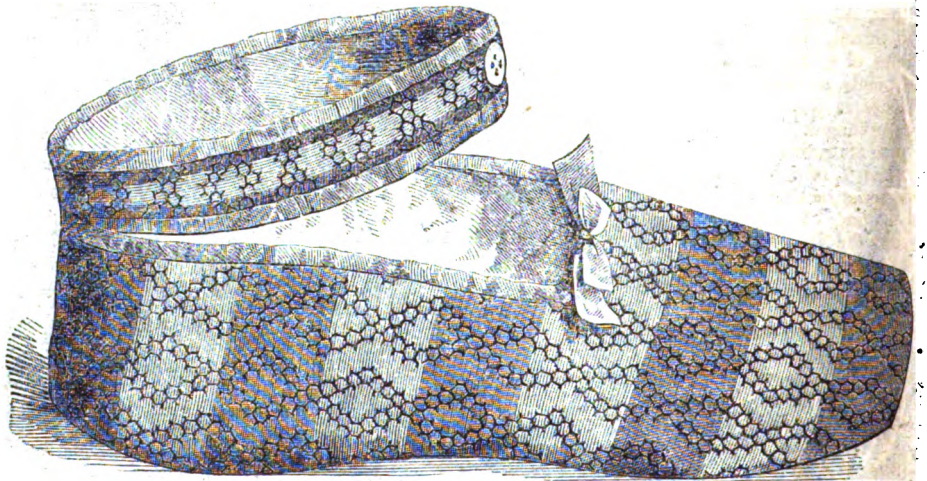
This pattern might easily be increased to a proper width for a berth.

AIGUILLETTE,

INFANT'S SHOE.

IN TAPISSERIE D'AUXERRE.

MATERIALS:—A piece of black Net, large enough to cut out a pair of infant's shoes; 4 skeins each of pink and light stone Berlin Wool; 2 yards of narrow pink Sarsnet Ribbon (the same shade as the wool). Sewing Silk to match, and a pair of Cork Soles.



Tapisserie d'Auxerre is a simple and pretty kind of work, and very fashionable in France. It is merely darning black or white net with wool, so as to produce a pattern on each side of the net. Common net, with the holes of the hexagon shape, is the sort used for this purpose.

Mark the shape of the shoe with white thread, allowing for turnings in. The ankle-strap is done separately. Darn across the foot of the shoe, and continue the sides in the same direction, doing the patterns alternately in each colour. (The selvedge comes across the toe.)

1st row. Pass the needle under two threads, and over two, across the toe, the wool thus alternately covering three holes of the net, and being under one.

2nd row. $\times$ pass under two threads of the next line of net, on a line with the last two threads raised, taking them in a direction to in-

crease the width over two, under 3, over 2, under 2, over 1, $\times$ across the toe.

3rd row. Worked in the next line of the net under 4 and over 2, all along the row, increasing one diamond, whilst bringing the alternate one to a point.

4th row. At the increasing diamond run under 2 threads, over 1, under 2—over 2 in the space between—under 3, at the decreasing, over 2, in the space between.

5th row. At the increasing diamond run under 2, over 2, under 2, over 2, all along the row: this is the widest part of one diamond, and the narrowest of the intermediate. Now decrease the one, and increase the other in the same way, and when one perfect diamond is done, change the colour of the wool, and do a diamond in the new colour.

When the shoes are darned, cut them out, and line them with linen. Bind them, and close the

backs with the sarsnet ribbon, stitched very neatly. Darn and bind the ancle-straps, and add them. Bind the soles with ribbon, and sew them together with the work, and add small neat bows in front, with buttons and loops at the straps.

AIGUILLETTE.

PASSION-FLOWER BORDER.

FOR THE CURTAINS IN OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.

MATERIALS:—Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No 4; Bolton's Crochet-hook, No. 16.

The flowers are done separately, each one being united, at the last round, to the previous one, by the small connecting eyelet-hole. Begin with the star in the centre of the flower.

9 ch, miss 1, 4 sc on the next 4, × 5 ch, miss 1, 4 sc on the other 4, × twice sc on the remaining 4 of the 9th ch.

2nd round. × sc at the point, 8 ch, × 4 times.

3rd. Without breaking off the thread, work under the chains of 8, 13 sc, and one at the points, so that there are 56 stitches in the round. Break off the thread.

4th. (Forming the 8 points.) 7 sc on 7, of which the centre one must be that over a point of a star. 1 ch, turn, 6 sc under the 7, 1 ch, turn, 5 sc under the 6, 1 ch, turn, 4 sc under 5, 1 ch, turn, 3 sc under 4, 1 ch, turn, 2 sc under 3, 1 ch, turn, 1 sc under 2. Cut off the thread, leaving about two inches. Repeat this 7 times more, four of the points coming over the star of the centre, and four between 5th round, × sc on the point of one of the former, 13 ch, sc on the tip of one of the intermediate, 13 ch, × 4 times.

6th round. Sc on every stitch, and the wheel is complete.

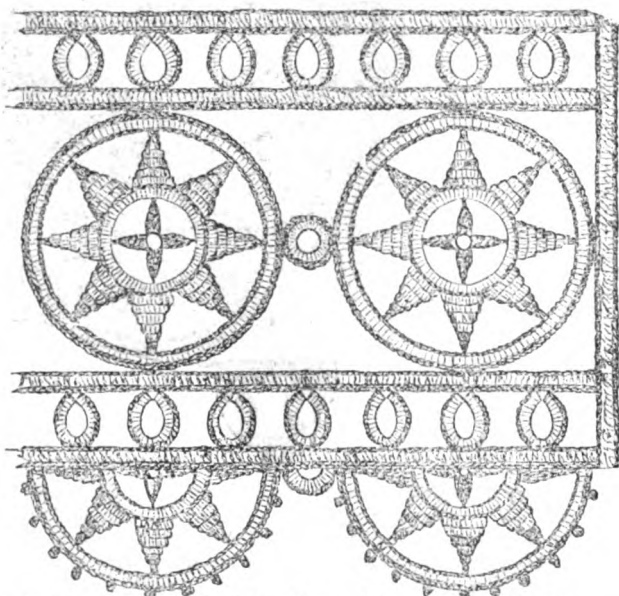
The second, and following wheels, are done exactly like the first, only that when three-fourths of the last round are done, and you are at the tip of a point, you will make the eyelet-hole and connect it with the last wheel, thus: 10 ch, close it into a loop, do 9 sc under the loop, connect it with a corresponding part of the last wheel; 9 sc more under the loop, and complete the round.

Observe that all the ends of thread must be worked in as you proceed.

A chain is then made, connecting the wheels up each side: begin with 20 ch; 3 sc over a point of a wheel × 39 ch. 3 sc over similar points of the next wheel, × repeat.

Do another chain, to correspond with this, on the other side of the wheels, and at each end.

On the chain work a row of dc, making an



eyelet-hole of 14 chain, under which 26 sc are worked, at every part over a point, and at regular intervals between. In the engraving the distance is every 11th stitch; but perhaps if they were made near enough to touch, and were each connected with the preceding one, the border would be stronger.

Another chain is added, beyond the eyelet-holes, and a row of dc beyond that.

Scallop border.—1 slip, 4 sc, on the dc row, over the point of the wheel, taking the five stitches before the one which is just over that point. 5 ch, miss 1, sc on 4—sc on 4 of the dc, missing the one after the last from sc, 1 slip. Turn the work on the wrong side. 8 ch, sc on point, 8 ch, sc on first slip; 1 sc on dc. Turn the work. 13 sc under chain, sc on point, 13 sc under chain, 1 sc on point, sc on dc.

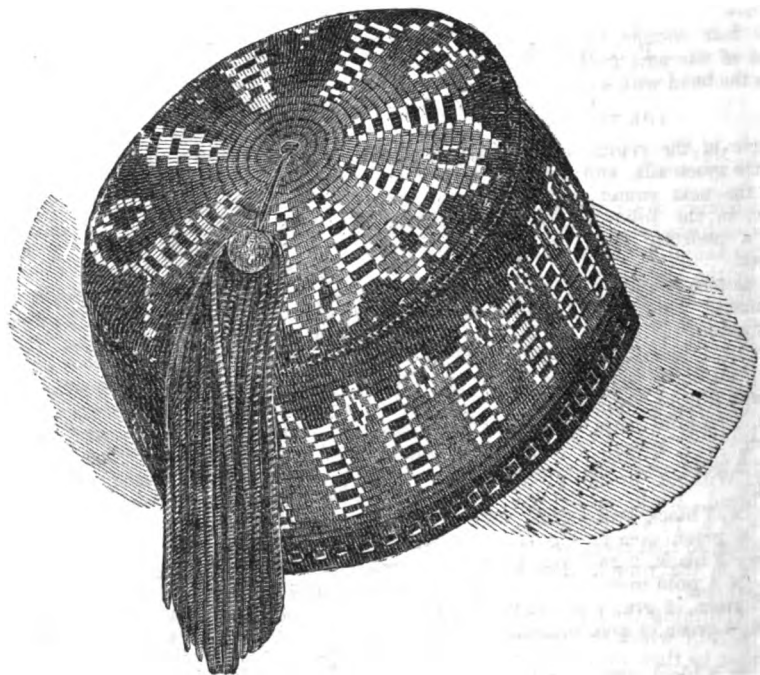
Do 3 points, as on the wheel, and 2 half-points at the side of the dc row.

Connect all these points, with a chain of 13 between each, as in the wheel, and work on that a row of sc, with a picot of 4 chain, every fifth stitch. Repeat the scallop for every wheel.

AIGUILLETTE,

SMOKING CAP.

MATERIALS:—24 skeins each of very coarse black and green netting silk; and about 60 yards of coarse gold thread; a ball of twine, such as is generally used for tying up parcels; and a handsome green and gold tassel.



In the cap before me there are 20 patterns in the band, each pattern containing 20 stitches; the cap measures 27 inches round. As the number of repetitions of the pattern must depend on the size of the cord selected, it is very important that this should be neither too fine nor too coarse. If not procured from myself, the best mode of ascertaining the correctness is to measure the size, after working the proper number of stitches for the first round, before closing it; and then if it be found too small, enough for another pattern may be added, or a thicker cord substituted.

The band round the head is done first; then the crown, which is finished off by joining it to the band.

Begin by working on the end of the cord, with the black silk, 402 stitches, and close it into a round.

2nd round. $\times$ 4 gold, 2 black $\times$ repeated all round.

3rd round. Here the gold is introduced in a new manner; that is, instead of the stitch being worked entirely in gold thread, it is begun with the silk, which is drawn through the chain of the row below, the stitch being completed with the gold thread. By this mode of working, the part of the stitch which covers the cord is silk, whilst the chain along the top is gold. I shall call stitches so worked, *gold and silk*. $\times$ 1 gold, over the first of four gold, 2 gold and silk, 1 gold, 2 silk $\times$ all round,

4th round. All black silk, decreasing 1 stitch.

5th and 6th rounds. All green silk, decreasing one stitch in the latter.

7th round. $\times$ 4 green, 3 gold, 13 green $\times$ 20 times. Every future round begins over the same stitch.

8th. $\times$ 2 green, 2 gold, 3 black over 3 gold, 2 gold, 11 green $\times$ 20 times.

9th. $\times$ 3 green, 5 gold, 12 green $\times$ 20 times.

10th. $\times$ 1 green, 2 gold, 5 black over 5 gold, 2 gold, 10 green $\times$ 20 times.

11th. $\times$ 3 green, 5 gold, 12 green $\times$ 20 times.

12th. $\times$ 2 gold, 6 black, 2 gold, 10 green $\times$ 20 times.

13th. $\times$ 2 green, 6 gold over 6 black, 12 green $\times$ 20 times.

14th. Like 12th.

15th. Like 13th.

16th. $\times$ 2 gold, 7 black (over 6 gold), 2 gold, 12 green $\times$ 20 times.

17th. $\times$ 2 green, 7 gold, 6 green, 2 gold, 4 green $\times$ 20 times.

18th. $\times$ 2 gold, 7 black, 2 gold, 3 green, 1 gold, 2 black (over 2 gold), 1 gold, 3 green $\times$ 20 times.

19th. $\times$ 2 green, 7 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 2 green $\times$ 20 times.

20th. $\times$ 2 gold, 7 black, 2 gold, 2 green, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 2 green $\times$ 20 times.

21st. $\times$ 1 gold, 9 black, 2 gold, 2 green, 1

gold, 1 black, 1 gold, 2 green, 1 gold $\times$ 20 times.

22nd. $\times$ 11 black (over 9 black and one gold at each side), 3 gold, 3 black, 3 gold $\times$ 20 times.

Do four rounds all black silk; then one round of alternate gold and black stitches, and finish the band with a round of black.

FOR THE CROWN.

Begin in the centre, by working 16 stitches with the green silk, and closing it for a round.

In the next round do 24 stitches; and increase, in the following three, sufficiently to keep it perfectly flat. In the last have 57 stitches.

1st pattern round. $\times$ 2 gold, 6 green over 5, $\times$ 8 times. End with 2 gold over the last of the 57 green.

2nd. $\times$ 2 black over 2 gold; 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, all eight over the 6 green; $\times$ 7 times. End with 2 gold, 7 green.

3rd. $\times$ 3 gold (over 2 black of last round), 8 green, $\times$ 7 times. 3 gold over 2 black, 8 green, 2 gold over the two last green of last round.

4th. $\times$ 3 black over 3 gold, 2 gold over one green, 6 green over 6, 2 gold over 1 green, $\times$ 7 times; 3 black, 2 gold over 1 green, 9 green.

5th. $\times$ 4 gold over 3 black, 10 green (over 2 gold, 6 green, 2 gold), $\times$ 7 times; 4 gold over 3 black, 9 green, 2 gold over last 2 green of last round.

6th. $\times$ 5 black over 4 gold, 2 gold over 2 green, 7 green over 6 green, 2 gold over 2 green, $\times$ 7 times; 5 black, 2 gold, 10 green.

7th. $\times$ 5 gold over 5 black, 12 green, $\times$ 7 times; 5 gold, 11 green, 2 gold over the last 2 green of last round.

8th. $\times$ 6 black over 5 gold, 2 gold over 2 green, 9 green over 8, 2 gold over 2 green, $\times$ 7 times; 6 black over 5 gold, 2 gold, 12 green.

9th. $\times$ 6 gold over 6 black, 13 green, $\times$ 7 times; 6 gold, 6 green over 2 gold, 3 green; 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold.

10th. $\times$ 6 black, 2 gold, 5 green over 4, 2

gold over 1 green, 5 green over 4, 2 gold, $\times$ 7 times; 6 black, 2 gold, 4 green over 3, 1 gold, 3 black over 2 gold, 1 gold, 6 green.

11th. $\times$ 7 gold over 6 black, 6 green, 1 gold, 3 black over 2 gold, 1 gold, 6 green, $\times$ 7 times; 7 gold, 6 green, 2 gold over 1, 3 black, 2 gold over 1, 4 green, 2 gold.

12th. $\times$ 7 black, 2 gold, 4 green, over 3, 2 gold, 3 black (over 3), 2 gold, 4 green on 3, 2 gold, $\times$ 7 times; 7 black, 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold over 2, 3 black, 2 gold, 6 green.

13th. $\times$ 7 gold over 7 black, 6 green, 2 gold over 2, 3 black over 3, 2 gold over 2, 6 green, $\times$ 7 times; 7 gold over 7 black, 7 green (the last over 1 gold), 2 gold, 1 black, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold.

14th. $\times$ 7 black, 2 gold, 5 green (the last over a gold), 2 gold, 1 black, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, $\times$ 7 times; 7 black, 2 gold, 6 green, 3 gold; the middle one over 1 black, 5 green, 2 gold (the last coming over the first of the two that completed the previous round).

15th. $\times$ 11 black (over 7 black and one gold at each side), 2 gold, 5 green, 3 gold (the centre over one black), 5 green, 2 gold, $\times$ 7 times, 11 black, 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 2 black over the centre one of 3 gold, 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold (the last over the 1st of two).

16th. $\times$ 13 black, 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 2 black (over centre one of 2 gold), 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, $\times$ 7 times; 15 black, 3 gold, 6 black (over 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold), 3 gold over 3 green.

17th. $\times$ 18 black, 3 gold over 3 green, 7 black, 3 gold over 3 green $\times$ 7 times; 32 black.

18th. All black.

19th. Work in the band, so as to join them, putting the hoop at once through the last chain of it and of the crown, $\times$ 3 black, 1 gold, $\times$ all round. Take care so to join them that the closing of the rounds in both comes together. Draw the cord of the tassel through the centre of the crown, and fasten it on, letting the fringed part fall over the closing of the rounds.

Fasten off the ends.

AIGUILLETTE.

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.*

Some few months ago we drew the attention of our readers to this Society, believing it to be one in which every right-minded and thoughtful Englishwoman must take an interest. Continental events which have happened since then only convince us the more deeply of the solemn duty of the one land in Europe which is blessed with freedom, showing throughout its length and its breadth by every significant token its abhorrence of that black "hoof" of despotism which is treading down liberty, and rolling back the tide of human progress and virtue.

It was therefore with no common feelings of sympathy and interest that we attended the first

Conversazione of the Friends of Italy which took place at the Freemason's Tavern on the 11th ultimo. We congratulate the Society on the success of its experiment—for success may safely be acknowledged by the presence of five or six hundred persons met for one purpose and animated by one feeling. A glance round the Great Hall, crowded as it was in every corner, was sufficient to convince an observer that he was in an assemblage composed of the aristocracy of mind. About one-fourth were ladies, many of them elegant women, whose appearance would have attracted attention at a mere fashionable place of amusement; while on every countenance, either male or female, an enthusiasm and an intelligence were expressed which

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* Office, 10, Southampton Street, Strand.

gave the scene a peculiar charm. And when Mazzini entered the room, accompanied by the Committee of the Society, and Mr. Peter Taylor, who—in the absence from indisposition of Lord Dudley Stuart—took the chair, the hearty and renewed cheers, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs which greeted the Italian patriot, had something so inspiring, that the scene might have communicated enthusiasm even to the coldest. After a brief address from the Chairman, terse and to the purpose, the very model of what such a speech should be, Mazzini commenced a Lecture on the present state of Italy—a Lecture which we sincerely hope will be published. We envied the short-hand writer's accomplishment, which might have enabled us to take down certain passages in which the great questions at issue seemed most admirably condensed; yet, after all, it would have been unfair to present detached portions of such a production. Enough that the illustrious Exile not only delivered in glowing language the history of the Italian struggle, but by dates, names, and *historical facts* rebutted the vile charges which have been made against the republican party. Charges, however, which have never been believed by one individual who, with eyes unblinded from the bandages of prejudice, has examined and thought for himself. Born and bred in a country where freedom is as the air we breathe—a country which is the only one in the world which combines all the opposite advantages of a monarchical and republican form of government, we are convinced that a large mass of English people, Englishwomen especially, but faintly realise the horrors of military despotism, which is in other words the triumph of brute force over mind, of superstition over true religion, of ignorance over knowledge, of vice over virtue—a Satan's rule in God's world!

Think for a moment that in Italy, the land of Dante and Michael Angelo; the land whence literature, and art, and civilization, once flowed as from a fountain, such a peaceful meeting as that at the Freemason's Hall would have been held as treason to the state; that it would have

been dispersed by armed men; its promoters imprisoned for years, if not for life, or banished, or condemned to some painful and degrading punishment among felons of the deepest dye; that every individual present would have been a "marked" person, henceforth to be watched by spies, who might invade his house at all times, and pry into his most secret affairs; that the possession of an old fowling-piece or a rusty weapon, is enough to occasion imprisonment to its owner; that a faded ribbon in a lady's drawer, because associated with an obnoxious symbol, is enough to bring disaster on a household; that to speak of politics is prohibited; and for three friends to assemble and read the Bible is against the law! Yet in the teeth of spies and soldiers, enthralled in this meshwork of tyranny, so unanimous are the people, that even now they are corresponding among themselves and organising measures for their deliverance.

This very fact proves that the nation is worthy of freedom; and the marvellous forbearance exercised by the patriots in the brief season of their power, is an earnest how nobly they will use it when again it is theirs. We say *will*, for the right must conquer; and sooner or later the Italians will be free from foreign domination and military rule.

The most moderate donation to the Society of the Friends of Italy is something thrown on the waters to return after many a day; and the terms of membership are so low, that every well-wisher of the cause may easily join it. Of course an increase of funds is greatly to be desired; for the distribution of tracts—the correspondence of the Society—its means of gathering, conducting, and circulating information, all require the mighty engine of money; and it is through these means that the moral influence at which it aims is to be acquired and spread.

After the Lecture tea and coffee were served; the assembly broke up into groups; pleasant introductions took place; and animated conversations, mingled in that agreeable buzz, which is a sure sign that intelligent discourse is going on. Altogether it was an evening to be remembered and marked in detail in one's diary.

TESTIMONIAL FROM AMERICA TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

Paragraphs have gone the round of the newspapers, describing the elegant tribute which "a few ladies and gentlemen of America" have presented to the compiler of the "Shakspeare Concordance;" but the event itself is so happy a token of the kind and right feelings of our well-beloved cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, that at the risk of repeating a thrice-told tale, we must chronicle the circumstance in our pages. Besides, Mrs. Cowden Clarke is one of our own most valued contributors; and so world-wide an acknowledgment of female talent and patient industry as in her person has been received, seems to claim particular attention from us.

While this charming writer was busy with her "Girlhoods of Shakspeare's Heroines," pouring out one after another of these curiously clever productions, her admirers in America were busy gathering together subscriptions—limited to five dollars each—for this testimonial. The list contains names from Maine to Mexico, and embraces some of the most distinguished American *literati*. Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, South Carolina, and even the far-west Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois have contributed. The tribute consists of a most elegant Library Chair, with rosewood writing-desk moving on a silver-plated crane. The chair is of rosewood, equi-

sitely carved in appropriate designs. In the centre of the top rail is the face of Shakspeare, carved in ivory from the Stratford bust, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and oak-leaves, while the wings of two swans extend over the head in a sheltering manner. Lower down are the masks of Tragedy and Comedy, with their emblems. The seat, and centre of the back of the chair, are covered with a rich satin brocade, of a quality almost unique, we should imagine, for substance and richness of design. The production altogether does credit to the taste no less than the generosity of the donors; for, while it is essentially magnificent, it is also most truly elegant. We believe the wife of the Hon. Daniel Webster and the wife of the Hon. Edward Curtis chose the setting. There is a gold plate under the head of Shakspeare, inscribed as follows:—

"To Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, this chair is presented by a few ladies and gentlemen of America, as

a tribute of gratitude for the unequalled industry which gave the readers of English throughout the world her Concordance to Shakspeare."

Acknowledgments of sympathy, appreciation, and regard from unknown friends have always a peculiar charm; and this one we are quite sure has proved a very sweet guerdon for years of patient toil, which yet to the great Shakspeare student of our day must have been a labour of love! May she live scores of years to rest upon her laurels, and enjoy health and happiness! May she live to see the roses of rich brocade fade to neutral tints, and its substantial texture crack with hard service. No matter how many times the brocade be replaced—when a grey head rests near the "ivory cheek" the tribute from America—the Shakspeare Chair—will surely in old age be not the least pleasant memorial of the labours of her youth!

NEURALGIA.*

Some short time ago Dr. Downing brought out a brochure on this important subject, which excited so much attention, that he has expanded it into a valuable and an elaborate work. In its improved state it has gained the prize awarded by the Royal College of Surgeons; and as it is probably the most ample and searching work on the formidable species of disease of which it treats, it is no doubt destined to be the standard authority. Dr. Downing has done for this particular kind of malady what Dr. Franklin did for the thunder-cloud—made the mystery manageable, grappled with the thing itself, mastered its difficulties, and made it subservient to an intelligible law of operations.

Those who suffer from *tic-douloureux* have now simply to learn that, in nine cases out of ten, by trying Dr. Downing's "new method of treatment," they need suffer no longer. His principal remedial agent "is a kind of fumigating instrument, in which dried herbs are burned, and the heated vapour directed to any part of the body." This external application, combined with skillful internal medical treatment, is so successful, that the world can now no longer disbelieve in its efficacy.

What is Neuralgia? A nervous spasm, the cause of which has, however, not been satisfactorily and conclusively demonstrated; but we may, perhaps, obtain a clearer view of its nature, if we look upon it as connected with "morbid nutrition." Every one knows that the system is, or ought to be, constantly subject to a law of waste and repair, and if the operation of this law is impeded by "cold," "mental excitement," or any other baneful condition, diseases more or less unpleasant must ensue. The *vita natura* uses certain particles of matter in form-

ing nerves; others in forming membrane, bones, juices, &c., &c.; while used-up particles are expelled altogether from the system. We can readily conceive that each order of atoms is used by a distinct function, and has a different mission; and any morbid perversion or mingling of their separate destinies must end in disorder and suffering—Nature's violent endeavour to restore the regularity of her operations. A cough is simply an effort of the lungs or bronchiæ to remove some offending intruder that ought to be doing duty elsewhere; and may we not call neuralgia a *cough of a nerve* to get rid of a disagreeable oppression—Nature's legitimate *coup d'état* to put down and transport those "*red socialist*" particles that would interfere with the regularity of its constitution? Let us fancy, for a moment, a delicate little army of atoms marching obediently along, to form new nerve in place of the substance that is wasting away: another little army of carbonaceous particles have just received orders to pack up their luggage and be off, to make way for the advancing nerve-battalion; but in their exodus they are met by a fierce destroyer, in the shape of an east wind—a Kaffir that suddenly throws the ranks of General Carbon into disorder, and drives them back upon the brilliant and pugnacious array of General Nerve: a battle royal is the result. General Nerve immediately places lance in rest, and advances to the charge with the unsparing war-cry of "Mr. Ferguson, you don't lodge here;" and if Kaffir East-wind is not despised and trifled with, he is generally beaten for a time; but great are the sufferings of humanity—the scene of this encounter—while the fight is raging. Fortunately, like a *deus ex machinâ*, Dr. Downing has come to the assistance of Generals Nerve and Carbon, and by strategically depriving their enemies of arms and ammunition, has rendered victory more rapid and secure.—N. C.

* "Neuralgia." The Jacksonian Prize Essay for 1850. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D., M.R.C.S. (John Churchill, London.)

THE ROYAL PARDON VINDICATED.*

This brilliant specimen of pamphleteering is perhaps one of the most conclusive and unanswerable *brochures* that has ever come under our notice. The fact of its having reached a fourth edition is a better proof of its merits and value than any commendation of ours.

The time, labour, and great ability which Sir George Stephen has devoted to the cause of Mr. Barber, mark him out as a man after our own heart. He will perhaps draw down upon himself some sneers and censures from those in authority, and from Mr. Barber's persecutors and libellers; but he may bide his time with perfect confidence that the principles for which he has fought will ultimately prevail; and though Courts of Law may "cough down" his advocacy, he may rest assured that his truth and manfulness will be recognised by a higher tribunal—"in the Walhalla and the assemblies of the Gods."

The work before us is not only remarkable for the logical faculty it displays—it is as interesting and affecting as any novel, and as a tale of real life it is almost without a parallel in modern times.

It is curious to watch how the question respecting the guilt or innocence of Mr. Barber has narrowed itself in the eyes of his enemies. At one time they considered him to be the arch-criminal; afterwards he was suspected of being a mere accomplice, and at last his opponents are driven from point to point into the strange belief, unsupported by any evidence, that Mr. Barber was wilfully blind to the frauds of which he was made the instrument, although he gained nothing by the indulgence of this "wilful blindness," but jeopardised thereby every prospect in life for which he had most earnestly struggled. Those persons who thus self-stultify themselves in argument are just those who are opposing Mr. Barber's readmission to the ranks of his profession. In judging of this case we must not overlook Mr. Barber's personal qualifications; and on this subject we have received a copy of a letter which was recently addressed to Lord Campbell by a gentleman who has perhaps more carefully studied Mr. Barber's case than any one in England, except Sir George Stephen, Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, and Mr. Stevenson. The following is the letter:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPBELL.

"MY LORD,

"If I did not feel persuaded that one of your highest aims is the elucidation of truth under all circumstances, I should not venture to commit the

indiscretion which I am about to commit, of addressing you on a subject respecting which I feel a painful degree of interest—I mean the case of Mr. Barber, which has recently occupied your Lordship's attention. For years past, at frequent intervals, I have been seriously engaged in investigating every particular connected with the career and habits of this unfortunate gentleman; and I have arrived at such a decided opinion in his favour, that no earthly consideration can restrain me from expressing the solemn conviction I entertain of his entire innocence of any kind of complicity in the perpetration of the will forgeries. I sought out this man in the first instance, in order to sift him and his case most thoroughly; and after weekly, and I may say almost daily, intercourse with him since his return to England—after seeing him under every kind of temptation from adversity and ill-usage—after narrowly observing his words and actions when he has been most off his guard, and when he has been least aware that I was scrutinizing him, I have been compelled to believe that he is one of the most virtuous, sensible, and honourable men with whom I am acquainted. Under all his trials and struggles I have never discovered in him any trace of meanness or duplicity: on points of conduct his moral tone is always true—there is nothing counterfeited in his modes of thought and action. I can quite fancy that at one time he was likely to err on the side of a gentlemanly and courteous confidence, but his misfortunes have no doubt cured him of the weakness of putting too much faith in the virtue of his fellow-creatures. His feelings towards his opponents and persecutors display that forbearance and magnanimity which can only be fostered in an upright and a noble nature.

"I can assure your Lordship that it would be a worthy and discreet act to restore this man to his professional status, and recompense him for the sufferings he has endured. No single circumstance or chain of circumstances can be pointed out which proves him to be guilty of connivance at the frauds which were perpetrated, or even justifies the suspicion that he knew something wrong was being committed through his instrumentality. I would challenge any one to mention a fact in evidence in this case which does not admit of a satisfactory interpretation in Mr. Barber's favour.

"You have, I believe, refused to listen to any further explanations, although Sir George Stephen, in his unanswerable pamphlet on this subject, has told us what he meant by inserting in the affidavit the dubious clause which excited your Lordship's severe comments. Surely Mr. Barber—in a matter which affects him much more than either life or death—ought to be allowed every opportunity of giving explanations to satisfy any doubts in your Lordship's mind; and I am quite certain that he could, if you would allow him the opportunity, convince you of his entire innocence.

"I am quite aware that I have violated the rules of etiquette in thus freely writing to you, but higher motives than a regard for conventional delicacy have prompted me to this deed. If I were to study my own comfort and convenience; if I wished to spare myself something more than anxiety, I should never have interfered in a case in which I cannot possibly

* THE ROYAL PARDON VINDICATED IN REFERENCE TO THE CLAIMS OF MR. W. H. BARBER ON THE JUSTICE OF THE COUNTRY. By Sir George Stephen, Barrister-at-Law. Fourth Edition. (J. Crockford, London.)

have anything to gain or lose, except so far as its success will give me mental composure or its failure mental anguish.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
"NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Hyde Vale, Blackheath,
9th Feb. 1852."

This of course is only an individual testimony, but it is valuable as expressive of the general

opinion of Mr. Barber's supporters; and though the practice of writing to the Judges is obviously objectionable, it must be recollected that Mr. Barber's case is unprecedented, and only requires to be understood to be triumphant. We may be sure that the letter we have printed, and which a postscript informs us was written without the knowledge of Mr. Barber or any one else, could only have proceeded from the sternest and most overpowering conviction that Mr. Barber is the victim of strange injustice,

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, February 21.

MY DEAR C—,

As all "wars and rumours of wars" are over, for the time being at all events, and everything has fallen into its usual routine, or rather into the course it is desired to pursue in future, there is, happily for this distracted country, an absence of the stirring events and intelligence that for the last two months formed food for the journals and newsmongers; the "Prince President," calm in the midst of victory, decrees, arranges, commands, and directs; and France, weary of revolt and struggles, obeys, almost without a murmur. Of course there is still much of individual discontent and thirst for vengeance; and but a short time since, a plot was discovered to assassinate the Prince and General St. Arnaud at a grand ball given by the latter at the Ministère de la Guerre; Louis Napoleon in consequence did not go, and the fête passed without disturbance, as his absence gave the alarm, and prevented the intended injury to the Minister.

The confiscation of the Orleans property has, in many quarters, given rise to much dissatisfaction. One of the members of the President's own family, the Princesse M—, having taken upon herself to remonstrate with great importunity on the subject, Louis Napoleon (perhaps not without reason, as the matter touched the Bonaparte family as well) accused her of becoming an *intriguante*, and a considerable coolness was the result.

At a dinner-party the other day, the Orleans affair being the subject of discussion, one of the party exclaimed:

"Ah, ce n'est que le premier vol de l'aigle!"

A great *scandale* has been excited by the Abbé Lacordaire, one of the most eloquent and popular preachers of the day, denouncing the late acts of the Government, from the pulpit, in the most energetic and vehement terms; he has, in consequence, been temporarily suspended and forbidden to preach, by the President's request to the Archbishop of Paris.

I must confess, that whatever may be the private opinions of the clergy on political matters, I think such subjects are not suited to

the pulpit; the church ought to be a spot where in the most troublous times, peace should dwell—a refuge from the terrors, the trials, the troubles of the outer world; not a ground where the passions of the multitude, already excited, should find fresh food for discontent and resistance, even where resistance may be legitimate; in short, where temporal arms should be sheathed for the time being, even if Liberty calls for their use afterwards.

The Protestant clergy of Paris have, I believe without an exception, adopted an opposite course; they have, while abstaining alike from praise or blame, exhorted their flocks to order, to moderation, to brotherly love—in short, "As much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men," has, from the first, been their precept and their example; for a more truly religious, zealous, and excellent body exists not. Surrounded on all sides by a people of another creed, their study, individually and collectively, is to "give none occasion of offence;" to make charity, piety, and liberality the rules of the private and public life, and while vigilantly guiding and guarding their own faith, seeking not to insult or condemn that of their fellow-citizens. The religious education of Protestant children in France is pursued with a care and a zeal that is by no means unworthy to give an example in countries where the reformed faith is the religion of the land; all the clergy hold, *gratis*, during many months of the year, preparatory schools, where young persons, of both sexes and all classes, attend regularly twice or thrice a week on different days, to undergo a course of instruction previous to confirmation, which ceremony without this preparation is not performed.

We went some time since to visit an establishment of the Eglise Reformée, called the Maison des Diaconesses—a sort of Protestant convent, without the vows of seclusion, celibacy, &c., but an institution comprising schools for the lower classes, from infancy to a comparatively advanced age; a retreat for those unhappy outcasts who wish to retrieve past errors; a chapel and an hospital for the poor of both sexes. This admirable establishment, which of course is of great extent, is conducted entirely by the *sœurs* or diaconesses, who choose to

devote themselves to so pious a work, but who are not bound by any vows to remain in it longer than they feel disposed. A detailed account of the institution would occupy more space, perhaps, than a mere letter should occupy; but suffice it to say, that never did a place breathe more of the spirit of order, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and industry, or appear more completely to fulfil its object.

I picked up, the other day, from one of the most eminent and intelligent physicians in France, the favourite pupil of Dupuytren, some curious scraps of medical lore, that perhaps may amuse you; and coming from a man whose liberality of opinion is only equalled by his great skill and intellect, are certainly worthy of perusal, and might afford valuable hints to science. A lady who had formerly been a patient of his, but whom in consequence of her removal from Paris, he had not seen for some time, came to him lately to say that her daughter was afflicted with violent rheumatic pains. As she still resided in the country, however, Dr. C. could not do more than give her some general counsel, deferring the actual treatment till she should bring her daughter to Paris. In a few days she returned, telling him that her sufferings were completely removed, in the following singular manner:—One night, being seized with an attack, the violence of which was intolerable, the mother, in despair, sent to the only medical practitioner of which the village boasted—a man who, by the help of a little self-taught lore, and a certain knowledge of simples and old-woman's remedies, treated the peasants satisfactorily enough. No sooner did our Galen arrive, than he directed that all the empty bottles that could be collected should be placed on the floor, the mattresses laid over them, and the sufferer extended thereon. The effect was magical; in a few minutes the patient experienced the greatest relief, and finally a complete cessation of suffering; and though the attacks had afterwards returned, they never failed to yield to this singular remedy. The solution of the mystery (of which the village doctor was quite ignorant) Dr. C.

found at once. Electricity, it appears, is the great aggravator of all such maladies; and of this force, glass is a non-conductor. If, then, the electric current is cut off from contact with the patient, immediate relief is the consequence. Profiting by the hint, Dr. C. has since, in all such cases, caused thick glass cylinders to be put under the feet of the *malades*' bed, and with a success the most complete. Another case was a cure where consumption had actually commenced, and had some progress, by passing five or six hours a day in a butcher's shop. A third, where what was considered a fatal affection of the spinal marrow in a young girl, completely yielded to a process of sun-burning, the patient being stripped to the waist, and placed facing a south wall during the hottest part of the day.

Here is one of the stories on the passing events. A house-painter, employed to efface the now obsolete "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," substituted, as more descriptive of the present rule, "*Infanterie, Cavalerie, Artillerie*." "*Et le Génie*?"* inquired a passer by, "*Inutile avec tout ça!*" replied our *artiste*.

Have you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry-work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colours, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass: and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair-seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved: it will at least outlast the freshness of the work. And now, my dear C., adieu for the present; à revoir till next month, and believe me, yours ever,

P.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, England's most eminent chemist, was born in 1794, the son of a poor blacksmith. He was early apprenticed to one Ribeau, a bookbinder, in Blandford-street, and worked at the craft until he was twenty-two years of age. Whilst an apprentice, his master called the attention of one of his customers (Mr. Dance, of Manchester-street) to an electrical machine and other things which the young man had made; and Mr. Dance, who was one of the old members of the Royal Institution, took him to hear the four last lectures which Sir Humphry Davy gave there as professor. Faraday attended, and seating himself in the gallery, took notes of the lectures, and at a future time sent his manuscript to Davy, with a

short and modest account of himself, and a request, if it were possible, for scientific employment in the labours of the laboratory. Davy, struck with the clearness and accuracy of the memoranda, and confiding in the talents and perseverance of the writer, offered him, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in the laboratory in the beginning of 1813, the post of assistant, which he accepted. At the end of the year he accompanied Davy and his lady over the Continent as secretary and assistant, and in 1815 returned to his duties in the laboratory, and

* It may not be useless to inform some of our readers that "*genie*" means both *engineers* and *genius*.

ultimately became Fullarian Professor. Mr. Faraday's researches and discoveries have raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, while his high faculty of expounding to a general audience the result of recondite investigations makes him one of the most attractive lecturers of the age. He has selected the most difficult and perplexing departments of physical science, the investigation of the reciprocal relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; and by many years of patient and profound study has contributed greatly to simplify our ideas on these subjects. It is the hope of this philosopher that should life and health be spared he will be able to show that the imponderable agencies just mentioned are so many manifestations of one and the same force. Mr. Faraday's great achievements are recognized by the learned societies of every country in Europe, and the University of Oxford in 1832 did itself the honour of enrolling him among her Doctors of Laws. In private life he is beloved for the simplicity and truthfulness of his character, and the kindness of his disposition.—*Men of the Time.*

AFTERNOON ON THE GLACIERS.—At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling, that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-by to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever. In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough; every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a detour. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of

snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like, rapid activity of the Chamois guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad, but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.—*Albert Smith's Ascent of "MONT BLANC."*—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FLEURS DE LIS.—Next to the origin of heraldry itself, perhaps nothing connected with it has given rise to such controversy as the origin of this celebrated charge. It has been gravely asserted that it was brought down from heaven by an angel, and presented to Clovis, King of the Franks. Upton calls it "*flos gladioli*;" and his translator, Dame Juliana Barnes, tells us that the arms of the King of France "were certainly sende by an Aungell from Heaven, that is to say, iij. flouris in manner of swordis in a field of azure, the which certain armys were given to the aforesaid Kyng of Fraunce in sygne of euerlasting trowbull, and that he and his successors always with battle and swords should be punished." It has been also called a toad, and the head of a spear, and Dallaway and Lower incline to the latter belief. I am not going to record all the arguments which have been from time to time brought forward in support of this or that theory. My province is to state facts, and leave you to draw your own deductions. As an ornament, the Fleur de lys is seen on Roman monuments, and as the top of a sceptre or sword-hilt from the earliest periods of the French monarchy. As a badge or cognizance it first appears on the seals of Louis VII. of France, called *Le Jeune*, and also surnamed Fleury, from the Abbey of that name, the favourite retreat of the French kings, and where Philip I. was buried. By Philip II., surnamed Augustus, the contemporary of our Richard I. and John, it was borne both singly and repeated "*sans nombre*;" and analogy supports the conclusion which one of the most intelligent of French writers on this subject came to long ago—that the Fleur de Lys, or Flower de Luce, was merely a rebus, signifying Fleur de Louis or Flower of Lewis.—*J. Planche.*

THE COUNT DE VIRI was a native of Savoy; he had been originally a monk. In the reign of George the Second he was appointed minister to the English Court. Viri had the sagacity to foresee the position Lord Bute would eventually hold, and paid his court to him so effectually, as to gain a complete ascendancy over him; indeed, the love of intrigue and mystery of the wily Savoyard found a responsive feeling in the breast of the favourite. The conduct of the peace was not the only commission with which Lord Bute charged Viri. It appears by the Hardwicke Papers, that he had assigned to him the scarcely less difficult task of reconciling the Duke of Newcastle to part with the power, while

he retained the title of Minister. His services were amply rewarded. The King granted him a pension of a thousand a-year, on the Irish pension list, under the name of Charles, and allowed his son to succeed him at the Court of London. On his return to Sardinia, Viri retired to his estates in Savoy, on the plea of ill health, but in reality to avoid the Marquis de St. Germain, the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who he knew could not endure him. But hearing that the Marquis was ill, he so timed his visit to Turin, as to arrive when his enemy was at the point of death. Viri knew that he was in no good odour at court. He had reason to suspect that the King of Sardinia was aware of the intrigues that he had set on foot, to prolong his stay in England. The day after the death of M. de St. Germain, he appeared before the King and made his peace with His Majesty, by presenting him with a magnificent suit of Gobelin tapestry, which had been given him by Louis the Fifteenth. M. Dutens, the author of "*Memoirs of a Traveller in Retirement*," was at this time Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Turin, and went frequently to see Viri. He was treated with much apparent confidence by the Count, who seemed anxious to know who was spoken of as the new Foreign Secretary; Dutens telling him that the Count himself was considered the successful candidate: he replied, "I am tired of business, I have already one foot in the grave, and how could any one be so simple as to imagine that I would now go to mix in the bustle of courts and politics?" This assurance he repeated several times. He was

actually at the time the Foreign Secretary. Dutens, on another occasion, applied to Viri on behalf of a friend. Some time after, the Minister sent for him as early as eight o'clock in the morning; and spoke in high terms of his friend, and satisfied him that his request would be granted. Dutens had scarcely got home when he saw his friend, who laughing, told him he knew all that had happened. "Count de Viri," said he, "sent for me at seven o'clock; he wished me to witness how much he had my affairs at heart, and made me conceal myself behind a screen, while he was talking to you." This love of concealment manifested itself in the most trifling concerns. He had once a slight wound on one of his legs, and sent for a surgeon to examine it. A similar accident happening to the other leg, he put that under the care of another surgeon, so that it might not be known that he had hurts on both legs at the same time. When Viri died, his secretary said, in answer to an inquirer, "He is dead, but he does not wish it to be known;" and the King of Sardinia, when he heard of his death, said, "that he would have made a mystery of it if he could." The negotiations with France were carried on by Count de Viri through the medium of his countryman the Bailli de Solar, the Sardinian Ambassador at Paris. The Bailli had been previously ambassador from his own court to that of Rome, at the same time that Choiseul was ambassador from France. A warm friendship had, since that period, subsisted between them. — *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries.*

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH and her COUSIN FANNY.

Fanny. No, cousin, positively I cannot stir till I have finished this third volume.

Mrs. Smith. Then I must be patient. I confess to the evil design of urging you to an hour's practice, because having finished the second volume of "*Ardennan*"* myself, I am looking at the third, in your hand, with most covetous gaze.

Fanny. Is it not a charming book? It is so intensely interesting, that I feel my heart go pit-a-pat, as if the circumstances described were real events happening around me.

Mrs. Smith. It is a very faithful picture of life, and of human nature; and interesting even to the point of excitement as the story is, one is surprised at the simple natural course of events out of which it is woven. This is a true triumph of art, the perfection of art being to hide the artifice. I believe it is no secret that this novel is the production of a very young lady; and it does her honour to have portrayed her characters with so bold and broad a touch. It

is unquestionably one of the healthiest novels of the day.

Fanny. That is just what I feel. I remember once being told that there was a sure test by which to know if one had been in "good company" or not. If we feel wiser, better, and happier, strong in good resolves and noble aspirations, with an increased contempt for the littlenesses and meannesses of life, we may be pretty sure we have been benefited by our associates. If, on the contrary, we feel discontented with our lot, envious, jealous, suspicious, with our ideal drooping to a low standard, we may be pretty sure we have been under what somebody calls "the demoralizing influence of inferior society;" and I have often thought it is just the same with books.

Mrs. Smith. And even in a more marked degree. There are many brilliant and fascinating works of fiction, which yet do strongly confound right and wrong, and especially are they dangerous when they set Love and Duty in opposition, the author spending all the glamour of his genius on Love, which the heroine—it may be—dies rather than relinquishes, and never for one moment sets about combating and conquering.

* "*THE HEIR OF ARDENNAN*;" a Story of Domestic Life in Scotland. By the author "Anne Dysart." 3 vols. (Colburn & Co.)

Fanny. Yet dear Caroline Irvine, in the "Heir of Ardennan," does not combat or conquer her love?

Mrs. Smith. No, because her love, though for so long apparently hopeless, is never opposed to duty. But though she does not conquer it, she combats her own weaknesses, and succeeds in establishing the strong affection of her life as a thing apart, which in no way mars the outward current of her existence—nay, it gives a refining and an ennobling influence to her character, and this because he whom she loves is a good man.

Fanny. He is certainly not the least in the world a common-place hero, "half savage, half sad."

Mrs. Smith. On the contrary, the rare combination of an intellectual man, with a high moral tone, and a thorough man of the world, taking this expression in its best sense. A most creditable ideal of a man; and rarely, I think, have the depth and purity of a young girl's first and well-formed attachment been more truthfully and more delicately depicted than in these pages. The scenes in which Malcolm Gordon calls Caroline his "little friend," when she is striving to console him, while his manly heart is nearly broken by the wrongs he has received from another woman, are most touching.

Fanny. And Agnes, the old maid sister, how admirably is her character drawn!

Mrs. Smith. And what gleams of genuine humour do we discover in the descriptions both of the well-born poor, and the vulgar rich in these pages! Altogether it is a work of great power, of genius in contradistinction to mere talent, and with passages of gentle wisdom welling up perpetually. It comes triumphantly through your test, Fanny; for one feels to have been in "excellent company" when laying it down. But I have another book which you have not yet seen—something totally different from a novel—which, when you have finished "The Heir of Ardennan," we must have a talk about. Don't hurry; there are a dozen passages in "Verdicts" * I want absolutely to study.

Fanny. "Verdicts!" what a strange title! Surely not a horrid law-book!

Mrs. Smith. Assuredly not; but finish your own book.

Fanny. I have just done—and, woman like, have looked at the end.

Mrs. Smith. "Verdicts" is the title given to a satirical poem, of such merit, that my curiosity is piqued to guess the author.

Fanny. I am not fond of satirical writing generally: I like the humorous much better.

Mrs. Smith. I will promise that you shall enjoy this. Satirical it certainly is, but not with the satire that wounds like a poisoned weapon. Shrewd, clear-sighted, and witty as the author proves himself, there is not on one page the rankle of ill-nature or envy. This makes me think that, though he chooses to maintain his incognito, he is neither an unknown nor an unsuccessful writer.

Fanny. But what are the "Verdicts" about?

Mrs. Smith. They are about the Poets of the last half century. A semi-classical, but humorous idea is made the groundwork of the thing. The scene is Olympus. Jupiter, or Zeus—the Greek term being adopted—is described as yawning for "want of something to do," and sick "for a pleasure that's new." Suddenly he determines to look over the judgments which have been passed by Minos for the last fifty years, and Mnemosyne is deputed to read them.

Fanny. A very good idea. I suppose all the poets mentioned are dead?

Mrs. Smith. Not all; for we have side allusions to Tennyson, the Brownings, Bailey the author of Festus, and others, and a few absolute verdicts about authors whose writings, I suppose, have been so long before the world, that their fame and position may be considered to be established—Miss Mitford, the Howitts, Walter Savage Landor, for instance. The varieties of individual taste must always lead people to differ about the merits of poetry; but taken as a whole, I am inclined to think these "Verdicts" very fairly represent what the general ultimate opinion of the world will be.

Fanny. What does Minos say about Wordsworth?

Mrs. Smith. The verdict on him forcibly expresses what is the strong under-current of opinion about him. Somehow or other it has, of latter years, become a point of morals to admire Wordsworth unconditionally. Now, as you and I are of those who confess that he was a regenerator in literature, and has done some things which place him in the highest rank of English poets, yet nevertheless feel that side by side with those noble productions are effusions which to our poor judgment seem tame, trite, cold, and purposeless, we cannot but feel our opinion fortified by the following extract from a Verdict. I must tell you, however, that much warm and discriminating praise goes before.

"I know that with some 'tis their critical rule
To hold him who can't like all Wordsworth a fool.
Now here, for a moment, allow me to pause,
To speculate what was the principal cause,
Besides that already I've had to relate,
That kept men so long from believing him great,
That kept them from throning him straight on the height
Where he sits on Parnassus in all the earth's sight,
Now at once its instructor, its pride, and delight:
Then I venture to say you'll not go far amiss,
If you hold that fools' praise was the prime cause of this.
You'll remember that those who the first show'd
him love,
Rank'd his dulness and nonsense his beauty above;
That those—strange to say—who bow'd down to him
first,
Liked his best pretty well, but fell flat to his worst,
For his wisdom and truth did not near so much
care,
As for just those bare bald things that make people
stare

* "VERDICTS." (Effingham Wilson.)

Which these fools went about spouting everywhere,
And, not dreaming their silliness made a vile jest of
him,
Ask'd men to believe were the wisest and best of
him."

Fanny. Do you think the people who talk so much about Wordsworth have really studied his poetry?

Mrs. Smith. To speak honestly, I fear not; as I have said before, the under current of opinion, when one can get at the truth, is, that we should like his wheat well sifted from the chaff. But here is a burst of enthusiasm about Keats with which I am sure you will sympathise:—

"Young shade, whose white brows greenest laurels
entwine,
In whose deep eyes the fires of fine genius shine,
Welcome, Keats, thou, Olympus's favourite and
mine!
Ah, well may men bless thee! again they behold
Homer's Gods, throned for awe in their mansions of
gold;
Again, lightning-wielder, thy dread thunder-nods
Mortals watch in white fear for, with awe-stricken
Gods;
All of beauty and fear that the great ancient told
Rise in great breathing forms, half as fair as of old;
Once more Aphrodite gleams up from the foam
And lustrous in whiteness, seeks heaven, her home;
Again to the pale shades the winged Hermes speeds;
Again Pan hears Syrinx lament 'mid her reeds;
We watch, 'mid dim woods, not for Dryads in vain,
And Oreads fleet by in the sunbeams again;
Naiads haunt stream and river, and Syrens the
main,
Lulling ocean's soothed waves with their old luring
strain;
Would you have the great white brows of Heré
appear?
Would you gaze on fierce Pallas at rest on her
spear,
Or through swart Hades' realms roam in scarce-
breathing fear?
To your aid the strong power of his high genius call;
For ever before you they breathe, one and all.
Bless him and be blest; a new world you have won,
As fair as the real world that lies 'neath the sun;
Here shall you find peace from existence's strife,
Here a refuge, afar from the worst ills of life.
Had he lived, who had boasted of loftier fame?
Had not Earth searched in vain for a much greater
name
Than his that 'the Quarterly' held up to shame?
And this was a genius for bigots to shriek at!
For Giffords and such things to gibber and squeak
at!
For a Jeffrey to see, after some year or two,
Had merit sufficient to suit his Review,
To be patted and petted with pretty half praise,
That was more meant the critic than poet to raise!
O glory unto the two mighty Reviews
That fame, to those having it, never refuse,
That one or the other have tried to write down
Every name they now lackey with praise and
renown,
Once their scorn, now their idol to praise to the
town!
Well, thank God! truth wins, spite of all they can
pen,
And genius, in spite of them, is seen of men;

They struggle to stifle its lustre in vain,
And only succeed with their blundering disdain,
In giving such natures as Keats's some pain,
And perhaps, when great genius hangs on a breath,
In impoverishing the world with its weak body's
death,
But never, believe me! the death of its mind,
Whose fine inspiration 's left breathing behind,
In due time, its due meed of reverence to find,
Blest is he who their scorn with unmoved contempt
meets,
And their sneers with unruffled indifference treats!
Blest are they who are stronger in frame than was
Keats!
Well, well, he has gone where Reviews sting no
more,
And left us his volumes to love and gloat o'er,
One whose poems we treasure — whose fame we
adore.

"Have we no great poem, as Wilson has said?
Who can say it, that has once 'Hyperion' read,
With its Titan-like strength, and its grand primal
gloom,
Crushing down the awed soul with the fallen Gods'
doom,
Till you shudder and think that 'tis Milton is here,
And half you see drear Pandemonium appear,
With its forms like to Gods, that you love with
strange fear;
Like to those glorious Greek shapes, that so ever
tax man
For wonder and worship, the outlines of Flaxman.
Then his 'Lamia' read over — his sweet 'Agnes'
Eve,
His 'Pot of' sad 'Basil,' and if you can leave
Even these (though they want the full strength that
he grew to
In his great epic fragment) without feeling few to
Such fulness of beauty can truly lay claim,
I hold you a critic in nought but the name,
And hold him, in spite of you, high up to fame.
Then, if what rarer beauty he yet has, you'd learn,
To his odes, that I turn to so often, O turn,
To that sung 'to Autumn' and 'to a Greek urn.'
And if you would hear yet one strain higher still,
Let the hushed air the gush of his 'Nightingale'
fill,
And in you all thoughts but of high rapture kill;
If saddened by losses, or sorrow, or pain,
Pour the joy of its gladness, full flood through your
brain,
Then sober to sadness, and quaff it again.
High honour to those who the God on earth knew,
Cowden Clarke, Leigh Hunt, Sovern — the fine
faithful few,
Who, in life and in death, to his greatness were true;
And honour to Milnes who has ventured to tell
The tale of his struggles and sorrows so well;
And high honour to Shelley, the greatest among
His fellows, who, when in the grave the sweet tongue
Of our poet was stilled, his sweet Elegy sung,
In a strain of sad music — of linked word on word,
Such as was from young Milton for Lycidas heard;
Hark! and while your full heart to its sad sweet-
ness bents,
Drop a blessing and tear to the memory of Keats."

Fanny. The author, whoever he may be, does not at any rate seek to propitiate the great reviews.

Mrs. Smith. He speaks the truth, and thus propitiates a better power than even the great

Quarterlies. I should read half the book to you were I to dwell on all the passages with which you would sympathize. The pages devoted to Scott, Moore, and Byron, are among the ablest—and again most justly reflect in glowing language what thousands have felt. The author of "Verdicts" has a bold, independent spirit, a habit of looking straightforward to the heart of things; and though he chooses to set up for a mere satirist, he shows so much of the true poet's nature in himself, that we are actuated by a sort of unconscious reverence, and acknowledge that he has a right to judge.

Fanny. I should judge that he has an intimate knowledge of literary history and biography.

Mrs. Smith. Unquestionably; hence he brings many adjuncts to bear on each theme. Altogether, it is a poem that we should place on our shelves beside the Poets, as a sort of elaborated index to them. A considerable space is devoted to Byron, but how much that is descriptive of his works is summed up in these two lines—

"Keep them out of your boys' hands and girls' heads, and then
Put them into their way when they're women
and men."

Strange is it that Byron's highest merits are those which are only to be appreciated after experience of life, and yet that his poems are favourites with the young; perhaps I should say *were*, for I am old enough to remark the change in popular taste, and to observe that the youthful scribblers, who a dozen years ago would have mimicked Childe Harold and The Giaour, now affect the rhythm of the "May Queen," or warm their hearts at the glow of the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." But we will not talk of these masterpieces just now.

Fanny. I forgot to ask you what book it was from which you were reading some amusing extracts yesterday.

Mrs. Smith. A gossiping work about the West of England,* full of vivid descriptions of men and manners, and pleasant places. The Great Exhibition is made the thread on which to string shrewd observations, while historical anecdotes and legendary stories lead the reader back every now and then to those curious links which cement the past and present. The work is very charmingly illustrated, and appropriately dedicated to the Earl of Granville.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HAYMARKET.

The event of the month at this theatre has been the production of a new five-act play, entitled "Woman's Heart," which met with a success as deserved as it was brilliant. The plot may be rapidly sketched as follows: *Isolina*, a blind girl of unknown parentage, has been adopted by an old Italian peasant, whose son *Angiolo*, an enthusiast in art, becomes a sculptor. He has imbibed his idea of beauty from the blind girl, and her fine character completes the charm. A devoted attachment exists between them, and nothing seems likely to hinder their union, till the fame of the artist having reached the ears of royalty, he is lured to Court, where a new passion, Ambition, arises in his mind, and, for a time, subdues that of love. *Isolina* becomes heart-broken at the discovery of his coldness; but meanwhile her noble parentage is revealed, and her sight is restored. The *Prince* becomes a suitor to her hand, and commissions *Angiolo*, who is a painter as well as sculptor, to take her portrait. The scene in which they meet is very effective, for *Angiolo* has been commanded to keep silence, and it will be remembered that *Isolina* has never seen him. The contrition and anguish of *Angiolo*, and the magnanimity of the heroine, work out the denouement. The play is beautifully written, and the plot is very artistically conducted. Add to this, that the principal actors, Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and Mr. Howe, performed their parts with admirable ability, and that Miss Vandenhoff was the complete realization of *Isolina*, and the enthusiastic reception of this fine play is readily

understood. A great mystery about the authorship had been maintained; but after repeated and vociferous cries for the author, Mr. Vandenhoff led on his daughter, and announced that the actress and the authoress were one! If applause had been hearty before, it was deafening now, though the enthusiasm had something soft and touching in it. We are grieved to be obliged to say that the second performance of "Woman's Heart" was delayed for many nights in consequence of the serious illness of Miss Vandenhoff—exposure to cold and the excitement of the evening having occasioned complete prostration.

The opera of "Aminta," and various stock pieces, have alternated with each other at this theatre, giving great satisfaction to the most fastidious of playgoers; for certainly the Haymarket audience is the most critical in London. We must not forget to mention the revival of Douglas Jerrold's charming piece, "The House-keeper," which afforded Miss Reynolds an opportunity of proving how steadily and yet rapidly she is gaining ground in public favour. She has ceased to be a "promising" actress, but is, in fact, one of the most finished and accomplished performers in London.

ADELPHI.

A lively, sparkling piece, adapted and modified from the French, but with all the fun left in, whatever else may have been taken out,

* THE WEST OF ENGLAND AND THE EXHIBITION, 1851; by Herbert Byng Hall, K.S.F., Author of "Scenes at Home and Abroad, &c. &c." (Longman and Co.)

has been produced here under the title of the "Leghorn Bonnet." It keeps the audience in a roar of laughter, as may be guessed from the following sketch of the plot, which we extract from the "Musical World," premising that the gentleman who is sent in search of the bonnet is the butt of the piece, and introduced on the scene in a sufficiently comic manner :—

"A lady who was weak enough to give a rendezvous to a military gentleman—not a militiaman, but a real terrific, warlike officer, personified by Mr. Worrell—and was also careless enough to leave her Leghorn bonnet hanging on the branch of a tree, while she herself was hanging on the arm of the officer aforementioned, had her bonnet devoured by a horse belonging to a gentleman about to be married. The lady is in an awful state : she cannot meet her husband again, for—oh, that I must say so, she is married—until she has got a Leghorn bonnet like the one that has been devoured. The officer, like an officer, insists that the gentleman, who is about to be married, shall find one, and sends him on the search, while he and the lady occupy his apartments. The gentleman runs about, rushes, in the first place, to a fashionable *Magazin de Modes*, and is horrified to recognize in the fair mistress of the establishment a former flame of his. Of course, he does not get the bonnet ; all he does get is a little abuse. He now directs his steps to the house of a lady who is said to possess such a bonnet as he desires. She is not at home, but he introduces himself to the husband, who, in the course of the scene, discovers that the bonnet that had been eaten belonged to his own wife. He vows vengeance, and the gentleman who is about to be married, &c., is nearly driven to distraction by the various parties annoying him on all sides, and, more especially, by a large father-in-law, at the head of a number of country cousins, who have followed him all through the piece, making the most atrocious blunders without having the least idea what they are about. At last, however, a bonnet, that answers the purpose exactly, is discovered by accident, and the affair is concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

"We would strongly advise all young ladies to go and see the 'Leghorn Bonnet,' at the Adelphi, for it will convey a most useful lesson to them in a very funny shape, as a tender mother gives her child medicine enveloped in a spoonful of jam. Messrs. Wright and Bedford are exceedingly comical, and Mr. Emery excessively good. Their efforts are rewarded with shouts of laughter, and will, we are sure, render the 'Leghorn Bonnet' (Adelphi pattern) very popular."

Several old favourites have drawn crowds to the Adelphi lately ; among them "Paul Pry," in which Wright's impersonation of the hero is said by old play-goers to rival that of Liston, which five-and-twenty years ago was the town's talk. We remember an old song, the burthen of which was, after enumerating queer things seen and heard—

"But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat."

Nor did any one else either we believe. Therefore, to those genial natures who enjoy legitimate mirth, we recommend a visit to this theatre,

THE MARIONETTES.

All the world of sight-seers are talking about the Marionettes now exhibiting at the Adelaide Gallery. The performance is irresistibly comic, and certainly deserves patronage. The following is from an esteemed contemporary :—

"The puppets thrive. The public goes to witness this exotic entertainment ; the literary world is pleased to recall the days when puppets of old amused Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith ; and the satirical find occasion to remark, that performers whose heads are professedly wooden are at any rate more honest than many human artists, who, though similarly provided in the upper story, are not equally candid in confession. The sense of their growing importance is visibly set forth in their movements. They no longer wave timidly in the air, as when they first appeared ; but they plant their feet firmly on the stage, as if aware of the stability of their position. The notion of their freedom from a Chamberlain's *surveillance* seems to have penetrated their little solid skulls, and in their newest exhibitions they abuse the French President with an Aristophanic license, which, if they are lucky, may draw upon them the reprobation of the House of Lords. A very clever little piece, called 'The United Services,' has been written for these Marionettes by a gentleman of considerable literary eminence. The plot, turning on the clandestine invitation given to a policeman and a life-guardsmen by a brace of female servants, is slight enough ; but the rhymed dialogue, bristling with allusions to topics of the day, is snarlingly written, and elicits new peculiarities in the performers. The swell life-guardsmen is a most fascinating personage, and the manner in which the inanimate party sits down to a supper-table might furnish a subject for the illustration of a book on good behaviour. Then there is the pantomime, costumed after the Neapolitan fashion, in which a little man with a hoop does astounding feats to the amazement of a Pierrot, whose stupidity is scarcely less clever. Altogether, the puppets, as we have said, are in a thriving condition."

WOOLWICH.—MISS EDITH HERAUD.

We have again occasion to call attention to the acting of this young lady, whose success, it seems, induced the management to renew her engagement. On Monday, Feb. 2nd, she performed *Ophelia*, in "Hamlet ;" on Wednesday, the 4th, *Mariana*, in "The Wife ;" and on Saturday, the 7th (being for her benefit), *Julia*, in "The Hunchback," and *Katherine*, in "Taming of the Shrew." In all these characters Miss Heraud manifested that spontaneity of histrionic aptitude, which we believe to be the soul of all art. Miss Heraud acts as she feels ; hence her *Ophelia* was a touching and beautiful impersonation. In the part of *Mariana*, from the same cause, she achieved a perfect triumph—interesting the audience in the maiden, the wife, the betrayed duchess, and the faithful woman. The sympathy she excited, through all the phases of the pathetic story, was deep-seated, and the applause consequently genuine. *Julia* is an elaborate stage-built part, which requires the practised actress ; but Miss Heraud proved herself equal to its most difficult situations, and

rose to the sublimity of the final appeal to *Master Walter's* equity and sense of mutual responsibility. There was in this a rhetorical display required, the weight of which has sunk many an aspirant. Miss Heraud's fine voice and physical energy carried her not only safely but victoriously through this passionate and vehement strain of declamation. Nor was she less powerful in *Katherine*, the "Shrew," in which she not only showed much comic *ais*, but evidently entered into the character and business of the scene with an evident love for the production of mirth, and a buoyant vivacity that were perfectly delightful. We understand that she will probably soon appear at Woolwich again, in some new characters.

SOIREEES MUSICALES.

In our last number we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Aguilar's series of classical concerts at the New Beethoven Rooms; and since we wrote, the second and third of them have taken place. These thoroughly intellectual entertainments will long be remembered by those who were present. On the 10th ultimo, Mr. Aguilar's solo performances were Beethoven's sonatas in B flat, Op. 22, in E Op. 90, and in G, Op. 79; productions very different in character, though all evincing the power of the great master. They afforded Mr. Aguilar the opportunity of proving his own varied powers, and establishing himself yet more firmly in popular favour. Combining as he does so thorough a mastery over mechanical difficulties that the careless observer is apt to forget their existence, his whole soul is occupied in the truthful and effective rendering of the composer's idea. This is surely the perfection of music, and the combination of excellencies in this young artiste entitles him to take rank as a pianist of the highest order. Mr. Aguilar also played a sonata with Herr Lutgen, a violoncellist of great merit, which was most brilliantly executed. These four sonatas were pleasantly divided by vocal performances of Mrs. C. S. Wallack and Miss L. Baxter. At the second soirée, Miss Messent was the vocalist, and acquitted herself with her usual distinction. On both occasions the rooms

were crowded with a select and discriminating audience.

The first of Mr. Handel Gear's musical soirées took place at his residence, 17, Saville Row, on the 18th ultimo. The concert opened with the Andante, Scherzo, and Finale from Mendelssohn's second trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, admirably played by the youthful pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr A. Pollitzer, and Herr H. Lutzen. Horsley's glee, "See the Chariot at Hand," was most effectively rendered by the Messrs. Foster, Handel Gear, Stretton, and Staines. Miss Dolby was deservedly encored in the beautiful ballad of "Ida," and sang an Italian song, and also in a quartet. Late in the evening Miss A. Goddard executed a favourite fantasia of Thalberg's, in a perfectly wonderful manner, and Miss Amy Dolby sang a duet with her sister. We must not omit a word of praise to Miss Birch, who sang an Italian cavatina, and took part in a quartet, in a style which showed the true musician as well as vocalist. The attendance was very numerous, and we may congratulate Mr. Gear on his deserved success. His last soirées is announced for the 9th of March.

On the 9th ultimo, Mrs. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, gave a musical entertainment at the New Beethoven Rooms, of a novel and very attractive character. It consisted of a Lecture, literary, critical, and musically illustrated, on Sacred Music, and was a very happy idea most ably carried out. The vocal illustrations were from Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, Mehul, Pergolesi, and other composers, and were given by Mrs. Gibbs in a manner that elicited universal admiration. It would be well if certain of our popular singers would take a lesson from this lady, imitate the distinctness of her articulation, and that chaste method which is so essential to exponents of Sacred Music. The pure and expressive style of her singing is beyond all praise. Why is it that we do not hear of Mrs. Gibbs more frequently in our Metropolitan Concert Rooms, or at Exeter Hall, or other Oratorios, where she could not fail to be a great acquisition? Her execution, the evening of the lecture, of "Angels ever bright and fair," and of "He was despised," from the Messiah, were models of what sacred music should be.

THE GARDEN.—MARCH.

"There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field."

WORDSWORTH.

Greenhouse.—Calceolarias are now in a very active state of growth. Continuo shifting them as occasion requires, which will ensure a succession of blooming plants. The earliest shifted ones have now their pots full of roots, and are throwing up for bloom; therefore give them now and then some

clear, weak manure water; but every care will be in vain if the green fly gets ahead; therefore it is most important that they should be slightly fumigated every ten days, or a fortnight at most. Pelargoniums required for late flowering should now have their final shift; persevere in training out the fora

ward plants, and be careful in removing all decaying leaves. In some of the tenderer fancy varieties these will often cause the stems to rot. The greater part of the fancy sorts are now throwing up the trusses for bloom, which in plants required to flower late had better be picked off. A few annuals for the decoration of this house or the conservatory had better be sown in pots on a gentle bottom heat, such as *Schizanthus*, *Nemophilla*, *Clintonia*, *Rhodanthe*, *Brachycoma*, *Cockscombs*, and *Amarantha*.

Conservatory.—Most of the permanent inmates of this structure are now started into growth, and will require a liberal application of water. Oranges, Camellias, *Rhododendrons*, and indeed most free-rooting plants, when in a healthy state, are apt to get very dry towards the centre of the mass of roots. When such is the case—and a practised eye will soon detect it by the appearance of the plant—take a good-sized iron prong, and probe the border in several places to let in the water. The forward pruned climbers will now be making growth, and should be kept constantly trained out; thin out the shoots where too much crowded, in order to produce finer flowers and foliage. Continue to introduce a succession of plants into the forcing-house, particularly some of the earlier raised hybrid *Rhododendrons*, which are better adapted for forcing than any of the hardier ponticum varieties, and their beauty is in every way superior.

Peach House.—The final thinning of the fruit may now be given in the earliest houses, taking care to leave a few over what the tree is calculated to bear, to make up for such as fall in stoning. It is observed, however, that where the process of thinning the fruit and disbudding is commenced early, and gradually carried on, much less fruit will fall in stoning than where those operations are more generalized. Be careful that the roots do not want for tepid water at this stage, to which a little liquid manure may sometimes be added with great advantage.

Cherries.—See that plants setting fruit do not want for water at the roots, and keep up a growing humidity in the atmosphere with occasional syringing, and take every opportunity of favourable weather to admit a free circulation of air.

Figs.—These will require to have a humid atmosphere maintained, with abundance of tepid water and liquid manure at the roots. Increase the heat as the plants advance in growth. Thin out the branches where too much crowded, and stop the young branches when long enough.

Pits and Frames.—Maintain a brisk bottom heat, ranging from 75 degrees as a medium to Cucumbers in fruit; plants for succession must also be kept in a free growing state, and well stopped as they advance. Melons for an early crop should now be planted out, and receive the same attention with regard to temperature and general treatment; sow seed of the later sorts for the main crops. The same will apply to Cucumbers, of which a good stock should now be sown. Sow seed of *Capsicums* and *Chillies* for an early crop. Keep plenty of fermenting materials in readiness for immediate service.

Shrubbery.—Planting of all kinds should now be brought speedily to a close; not only for the good of the plants, but because every day will now bring a variety of imperative spring-work, the neglect of which will tell very much against the beauty and high keeping that will be looked for by-and-bye.

Flower Garden.—Some Ten-week and German Stocks for early flowering should now be sown in

pots or pans, and placed on a gentle bottom heat. Sow also a pan of *Delphinium sinensis* for autumn flowering. Look well to all advancing beds or patches of bulbs, and stir the surface-soil about them, and dress with soot and ashes. Hand-lights placed over choice herbaceous plants should now be removed every fine day, and only kept on at night when frost threatens.

Fruit Garden.—Peaches and Nectarines should now be pruned and nailed immediately; and, when completed, previously to applying the protective coverings, syringe them forcibly with the garden-engine, with water in which soft-soap and sulphur have been dissolved. The best water for the purpose is that which has been poured into a tub on some quick-lime, and allowed to stand to get quite clear. Some branches of evergreens, placed as a protection to the choicer kinds of Pears, will often ensure a crop. Partially remove coverings from Fig-trees. In digging through the beds of Gooseberries and Currants, apply a liberal dressing of hot quick-lime both to the trees and to the soil, which will greatly tend to keep down the Gooseberry caterpillar.

NEW AND RARE PLANT.

GALEANDRA DEVONIANA.—(Lindl.—Part. Fl. Garden.)—To those that cultivate Orchids, this is perhaps one of the finest and most valuable of the South American kinds, as its flowers, when once become expanded, may be kept for a long time in perfection. Although it was introduced to English collections before 1840, yet few remain more scarce even at the present time. It is a terrestrial species, of great beauty, and requires to be grown in the warmest division of the orchid-house until the flowers are expanded; then if it is removed to a cool department they will remain for two months in perfection. The terrestrial kinds have usually roundish oblong or ovate pseudo-bulbs; but this species is quite destitute of them, the stems being similar to *Phajus alba*, clustered, and uniform to the base,



Galeandra Devoniana.



leafy above, with the leaves much sheathing the stem, and are deciduous; the flowers are large, few, and are produced in a terminal panicle, sepals and petals spreading and slightly ascending; lanceolate, of a darkish purple green at the margin, and at the base externally; lip very large, projecting, white tipped, and streaked with purple. This species was detected by Schomburgk, near the Rio Negro, a river which discharges itself into the Amazon. He

found it growing in clusters or patches five or six feet high, and ten or twelve in circumference. What would our exhibitors say to such a mass of this rare orchid, on the table of an exhibition-tent! The largest plant of it that we have seen is in the magnificent collection of S. Rucker, Esq., Wandsworth, and consists of a few stems not more than two or three feet high.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR MARCH.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVY, 78, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

The fashions for the spring season, as every one knows, cannot be considered settled till after Easter; for the display made in Paris at the *fête of Longchamps* by the leaders of *ton*, establishes what is, and what is not to be worn. Still there are premonitory signs already afloat to indicate the style that is likely to be in vogue.

A decided novelty is the *soie arc-en-ciel*. This "rainbow silk" is made in various colours, but we may describe two or three dresses. One has a deep flounce, shaded in shot from a dark to a light blue, the deep flounce being surmounted by five narrow ones, shaded to correspond. The skirt itself, but little of which is seen, is blue *glacé*, a shot of the dark and light blue. It must be borne in mind that, though these flounces have the characteristics of shot silk, the deeper shades always appear towards the bottom, and graduate in the delicate manner which gives the silk its name. Another, in a similar style, has all the shades of rose colour shot with white, the flounces being edged with a white silk fringe. A third is shaded from a full blue to white. The *corsages* of these dresses are high, and together with the pagoda sleeves, are trimmed with narrow *volante*, shaded to correspond with those on the skirt.

Flounces continue to be much worn in thin materials; and brocades and *moire* antique silks have frequently the pattern woven in breadths to represent them. For morning dresses, however, trimmings down the front are preferred.

We have already described several waistcoats, and need only observe that they continue in high favour—a circumstance not to be wondered at, from their convenience and comfort. They are made in black and coloured silks, richly and variously embroidered, both black and white bugles being introduced. A lavender-watered silk, embroidered in black, is very appropriate for half mourning. And there is a white cashmere, embroidered with silk and white bugles, which is particularly elegant.

Silk aprons, either to contrast or correspond with the morning dress, are little likely to go out of favour. Those of rich black silk, either watered or *moire* antique, trimmed with velvet or *dentelle de laine*, or embroidered in silk and bugles, are generally preferred, although coloured ones are also worn.

The *broderie Anglaise*, either with or without the addition of Valenciennes lace, is indispensable for the morning toilet, the chemisette and hanging

sleeves being made of course to correspond. Perhaps few adjuncts of dress are more important, or more mark a correct taste, than elegant *lingerie*.

The bonnets are very open just in the front, but rather less round than they were some time ago. One called *chapeau écossais* is particularly adapted for the early spring, its brightness affording a relief to the winter garments, which the cold winds of this season compel us yet to retain. This Scotch bonnet is composed almost entirely of plaid ribbon and black lace, only a small portion of open straw being visible: it is remarkably pretty, and a little coquettish.

There is a sufficiently warm bonnet of white silk, trimmed outside with blonde and white bugles; the inside being ornamented with narrow loops of that beautiful green called *vert d'Isley*, with white flowers resembling azaleas.

A very simple, but elegant bonnet, is composed of pink silk, black velvet, and narrow black lace; the cap being of pink roses, white blonde, and black velvet ends.

A yet more wintery bonnet is of garnet-coloured velvet, and black and white fancy straw: it has a feather shaded from black to garnet colour, and white flowers underneath. The strings are of a rich white ribbon, with black and yellow edge.

Evening dresses have still the *corsage Louis Quinze*. For young unmarried ladies the *coiffure* is generally of flowers. There is a new fancy wreath composed only of green leaves of several shades, and silver tendrils and pods. It is very chaste, and may be worn to advantage with any colour except blue. The Bacchante wreath of grapes and flowers is still occasionally seen.

For married ladies there are many new and elegant head-dresses. One of the prettiest is of blue *glacé* silk, white blonde, and a drooping bunch of *roses pompons* on each side. Another is made in two pieces, and is composed of black or coloured velvet, pearls, and short white feathers. A network of velvet and pearls covers the back of the head, a small feather being fastened at each side; then a plaited roll of velvet and pearls—which might be worn alone—comes across the head, and may be brought low on the forehead when that style is becoming.

As a rule it may be said that *coiffures* remain very full at the sides, though drooping flowers or ends of velvet hang therefrom. The rings and loops so much worn last year are quite gone by, but

bugles, both black and white, are much used. Both for dresses and bonnets bright colours have the preference, the dull shades of cinnamon, brown, and stone colour, which there was an attempt to introduce, having dropped out of notice. There is no wonder at this; for, except to extreme youth, and a

particularly brilliant complexion, they are very unbecoming.

Our plate represents two evening dresses. The one is of black lace—a double skirt—over gold colour satin. The other is composed of pink silk, pink tulle, white lace, and quillings of ribbon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again remind our numerous correspondents that we cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, or write about them, unless postage stamps are sent to cover the expense.

We have received the following information which was sought in our last number:—"In answer to the inquiry of 'Simplicia,' in your last number, I beg to inform her that the lady Quakers mostly *make* their own caps. The principal bonnet establishment in town is that of Sparkes and Pumfrey, 76, Houndsditch, London; where, no doubt, caps may also be procured.—FREDERICA."

FEMININE SUPERIORITY.—The following extract from a newspaper will probably interest many of our readers:—"As 'lords of the creation,' our vaunted superiority of intellect has received a severe and humbling rebuke in connection with progress and talent displayed by the pupils at the Government School of Design in Dublin. In a report which has just come under our notice, of the distribution of prizes to the students, Professor Harrison, in the course of his report to the annual meeting, says prizes had been awarded to sixty-eight pupils. The competition had been general, but the 'female pupils had obtained the larger share of them.' It was remarkable also that, in the adjudication of the medals for good answering, 'the female students had carried away all the honours.' 'In botany the medal for good answering had been taken by a female student, and the same had been the case in chemistry, in geometry, and in optics. The *only* branch in which a male pupil had obtained a medal for his answering was anatomy, and it was to be observed that from that course of lectures the female pupils had been excluded.' At the close of the report we read thus—"Silver medals for proficiency in science applied to the fine arts: Botany, Louisa Brady; zoology, Louisa Brady; optics, Elizabeth Kelly.' This seems all but an unconditional surrender of the lordly pretensions, and the application of the term 'weaker sex' would seem in need of being reversed."

X. is informed that memorial windows, and all other manufactures in painted and stained glass, can be procured at Powell's warehouse, Temple-street, Whitefriars. This is, we believe, one of the best establishments in the metropolis, and moderate in its charges.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SIGNED HERSELF A VERY YOUNG LADY, &c., must not think us wanting in courtesy in not paying earlier attention to her request, but the fact is that we have had so many poems for months past, and not been able to find room for them, that we are greatly in arrears in complying with the wishes of our correspondents. Her verses are, however, in the hands of the printer, and shall duly appear.

ALPHA BETA.—The above remarks apply equally

to this correspondent; we will look over his new poems at our first leisure moment.

INFELIX.—Do not despair. Consult Dr. Tilt's work "On the Preservation of the Health of Women" (*published by Churchill*), which is the most valuable little treatise on the subject we know. It was reviewed in our January number. In the name of all that is precious, we conjure you not to quack yourself.

CAB REFORM.—We have much pleasure in informing our readers that this most desirable object is at last in a fair way of being accomplished, by the formation of "THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER CAB COMPANY;" one of the very few companies of the kind—perhaps the only one—entitled to the entire respect and confidence of the public. The directors are honourable and practical business-like men; and as they intend not to enter into any contracts or give any orders until they have the money to meet them, they cannot incur any debts or liabilities. The project must succeed if it is only fairly supported by the public; and we do not hesitate to invite this support, as it is very certain that the present cab nuisance can only be abolished by such a combination. The fares will be 6d. per mile, and the drivers will be responsible and picked men, and distinguished by liveries. The estimates, which we have seen, are most satisfactory: after allowing for every conceivable expense on the most liberal scale, with an addition of £50 per week for contingencies, the estimates prove that if the cabs are employed for only *one quarter of the time* they are plying for hire, they will realize a *profit* of 20 per cent. on the capital invested:—thus, if a cab is on duty from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening—fourteen hours—it need not be actually at work for more than three hours and a half each day to realize the profit we have mentioned. Strike off 10 per cent. for losses of different kinds, and then there remains a very handsome dividend. Gold mines are just now very showy and attractive speculations; but surely there can be no more worthy, safe, and legitimate investment than "THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER CAB COMPANY."

FRITZ.—Accepted.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS, whom we will not more pointedly identify, have sent us for insertion short poems, which we are sorry to say do not come up to our present standard. Progress is being made in everything else, and why should poetry not improve with the times? Verses that would have suited, if not pleased us, three years ago, will neither suit nor please us now.

MRS. H., or MRS. K., Dublin (for the initial is very illegible).—The Victoria Braid may be procured by post, or otherwise, from Mrs. Pullan, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London.

M. D. and A SUBSCRIBER.—The patterns mentioned will appear in an early number.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

APRIL, 1852.

MEMOIR OF MADAME DU DEFFAND.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Concluded from page 117.)

However disposed to make allowance for the effect likely to be produced on the temper of the Marquise du Deffand, by the calamity that befel her in the total loss of sight, this infirmity fell less heavily on her than it might have done on a woman fond of the beauties of nature, and finding her greatest pleasure in the contemplation of the countless charms which it offers to those who can appreciate them. We find no indication in her letters that she possessed any love of nature. Sunshine, by so worldly-minded a woman, was valued only as a medium of warmth: its brilliant beams playing on trees, plants, and the bright flowers it opened into bloom, delighted her not; and as it glanced over hills and dales, giving various hues to distant mountains, or sparkled on the bosoms of lakes and rivers, she heeded not its effect—an effect that can make the nerves of more sensitive mortals thrill with delight, and lift their hearts to the Creator. Content with the conversation of the clever persons around her, she cared not to look into their faces to see how far the expression of their countenances corresponded with that of their lips. From early youth, whatever happiness she had experienced had been artificial, derived wholly from the gratification of her selfishness, and the society of those who resembled her in many points; and this happiness was still spared to her, for she was not in her blindness and age deserted by those with whom she had passed her better days, except by the persons whom she had quarrelled with for adhering to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. The separation from this individual, after a companionship of above ten years, produced no change, awakened no reflections on her own faults in Madame du Deffand. That Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was much more kindly disposed is proved by the following letter addressed by her to the Marquise, a month after their separation:—

“ You fixed a term, Madame, for me to have the honour of seeing you. That term appears very long to me, and I should be very happy if you would shorten it. I have nothing nearer to my heart than the desire to merit your kindness; condescend then to grant it, and give me the dearest proof, in acceding me the permission to go and renew in person

the assurance of a respect and affection which will only end with my life, and with which I have the honour to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

“ ESPINASSE.”

The answer, sent the next day, was as follows:—

“ I cannot consent to see you so soon, Mademoiselle; the conversation which I had with you, and which led to our separation, is still too fresh in my memory. I cannot believe that it is the sentiment of friendship which makes you want to see me. It is impossible to love those by whom one knows one is detested, abhorred, &c., &c.; by whom one's self-love is incessantly humiliated, crushed, &c., &c., &c. These are your own words, and the result of the impressions which you formed for a long time of those whom you said were your true friends. They may have been so, and I wish with all my heart that they may procure for you all the advantages which you expect; pleasure, fortune, and respect, &c., &c. What could you make of me at present—of what use could I be to you? My presence could not be agreeable to you; it would only serve to remind you of the commencement of our acquaintance, of the years that followed it; and all this is good for nothing but to be forgotten. Nevertheless, if hereafter you should happen to recollect me with pleasure, and that the recollection produces in you some remorse, some regret, I do not pique myself on a firmness austere and cruel. I am not insensible. I can comprehend well enough the truth. A sincere return of good feeling may touch me, and revive in me the inclination and the tenderness which I once had for you; but until then, Mademoiselle, let us remain as we are, and content yourself with the wishes which I offer for your happiness.”

This letter conveys no favourable impression of the writer: it proves how retentive was her memory of the reproachful expressions wrung from a moment of anger and indignation, occasioned probably by her own injustice, from Mademoiselle l'Espinasse.

It was in a few months after her separation from her companion that the Marquise du Deffand formed the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, an acquaintance which led to as warm a friendship as was consistent with the natural

character of both, but which contributed little to the happiness of either. The *ennui* to which the lady had been more or less a victim all her life, assailed her with greater force as she advanced into it, and she was prone to seek a relief from this malady in aught that could excite in her even a temporary interest. It was perhaps in this feeling that her friendship with Horace Walpole originated, while his probably had its source in his curiosity to become initiated in the coteries then so prevalent in Paris, and into which a better opportunity of penetrating could not be furnished than by frequenting the circle of Madame du Deffand, where the most remarkable persons in the French capital then congregated. Horace Walpole's own account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Madame du Deffand is very graphic, but proves that he then entertained no very flattering opinion of her. It is given in a letter to his friend, the Hon. H. S. Conway:—

"There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Hérault is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's—an old blind debauchée of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table; is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar."*

Three months after this we find Horace Walpole more pleased with the Marquise du Deffand, whom he terms "the old blind charming Madame du Deffand."

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Gray, dated Paris, Jan. 25, 1766, he again refers to the old lady:—†

"Madame du Deffand was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old, and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these four-score years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she rarely falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love or hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved—I don't mean by lovers—but a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher

rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich."

What a picture of the woman and the eaters of her suppers! However amusing it might have been to Horace Walpole, it saddens the heart to contemplate it.

All her visitors were not as he described them. Several of them entertained for her a sincere regard, and sought her society when they might have enjoyed the most agreeable and brilliant elsewhere. Horace Walpole left Paris for England in April, 1766, to the great regret of the Marquise du Deffand, who indulged a sorrow on this occasion much more consonant with the feelings of a young woman at the departure of her lover, than of an old one at that of a friend, and a friend too of only a few months' standing. The warmth of her expressions and the depth of the regret they conveyed alarmed him to whom they were addressed, lest he should be exposed to ridicule—an evil which to a mind like his was the most serious he could imagine. The Marquise, then in her sixty-ninth year, and he in his forty-eighth, might certainly entertain a friendship free from the dread of scandal. Nevertheless, he was haunted by this dread, and had neither generosity nor delicacy enough to conceal it from her, or to submit to the exaggerated expressions of regard so peculiar to the woman and to her country, which she lavished on him, and which no one but himself could suppose would lead to misrepresentation. He warned, he prohibited, he reproached the poor old woman for every phrase indicative of affection, which slipped from her pen, careless of the pain he inflicted, and proving that he cared more not to incur the chance of a ridicule which he ought to have despised than to forbear humiliating one who drew on herself his unkindness by the excess of her attachment to him. That his representations and expostulations on this subject greatly pained and humiliated her, is testified by her answers to his letters. The very first he wrote to her on his route to England contained injunctions on this point, for she replied to it:—

"* I commence by assuring you of my prudence; I do not suspect any dissembling motive for the recommendation you have given me. No one shall know of our correspondence, and I will follow exactly all that you have laid down. I have already commenced by concealing my chagrin, and except to the President † and Madame de Jonsac ‡ to whom I could not avoid speaking of you, I have not uttered your name."

In another passage of the same letter she writes:—

"My age, and the confidence I have of not passing for a fool, naturally would give me the security of being safe from ridicule." ‡

In her second letter, written to him in answer to

* Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 80.

† Idem, p. 110. ‡ Idem, p. 124.

* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 2.

† The President Hérault.

‡ Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 37.

one received from Amiens, she thus expresses herself:—

"If you were French, I should not balance in thinking you a great fop; you are English, and are only a great fool. Where, I pray, have you found out that I give myself up to indiscretions, and romantic fits of passion? Indiscretions may pass, as the utmost that may be said; but for *romantic fits of passion*, it puts me into frenzy, and I would willingly tear those eyes which are said to be so fine, but which assuredly you cannot suspect to have turned my head."

The style adopted by Mr. Walpole towards Madame du Deffand was certainly not calculated to console her for his absence. In May he wrote to her as follows:—

"On my return to Strawberry Hill, I found your letter; which could not but have caused me some chagrin.* Are your lamentations then, Madame, never to finish? You make me greatly suspect my frankness. It would have been better to have confined myself to a simple interview. Why did I avow my friendship? It was to satisfy you, and not to augment your cares, suspicions, and perpetual anxieties. Truly, if friendship is to have all the *ennui* of love without the pleasures, I see nothing that tempts me to seek it. In place of showing it to me under its best face, you present it all in clouds. I renounce friendship if it only creates bitterness. You turn the letters of Heloise into mockery, and yours become a hundred times more lacrymose. Take back your Paris; I love not *ma mie au gue*. Yes, I should love her well enough if gay; but very little when sad. Yes, yes, *ma mie*, if you wish that our intercourse should last, place it on a less tragic footing. Be not like the Countess de Suge, who wasted herself away in elegies on a ridiculous person. Am I made to be the hero of an epistolary romance? And how is it possible, Madame, that with so much wit as you have, you adopt a style that revolts your Pyldes; for you would not have me consider myself an Orondales? Speak to me as a reasonable woman, or I will copy the answers to the Portuguese letters."

The Marquise du Deffand's answer to the above letter proves that it mortified and wounded her feelings.

"I don't know," wrote the lady, "whether the English are harsh and ferocious; but I know that they are vain and insolent. The proofs of friendship, the attentions, the desire to meet again, the cares, the sadness, the regret for their separation—they take all this for the proofs of a violent passion; they become weary and tormented, and declare it with so little delicacy, that one feels as if detected in a crime; one blushes, one is ashamed and confused, and one would fire a hundred cannons against those who are so insolent. This is the feeling I entertain towards you; and it is only the excess of your folly that obtains your pardon."†

In another letter she says:—

"You have produced such an effect by your lessons, your precepts, your scoldings, and the worst of all, by your irony, that you have almost arrived at rendering me false, or at least dissembling."

There is a want of feeling in the reproaches

of Horace Walpole to this poor old blind woman, that is very revolting; and the more so that they must reach her ear through the medium of her secretary, Wyast, who was also her servant, which must have increased her humiliation. This faithful and devoted servant, who had entered her service many years before, justified the confidence she placed in him; and, by the following letter which he addressed to Horace Walpole, on the 24th of September, 1766, proves that although of humble birth and station, he had more delicacy and tenderness in his nature than that gentleman:—

"SIR,*—I dare to humbly supplicate you to order one of your people to put in the post twice a week a bulletin of the state of your health. I cannot tell you to what point the curiosity of Madame extends. I take the liberty of telling you this unknown to her, because I know she has formed a resolution not to write to you, in order not to give you the trouble of writing an answer, which would fatigue you in the state of weakness you are in. But, sir, I ask you as a favour to have a little bulletin in English sent twice a week; I have at present an English master who comes to give me lessons every day, and who will translate what you will have the goodness to have written. Do not take the trouble, sir, of writing yourself. I cannot express the anxiety in which Madame is about your health; she tells every moment that I must set out for England, that I could perhaps be useful to you, and a great resource to her. I should be very happy, sir, if I could hope to be of any service to you; and I would not postpone my departure a moment. I assure you that this is very true and sincere. I can answer, sir, that if true friends exist, you may boast to have found in Madame a friend such as there are few examples of. Relieve her from anxiety as often as it is possible. If you could see as I do the state in which she is, it would excite your pity; it prevents her from sleeping, and makes her feverish. I apply myself diligently to the English language, in order to be able to translate your letters; but I foresee that I cannot do this before four or five months hence. But, sir, I repeat, don't give yourself the trouble of writing yourself; one of your people can write the bulletin in English, and my English master, who is every day here at the hour that the postman brings the letters, will translate it at the moment. I ask a thousand pardons, sir, for the liberty which I take, but I believe it to be my duty to inform you of the anxiety of Madame about your health; this furnishes me also, sir, with an occasion for thanking you for the kindness you have condescended to have for me. I supplicate you to be persuaded of my attachment and respect.

"WYAST."

There is something peculiarly touching in the above letter, which offers a forcible contrast to those addressed by the person to whom he writes, to the old and infirm lady, and the contrast is not calculated to elevate Horace Walpole in our esteem.

Many years previous to the friendship formed by the Marquise du Deffand for Mr. Walpole she had indulged one for M. Pont de Veysle, which lasted nearly half a century, and finished not until his death. Though much more de-

* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 87.

† Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 36.

* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 59.

voted to her than ever Horace Walpole had been, M. de Pont de Veyle's society did not afford her much consolation in her blindness, for though a writer of considerable talents, he was grave and silent, and seldom permitted to escape in conversation the amusing and original ideas to be found in his novels, parodies, and songs. In the President Hérault, and Monsieur Pont de Veysle, the Marquise du Deffand found her most constant, though not her most entertaining friends. The first kept one of the best tables at Paris, which was frequented by excellent company, who were not deterred from partaking of his luxurious suppers by his extreme deafness, which compelled all who spoke to him to strain their voices to the utmost pitch, if they wished to be audible. Madame de Jonsac, his niece, an amiable and well bred woman, did the honours of the President's house; and there might Madame du Deffand be seen, ay, and heard too, every night that he received company, occupying the seat of honour by her host, as she was more frequently appealed to by him when he wished to know what was going on around him, than any one else. The President Hérault had been many years superintendent of the Palace of the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth, and was said to have assisted the Duchesse de Luynes, the aunt of the Marquise du Deffand, in procuring from their royal mistress the grant of a pension of six thousand livres a year for the Marquise when she became blind.

The friendship of the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul for Madame du Deffand continued unabated to the end of her life. While the Duc was prime minister, this intimacy reflected credit on the old lady, for people believed that she exercised an influence over him that might be turned to account for her friends, which was not, however, the case; but when, owing to his opposition to the new favourite, the Comtess du Barry, he was exiled to Chanteloup, Madame du Deffand evinced a devotion to him and his amiable Duchess, which proved that in adversity she could adhere to her friends even more warmly than in prosperity. She always spoke of, and treated the Choiseuls, as her relations, although they were only remotely connected with her, and called them by the endearing epithets of "grand papa" and "grand mamma." The following verses were addressed to them on the anniversary of the birth of the Duchesse:—

"A la cadette des mamans,
Des enfans la doyenne,
Avant le jours des complimens
Présente son étienne.
Tout prouve mon empressement,
Ainsi que ma constance,
Puisque j'aime ma grand' maman
Du jour de sa naissance.
Du grand papa
Je ne suis plus petite-fille
Du grand papa
Quand on n'est plus jeune et gentille,
On est exclu de la famille
Du grand papa." *

These verses give no favourable notion of the talent of the Marquise du Deffand, and lead the reader to doubt the assertion so frequently made that the verses attributed to her were written by some of the literary men who frequented her house. Indeed, of all the verses said to be written by this lady, there is not a single one that justifies her reputation as a *bel esprit*.

A very characteristic scene is described as having taken place between her and Monsieur Pont de Veysle a short period before his death. The parties are represented as follows:—The Marquise is seated in her large easy chair, which had been often compared to the Tub of Diogenes, and her old friend reclined in a *bergère* at the other side of the fire. The lady calls—

"Pont de Veysle?"

And he answers—

"Madame."

"Where are you?"

"By your fire-side, reclining, with my feet on the fender, at ease, as one is at a friend's."

"One must admit that there are few friendships that have lasted as long as ours."

"Yes, Madame, that is true."

"It has now endured fifty years."

"Yes, fifty years have passed."

"And in that long interval not one cloud, not even the semblance of a quarrel."

"A circumstance which I have often reflected on, Madame."

"But Pont de Veysle, may that not have been owing to our having always in reality been very indifferent towards each other?"

"Yes, Madame, this may well have been the cause."

During the last illness of Comte de Veysle the Marquise du Deffand treated him with more attention than could have been anticipated from a woman with so little feeling; but on the evening he died, she, to the surprise of all the company, came to a large supper party given by Madame de Marchais. When that lady offered her the customary consolation on the loss she had so recently undergone, the Marquise replied, "Alas! he died this evening at six o'clock; otherwise, you would not see me here."

La Harpe gives this anecdote as a proof of her hardness of heart; but may not her reply have originated in the philosophic spirit that she would not have left him while he lived, and sought relief from her regret by coming into society? La Harpe adds, that the Marquise did ample justice to the supper. Madame du Deffand was not only a *gourmande* but a *gourmande*, and fond of delicate fare; herself believed that it would be the surest attraction to draw her guests to her house. "Be sure," she would often say to her cook, "that the supper is excellent; for I have more need of society than ever."

When the President Hérault's last days were approaching, Madame du Deffand referred to

* Correspondence du Baron Griman, tome iv. p. 365.

his loss of memory in a letter to Horace Walpole* as follows:—

"Ah! my God, what a sad state the head of the poor President is in! I have just received a letter from him written by himself, in which he tells me of a fall he had yesterday in his room, and of which he told me last evening. He has no longer any memory. This pains my heart and disgusts me with life. How can one wish to grow old? But let us speak of other things."

In 1768 Mademoiselle Senadon took up her abode as companion to Madame du Deffand, but being very inferior to her predecessor in that office, in talents and information, was unfitted to do more than read aloud to her, and failed to interest by her conversation. The result was an increase of *ennui* to the Marquise, who often complained of it, and it must be owned that her helpless state, which rendered her wholly dependent on others for amusement in this world, and the want of a religion that would have led her to anchor her hopes in a future and better one, must have caused her last years to be a burthen to herself, if not to others. Society, a relaxation and amusement only in the lives of most other persons, became the sole business and pleasure of hers; and the dread of losing it continually haunted her, and even embittered the pleasure she derived from it. It was a melancholy sight to see a woman capable

of so largely contributing to the enjoyment of others by her powers of conversation, unable to amuse herself in any way except by talking or listening to the talk of others.

In 1778 the Marquise du Deffand ventured on another experiment to secure herself from the fear of solitude that continually weighed on her spirits. She summoned her nephew, the Marquis d'Auban, and his wife to come and reside with her in Paris. This experiment to increase her comfort was unsuccessful, and in little more than a year they returned to their homes, both parties, in all probability, desirous for a separation. Her infirmities had considerably increased during the latter years of her life. To a mind embittered by discontent and *ennui*, was now added a languor of circulation, and weakness of frame, that must have warned her of the inevitable result of such symptoms at her very advanced age. In the summer of 1780 she became sensible of her approaching end, and in the autumn was unable to leave her bed. It is creditable to her friends that they did not desert her in this crisis; but continued their visits as punctually as ever, to the last. She retained her senses until within a few days of her death, when she fell into a state of drowsiness from which she never awoke, and resigned her breath on the 24th of September, 1780, aged eighty-four.

I MOURN FOR THEE, SWEET JOSEPHINE.

Sweet cousin, still I weep for thee,
Though years are passed since thou art gone;
And many a care hath saddened me
Since first I wept for thee alone:
Thou wert so loving, kind, and true,
With placid look and smile serene;
The earliest grief I ever knew
Was losing thee, sweet Josephine!

How oft have we together strayed,
To cull the fragrant summer flowers;
Or 'neath the leafy mountain shade,
Have whiled away the gentle hours!
I little deemed those flowrets gay,
We loved to twine with ivy green,
Ere that same year had passed away,
Would deck thy grave, sweet Josephine!

True types of thee those flowrets fair,
So lovely in their summer day;
The winter's cold they could not bear,
But bloomed and faded swift in May:
On thee this world shone pleasantly,
No sorrow had as yet been thine;
But may be 'twas in store for thee,
Hadst thou not died, sweet Josephine.

The wild birds 'neath the summer sky
Were not more bright, more pure than thou;
Life's morning light shone in thine eye,
And sweet content beamed on thy brow;

* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand and Horace Walpole, vol. i. p. 99.

Each day more sweet thou didst appear,
More clearly were thy virtues seen;
Each day to us thou wert more dear,
Our fond and cherished Josephine.

For thee our tears will ceaseless flow,
But on thee sweetly angels smiled;
As though to soothe thy mother's woe,
Who mourns her cherished summer child.
But for a time, love, thou wert given,
To cheer us with those smiles of thine;
And draw our spirits nigher heaven,
By loving thee, bless'd Josephine!

But wherefore should we mourn thee so—
Is it thou wert so good and kind?
For, loved one, thou art happier now
Than those whom thou hast left behind;
Thou wert too pure to linger long
In this cold world of grief and pain;
The angels sought thee for their throng,
And called thee hence, sweet Josephine!
Nov. 9. I*****.

H O M E.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

Home! blessed home! dear watchword of the heart!
Where is the bosom doth not glow with feeling—
Thrill with regret, the thoughts of thee impart,
When in the hour of solitude comes stealing,
Like scent of violets on the balmy wind,
Remembrance of the home we've left behind?

Home of our childhood, on the mother's breast,
 Like fragrance in the early bud imbedded,
 The mind asleep, and passions all at rest ;
 And little lips to that soft bosom wedded,
 And eyes upturned to those dear eyes of love,
 That watch above us like the brooding dove !

Home of our youth—home of our boyhood's hour !
 Time of the game and toy, and bosom yearning
 For that which cannot be—for fairy's bower,
 Enchanter's wand ! or, when from school re-
 turning,
 We rush into the outstretch'd arms that wait
 Our coming by the dear old garden gate.

Home of our dawning manhood, when the heart
 First to the sense of Woman's beauty waking,
 Thrills like a lute beneath her touch, with start
 To new-born life, and soft delicious aching,
 Yielding in rapt entrancement to her spell—
 Ah, who but minds that parted hour full well !

Home of our manhood, when the anxious brain
 Fraught with the future—not that future glowing
 With fairy dreams of youth, but one of gain,
 And loss, and care, and doubts for ever growing—
 Oh, what a bliss, to turn our backs, and flee
 Far from the busy haunts of men to thee !—

To thee, where Peace sits brooding, and where sure
 The gentle sister's, mother's arms embracing ;
 The all of grief we have, or may endure,
 With gentle word and kiss of love effacing ;
 Or when we lay the head, with sorrow rife,
 On the sweet bosom of the loving wife.

Home for the wanderer from the distant strand,
 After long years the haunts of childhood gain-
 ing—
 Home for the sea-boy, for the wished-for land,
 The land of home, his dizzy eyeballs straining.
 Home for the soldier, when, his warfare o'er,
 He lays his weary limbs at rest once more.

Home for the peasant, from the distant field
 At evening's hour with weary step returning :
 What though the tempest rages, and no shield
 To guard his head ? he sees the bright fire burning
 In his far cot, and soon salutes his ear,
 The blessed sound, " He comes ! the father's here !"

Home—blessed home ! thou little island spark,
 Sun-bright with love, set in life's stormy ocean ;
 To thee the tempest-batter'd steers his bark,
 And anchors safe without the waves' commotion—
 To thee the broken-hearted, too, will fly,
 And lay his head on thy loved hearth—to die !

Home ! home ! yes, home—a blessed home for all !
 Woe to the wretch who has it not ! who, losing
 His all by Fate's decree, doth darkly fall
 Down the deep well of solitude, sad musing,
 For ever musing with regretful pain,
 On that lost home he ne'er shall see again !

But oh ! home dies not here. Beyond the sky
 There is a home of love and joy unfleeting—
 This earth our school, from which we turn and fly
 To our eternal holidays, and meeting
 With those departed dear ones, who await
 Our last home coming, by high Heaven's gate.

FOR THE FUN OF IT.

(An American Sketch.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Just look at that pair of lovers !" said Harry Mears, glancing from his companion to a young man and maiden, who, for the moment unconscious that they were in the midst of a large company, were leaning towards each other, and looking into each other's faces in rather a remarkable manner. "Isn't it ridiculous ? I thought Fisher had more sense than to do so. As to Clara Grant, she always was a little weak."

The friend looked at the couple, and smiled. "It is ridiculous, certainly," he remarked. "Why haven't they sense enough to keep these little love-passages for private occasions ?"

"Clara, with all her silliness, used to be a right pleasant companion," said Mears. "But since this love affair between her and Fisher, she has become intolerably dull and uninteresting. She doesn't care a fig for anybody but him, and really appears to think it a task to be even polite to an old acquaintance. I don't think she has cause to be quite so elated with her conquest as this comes to ; nor to feel that, in possessing the love of a man like Fisher, she is independent of the world, and may show off the indifference she feels to every one. Fisher

is clever enough, but he is neither a Socrates nor a saint."

"He will suit her very well, I imagine."

"Yes ; they will make a passable Darby and Joan, no doubt. Still, it always vexes me to see people who pretend to any sense acting in this way."

"I think it is more her fault than his."

"So do I. She has shown a disposition to bill and coo from the first. At Mangum's party last week she made me laugh. I tried to get her hand for a dance ; but no. Close to the side of Fisher she adhered, like a fixture, and could hardly force her lips into a smile for any one else. The gipsy ! I'd punish her for all this, if I could just hit upon a good plan of doing it."

"Let me see," remarked the friend, dropping his head into a thoughtful position, "can't we devise a scheme for worrying her a little ? She is certainly a fair subject. It would be fine sport."

"Yes, it would."

"She evidently thinks Fisher perfection."

"Oh yes ! There never was such a man before. She actually said to Caroline Lee, who

was trying to jest with her a little, that Fisher was one of the most pure-minded, honourable young men living."

"Oh dear!"

"It is a fact."

"Was she serious?"

"Yes, indeed—serious as the grave. Caroline was laughing to me about it. Nearly every one notices the silliness of her conduct, and the weakness she displays in for ever talking about and praising him."

"I would like to run him down a little when she could overhear me, just for the fun of the thing."

"So would I. Capital! That will do exactly. We must watch an opportunity, and if we can get within ear-shot of her any time that she is by herself, we must abuse Fisher right and left, without appearing to notice that she is listening to what we say, or, indeed, anywhere near us."

"Right! That's the very thing! It will be capital fun."

Thus, the thoughtless young men, meddling themselves in a matter that did not concern them, determined upon a very questionable piece of folly. All that they said of the lovers was exaggeration. It was true that they did show rather more preference for each other in company than just accorded with good taste; but this, while it provoked a smile from the many, irritated only the few.

Clara Grant, notwithstanding the light manner in which the two young men had spoken of her, was a girl of good sense, good principles, and deep feeling. She had been several times addressed by young men before Fisher offered his hand; but, with all their attractions, there were defects about them, which her habits of close observation enabled her to see, that caused her to repel their advances, and in two instances to decline apparently very advantageous offers of marriage. In the integrity of Fisher's character she had the most unbounded confidence; and she really believed, as she had said to Caroline Lee and to others, that he was one of the purest-minded, most honourable young men living.

Judge, then, with what feelings she overheard, about half an hour after the plan to disturb her peace had been formed, the following conversation between Mears and his companion, carried on in low tones and in a confidential manner. She was sitting close to one side of the folding-doors that communicated between the parlours, and they were in the adjoining room, concealed from her by the half-partition, yet so close that every word they uttered was distinctly heard. Her attention was first arrested by hearing one of them say—

"If she knew Fisher as well as I do."

To which the other responded—

"Yes; or as well as I do. But, poor girl! it isn't expected that she is to know everything about young men who visit her. It is better that she should not."

"Still, I am rather surprised that common

report should not have given her more information about Fisher than she seems to possess."

"So am I. But she'll know him better one of these days."

"I'll warrant you that—perhaps to her sorrow; though I hope things will turn out differently from what they now promise. Don't you think he is pretty well done with his wild oats?"

"Possibly. But time will tell."

"Yes, time proves all things."

Some one joining the young men at this point of their conversation, the subject was changed. Greatly amused at what they had done, they little thought how sad the effects of their unguarded words would be.

Five minutes afterwards, the young man named Mears, curious to see how Clara had been affected by what he knew she must have heard, moved to another part of the room in order to observe her without attracting her attention. But she had left the place where she was sitting. His eye ranged around the room, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm afraid we've hurt Clara more than we intended," he said, rejoining his friend. "She has vanished."

"Ah! Where's Fisher?"

"He's at the other end of the room."

"We didn't say anything against the young man."

"Not in particular. We made no specifications. There was nothing that she could take hold of."

"No, of course not. But I wonder what is going to be the upshot of the matter?"

"Nothing very serious, I apprehend."

"No. I suppose she will go home and cry her eyes half out, and then conclude that, whatever Fisher may have been, he's perfection now. It's a first-rate joke, isn't it?"

Clara Grant had not only left the parlours, but soon after quietly left the house, and alone returned to her home. When her lover, shortly afterwards, searched through the rooms for her, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Clara?" he asked of one and another. The answer was—

"I saw her here a moment since."

But it was soon very apparent that she was nowhere in the rooms now. Fisher moved about uneasily for half an hour. Still, not seeing her, he became anxious lest a sudden illness had caused her to retire from the company. More particular inquiries were made of the lady who had given the entertainment. She immediately ascertained for him that Clara was not in the house. One of the servants reported that a lady had gone away alone, half-an-hour before. Fisher did not remain a single moment after receiving this intelligence, but went direct to the house of Clara's aunt, with whom she lived, and there ascertained that she had come home and retired to her room without seeing any of the family. His inquiry whether she were ill, the servant could not answer.

"Have you seen anything of Clara yet?"

asked the friend of Mears, with a smile, as they met about an hour after they had disturbed the peace of a trusting, innocent-minded girl, "just for the fun of it."

"I have not," replied Mears.

"Where's Fisher?"

"He's gone also."

"Ah, indeed! I'm sorry the matter was taken so seriously by the young lady. It was only a joke."

"Yes. That was all; and she ought to have known it."

On the next day, Fisher, who had spent a restless night, called to ask for Clara as early as he could do so with propriety.

"She wishes you to excuse her," said the servant, who had taken up his name to the young lady.

"Is she not well?" asked Fisher.

"She has not been out of her room this morning. I don't think she is very well."

The young man retired with a troubled feeling at his heart. In the evening he called again; but Clara sent him word, as she had done in the morning, that she wished to be excused.

In the meantime, the young lady was a prey to the most distressing doubts. What she had heard, vague as it was, fell like ice upon her heart. She had no reason to question what had been said; for it was, as far as appeared to her, the mere expression of a fact made in confidence by friend to friend, without there being an object in view. If any one had come to her and talked to her after that manner, she would have rejected the allegations indignantly, and confidently pronounced them false. But they had met her in a shape so unexpected, and with so much seeming truth, that she was left no alternative but to believe.

Fisher called a third time; but still Clara declined seeing him. On the day after this last attempt, he received a note from her in these, to him, strange words:—

"DEAR SIR,—Since I last met you, I have become satisfied that a marriage between us cannot prove a happy one. This conclusion is far more painful to me than it can possibly be to you. You, I trust, will soon be able to feel coldly towards her whose fickleness, as you will call it, so soon led her to change her mind; but a life-shadow is upon my heart. If you can forget me, do so, in justice to yourself. As for me, I feel that—but why should I say this? Charles, do not seek to change the resolution I have taken, for you cannot; do not ask for explanations, for I can give none. May you be happier than I can ever be! Farewell.

"CLARA."

"Madness!" exclaimed Charles Fisher, as he crumpled this letter in his hand. "Is there no faith in woman?"

He sought no explanation; he made no effort to change her resolution; but merely returned this brief answer—

"Clara, you are free."

It was quickly known among the circle of their friends that the engagement between Fisher and Clara had been broken off. Mears and his

friend, it may be supposed, did not feel very comfortable when they heard this.

"I didn't think the silly girl would take it so seriously," remarked one to the other.

"No; it was a mere joke."

"But has turned out a very serious one."

"I guess they'll make it up again before long."

"I hope so. Who would have believed it was in her to take the matter so much at heart, or to act with so much decision and firmness? I really think better of the girl than I did before, although I pity her from my heart."

"Haden't we better make an effort to undo the wrong we have done?"

"And expose ourselves? Oh no! We must be as still as death on the subject. It is too serious an affair. We might get ourselves into trouble."

"True. But I cannot bear to think that others are suffering from an act of mine."

"It is not a pleasant consciousness, certainly. But still, to confess what we have done would place us in a very awkward position. In fact, not for the world would I have an exposure of this little act of folly take place. It would affect me in a certain quarter—where, I need not mention to you—in a way that might be exceedingly disagreeable."

"I didn't think of that. Yes, I agree with you that we had best keep quiet about it. I'm sorry; but it can't be helped now."

And so the matter was dismissed.

No one saw Clara Grant in company for the space of twelve months. When she did appear, all her old friends were struck with the great change in her appearance. As for Fisher, he had left the city some months before, and gone off to a southern town, where, it was said, he was in good business.

The cause of estrangement between the lovers remained a mystery to every one. To all questions on the subject, Clara was silent. But that she was a sufferer every one could see.

"I wish that girl would fall in love with somebody and get married," Mears remarked to his friend, about two years after they had passed off upon Clara their good joke. "Her pale, quiet, suffering face haunts me wherever I go."

"So do I. Who could have believed that a mere joke would turn out so seriously?"

"I wonder if he is married yet?"

"It's doubtful. He appeared to take the matter quite as hard as she does."

"Well, it's a lesson to me."

"And to me, also."

And, with this not very satisfactory conclusion, the two friends dropped the subject. Both, since destroying, by a few words spoken in jest, the happiness of a loving couple, had wooed and won the maidens of their choice, and were now married. Both, up to this time, had carefully concealed from their wives the act of which they had been guilty.

After returning home from a pleasant company one evening, at which Clara was present, the wife of Mears said to him—

"You did not seem to enjoy yourself to-night. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes; I feel quite well," returned Mears.

"Why, then, did you look so sober?"

"I was not aware that I looked more so than usual."

"You did, then. And you look sober now. There must be some cause for this. What is it, dear?"

Mears was by no means ignorant of the fact that he felt sober. The presence of Clara distressed him more, instead of less, the oftener he met her. The question of his wife made him feel half inclined to tell her the truth. After thinking for a moment, he said—

"I have felt rather graver than usual to-night. Something brought to my recollection, too vividly, a little act of folly that has been attended with serious consequences."

His wife looked slightly alarmed.

"It was only a joke—just done for the fun of the thing; but it was taken, much to my surprise, seriously. I was innocent of any desire to wound; but a few light words have made two hearts wretched."

Mrs. Mears looked at her husband with surprise. He continued—

"You remember the strange misunderstanding that took place between Clara Grant and young Fisher, about two years ago?"

"Very well. Poor Clara has never been like herself since that time."

"I was the cause of it."

"You!" said the wife, in astonishment.

"Yes. Clara used to make herself quite conspicuous by the way she acted towards Fisher, with whom she was under an engagement of marriage. She hardly saw anybody in company but him. And, besides, she made bold to declare that he was about as near to perfection as it was possible for a young man to come. She was always talking about him to her young female friends, and praising him to the skies. Her silly speeches were every now and then reported, much to the amusement of young men to whose ears they happened to find their way. One evening, at a large party, she was, as usual, anchored by the side of her lover, and showing off her fondness for him in rather a ridiculous manner. A young friend and myself, who were rather amused at this, determined, in a thoughtless moment, that we would, just for the fun of the thing, run Fisher down in a confidential undertone to each other, yet loud enough for her to hear us, if a good opportunity for doing so offered. Before long, we noticed her sitting alone in a corner near one of the folding-doors. We managed to get near, yet so as not to appear to notice her, and then indulged in some light remarks about her lover, mainly to the effect that, if his sweetheart knew him as well as we did, she might not think him quite so near perfection as she appeared to do.

Shortly afterwards I searched through the rooms for her in vain. From that night the lovers never again met. Clara refused to see Fisher when he called on her the next day, and

shortly afterwards requested him, in writing, to release her from her marriage-contract, without giving any reason for her change of mind."

"Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Mears, her voice and countenance expressing the painful surprise she felt, "why did you not immediately repair the wrong you had done?"

"How could I without exposing myself, and causing perhaps a serious collision between me and Fisher?"

"You should have braved every consequence," replied Mrs. Mears, firmly, "rather than permitted two loving hearts to remain severed, when a word from you would have reunited them. How could you have hesitated a moment as to what was right to do? But it may not be too late yet. Clara must know the truth."

"Think what may be the consequence," said Mears.

"Think, rather, what *have been* the consequences," was the wife's reply.

It was in vain that Mears argued with his wife about the policy of letting the matter rest where it was. She was a woman, and could only feel how deeply Clara had been wronged, as well as the necessity for an immediate reparation of that wrong. For more than an hour she argued the matter with her husband, who finally consented that she should see Clara, and correct the serious error under which she had been labouring. Early on the next day Mrs. Mears called upon the unhappy girl. A closer observation of her face than she had before made revealed deep marks of suffering.

"And all this 'for the fun of it!'" she could not help saying to herself with a feeling of sorrow. After conversing a short time with Clara, Mrs. Mears said, "I heard something last night so nearly affecting your peace, that I have lost no time in seeing you."

"What is that?" asked Clara, a flush passing over her face.

"Two years ago you were engaged in marriage to Mr. Fisher?"

Clara made no reply, but the flush faded from her face, and her lips quivered slightly for a moment.

"From hearing two persons who were conversing about him make disparaging remarks, you were led to break off that engagement."

The face of Clara grew still paler, but she continued silent.

"By one of them I am authorized to tell you that all they said was in mere jest. They knew you could hear what they said, and made the remarks purposely for your ear, in order to have a little sport. They never dreamed of your taking it so seriously."

A deep groan heaved the bosom of Clara; her head fell back, and her body drooped nervelessly. Mrs. Mears extended her hands quickly and saved her from falling to the floor.

"This, too, 'for the fun of it!'" she said to herself bitterly, as she lifted the inanimate body of the poor girl in her arms, and laid it upon the sofa.

Without summoning any of the family, Mrs.

Mears made use of every effort in her power to restore the circle of life. In this she was at last successful. When the mind of Clara had become again active and measurably calm, she said to her, "It was a cruel jest, and the consequences have been most painful. But I trust it is not yet too late to repair the wrong thus done, although no compensation can be made for the suffering to which you have been subjected."

"It is too late, Mrs. Mears—too late!" replied Clara, in a mournful voice.

"Say not so, my dear young friend."

But Clara shook her head.

It was in vain that Mrs. Mears strove earnestly to lift up her drooping heart. The calmness with which she had been able to bear the destruction of all her hopes, because there had seemed an adequate cause for the sacrifice she had made, was all gone now. There had been no adequate cause for the sacrifice. Her lover was as excellent and honourable as she at first believed him to be, and she had cast him off on the authority of a heartless jest. To all that her friend could say, she had but one reply to make—"It is too late now!"

"Not too late, I trust," said Mr. Mears, a good deal disturbed by his wife's relation of her interview with Clara. "I must ascertain where Fisher is, and write to him on the subject. Did she say anything that led you to believe that she recognized the voices of the persons whom she heard conversing? Do you think she suspects me in the matter?"

"I do not think she does."

"So much the better."

The effect upon Clara of the information she had received was very serious. Deeply as she had been afflicted, the consciousness of having done right in refusing to marry a man who was destitute, as she had accidentally discovered, of virtuous principles, sustained her. But now it was revealed to her that he was as excellent as she had at first believed him, and that she had been made the victim of a pleasant joke! There was no longer anything to hold her up, and accordingly her spirits completely forsook her, and in less than two weeks she was seriously ill.

The news of this deeply disturbed Mr. Mears, who had written to Fisher, and was waiting impatiently for an answer. "I am afraid we have made the matter worse," he said to his wife,

who, on returning from a visit to Clara, reported that, so far from improving, she was too evidently sinking daily. "If Fisher should have entered into another engagement, or if his pride has taken fire at being thrown off on what may appear to him such slight grounds, I really tremble for the consequences."

"Let us hope for the best," returned Mrs. Mears, "as we have acted for the best. It was plainly our duty to do as we have done: on that subject I have no doubt."

Two more weeks of painful suspense and anxiety passed; Clara did not improve in the least. Mrs. Mears called to see her every few days, but dared not venture to tell her that her husband had written to Fisher. She was afraid to fill her mind with this hope lest it should fail, and the shock prove too severe. But, even as it was, life seemed to be rapidly ebbing away.

At length there came a change. Nature rallied, and life flowed, though feebly still, in healthier currents, through the veins of Clara Grant. In a week from the time this change took place, she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours each day. But all who looked into her young face were grieved at the sight. There were no deep lines of distress there, but the marks of patient, yet hopeless suffering.

One day she sat alone, in a dreamy, musing state, with a book lying upon her lap. She had been trying to read, but found it impossible to take any interest in the pages over which her eyes passed, while her mind scarcely apprehended the sense. Some one opened the door; but she did not look around. The person, whoever it was, remained only for a moment or two, and then withdrew. In a little while the door opened again, and some one entered and came towards her with the tread of a man. She started to her feet, while her heart gave a sudden bound. As she turned, her eyes fell upon the form of her long-absent lover. For an instant, perhaps longer, she looked into his face to read it as the index of his heart, and then she lay quivering on his bosom.

A few weeks later, Clara became the bride of Charles Fisher, and left with him for the South. Neither of them ever knew the authors of the wrong they had suffered: it was better, perhaps, that in this they should remain ignorant."

So much "*for the fun of it!*"

L I N E S.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Roll on, Oh river, to thy goal,
The far, illimitable main;
Gladdening the earth, thy waters roll
Through vale and fertile plain;
O, mighty joy! had it been given,
Majestic river, unto me,
Blessing and blessed of earth and heaven,
To run my course like thee.

Yet, soul, content thee with thy powers,
The lowly powers to thee assigned;
The brook that winds through meadow flowers,
In that thy likeness find;
Scarce seen its course, and yet no less
That scarce seen course it loves to run,
Rejoicing its few fields to bless,
And gurgle 'neath the sun.

EASTER IN POLAND.

Picture to yourself, my dear M—, a vast and elegant Château, of no particular style of architecture, but resembling the modern ornamental form of building now in use in England; situated on a gently rising ground, in the midst of the most charming scenery, and you will have before you Vasilowka, the residence of our esteemed friend, the Count R—, a wealthy proprietor in the Great Duchy of Posen. Here we are installed for a few days, previous to our projected journey in Hungary; and as we know you to be somewhat curious as to the habits and manner of living of the Poles in their own country, we will endeavour to enlighten you, by a slight description of Vasilowka and its inhabitants. First, then, let your eyes follow ours, as we gaze from the windows of our room on the rich and varied prospect that spreads before us. Surrounding the house is a large garden, thickly planted with trees and shrubs, which present at this season of the year all those tender shades of green and yellow which are only to be seen in spring; intermixed here and there with the dark fir-tree, and the white-blossomed cassia. To the right, the grass-plots and gravel-walk are bordered by a row of tall poplars; behind which is a plantation of lesser trees, at whose feet blossom thousands and thousands of violets, loading the morning air with their sweet perfume. Beautiful blue violets! ye are the same wherever we meet with you; in the hedge-rows and lanes of our own dear country, or here in a foreign land, always lovely and fragrant, the type of those good and modest beings, who suffer not their works to be known of men, leaving them to be discovered only by the perfume they shed around. Straight before us, the horizon is bounded by the rich, dark green of a pine-wood, which commences at the termination of the garden, and forms the favourite retreat of the inhabitants of Vasilowka during the summer heats, which in this country are very considerable. Farther on towards the left, the view stretches away for miles and miles over corn-fields and meadows, here and there dotted with the red roofs and white walls of some village homes, and charmingly diversified by three lakes, which lie at a short distance from each other, and shine like silver in the bright rays of the sun.

It is noon: there has been a slight fall of rain, and the light drops still glitter on the grass, which, after its refreshing bath, looks as verdant and as velvety as our own far-famed English plots. The birds are twittering amongst the branches, and the bright sunshine and the soft air, laden with fragrance from myriads of modest spring flowers, shed their sweet influence upon us, lifting up our hearts in veritable thanksgiving to the bountiful Creator of so much loveliness. The winters in this country are extremely severe, but the transition to spring is very sudden; and you would be sur-

prised to see what an immense change is produced in everything in the course of a few days.

The farm buildings and stables here lie at some distance from the house, which you reach by a carriage-drive round a large piece of grass, bordered with thick shrubs and trees, on which struts, in all the majesty of his beauty, the proud and haughty peacock. Mounting a flight of stone steps, you enter a lofty hall, appropriately ornamented by heads and antlers of deer. The large windows on each side the entrance-door are filled with stained glass, through which the sun's rays fall in every variety of colour on the floor. To the right, a door leads to the apartments of the master of the house; on the left, another gives admission to the large dining-hall; and in the centre lies a suite of drawing-rooms, leading at one end to the library and green-house, and on the other to the sleeping and dressing-rooms of the ladies of the house. These communicate by a back staircase with the rooms above, and the underground story, which contains the kitchens, the servants' rooms, the bakehouse, the brewhouse, the laundry, and the cellars—all admirably arranged. There is no carpet to be seen in any part of the mansion; but the floors are all waxed and polished, and in the drawing and dining-rooms are beautifully inlaid with different coloured woods in stars and squares. The windows are all double for the winter, though they are taken out at this period of the year; and every apartment is heated by a large porcelain stove, about four or five yards high, which gives a delightful temperature to the rooms, but wants the cheerfulness and apparent comfort of our large open grates, with their bright coal fires. There is a large billiard-room on the first floor, and all the rest of the rooms there are devoted to the accommodation of guests, who in this most hospitable country are very numerous in almost all the houses. There is yet another floor, containing some good rooms, and a lofty turret, in which is an immense clock, and from whence there is a splendid view of the surrounding country. From here we can plainly see our brother-in-law's pretty house and farm, with its fields and meadows, its little lake, and its thick wood; and beyond this, the old church and convent of L—. It was built in the eleventh century, and was a convent of Benedictine monks till within the last fifteen or twenty years, when the late King of Prussia abolished all the religious houses in his kingdom, leaving only the Sisters of Charity.

The family of the Count R— is numerous, consisting of his wife and six children. He himself is a man of some fifty years, of a noble and upright character; a true patriot, and a clever and most agreeable companion in society. His estates are very extensive, comprising several villages, and a superb forest, the sale of

whose wood alone brings in a handsome revenue, as here it is an article of great consumption, coals not being used to heat the stoves. The number of his farm-tenants, with their families, exclusive of those who live in the villages, amount to a thousand persons, for the welfare and well-being of whom he considers himself responsible in the sight of God. His wife, the amiable mistress of the mansion, is the pattern of every virtue that can adorn a woman; considerably younger than her husband, to whom she was united at the early age of sixteen, when in the full bloom of her beauty; she is as remarkable for her piety, and untiring devotion to all around her, as for the grace with which she performs the honours of the house to the numerous guests who partake of her husband's hospitality. She overlooks all the domestic arrangements of the château; she aids in the instruction of her children; she daily visits the poor and suffering in the neighbourhood, administering medicines with her own hands to those who are sick, and pouring tender words of consolation and religion into the ears of the dying. In these pious errands she is mostly accompanied by one or other of her daughters, who are thus early made acquainted with the sufferings of the poor, and taught the way to aid them. The Countess R— has established a school in the village of Vasilowka, where ninety poor children receive instruction, fitting them for becoming useful and respectable members of society. In the neighbouring small town of K—, she has also instituted an asylum for the reception of very young children, whose parents are unable to take charge of them during the day. The activity of her benevolence is surprising. How she can ever find time for all the good she does is a mystery to us, seeing her, as we do, constantly in the midst of a society of which she is the principal ornament. This week, however, must have taxed her powers to the utmost, for there are immense preparations going on for the Easter feast, which they keep up in this country with most of the old forms and ceremonies. To-day is the last day of Lent, and as fasting has been rigorously observed at Vasilowka during the whole of its continuance, you may imagine with what pleasure and impatience nearly everybody looks forward to to-morrow, more especially the children, and the poorer class of people. Everybody on the estate receives a certain quantity of provisions, and there is not a single cabin, however humble may be its inhabitants, that will not have its little feast on Easter Sunday.

The house is full of visitors, old and young, and all sorts of plans are being formed for the thorough enjoyment of the ensuing week; but hark! there is the first dinner-bell ringing, and our toilet has yet to be performed, so adieu for the present.

EASTER EVE.

On descending to the dining-hall, we found the company already assembled. Seated in the

place of honour, on the right hand of our hostess, we had ample opportunity for observing the different persons present. The ladies were all together at one end of the table, and the gentlemen at the other; the mistress of the house being seated in the centre, and her husband opposite her. The first person that attracted our attention was the parish priest, who dines every day at the Château; a rosy-faced, portly man, in a long black gown, with his thick grey hair cut close to his head, and a most good-humoured expression on his rather homely features, which instantly wins its way to the hearts of all the children, and has perhaps the same effect on grown people, for he is universally beloved. He is most conscientious in the discharge of all his spiritual duties, and untiring in his benevolence and charity; a true village pastor—the sympathising friend and adviser of even the very meanest of his flock. By his side was a young German artist from Munich, who has been living here during some months; the Count R—, who is a great admirer of the fine arts, having fitted up a studio for him, and engaged him to give lessons in painting to his daughters. Except when he is occupied with his pupils, he is always either at work in his studio, or out of doors sketching the neighbouring country; he has a view of Vasilowka from every possible point—it seems to be a favourite subject with him, and indeed it well deserves to be, for it is most picturesque. There is another German in the family, who is tutor to the younger sons of Count R—; his eldest, a fine boy of fourteen, being educated at college; though he has come home for the Easter holidays, and is seated amongst a group of cousins and schoolfellows about his own age, with whom he laughs and talks with all the happy freedom natural to home at holiday time. There are two or three of the cousins, though, who already look upon themselves as men, and keep apart from this youthful and noisy set, their ages being somewhere between fifteen and twenty. They vie with each other in their attentions to the fairer portions of the community, and try to talk off-hand, and look important, affecting a depth of knowledge on all subjects, which is really quite surprising for their years. By the side of these are two refugees, who at the time of the French Revolution left lucrative employments, which their industry and perseverance had gained for them in France, and fired with the vain hope of better times having arrived for their country, returned there only to find disappointment and distress. In most of the houses in the country there are one or two of these unfortunate men to be met with, they being hospitably received by their countrymen, and undertaking an almost nominal employment in the establishment, or on the estate, or in the education of the children, to have the permission from the government to remain, which otherwise would not be allowed; and even as it is, they are often persecuted and threatened by the authorities.

Vanda, the eldest daughter of the Count and Countess R—, is a tall and elegant girl of

sixteen, with a quiet, dreamy expression in her soft blue eyes, which gives a peculiar charm to a face, not regularly handsome, but very attractive in its youth and freshness. Sure are we, the young painter, who glances timidly at her, when he thinks himself unobserved, deems her one of nature's fairest flowers, and who knows if he has not already got her pictured semblance, hidden somewhere amongst all the heap of landscapes and portraits with which his studio is filled? But oh! let not your heart mislead you, young man: she whom you gaze upon is the destined bride of some noble of her own country and religion; and you are a poor artist, a Protestant, and a German.

The second girl, Bronislas, a year younger than her sister, is very lovely, possessing that perfection of feature and purity of tint, which are rarely met with but in pictures. And they talk of her entering a convent—she, so full of life and animation, clever beyond her years, already an accomplished artist, and a promising musician; just the sort of person I should think fitted to shine in society. And this bright butterfly they would shut up within the walls of a convent; they would tear her for ever from the loving embraces of her family and friends, and place an immovable barrier between her and the world; that world, which is as yet but a pathway of flowers to her, and which, full as it is of deceptions, false hopes, and disappointed desires, still possesses many a charm for those who will cheerfully look for the good in everything, and bear in patience and uncomplainingly the trials that God sends. But it is not yet decided, and will not, I believe, take place, unless Bronislas herself feels a vocation for it; though as she is of a sensitive and ardent disposition, and has the example of several of her relations and friends who have become nuns, I doubt not such will ultimately be her lot.

Then there is the little Helena, a charming little bird, singing all day long, and never able to keep quiet for two minutes together. By her side is her governess, a young French lady, who vainly endeavours to restrain her exuberant gaiety, and teach the little puss decorum at the dinner-table. Mdlle. Lorence, like all the governesses in this country, is treated in every respect like one of the family. There is far more consideration shown to those who undertake the education of the young here, than, with a few exceptions, we have met with in England. And assuredly this is as it ought to be; for to whom do we owe more, than to the intelligent and patient instructress of our children?

The conversation here is mostly carried on in French. This custom used formerly to obtain to such an extent, that ladies at last generally knew that language better than their own; but latterly this has given place to the more sensible fashion of using their native tongue, except when foreigners are present; though in Warsaw at the present moment French is still the language of the drawing-room. English is being now very generally learnt, and we have met with many persons who can speak it very well indeed.

Many of our best authors, ancient and modern, have been translated into Polish. We have seen some of the plays of Shakspeare, the poetry of Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron; the novels of Scott, of Bulwer, Captain Marryatt, and Charles Dickens.

At dinner, every dish is carried round by the footman, and each guest helps himself, the various meats being already previously carved. They have no large joints, like we have in England; and the vegetables are given separate from the meat—though this is a French fashion rather than a Polish one. The ladies, old and young, married and single, with very few exceptions, touch nothing stronger than water in the way of beverage; and they look with much astonishment upon Englishwomen, who often take both beer and wine at dinner. On rising from table, all the company bow to each other; and most of the gentlemen, and all the young people, kiss the hand of the mistress of the house, and thank her for her society.

A fresh arrival has just taken place, which has given great pleasure to everybody, the more so as it was unlooked for. It is L——, one of the most celebrated amongst those musicians who claim Poland as their birthplace. He is an accomplished violoncellist, and has just returned from a tour in Russia, where he has been reaping golden harvests. He is of middle height, of a fair complexion, with an unmistakeably Polish face. He is the only scion of a noble family, his parents being long since dead. Forced by political circumstances to quit his native land, he became at a very early age an exile and a wanderer; endowed, however, by nature with a remarkable genius for music, he perfected his glorious talent in a foreign land, and has since gained great and deserved renown. To-morrow we are to hear his divine strains. Now, farewell! it is ten o'clock, and as a cannon is to be fired off at midnight, and at every succeeding hour, in honour of Easter, it is time we should think of taking a little quiet repose.

Oh! what a week of feasting and excitement this Easter week has been! but we must begin from the beginning, and give you as interesting an account of it as we can. Midnight before Easter Sunday was signalled by a merry peal of bells, and the cannon was fired off at different intervals, under the active and delighted generalship of Boleslas, our host's eldest son. At five o'clock there was a service at the church, and a procession, in honour of the Resurrection of our Lord. At eleven high mass was performed, at which all the family and guests assisted. The church, which is very old, being built partly in the eleventh century and partly in the fifteenth, was crowded by peasants, who were all dressed in their prettiest costumes. The many-coloured petticoats, the gay ribands floating in the breeze, and the various and picturesque head-dresses of the women, together with the long, full-skirted coats of the men, mostly of a dark-blue, and the streamers and bunches of flowers

stuck in their hats and caps, formed such a striking and novel scene as we shall not soon forget. The sun shone so brightly, the birds sang so merrily, and on every face there was such an expression of pleasure, that it did the heart good to behold. On returning from Mass, all the company entered the great dining-hall, where a tempting sight presented itself. An immense table, spread from top to bottom of the apartment, covered with a large linen cloth, generally preserved as an heir-loom in the family. In the centre was a lofty tower of pastry, on the top of which was a roasted lamb—still, however, clothed in its primitive white vestment, to mimic life—holding a red and white banner, on which was the joyful motto, “Alleluja.” This was surmounted by a silver eagle, the emblem of Poland. At a little distance were heaps of sweetmeats, fruits, and preserves; then came pyramids of cold eggs, enveloped in the coils of long, serpent-like sausages; then a wall of massive saffron-cakes, fortified at the corners by towering *babas*—a sort of sponge-cake, of an immense height. There were also heaps of another sort of cake, called *Mazurkas*, covered all over with almonds. Thus the province of Masovia gives its name to one of the prettiest of national dances, and to this cake, which is most delicious. Besides all this, there were more substantial dishes, in the shape of tongues, dry and pickled fish, smoked hams, and roasted pigs, under the semblance of boars’ heads. Intersecting the numerous dishes were gold and silver jugs of old mead, decanters of liqueurs, and musty bottles of choice wines.

When our host and his guests were all assembled, in walked the priest, attired in his robes; he pronounced a solemn benediction on the feast, and then sprinkled it with holy water; which proceeding, according to the popular belief, prevents the possibility of its becoming hurtful, as it might easily prove, after a long period of rigid abstinence. Immediately this ceremony was concluded, a door opened in the back-ground, and in walked the preparer of the whole—the head cook, in his white cap and apron, and began carving up the different meats. After him entered the bailiffs and stewards employed on the estates, the housekeeper and the ladies’ maids. Meanwhile, our host proceeded to cut up a cold egg into thin slices, and then went with his plate by turns to every one of the company, exchanging congratulations, which he ratified by eating one half of a slice, whilst he offered the other half to his guest. After this indispensable ceremony everybody began to attack the savoury dishes on the table; but, voracious as were the appetites, the supplies were so large that, to all appearance, they were but little diminished. This same feasting took place every morning, till the whole was consumed. Formerly it was a rule, in the more opulent houses, to keep the Easter Feast open till Whitsunday, which will give you some little idea of the immense quantity of provisions that must have been prepared, and the unbounded hospitality of Polish hosts.

An old almanac of the Duchy of Posen, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, contains the following description of an Easter banquet:—

“This year the Palatine S. gave a splendid Easter Feast at Dereczyn, at which a great number of Polish and Lithuanian lords attended. A lamb, seasoned with Pistachio plums, and other costly spices, was placed in the centre of the table. But only the ladies, the senators, the first dignitaries of the crown, and the clergy, were admitted to partake of that delicate dish. On one side of the table four colossal wild boars, stuffed with pigs, sausages, and hams, were laid down, and represented the seasons of the year. The cook exhibited the most masterly abilities in contriving to roast these huge animals entire. On the opposite side twelve stags, with gilt antlers, adorned with emblems of the corresponding months, attracted general admiration. Smaller game, such as hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcocks, and pheasants, filled their capacious insides. The prodigiously large cakes, the circumference of which could only be measured by yards, were fifty-two in number, to answer that of the weeks in the year. Three hundred and sixty-five *babas*, in honour of as many days, hedged in the whole, and closed the circle of the year. In addition to this, the same numbers and divisions were represented by four golden pitchers, filled with wine of King Batory’s time; twelve silver ones, with King Sigismundus’ wine; fifty-two silver barrels with that of Cyprus, Spain, and Italy; three hundred and sixty-five hog-heads of Hungary; and lastly a vat, containing 8,700 pints of mead, the number of hours in the annual revolution.”

The astonishing quantity of provisions at this Feast can only be equalled by the elegant taste and novel ideas displayed at another which took place in the ancient and interesting city of Cracow:—

“I was present yesterday,” says an old writer of Cracow, “at the Easter Feast given by N. C., one of the magistrates of our town. On an immense table, covered with the finest cloth in the world, the circumference of which might have afforded comfortable seats for at least one hundred persons, twelve massive silver dishes bore the weight of salt pork, sucking-pigs, spiced sausages, and pyramids of eggs, painted in varied colours and devices, but chiefly in red. A group of figures, made of pastry and sugar, represented the action and the plot of a comic play. Pilate, for instance, was exhibited in the act of picking Mahomet’s pocket of a sausage—evidently an epigram, since everybody knows that neither Jew nor Mahometan is allowed to eat pork. A lamb of great beauty occupied the centre of the table. I would have given all the riches and dainties I saw there for the eyes of that pet creature, for they were nothing less than two precious diamonds, each of a nut’s size. I further remarked large silver gilt decanters and cruets with oil and vinegar. Four enormous pitchers, filled with old mead, stood amidst a host of golden cups. Silver plates, with preserves of all sorts of fruits, with which Providence has so bountifully enriched our country, formed another circle. Enamelled baskets contained musty bottles of the choicest and rarest wines. But it is high time I should speak of the pastry, the cakes, and the tarts, the number and the names of which it were impossible to remember. The principal cake was at least four yards in circumference, and one in

height. Different figures adorned its edge. The speaking images of the twelve apostles were distinguished from others by their size. Judas, with his yellow, saffron-coloured moustaches, amused me most. The figure of Jesus Christ, holding a superb banner, stood erect in the centre of the cake. Over our Saviour's head an angel, suspended by a wire scarcely perceptible, was seen directing his course towards heaven, and dropping from his lips the following motto :—'*Resurrexit sicut dixit Alleluja.*' Other cakes represented profane or mythological subjects. I was exceedingly pleased with one called 'The Bath.' In a lake filled with white mead gold and silver fishes were seen swimming. Nymphs were freely bathing amongst them, whilst a malicious cupid sat on the brim of the cake, and shot his darts at their sparkling eyes, which they vainly strove to conceal."

We think that few, if any, of the feasts of the present day could surpass in splendour and magnificence this ancient banquet; and yet we have in general but a poor idea of the refinement and elegance of the Polish nation especially, thinking them to have been nothing better than warlike barbarians.

To return to our own Easter feast at Vasilowka, we must not forget to inform you that a large table was also spread in the servants' hall, on which was a certain quantity of provisions prepared for all the people employed on the estates.

When the banquet was at an end, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, and L—— was unanimously called upon to ratify the promise he had given the previous day. His violoncello being brought, the society formed itself into a circle; and, in the midst of a breathless silence, the artist drew his bow slowly across the strings of his instrument. Those first, pure, thrilling tones were enough to proclaim his power; but when, after a brilliant introduction, he played one of the sweet and plaintive melodies of the Ukraine, not a heart was there unmoved. The colour went and came in the fair faces of the ladies, as different chords in their memories were touched; and fast and unheeded fell the tears down many a bright face. The good old priest declared he thought himself in heaven, listening to celestial strains, and could scarcely refrain from sobbing aloud. When the inspired musician had finished, our host rose and shook him warmly by the hand; everybody crowded round him, repeating their admiration and their thanks; but his greatest triumph was in the tears that had been shed by eyes that a few moments before had been beaming with smiles, and in the quickened beatings of the hearts till then languid and indifferent. Oh! music! divine music! how potent is thy spell! Rank, power, and riches bow down before thee, and acknowledge thy dominion. After this the company separated; a party of gentlemen and boys was fanned to go and roast potatoes in the forest, and the rest went to smoke their cigars and play billiards. We ladies retired to our rooms to repose ourselves, and prepare for the dinner, which took place at the unusual hour of six, it being the general custom here to dine be-

tween one and two. The evening was enlivened by dancing; and long and untiringly was the beautiful and animated mazurka kept up. We have never seen a dance which pleased us so much as this. It is so gay, spirited, and graceful, and so thoroughly characteristic of the Polish nation, that we could sit and look at it for hours.

On Easter Monday, from break of day, our ears were assailed with such a confused noise of screams, mingled with laughter, of persons running to and fro along the passages, and tearing up and down the stairs, that we had great misgivings lest the whole household should suddenly have gone mad. On putting our head outside of the door, to inquire into the cause of this tumult, a strange sight presented itself. The corridor and staircase was flooded with water, and fragments of broken jugs and bottles strewed the ground. The young people had been keeping up one of the old customs, that of throwing water on each other at every favourable opportunity. Woe to the unlucky ones who were caught in bed, they were deluged without a possibility of escape. This exciting warfare is kept up unceasingly all Easter Monday. In former times, ladies and gentlemen even would supply themselves with pans of water, and throw them over each other; but in these more civilized days they perform their spitting more gently, and sprinkle with a few drops of *eau de Cologne*, from an elegant little bottle, or shake the dew from a bouquet of morning-gathered flowers. But the servants and the country people keep up the custom in all its pristine glory, and some poor creatures even get a ducking in a pond. The origin of this strange proceeding is much disputed. Some think it dates from the introduction of Christianity into Poland, and is in commemoration of the immersing in water of those who were baptized. Others say it took its rise from the time of the Apostles, when multitudes of the faithful being assembled, to talk over the wonderful resurrection of our Lord, the Jews threw water on them to mark their contempt, and thus dispersed them. It seems that even in those remote times, the art of dispersing a multitude of excited people was well known. Marshal Lobau, in the present day, gave it as his opinion, that water would be far more effectual than fire-arms for such a purpose. For our own part, we have met with a solution equally, if not more probable than either of the above. It is in the travels of Major Symes, the English envoy to Ava in the year 1795. He says, that in Hindostan, on the 12th of April, when the New Year of the Birmans commences, all the women throw water on the men, to purify them from their sins of the past year. The men in return perform the same office for the women. We know the affinity that has been found to exist between the Slavonians and the people of Hindostan; and to this we would add that with the former nation also the New Year began in Spring, and it was

at just the same season they had the custom of drowning death or winter, which with them is synonymous. It seems to us, then, evident, that this custom of sprinkling with water had the same origin and meaning in India and amongst the Slavonians, and was intended there also to purify them from their sins.

After breakfast we set off, in two carriages-and-four, and escorted by several gentlemen on horseback, to visit a family at about five miles distance. Our road lay through a beautiful country; a forest of pine and fir-trees bordered it for some distance; but it was very rough and disagreeable, and great part of the time our horses had to drag the carriages through heavy masses of sand; and many dreadful jolts did we receive from great stones and deep holes. These, however, only served to excite our mirth; for the party was in high spirits, and the day was lovely. The entrance to Planta was through a long winding avenue of willows, which opened upon a grass-plot, ornamented with flower-beds, in front of the house—a rambling, low, old-fashioned abode, built entirely of wood, and covered with ivy and wild vine. It presented a most picturesque appearance, and small as it appeared from the outside, was found to contain a great number of rooms. We were most hospitably received by the owners of Planta, whom we found surrounded by their young family and a host of friends, busily engaged at the Easter feast. We were all speedily overwhelmed with good things, and pressed to eat on every side. Quite incapable of discussing the tenth part even of the piled up plates that were placed before us, and glad to escape for a while from the noise and tumult of the banquetting-room, we seized upon our charming friend Bronislas, and went off to examine a little quaint old edifice near the house, which had excited our curiosity on seeing it from the window. It was a chapel, and on entering it we perceived over the altar a strange old picture of the Virgin, which our companion assured us was the miraculous cause of the erection of the chapel on that spot. She told us that formerly—many years ago, of course—the lord of Planta was a man of the most dissolute habits, who lived surrounded by a set of companions equally wicked as himself, and that they did nothing but eat, drink, game, and swear. In his time, this picture of the Virgin hung in the old dining-hall, where their revels were mostly carried on. One day, to the surprise of all, the picture was missing! The master gave orders to have it looked for instantly, and restored to its place; but the picture was nowhere to be found, and at last the search was given up in despair. A few days after, however, one of the household going out to shoot, saw this very picture standing upright in a little marshy ground near the house. Full of astonishment, he communicated the surprising intelligence to his master, who severely reprimanding the servants for their careless search, ordered it to be hung up again in the dining-hall. He was obeyed in fear and trembling; but the very next

day the picture was again missing. Nothing more of it was seen for some days, when it was once more discovered upright in the same place where it was found before. This astonishing circumstance so affected the lord of Planta, that he instantly abandoned his sinful way of living, built a chapel on the spot where the picture was so miraculously found, and hung it up over the altar. From that time he was as remarkable for the sanctity of his life, as he had been previously for his wickedness, and did an immense deal of good in the neighbourhood.

Such, then, was the history of this quaint little chapel, related to us with a perfect seriousness, as being thoroughly believed in; and we, who unfortunately were not endowed with an equal faith, admired the result, though we were unable to credit the means.

On returning in the evening, the nightingale was singing most divinely. The sky was serene, the air calm, all nature was silent, as if listening with enchantment to the delicious warbling of this incomparable singer of the woods. Oh! how, at this moment, did our heart take to itself the wings of memory, and fly back to those dear times when the bright moon shone, the hushed air listened, and the nightingale of our own beloved woods poured forth her tender lays; and we dreamed of love, and the fair world we were entering, and thought care and sorrow, separation and death, were but vain words, of which we should never know the meaning. Oh! youth, youth! how blindly happy, how wilfully trusting art thou! And would we have it otherwise? Oh, no! those few happy, golden years at the beginning, cast a ray of light over many a long and weary life, that would be dark indeed without it.

The following morning we were informed of the arrival of a most important personage, a Jew pedlar, who pays a certain number of visits here during the year, bringing with him every imaginable ware. Yankiel was ushered eagerly into the housekeeper's room, where he unpacked his goods, and displayed them to the admiring eyes of every female in the house, we believe. There was not an article could be asked for, but he had it; and not in vain did he arrive, for many were the purchasers he found. He retailed also all the news he had picked up in the different mansions he had visited during his pilgrimage; and many and acceptable were the bits of intelligence he brought to our hostess and her daughters, of friends and relations at a distance. The servants, of course, had their share; but Yankiel was a discreet man, and waited a seasonable opportunity. In the midst of all this, our thoughts insensibly wandered to Scott's delightful novel of "*Kenilworth*," and we fancied the pedlar before us to be the identical Wayland Smith of never-to-be-forgotten memory. The graceful and pretty Vanda was no unfit representative of the sweet and hapless Amy Robsart, as she stooped over the rich stuffs spread before her, and examined the delicate laces that the

eager pedlar held up to view. Here, however, the resemblance ceased; and with a sigh for the many long miles that lay between us and the old mouldering ruins of Kenilworth, we turned away.

An excursion on horseback was proposed; so the steeds were brought to the door, and off we started, to visit a famous birch-tree, about which Bromislas has promised us another legend, *quite true*! Besides ourself, and our two charming friends, Vanda and her sister, who both ride remarkably well, although it is by no means the custom for ladies to mount in this country, our party consisted of a young English girl, governess in a family in the neighbourhood, whose history is a little enveloped in mystery, though it is our belief that she has quitted her family and country, solely actuated by the romantic desire of depending upon her own exertions in a foreign land; thus making for herself trials and griefs, which in the natural order of things would have been spared her, had she remained at home, which from all accounts she might have done if she would. With pretty black eyes, *un petit nez retroussé*, and dark ringlets all round her head, she is, however, very captivating, and may perhaps end by making some brilliant conquest. By her side was a cavalier, very tall and stiff, who being far more learned in the art of reading than of riding, was mightily afraid of tumbling off his horse, and caused us a great deal of merriment by his unalterable gravity and awkwardness. Then there was the young artist, with his fair hair and melancholy eyes, wrapt in a mute admiration of the charms of nature, and of the goddess of his thoughts. Two or three others completed our cavalcade, which set off at a brisk trot. After an hour's delightful ride, we arrived at the spot, on the borders of a large forest of oaks, where stood the ruins of the ancient church of St. Martin. Innumerable tombstones marked the resting-place of many a generation. All around told of ruin and decay; but a large white birch-tree, like an angel's wing, protected with its shade the peaceful slumber of the dead. With a curiosity, tempered by the solemnity of the place we stood in, we demanded of our companions if this were the tree about which they had promised us the history. "It is," said Bromislas; "and if you will listen, I will recount to you what the peasants relate to their children from one generation to another. But do not imagine I have anything either very exciting or interesting to tell you, for it is a simple village legend of the Duchy." Having descended from our horses, we formed a circle round our young and beautiful narrator, who, with a heightened colour, and a voice which at first trembled slightly from emotion, thus began:—"Long years ago, the only child of a poor loving mother, of these parts, fell sick and died. When his little cold body was laid in the dark grave beside this church, you may imagine the grief, the despair of the poor woman; for the boy had been her only consolation, her only hope, and she had made a veritable idol of him, and worshipped him. But one day the sexton,

running in great fear and trepidation to the village pastor, cried out, 'What evil has come upon us? What terrible things are passing in our churchyard? In vain we have buried the widow's little boy, who died a week ago; notwithstanding all our efforts, and all our care, one little hand is constantly forcing its way out of the grave!' The astonished priest, cross in hand, runs to the cemetery. A hundred times he blesses the hand, sprinkles it with holy water, and himself buries it in the ground. Kneeling beside the little grave, he pours out his soul to God; but in vain he prays, the hand again forces its way through the earth, and shines in appalling whiteness on the green grass. The pastor causes the church bells to be rung, to summon all the inhabitants of the village. Wondering, and affrighted, they crowd around him. Young and old, women and children, all are there. Then the pastor, turning to the mother of the child, said:—"What is passing in the grave of your son? My poor comprehension cannot fathom the awful mystery; but you must surely know. Explain, then, this terrible sight." The poor mother wrung her hands in despair, and replied only by tears and moans. But being menaced with the malediction of God, she at last gave utterance to the following words:—"It is the punishment of my blind and senseless adoration of my child. God is just. He sends me evil for evil. I spoiled my boy by over indulgence. I never chastised him for his faults; and one unhappy day he lifted his hand against me in his anger, and struck me!"—"Take then a birch, and strike the hand of your child. He prays for chastisement on earth, that he may escape punishment in eternity." The poor trembling woman hesitated, fearing to approach the grave; but the pastor cried in a voice of thunder, 'Strike!' Summoning up all her courage, she stepped forward, and with eyes turned away, the mother performed the terrible and painful task.

"Behold! oh miracle of heaven! the instant the birch touched the hand, it shrank withering away, and the earth closed over it; but the mother fell fainting on the ground, overcome by the force of her emotion.

"A feeling of terror filled every heart; a cold shudder ran through the veins of all who witnessed this scene, in commemoration of which the pastor planted the birch on the grave. By a second miracle, the following spring it had become an immense tree, covered with foliage. Many centuries passed away; the church crumbled into ruins, a forest of oaks grew up around, but the birch-tree remained always the same to this day; and the tradition of it is handed down from one generation to another, giving a fearful warning to those foolish parents, who neglect to teach their children that commandment of God, which says, '*Honour thy Father and thy Mother.*'"

We were all more or less affected by this story, and the charming way in which it had been recounted; and it was some time after we had left the spot before we ladies at least reco-

vered our usual spirits. On reaching Vasilowka, we encountered Boleslas and his cousins, just returned from heron shooting. The delighted boy himself had been the most successful, having shot no less than three; and with pride he presented his mother with a few little glossy feathers that form the tuft on the head of the heron, and are valuable on account of their scarcity. Our evening closed in again with dancing, singing, and music; and it was late in the night before any one thought of repose.

On the fourth day of Easter week we had to say adieu to our pretty Vanda, who went with one of her aunts to Posen, to assist in quality of bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her friends, a very beautiful and elegant young lady, whom we had the pleasure of knowing when there. Remarkable to relate, the gentleman to whom she is about to give her hand is equally handsome with herself; they will indeed be a charming pair—may Heaven bless them! After their wedding, they will pass a few weeks with their families, as in Poland it is not the custom to take the departure immediately the marriage

vows are pronounced, as is the case in our country; and then they will set off for London and the "Great Exposition." We know of many weddings that have been arranged this winter at the Balls during the Carnival, and this journey was stipulated for in every case: going to see the Exposition has quite taken the place of a tour in Italy, which used formerly to be the condition upon which young ladies bound themselves for life.

The day after Vanda's departure there was a wedding in the village. It took place, that is to say the feasting and dancing, at the residence of the pastor, who very kindly superintended the whole affair. Everybody from the Château went; and we all danced with the peasants, who of course were highly pleased at our condescension. Some other time we will give you an account of one of these weddings, for they are curious and amusing; but for the present we must say farewell, merely premising that Friday and Saturday were passed in receiving crowds of visitors at Vasilowka, and that we quitted the hospitable roof of our friends, with many and sincere regrets, the following week, carrying with us the most pleasing reminiscences of "Easter in Poland."

THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Oh! look on the sunny side, dear Maid,
As you journey through Life's long way:
Often the depths of the forest shade
Are pierced by the morning ray;
And often a line of light may start
On the rough, tempestuous tide,
If you only keep a hopeful heart,
And look on the sunny side!

The mists that rapidly rise around
May as swiftly pass away:
The darkest hour of the night is found
The herald of rosy day:
The clouds that threaten to burst in rain,
May in brilliant tints divide,
And give to your eager eyes again
A glimpse of the sunny side!

She who can quickly discern the light
That glimmers through storm and gloom,
Hath a spell in store of glorious might
To brighten a husband's home:
And Sorrow can work no lasting ill
On the spirit true and tried,
That in time of trouble, is ready still
To look on the sunny side!

MY COTTAGE HOME.

Oh! when I left my English home,
Sad, weary, and depressed,
I dared not hope in stranger land
To find a place of rest.

But now I've found this calm retreat,
I never wish to roam;
And I will prize and love thee well,
My pretty cottage home.

Oh! who would choose the city's din,
Its bustle and its noise?
Excitement and a proud display
There form our fancied joys:
No solitude—no quiet hour
For holy thoughts to come.
Oh! blest are they who can possess
A simple cottage home.

Here, free to roam where'er I will,
On mountain, hill, or vale,
I'll listen to the wild bird's song,
And love the wild flowers pale;
I'll learn their language, and will hold
Converse with birds and flowers;
They'll be such sweet companions, too,
In all my lonely hours.

With simple eloquence they'll teach
Their useful lore to me;
Oh! may I learn to be like them,
So innocent, so free.
Alone with nature's God, I'll find
A solitude so sweet,
In deep recesses of the woods,
In shady wild retreat.

My pretty cottage—Oh! indeed
I can be happy here—
Far from the city's crowded haunts;
Far from all strife and fear.
Wert thou with me, my husband, I
Would never wish to roam.
Come, thou, Oh, come! and share with me
My pretty cottage home.

LIZZIE W.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 140.)

CHAP. VI.

"Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
Directs her course unto one certain coast,
Is met by many a counter wind and tide,
With which her wingèd speed is let and crost,
And she herself on stormy surges tost,
Yet making many a board and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayed, yet never is astray."

And if I can with any justice, though in all humility, claim for my course the praise that it "never is astray," I owe it in great measure to the sisterly sympathy of Carola Morton. The dissolution of partnership which had come on me in the last chapter occasioned me for some time the most pressing difficulties. I had in truth to make many a board and many a bay, to abate my proud thoughts, to content myself with far humbler aspirations. I, whose girlish dreams had been of regenerating society by the spells of poetry, who in maturer womanhood still found in the Beautiful a type of heavenly purity here below—I was now to consider, not what things were pure and lovely, but what were of good report—what, in short, would take with the public. Not the least of my cares was the necessity I was under of going alone to arrange in person with the publishers and editors from whom I sought employment. Many a day I thanked Providence for my want of beauty. Carola could not have traversed the streets, and fagged about in hackney coaches as I did—her fair face would have been a deadly foe. I found it so the few times I accepted her offer of supporting me in my awkward interviews, and I soon put an end to her accompanying me. Among others at this time, I fell in with the managers of a newly-established periodical, which professed to be for the benefit of the masses. Every literary paper does so now; but this was in more exclusive days, when reading and writing for the lower classes were thought to begin and end in the Bible and the ledger—a curious mixture, which leads people often to confuse religion and worldly wisdom, and to take in the literal sense the text that godliness is *great gain*. In those days the "Spirit of Progress" had newly escaped from its stable, and had fallen into a gentle trot, very unlike the furious Mazeppa race with which it now scours the world. The periodical to which I refer might not inaptly be compared to one of the broken hinges by which the steed pushed down the door. The tone of the maga-

zine was nearly "*Radical*," but the talent embarked there was sufficient to make head against all Tory attempts to have it coughed down. It was daring and unscrupulous—two attributes which, combined, are almost sure to command notice. My first attempt in its pages was an essay on the Elevation of the Human Intellect; an effort so well received by the editor, that I had the temerity to display to him my castigation of the poet Prateapace. The rough workman of literature who now scanned my well-merited sarcasms, was severe against the silken foplings pretending to build with silver trowels and inlaid spades. He had also a private grudge against Prateapace, for sneering at his journal among the *élite*; and he knew enough of the world to assure himself, that a bold attack on any privileged amateur of the drawing-rooms would produce a sensation highly favourable to the struggling magazine. The review was printed, and not a little discussed. My former employers revealed to Prateapace the name of his hidden critic, and he became my enemy for ever. He wrote a violent tirade in one of the daily papers, stigmatising my criticism as an unjust libel. His friends and lady patrons supported him. The literary *sans culottes* rejoiced in the fray, and spattered mud on their opponents with hearty good will. The editors of the "*liberal*" periodical which had produced this apple of discord applauded themselves and me for the notoriety which they had all along foreseen, but which to an inexperienced writer like myself was misery and disgrace. The stinging retorts which my critique had provoked rung through my very dreams, and I incessantly reproached myself for my rashness. I was now high in favour with the leaders of the "*liberal*" party. They imagined they could hound me down on every scion of nobility daring to penetrate into the inky mysteries of the pen. They knew they could not more effectually pander to the vanity of the masses, than by exaggerating the follies of the great. But they mistook the mind they thought their tool—I was willing to mete out deserved censure, however lofty were the offender; but I scorned to vilify a rising genius because it wrote itself a lord. I would not measure ability in an inverse ratio to station. I preserved a contempt for slang jokes, and a doubt of the conversational wit of cabmen. This was not enough for my coadjutors—I must be all or nothing. It is dangerous to be a Moderate. Like the clay vessel betwixt the iron ones, the moderate is crushed between the extremes. I had been a Radical to the aristocrats,

I was now an aristocrat to the Radicals ; and our connection came to a speedy rupture. I was not sorry, for I wished to be free, though as a hired drudge of literature I was looking for the mirage in such a wish. But again I was adrift, and this lasted so long, and my scanty means diminished so perceptibly, that I was glad to obtain a footing on a respectable and old-established periodical of sober, quiet principles, and steady circulation.

Here my effusions were not rejected, but they were docked of their more enthusiastic flights, and reduced to the same tasteless gelatine as the rest of the articles. I had learned some little worldly prudence now ; so I choked down my sigh, and submitted silently to these manipulations.

The tone of the work was decorous and prosy — long-winded treatises — cautious criticisms, abounding in negations — soporific poems, and orthodox tales regularly ending in a marriage, and eschewing all horrors of the Radcliffe and Ainsworth school. Sometimes, as a favour, one of my poetical pieces might be inserted, but always the barrenest and least imaginative ; and a wild flight of fancy was ruthlessly expunged.

Thus did this ponderous, pompous, dozing, prosing periodical enjoy a wide reputation, and a circulation amounting to many thousands — not a few of whom continued the subscription with habitual listlessness, because “ they had all the volumes from the beginning, and the look of a library was quite spoiled if there were to be an incomplete set.”

Some months previously I should have been ill-contented with so inglorious a post ; but the rubs of fortune are not to be slighted, and I had learned to be thankful for a means of honest subsistence, however obscure. I had escaped the temptation of battering my soul’s integrity, and I was still strong in youth and hope, and still rhymed in secret, looking patiently to the future for the fruition of my desires.

And had I forgotten Ernest in this sharp struggle for my daily bread ? Had the naked and unpromising life now opened to me not disgusted me with my romance and fidelity of heart ? No. Never did I repent that I had refused Mr. Elphinstone. The only days of my experience that rose up to reproach, were those of my engagement ; I felt too happy in the indulgence of my long repressed love to care that it had brought me to poverty. Still in all innocence, in all purity of heart, could I dedicate to the far-absent Ernest every conscientious sacrifice, every fine imagination, every healthful though wearying labour. I felt improved by this change in my existence ; my duty and my hopes went together, and I cherished a bright dream of Ernest’s return, and my reward in his renewed esteem and love. For many years that dream was my soul’s food, on which I fed and lived, and thought I could never live without it. And how could I be sad with such a companion as Carola Morton ? Every day developed to me more fully the depths of her virgin heart. How delicious it was to turn over page after page,

and see so much freshness, so few stains ! And who could relax exertion beside that patient labourer of science — her pale, sweet-expressed father ? The benign influence of his charitable spirit infused itself into everything : he lived entirely for others, and he found his reward in his own silently approving heart, and the encouraging words of his daily readings of Scripture. His was a most wonderfully balanced mind, morbid repinings were unknown to him ; and yet healthful as was that mind, the body was frail and breaking. I heard him cough at night, till I have often risen in alarm and gone to listen at his chamber ; but when I alluded to it next morning, he would quietly reply that he had taken the necessary remedies, and implore me not to mention it to his daughter. But I did not like his meagre aspect, his too bright eyes, and hollow shoulders. He liked his daughter to enter society, his delight was unbounded when her graceful figure glided before him through the dance, and the admiration her sweet face excited was his purest reward for many a wakeful night brought on by exposure to cold and late hours.

Carola was so guileless and childlike still, that it was her amusement, on her return from a party, to tell me the adventures of the evening, including the compliments of her partners ; simple and unassuming, she took these for mere verbiage ; but in some, I, experience-taught, could discern a deeper meaning than the frothy persiflage of the hour. The name of a certain Mr. Landers figured prominently in these anecdotes, and my suspicions were a little roused by the frequency of his dances, and the plainness of his inuendoes.

I became uneasy about Carola ; young and motherless, was she too, to be wrecked on a loveless marriage — for her style of mentioning Mr. Landers was anything but love : she seemed rather to laugh at him than to respect or admire him. I sounded Mr. Morton : he said at once that Carola was generally thought the belle of the party ; but he laughed at my hints of a lover, saying she was too young to take any fancy yet, and that he would rather see her mind matured before her heart was touched, in which I heartily agreed with him — “ Marriage lets in many cares unknown to the maiden ; Carola is too young to grapple with these *real* troubles. I like a girl to keep her maiden meditations a few years.”

But our antiquated wisdom could not annul the fact that Mr. Landers had fallen in love with our Carola, and a few days brought matters to a crisis.

Mr. Morton and his daughter had gone to a dance at the same Mrs. Hampton Teddington’s to whom I previously referred. They came home rather earlier than usual, and Carola knocked hastily at my door. When I opened it I saw her white and trembling, and looking ready to burst into tears. I half surmised the truth : Mr. Landers had proposed to her. In saying this her self-command gave way, and she wept vehemently in a manner that alarmed me.

"And your answer, Carola?" I asked, as quietly as I could.

"Oh, I was so startled, so frightened, so sorry for him and for myself. And yet I nearly laughed at the folly of his proposing to me, whom he had never seen but in company, of whose character he knows as little as I know of his. I told him so as soon as I could put sentences properly together; but indeed at first I was utterly confounded and half angry with a suspicion that it was a mere quiz on his part. But he really was in earnest and talked so volubly, yet so seriously, that I said nothing from being quite stultified, until I got out that expression of not knowing him; and do you know he seemed to take that as encouragement. I did not mean it for such. And then he ran on about devoting his life to please me, and all the "usual compliments of the season." And she laughed such a merry, child-like laugh that I had no doubt as to whether she was in love or not.

"But did you leave him under that impression of encouragement?"

Her face clouded again. "I tried to speak, but you might as well have stopped a running river with a willow wand. I trembled so much that I daresay he thought I was quite overcome with love; but it was a sort of cold fear; for I really do not want to marry him or any body unless papa wishes it very much, and I could not refuse him. But, Laura, I do not think matters are at all clear with Mr. Landers, for I ran away suddenly when I saw papa, and said I wanted to go home; and Mr. Landers would hand me into the carriage, and asked if he might hope; and I really do not know if he heard me at all when I said 'No'; for the wheels made such a noise at that moment."

"Then you mean to refuse him?"

"I want to consult you, Laura. I do not pretend to care for him or for any one so much as I do for papa, and for—but I have no romance about love—that is," said Carola blushing and correcting herself at the murmurs of her heart that very instant; "that is, I think and hope any one who feels it a duty could prevent indulgence in that romance, and that if it really would make papa happy I could be happy enough with this Mr. Landers, or any body like him, tolerably agreeable and good tempered."

"You might be happy enough, Carola; but would you be good enough as such a wife? Do you know that your duty is to give your husband your whole heart; that you can expect no blessing on your duties as a mother if you begin by under-estimating those of a wife? Do you know that marriage calls on the woman for continual and often unappreciated self-sacrifices? that the cares of children, their sicknesses and their sins, cut like a canker into the spirit, and drive away the light carelessness of youth? But where there is love, strong, enduring, well grounded love, it is a noble and a hopeful task, and the heart goes along with every exertion. But oh, Carola, could your father, knowing your

capacity for what is truly good, be happy on seeing you the drudge of an inferior mind—'what is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay'? No, dearest; love well before you marry, and examine well before you love."

I spoke earnestly, for my heart prompted every word. Carola knew my own story as far as regarded Mr. Elphinstone's share, and she felt that I advised her from experience. Her own lips trembled as she answered—

"You are right, Laura; and yet, I feel sometimes that I must not only consult my own wishes and my dear father's comforts. He is over-worked, he is worn and pale; and yet he has ever before him the idea that I shall be left penniless and dependent at his death. I know his anxiety haunts him, Laura; I have seen it often in his dear, kind eyes; and I have heard him, when he thought I was not attending to him, mutter to himself the fears which press upon his mind. Dear Laura, do you not think he would be happier if I were married and placed above the reach of want?"

I did not reply, for I was aware it was a matter worthy of deep consideration. At last I said, "Beloved Carola, from the sentiments I have heard your father express on this subject, as well as from your own character, I strongly advise you against such perilous experiment. You are better fitted than most young women to struggle with mere pecuniary troubles, but you are by no means of a temperament likely to be happy in a marriage of mere worldly prudence. There is in you, as in every ardent spirit, a necessity of loving—an overplus of feeling, which must one day find vent; and if not expended on your husband, as it naturally ought to be, it will gnaw at the root of your happiness, and perhaps make its way out in an unlooked-for—nay, who knows?—a guilty channel. If you marry with but a small amount of regard, even suppose life's trials do not diminish that small stock, the great treasury of your heart would still be cumbered with its useless wealth, and when too late you may find those deserving of it, to whom it will be sinful to give even a thought."

"But in marriage the children fill up one's heart," said Carola.

"Yes; but suppose God denies you that blessing! And do you think an unloving wife dare hope for their solace? Might he not send them in judgment, not in mercy? Might you not learn with fear how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? Oh, Carola, do not fling yourself into certain trouble for the sake of uncertain good."

"You are always right, dear Laura. I have often fancied I could be happy with any husband if I had a dear child to cherish: it seems such a holy, such an absorbing love. There is nothing in my eyes so nearly angelic as a mother's unconscious gaze upon her first-born. That is one reason I do so almost worship the Madonnas of the Italian painters: it is the very perfection of earthly love purified from all sin.

But you have shown me that these fancies are presumptuous in one who dares to purpose the transgression of a positive command. Laura, say nothing of Mr. Landers to my father. I will answer him to-morrow by writing."

"And Carola," I continued, retaining her hand a moment as she bade me good night, "you have told me, and I cannot tell you in return my joy and gratitude, that I am dearer to you than any but your father. Do not think yourself homeless while I live; poor as I am, I am independent, and we can assist each other till you find a husband worthy of all confidence and love."

Carola flung herself into my arms, and we wept tears of gladness in that embrace.

The next day she brought me an unsealed note addressed to Mr. Landers. It expressed gently but decidedly her regret at what had occurred, excusing her apparent indecision by her surprise and distress, which had for the time destroyed all self-command. The refusal was by no means an equivocal one, for Carola had little hesitation in her character.

"Very good, love. Shall I seal it for you, as I have a taper lighted?"

"Please do. I have just ended my phosphorus matches; they are improving daily in these things: they are as distinct a feature of the nineteenth century as the newly begun railways. But hush! there is a knock at the door. Oh, Laura, can that be Mr. Landers?"

"Not the most unlikely conjecture, I must say, disagreeable as I daresay the idea is to you. Will you see him?"

"Oh no, no!" cried poor Carola, shaking with genuine terror. "Oh, Laura, I cannot stand the siege of such another battery as he tried last night. I will leave the note for him."

"But, my love, you cannot leave such a note as that without a single message, now that he has come. You owe it to him to listen once more to his pleadings."

"Do you think so, after all your advice?" said Carola reproachfully.

"Yes; and consistently too, as I will explain."

"Oh, no time for explanation now. I hear his step on the stair. Do you see him for me." And the flurried girl ran out at an opposite door just as Mr. Landers was ushered into the sitting-room, where, during Mr. Morton's absence, I generally pursued my labours.

"For my part, my heart beat audibly. I had not heard the words of passion from any lips since that bitter night when Ernest reproached me; and although now I was to act for another, and not for myself, still I could not help fancying that in Mr. Landers' appealing tones I heard the accents of poor St. George Elphinstone, whom I had so cruelly wronged. But this association made me more firm in resisting for my Carola the dangers of a similar sin and sorrow.

Mr. Landers was really a good-looking, gentlemanly man of thirty or thereabouts—tall, well made, well dressed, unexceptionable in manners, and pleasing in voice and style of speaking; he

was also very evidently in love. But I soon perceived he was nothing else. He was now completely under the influence of a passion which makes the most sordid generous, and the most careless considerate; but I perceived sufficient indications that when this temporary fever should have subsided there was nothing in him likely to fix the esteem and respectful regard of such a girl as Carola. He was a common-place man; he judged according to the judgment of the class to whom he belonged; he had a fair collection of conversational ideas, but an original, self-suggested opinion was something beyond him. He had received a college education, and had therefore fallen into the best routine of most mental pursuits; but then he was not equal to any emergency; he had no native energy of character; he would have sought for advice at the first speck of cloud in his horizon. I may appear to have prejudged him unjustifiably on so slight a knowledge; but this was my general impression, and it was confirmed by subsequent experience. However, I dare say it mattered not to him what I thought; but he looked surprised to see me there.

"I was not aware," he said, "that Miss Morton had a sister."

"She has none," I replied. "I am only an intimate friend; but she begged me to deliver her apologies for not seeing any visitor to-day; she feels fatigued by last night's dance."

"Can I not see her then?" cried the gentleman in an accent of extreme disappointment.

"I fear not," I replied once more.

"This must be a mistake. I beg of you, madam, to give Miss Morton my card, and to implore her to give me an interview, were it only for five minutes. I cannot leave the house without seeing her."

"I assure you, Mr. Landers, Miss Morton cannot receive you to-day; but if you have any message I will give it her verbally or in writing, as you think fit."

He looked at me scrutinizingly. "You are Miss Morton's intimate friend; will you advise her for her own happiness—I desire it now I am sure." And his eye wandered over the dismal, dingy room in which we sat. "This is not a residence worthy of Miss Morton," he said, as if involuntarily giving language to his thoughts.

"It is Carola's house," I answered, "and the society of her father makes it worth a palace to her."

"Yes; but Miss Morton's beauty and sweetness can command wealth. I know that I have not what she has a right to expect, but still I can make her home far more suitable than this; and I can give her love; but that also she has a right to expect; such a face as hers must awaken love in every man who sees her."

"Tell me, then," I said rather impertinently; "is it Carola's beauty that has won your heart?"

"Why, not exactly; she seems to have so sweet a temper, and to be so affectionate to her father—I think that almost as good as her beauty."

"And do you count for nothing her fine intellect, although at present merely in the bud? Do you overlook her pure taste, her keen appreciation of the noble and the beautiful, her crystal truthfulness, her cultivated mind?"

The lover looked sheepish. "Why you are eloquent in sweet Miss Morton's praise, and she deserves it; the talents you mention will, I dare say, amuse and enliven her solitude, for you know a barrister's wife must be a good deal alone; as for being of any use otherwise, I do not see how intellect has anything to do with a wife. I hate *blues*—but Miss Morton's lovely face gives the lie to any such unfeminine imputation."

"How you would despise me," thought I, "did you know I were an authoress!" But I said nothing for a moment, and then asked what I should say for him to Carola.

He wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and, folding it, put it into my hands. I took it to my dear girl, whom I found trembling in her own chamber: I gave it her without a word. She ran her eye over it, coloured, and then said, "Give him the note I gave you before he came: it is answer enough."

Mr. Landers had taken up a book during my absence, and was pretending to read; but the uneasy fidgeting which made the chair creak under his weight, proved to me how indifferent he was to his studies. He held out his hand eagerly for the note, which he saw me take out of the envelope case; but that action aroused disagreeable suspicions, and he exclaimed, "That is not an answer to my request, written a few moments ago."

"Miss Morton regrets giving you pain," I said gently; "but your note has only confirmed her in the sentiments which, after the events of last night, she thought it her duty to express to you in writing."

The suitor seized the letter, and read it hastily. His colour deepened during this perusal till his face was flame colour, and then he flung down the paper with a muttered exclamation, not exactly a curse, but something distantly resembling it.

"You know her reasons, do you? Tell me them, if any exist, if this groundless refusal be not merely a whim of girlish coquetry. Why I know, madam, that Mr. Morton can leave his daughter nothing—that at his death she will be thrown on the wide world; yet I have not scrupled to propose to her. What does she object to me for? Am I not young, healthful, devotedly attached to her, with a competent fortune, and a station in society which no woman in her position ought to pretend to despise? Madam, I speak to you as a reasonable person. You are older than Miss Morton; you have seen more of the world. Tell her how madly she is acting, for her own sake."

"Miss Morton is the best judge of her own happiness," I replied. "I could not pretend to dictate to her on such a point."

"Dictate! No; but advise. Tell her what your own experience must surely tell you—that

she will repent, when it is too late, her rejection of my offer. Paint to her the trials she will have to undergo; the anxieties, the deprivations, the contempt and neglect of the world. My heart bleeds when I imagine her in such a position—a governess perhaps—a spiritless, dejected drudge. I entreat you to save her from her own rashness."

"Mr. Landers," I replied again, "you will think me the worst adviser Miss Morton could have, when I inform you that I am now working for my bread as a literary hireling, rather than make my life a long falsehood by a union without love. I might have been rich, but I should have despised myself in that affluence. I am poor, but I am conscience-free and happy."

The young man stared at me in unaffected astonishment, caught up his hat, muttered a few disjointed words of adieu, and hurried down stairs, slamming after him the street-door. Perhaps he thought me an escaped lunatic! But the confession, though it may appear gratuitous, was successful in its only object, that of inducing him to desist from his suit. We heard no more of Mr. Landers.

"And pray," said Carola, "let us hear no more of love or matrimony, ~~Laura detests as long~~ as my beloved father is left to his child."

It was the habit of my friends to indulge themselves every summer in a few weeks of country enjoyments. For this Carola redoubled her economical cares during many previous months. She had the talent, possessed by few women, of husbanding her means with such skill, that she could do more on a small sum than any one I ever knew; and yet she was not stingy, a fault into which I invariably fall whenever I try to save. It is a native talent, as much as an ear for music or a voice for singing; it may be imitated, but never reached in perfection by those not born to it. However, the possession of this skill accounts for the slight inroads made on their scanty means by these summer excursions.

"Ah, Laura, how I wish you were going with us!" exclaimed Carola, as she tied her bonnet-strings on the morning of her departure; I never wished for money so much as now."

My own heart echoed that wish, but I tried to dispel any discontented depression, as I kissed her, saying, "Never think of me, sweetest; I have a great deal to write and make ready for the October and November magazines; and I shall have plenty of opportunity for collecting materials for a treatise on the physiology of a London autumn."

"Ah, you will be sadly dull," sighed Carola, as she stepped into the cab; and her kind father repeated her words with much sympathy. I laughed in reply; but had I honestly confessed the state of my spirits, I think Carola would almost have given up her journey to console me. I went back into the little dull room I called my own, for the Mortons had sub-let their lodgings for the time of their intended absence. The rolling of the cab died away in the distant squares, and a stern silence fell once more on

the solitary street. Most of the houses were shut up—the picture-dealer had taken in all his best prints, and hung out enticing but old frames. The very hurdy-gurdy boys had abandoned the place; and the bright, warm sun of August rained down his beams into the centre of the narrow roadway, in pitiless contrast to the gloom on every side. I sat in a listless despondency for some minutes, and then catching a gleam of brightness on the gold-handled hat of a passing footman, that strange chain of association was touched, and a cloud of old memories rushed on me.

I saw our own beautiful home by the Mersey, now sold to strangers. I reviewed the equipage which every summer brought down my august mother from her London triumphs; the harness glittering through the beech branches under which on such occasions it was always my custom to hide myself. Oh! how ardently now, in that close dreary room, did I sigh for those umbrageous retreats where my happiest hours had been dreamed away in solitude! And then I remembered how little I had been loved in that splendid home—how my heart had fed upon itself. But fancy quickly hastened forward, and showed me, under those same beech-trees, Ernest Marchmont by my side; and I recalled with unerring fidelity every word he had ever uttered. And how proud and self-approving were my reflections, that few, if any, compliments had mingled in his talk; that he had spoken of all things beautiful and noble; and that he had riveted his chains on me not by flattery; but by the enunciation of his own high principles and generous sentiments! I loved Ernest Marchmont because his influence over me had never inspired one unworthy thought. In remembering his conversation I only enumerated feelings that might have been the saving of a soul. Yet at the moment I speak of, in the first gush of loneliness after Carola's departure, this passionate remembrance of Ernest filled me with despair. I felt deserted by the whole world, and flinging from me these enervating reveries, I plunged sullenly into my daily tasks.

But day after day passed drearily, and still I was alone in that crowded waste! Miles on miles of streets stretched away on every side. Hundreds and thousands plodded, like me, in the dusty path of labour—suffering, struggling, withering like myself; yet not a single throb of sympathy could we interchange. Parliament had risen, and the affairs of the nation had succumbed to the absorbing interest of the moors.

The Cockneys were all down at Margate, and such places. New books had drawn back like snails into their shells, to await a more propitious season. Fashionable readers were at their country seats; fashionable writers were hunting adventure at Naples or on the Rhine. The booksellers had followed their wives to Ramsgate, and the head printer had taken a house at Boulogne.

Everything was asleep. The "Woods and Forests" had converted every thoroughfare into

abysses which might have daunted Haydon's Curtius: and the face of every house was besieged by the scaling-ladders of the plasterer. The parks were beyond a walk, and the heat made me languid and spiritless. Nearly a month had passed, when one day I went to the office of my patron magazine with a paper which I had completed. To my astonishment I there found the sub-editor, who had "run up to town" from his rural lodgings at Walmer.

"Ah, Miss Studleggh! I rejoice to see you. I did not know where to look at this season for a contributor. I am too hurried myself, but I must have an article on this book by Monday. It is just published, you see, at a most unworthy time; but the last news from the Cape will give our review of it a very strong interest. You had better take this newspaper also, as it will give you a very good idea of the author; and I need not tell any one with Miss Studleggh's enthusiasm, that the notice of the work must be in the highest degree laudatory; indeed there seems no dissentient voice as to the genius of this Mr. Marchmont."

This Mr. Marchmont! and I was told to praise his writings. I, whose only fear was that my veneration for the author would prevent my seeing his works in their true focus. When I looked at him, or aught belonging to him, my feelings acted as a magnifying lens.

I took the book and the newspaper. The one was a very spirited sketch of the colony of Grahams-town, with many practically valuable suggestions for its improvement. The other contained an account of a series of conflicts with some insurrectionary native tribes, in which Ernest Marchmont, Esq., had greatly distinguished himself. Although acting only in a civil employ, he had, on the disturbance arising, and in the absence of any military assistance, organised at once an armed force to defend the colony, and headed it himself with combined energy and skill. He had not only defeated the rebellious tribes, but by consummate art had pacified and satisfied them, so that when the tardy aid arrived from the capital, the soldiers found no enemy to subdue. The Gazette further displayed the despatches written by Ernest to the Governor at Cape Town, giving a manly and most graphic narrative of these occurrences, and the pressing emergency which had forced him to act on his own discretion. Much laudation followed on the gallant and prudent conduct of the young official.

I need not say how eagerly I devoured these papers; how I wept over them with a mixture of joy, pride, and regret. This man had loved me, and renounced me in disdain! Ah, how irretrievable was the fact! how good and noble he was! and now the world was beginning to appreciate his mental strength. This was the first step in the upward course: he would rise to fame and honour, while I withered away my life in obscurity and neglect.

But it was not in my nature to repine without an effort. I caught infection from the ardour of Ernest's fame. At least I would not sink with-

out a struggle to rise as near his level as I could. Ambition revived in me. For his sake I longed to prove to him the perfect congeniality of our minds—I longed to gain but a little honour, that I might add it to his heap. So again my head filled with poetic visions. I wrote the review; it was a work of joy, every word of praise was traced with the heart as well as the pen. I finished all the commissioned articles I then had on hand; and after this dry drudgery was completed, I applied myself with all my soul to the achievement of a great poem. The subject was Childhood: its innocence, its involuntary faith, its aspirations, its dreams, and its disappointments. My own childhood had been one of so much reflection and reverie, that I needed only to look within for materials. This poem soon became with me a passion: in the words of a living poet—

"It grew upon my fancy day by day,
As Love upon a fervid spirit grows;
E'en in my sleep the music rang away,
And conjured pictures to my blank repose.
I woke in ecstasy, and strove to write
In words the speechless magic of the night."*

Such was my solace in my solitude. September at last passed, and the Mortons returned. I was very happy indeed to see them, and to hear Carola's lively description of her adventures, and her pictures of the strange sort of people she had met. Scientific meetings had afforded her great delight, and her sketches of the Professors would not have discredited the satirical pencil of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. But my poem was my present *engouement*—everything gave way to it. I frequented the British Museum, to gain information from its noble library. I digested my verses with the utmost care. No manual labour seemed too great for them; I had copied them a dozen times rather than leave a single inaccuracy. My perseverance was really praiseworthy, however signally it may have failed in achieving its object. Mr. Morton, who loved to see enthusiasm, warmly encouraged me in my efforts, and both he and Carola approved of the verses I read aloud to them from time to time. But alas! they proved friends, not stern critics. As I could not afford to suspend my usual task-work for the magazine, on which indeed I principally depended for subsistence, the leisure was but scanty which I had to bestow. I was not able, in consequence of these delays, to finish my self-imposed toil till the succeeding summer; and until that time no events of any importance occurred to either Carola or myself.

One lovely July morning she came to me with a radiant face—

"Ah, Laura, you are always raving about Highland scenery—only think what has turned up! Papa has had a letter from a medical friend, inviting him to Inverness, for the purpose of comparing together the results of their experiments; and papa really thinks he has at last got to the end of his labours: he says if he

could learn the effect on a different mind of the ideas which have so long influenced his own, he might gain a hint how to accelerate his work in reaching the necessary perfection. His instrument is almost quite right, but something still goes a little imperfectly, and he thinks that two heads may contrive better than one in this delicate finale of his endeavours; and so he is going to Inverness, Carola, and I am going with him!" And she clapped her hands, and danced about the room for joy.

Inverness! it was a magic name to me—I could not help sighing at the recollections it aroused.

"Do not be sad," cried Carola; "I shall bring back such a stock of raptures, that we shall have a great deal more in common than ever. Only imagine how much we shall have to discuss. I am certain I shall like the Highlands; and you must give me a letter to your friend Mrs. Anson—I long to know her. Ah! you smile."

"Yes, I smile," was my answer, "because I remember at seventeen feeling such a silly envy of her beauty, because I saw how fair she was in the eye of one whom I wished to love me."

"Not Mr. Anson, surely!" exclaimed Carola. "Is it possible?"

"Nay, nay, I never fell in love with my tutor; he was too wise for me—it was another."

"I thought you had loved," said Carola, quickly; and then checking herself—"You cannot conceal from my affection, dear Laura, that you have loved, and been bitterly disappointed."

"I had partly myself to blame for it; but do not let us dwell on this subject: it belongs to far past times, and it is wrong to grieve over what is irremediable."

Carola kissed me with a sudden motion of sympathy, and then turned rapidly to the window, and began to tell me of their intended route to Inverness.

In a few days they departed, and I was again left to my own solitude; though I feel I have, in the course of my narrative, been most uncharitably neglectful of a certain excellent lady, the mistress of the house in which I lodged.

Good Mrs. Crosby, let your ghost, generous as it was in life, forgive me this unpardonable omission. Mrs. Crosby was, at the time I first entered her house, about fifty-five years of age; but having "come through much," as she herself said, she looked much older. You may imagine she had been rather scandalized at the arrival of a young lady all alone, and had suspected something wrong from my excited air that evening when I engaged her second floor. These suspicions were confirmed next day, when she found me in a raving fever. She lost no time in apprizing her other lodgers—the Mortons; and Carola gave me her society, while her father assisted me with his medical skill. On my recovery, I began to remember I could not live alone and unprotected; and hearing from the Mortons, who had lived in the house some

* W. E. Aytoun's "Homer."

years, the irreproachable character of their landlady, I thought it advisable to send for her, and tell her candidly my circumstances, requesting her to extend to me her matronly countenance, that I might be considered as under her protection, and that all my letters might be addressed—Care of Mrs. Crosby.

The good woman was pleased with this advance towards confidence, and expressed herself perfectly satisfied with my respectability; and so there I remained; and if any gentleman called on business, as my literary avocations sometimes caused to be the case, Mrs. Crosby was always ready to present herself in my little sitting-room, to give an air of ceremony to the meeting, and to prevent the faintest possibility of scandal.

She was a most kind-hearted, generous creature, and had gained no little experience from her adventures. Her story I did not know for a long time—indeed she was not communicative regarding her past life; but there was something in her manner which suggested a superior mind. Her devotion to Carola was inexpressible, and her eyes would fill as she gazed after her light agile movements. Altogether, without knowing why, I had become very fond of my landlady; and during the absence of the Mortons, I often beguiled the tedium of my solitude by inducing her to share my evening meal; and there she would sit, balancing her teaspoon on her cup, and prattling right cheerfully of her dear young lady.

Many an anecdote did I thus learn of Mr. Morton's hidden benevolence to the poor, of his struggles, of his poverty; and many pretty traits did the good woman narrate of Carola's filial piety, her sweet temper, her goodness, and the admiration she excited in all who beheld her.

"For there are many lovelier faces than Miss Morton's," concluded Mrs. Crosby; "but seldom, seldom is it that the good, true heart shines out so clearly as in hers—and then such a pretty air, such a born lady as she is! even on a dirty day she can't walk ungracefully. She always reminds me of the pictures of Indian girls, with the pitchers on their heads—so upright, and firm, and light. But ah, it's not them alone she reminds me of: and when she turned her sweet face on her father, as they got into the cab yesterday, oh, Miss Studleggh, I thought my heart would burst!" And here the landlady applied an Indian silk handkerchief to her eyes. "You look surprised; but indeed, Miss Studleggh, that poor girl will soon be fatherless. Did you ever see Death written in a face? Did you ever notice eyes too bright; dull, dead-looking hair, and cheeks burned and parched with a consuming fever? Ah, how proud and happy he looked! But he's dying, Miss Studleggh: I see the hand of consumption on him, as clearly as I saw it once on the face of my only child."

The greyish curls which twisted so neatly over Mrs. Crosby's brow, seemed to have got into her eyes here, for she brushed them aside, and rubbed her eyelids for some moments, and then she said all at once—"I do not like being too

open with ladies and gentlemen that write books: I am always afraid of being put down on paper; but you have been always frank with me—more so than I, a poor lodging-house keeper, had a right to look for from a young lady; so I will tell you my story:—I was the daughter of the clerk at Chillingham: he was a studious man, and he taught me to read a great many books, because he had no son; and all his hopes were placed in me. When I was seventeen, I was called learned by many of my companions: and the young men of my own rank rather avoided me—conscious, I suppose, of their own stupidity. Perhaps I was wrong; but I was very ambitious, and I longed to be in a higher grade than that of the young farmers. I missed anything like sympathy of mind in my intercourse with them. About this time a large party came down to the Hall at Chillingworth, and on Sundays I could see a gallant array in the Squire's pew. One week-day some strangers from the Hall called at my father's house to ask for the key of the church-door, that they might examine the church. He was absent, and they asked me to go with them to explain some of the old tombs. I did so. The youths were delighted to find I knew so much on the subject; and one in particular—a bold, dashing stripling, some three years older than myself—stopped behind the others as they hurried away, and overwhelmed me with questions upon these antiquities for which Chillingham was famous. 'Now do not fancy, my good girl,' he concluded, 'that I am such a rusty old Don as to care one farthing about these illegible, worm-eaten things; but I have a thesis to write on the Saxon antiquities in England, and I've learned more from you in an hour than from all the books I read at College. So I'll come down to your cottage to-morrow; and you'll show me, won't you, the extracts you mention having taken from the old manuscripts among the registers.'

"So Philip Beryl came once, and not once alone to our cottage, and copied the manuscripts, and examined my little store of books, and with all the frankness of youth, made himself quite at home. His visits were not rendered less frequent by the fact that at this time my father was summoned to London, to appear as principal witness in some law-suit, where the succession of an estate was concerned, and in which his evidence as registrar of the marriages and births was most important. Thus left to myself, I was not sorry to have my solitude enlivened by the dashing, but honourable-minded Philip Beryl. He was a creature of impulse, whose impulses were generally good—when they were not, the quick revulsion of his generous nature was ready to atone for every offence, and no one could be angry with him ten minutes together. He was reckless of danger, and passionately fond of field-sports, and particularly of riding. With all his impetuosity, he had a respect for women, which is the sure token of a fine mind. Ah, Miss Studleggh, men who despise our sex are only fit to be despised themselves—an impartial

verdict from a woman, you will say; but I have had some experience.

"Well-a-day! it is a long while ago! and I am so old and battered, now, I can hardly believe sometimes that so gallant a fellow as Philip Beryl ever cared for me. But that he did, as you will hear. After looking over all my books, he said—

"There are some in my room at the Hall, far better suited to a pretty girl than these hard names; so I'll bring them to you to-morrow, as you are such a book-worm."

"These books were the works of Byron, Moore, Scott, and the first three of Bulwer's novels, which had just appeared.

"My pretty Phœbe," said he, "the verses of Lalla Rookh will become your lips far better than these crabbed old devices on the tombstones."

"Half in fun, I learned to repeat them, and he was delighted to hear me recite; and then while I worked he would sit at my side reading aloud the stirring pages of 'Marmion' or 'Waverley.'

"You may fancy the rest, Miss Studleggh. I fell in love, and so did Philip; but he was so innocent-hearted, he did not know it himself any more than me. He told me all his home-troubles, with a boyish candour which interested me deeply. His father, a wealthy baronet, was in the possession of the advowson of a valuable living which he destined for this his second son. It was the worst choice possible for Philip. He liked books; but they were not the books fitted for a clergyman. He was fond of roving, adventurous and bold, scarcely ever off a horse's back but when reading a romance or a poem. He would have made a Philip Sidney; but not a Tillotson or a Chalmers. In vain, however, did the ingenuous young man plead for an exchange of profession: Sir John was inexorable—

"You have no chance of success in the army or at the bar; but your grand-uncle is a bishop, and you are sure to get on in the church."

"Philip haughtily struggled against his fate; but it seemed in vain. He had no one to assist him; his family were blinded by the lust of lucre. They did not see how dreadful a sin it was to become a preacher for lucre's sake alone.

"It seemed a great relief to the poor student to pour all his griefs into my ear. I fully sympathized with him, for I had an awe of the sacred office which he so dreaded to profane.

"O, Phœbe," he would say, "you are the first woman I ever knew who thought of duty before money. The lady mamma up at the Hall thinks me a fool for wishing to throw away a fat incumbency. I do detest that horrid way of measuring every feeling by a golden scale."

"In the midst of this intercourse my father returned. I thought he looked very severe the first evening; but he said nothing. Next morning as he went out, I perceived from the window that he met Philip Beryl at the bottom of our garden. They stopped and spoke. I heard not; but I saw the gestures on each side. With my father it was an angry impatience—a stern, reproving manner; with Philip a proud self-defending, and yet gentle denial. They

parted—my father to the village; Philip strode hastily into the cottage.

"Phœbe," he said, and his voice was husky, "I am come for your forgiveness. I have injured you without knowing it. I have never had a disrespectful thought of you, and yet these fools must needs poison everything with their evil breath. Your father says my visits have raised scandal. They shall do so no more! Phœbe, I love you; but I must say Good-bye, to-day, for ever. I have no hope of marrying. I have nothing to look for but this dreadful living, which I dare not take; and you know there is nothing so contemptible in the eyes of this excellent world as a beggarly gentleman. O, Miss Studleggh, I was quite frightened to hear his bitter laugh; it made me forget my joy for his saying that he loved me."

"Then he went on—

"I shall go back to my father, and make one trial more; if it fails, I shall do something desperate! I cannot take vows I know I cannot fulfil, and I spurn the thought of being a sporting clergyman—a disgrace to the pulpit! Promise me, Phœbe, that if I ever return, and show you I can marry you, you will leave everything and follow me. Ah, I am like a true man, selfish and exacting; but I love you, Phœbe, above everything in the world; and this is such a hopeless request, that you risk nothing in granting it!"

"You need not look so inquiringly, Miss Studleggh! You may be sure I promised, with many tears, sobbing in his arms; for there was no harm in his respectful, honourable love.

"He went away, and I cried till my father came in, and scolded me right furiously.

"He said—'I did not bring you up with the learning of a scholar that you should disgrace yourself by levity worse than the giddiest girl at the village wake. You ought to know better, Phœbe; and if ever I catch that young scapegrace here again I'll horsewhip him, were he ten times the fine gentleman that he is!'"

I moped dreadfully at his anger and my own loneliness. For some time I heard nothing of Philip, and my father kept a strict watch over my movements.

"One Sunday, about three months subsequent to these events, he had gone to church, while my health, much affected by cough, made it advisable for me to stay at home.

"I was sitting reading or trying to read the Bible, but feeling sinfully cross and discontented: it was just the mood for the tempter. I heard steps outside the window, and a low voice called me. I looked out, but I only saw a dragoon in regimentals, whose back was turned to me. He had left a paper on the window sill, and was going away. It was a letter from Philip Beryl, telling me he had broken entirely with his family, refused to enter the Church, and been disinherited in return; and he had finished by enlisting as a private in a dragoon regiment about to embark for India. 'And now that I am your equal, Phœbe,' said the letter, 'now I

am no longer a gentleman, will you share with me my poverty and my love.'

"There was no time to think. I ran out upon the grass before the door; the dragoon, who was loitering in the entrance of the wood, rushed hastily back; it was my Philip. Ah, Miss Studlegch, I was a careless daughter, and thought not of the sorrow I entailed on my poor old father; I thought only of Philip and my love. I went with him at once, that very day and hour. We walked some miles till we met the mail coach, which we mounted, and stopped at the first town, where we were married without delay; and three or four days after I was lying desperately sea-sick in the 'Jane' transport, off Portsmouth. You may believe we both had much to suffer; but we were strong, healthy, and full of hope, and we loved each other dearly. I wrote to my father before we sailed, but I fear the letter never reached him; it was very penitent, and begged his forgiveness in humble terms; yet indeed I never repented marrying my Philip. He was so good a husband, so steady a soldier. He was soon remarked by the officers, though as he had enlisted under the name of Crosby, his family was not known; but every one saw that he was a gentleman, in manners, mind, and heart. I have not time to tell you half of our adventures in India, our marches, and difficulties, and dangers; but Providence spared us long through it all, and gave us one little girl. Philip, by his good conduct and knowledge, rose out of the ranks, and was made a cornet. Ah, how happy I was to see him once more in his right place! and how proud he was to make me a lady!—not that I liked it. The original ladies of the corps sneered me down, and I was happier at home reading, for I had always tried to keep up my studies to prevent Philip from feeling his home dull. Well, well! when he became an officer, he took it into his head that he would like to make up matters with his family, of whom he had heard nothing for many years: so he resolved to get leave of absence, and come home. His health by that time was rather failing, and I think he had a sort of presentiment. We did very well till we got near the coast of Portugal. The sea-air seemed to revive his strength; but alas! one fatal night the ship struck on a rock, not laid down in the captain's defective chart. We had little enough time to hurry, half-dressed, into the boats, and make for shore; and the spray of the surf dashed over us, completely drenching

our scanty clothes. The exposure and the alarm were too much for my poor husband. Even then he might have recovered; but from the place where we landed it was necessary to travel thirty or forty miles on mules, as far as the nearest town, where there was an English Consul. The season was sultry, the road very rough, and without good resting-places for the night. When we reached the town, Philip was already far gone in decline. We set sail again for England, but he died in the Bay of Biscay, imploring me with his last breath to take his child to his family. I did so: they refused to see me or my little Philippa: they turned us from their door, alleging I was an impostor, and that his letter was a forgery. Many years after they tried to make amends, and offered to acknowledge and provide for Philippa, the Colonel of the regiment having convinced them that my tale was true.

"Miss Studlegch, when this offer reached me, Philippa was in her grave, and I spurned the charity they ostentatiously would have bestowed on me. I found my own father dead; he had died without receiving from me one word of penitence. My first letter had miscarried; my second arrived from India as they were nailing down his coffin. Oh! it cost me bitter, bitter tears, and vain self-reproaches. And yet I never repented that I had married Philip Beryl. Well, I had a little money saved, and with it I took a house, and commenced lodging-house-keeper, as the only trade by which I could keep Philippa with me, and teach her as her father's child ought to be taught. For a few years I was almost happy with her. She was everything I could wish, so lovely and sweet spoken, and naturally fond of study, and wonderfully pious for a young creature. The spirit of her dead father seemed always hovering about her. She made me think, too, more than ever I had thought before; and when at sixteen years old she faded away in consumption, I only felt that I had already kept her too long from her proper home, with her dead father before the Throne of God. Miss Morton is very like her; the same sweet look, the same quickly-filling eyes, the same gentle, soft voice; but there is life and health in her cheeks; my Philippa never had such a strong elastic step, and her bloom was too delicate—it is safer to be pale, like Miss Morton. Now you know, Miss Studlegch, why I love her so much—because she has the eyes and voice of my lost child."

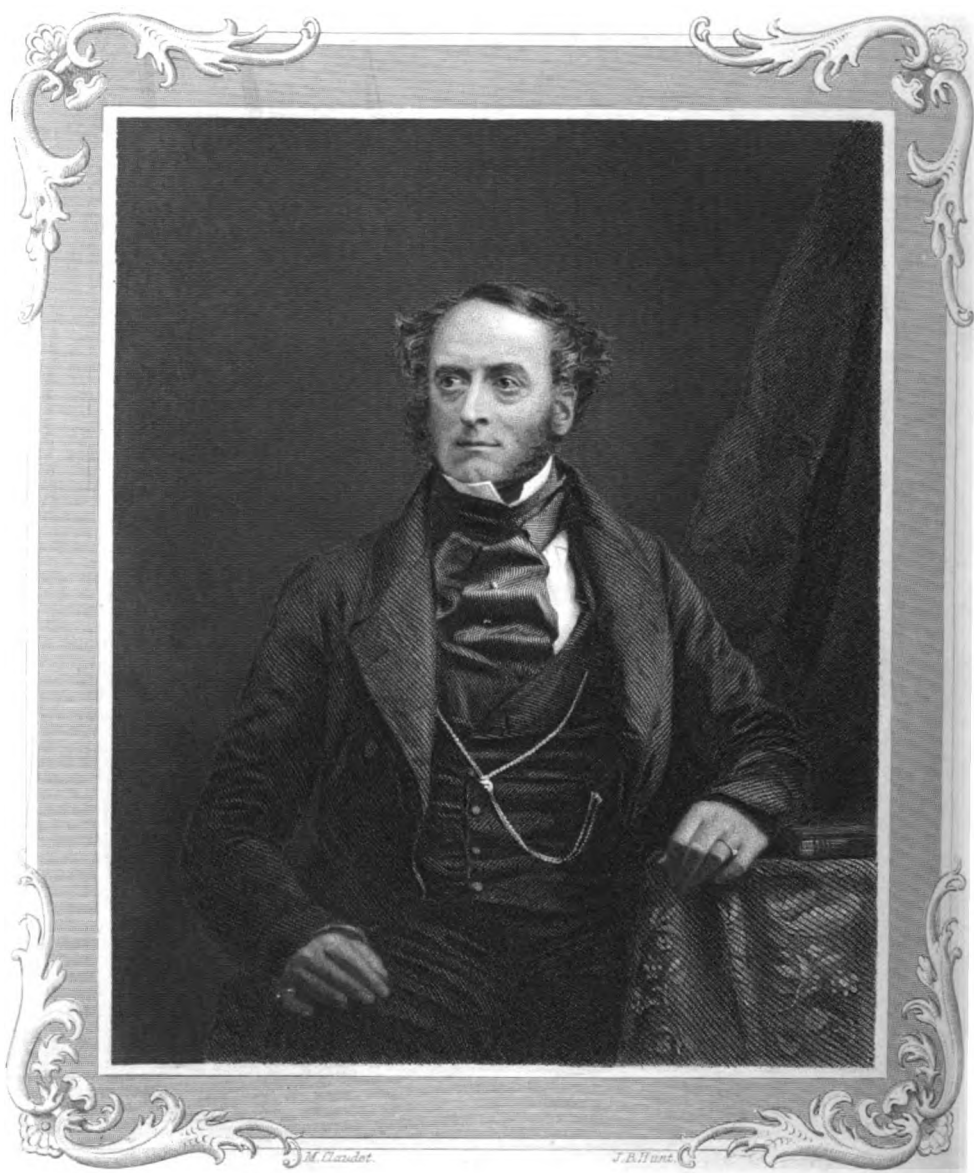
(To be continued.)

S O N G.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

I'll regret no longer now
With a vain repining;
Fears, like shadows, come and go;
Still Hope's star keeps shining!
Sorrow makes the strong heart weak,
But resolve is stronger;
Care's dark bondage I will break—
I'll regret no longer!

I have learnt at last the truth,
All my pangs relieving;
Mirth should glad the days of youth—
Leave old age for grieving!
Life grows not, amid the gloom,
Like the cypress, stronger;
It was meant for warmth and bloom—
I'll regret no longer!



J. Bantock

Engraved by M. Charlot. Painted by J. B. Hunt.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.*

The Portrait with which we are enabled this month to present our readers, must serve as our apology—if apology be needed—for the introduction of a work which may be considered a little out of the track of feminine interest. And yet we have never professed to eschew politics; for, happily, the days are passed, in which ignorance on topics of absorbing and paramount importance was thought “womanly” and becoming; and moreover, so many of the great social questions of the time verge so much on the political, that for a woman now-a-days to say, “I am no politician,” or, “I never talk politics,” would be something like declaring that she had nothing to talk about among intelligent people. Still we have no desire to make these pages the arena for party writing, and shall therefore treat this Political Biography as much as possible as a purely literary work.

Holding as we do our own convictions on the necessity of Free Trade, we still freely confess that the gifted and brilliant writer of this book has set forth the opposite arguments in their most enticing form—that with all his skill, dexterity, and evident sincerity, he can make so little of them, seems to us a crowning proof of the weakness of his cause. His genius—the genius to which we are indebted for several sparkling novels, and one of the most beautiful “love stories” we know—seems to us more successfully employed in showing forth, from the intimate knowledge of familiar friendship, the manly, sincere, energetic character of Lord George Bentinck; the descendant of that Bentinck who was the friend of William of Orange, to have been which seems to us a prouder title than nearer Dukedoms could confer.

When one reflects that had Lord George Bentinck died eight or ten years ago, he would have left behind him a name to be remembered chiefly as that of a sportsman, the thoughtful mind receives a salutary lesson on the error of forming hasty or immature judgments. It is difficult for a woman of high moral tone, or of mental refinement, to feel any great interest in the life and character of a mere sportsman; therefore do we hold it to be an immense proof of Disraeli’s talent, that in a few pages he so far removes one’s natural prejudice against his subject—so slopes down the ridge of incongruity between the sportsman and the statesman, that we begin to feel interested in the biography, to understand how it came to pass that Lord George sold his stud, and took to politics; and that after having sat in eight parliaments merely as a voting member, he became one of the most energetic men in London, and the leader of a

political party. The following extract describes what he had been:—

“He was not a very frequent attendant of the house. He might be counted on for a party division, and when, towards the termination of the Melbourne ministry, the forces were very nearly balanced, and the struggle became very close, he might have been observed on more than one occasion entering the house at a late hour, clad in a white great-coat, which softened, but did not conceal, the scarlet hunting-coat.

“Although he took no part in debate, and attended the house rather as a club than a senate, he possessed a great and peculiar influence in it. He was viewed with interest, and often with extraordinary regard, by every sporting man in the house. With almost all of these he was acquainted; some of them, on either side, were his intimate companions and confederates.

“His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and speculative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead.

“Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline, and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye, that flashed with piercing scrutiny, that all the character of the man came forth: a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception or of being deceived.

“Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing, and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views, and had no prejudices about things, whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth, and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him.

“In politics, he was a Whig of 1688, which became him, modified, however, by all the experience of the present age. He wished to see our society founded on a broad basis of civil and religious liberty. He retained much of the old jealousy of the court, but had none of popular franchises. He was for the established church, but for nothing more, and very repugnant to priestly domination.”

Fairly embarked on the sea of politics, Lord George changed his whole course of life; surely he must have been *the* most hard-worked man

* LORD GEORGE BENTINCK: A Political Biography. By B. Disraeli, M.P. for the County of Buckingham.—(Colburn and Co.)

in London! Whom else can we imagine spending for a long continuance eighteen hours a day in mental toil; in making, arranging, digesting the most abstruse calculations—communicating verbally and by letter with his party, receiving deputations, and speaking in the House of Commons, quite ordinarily not tasting food from a slight ten o'clock breakfast till two or three in the morning? Undoubtedly three seasons of this life shattered his strong constitution, and—humanly speaking—killed him; but those who know how much there is to reverence in such indomitable energy, in such an iron will, cannot refuse their sympathy and admiration.

Altogether this political biography is a work which even the Free-traders should value—if only that it is an account of their great triumph from their opponent's point of view. Surely it would be curious to have King John's notion of Magna Charta expounded by the ablest of those few knights who stood by him at Runnymede; or Queen Mary's idea of the Reformation, suitably set forth; or a narrative of the great Revolution from an eye-witness, even though written by a Stuart courtier from the sanctuary of St. Germain's. In something like this imaginary category would we place the present interesting biography.

Everybody knows that Lord George Bentinck died suddenly in the autumn of 1848; but we will find room for the few melancholy particulars which are all the world can ever know.

"On the 21st of September, after breakfasting with his family, he retired to his room, where he employed himself with some papers, and then wrote three letters, one to Lord Enfield, another to the Duke of Richmond, and the third to the writer of these pages. That letter is now at hand; it is of considerable length, consisting of seven sheets of note paper, full of interesting details of men and things, and written not only in a cheerful but even a merry mood. Then, when his letters were sealed, about four o'clock he took his staff, and went forth to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, distant between five and six miles from Welbeck, and where Lord George was to make a visit of two days. In consequence of this, his valet drove over to Thoresby at the same time to meet his master. But

the master never came. Hours passed on, and the master never came. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and who was in bed, and inquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back; as his lord had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and accompanied by the valet and two others, took lanterns, and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves went to Thoresby.

"About a mile from the abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from the deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff. He had been long dead.

"A woodman and some peasants passing near the spot, about two hundred yards from the gate in question, had observed Lord George, whom at the distance they had mistaken for his brother, the Marquess of Titchfield, leaning against this gate. It was then about half-past four o'clock, or it might be a quarter to five, so he could not have left his home much more than half an hour. The woodman and his companions thought 'the gentleman' was reading, as he held his head down. One of them lingered for a minute looking at the gentleman, who then turned round, and might have seen these passers-by, but he made no sign to them.

"Thus it seems that the attack, which was supposed to be a spasm of the heart, was not instantaneous in its effects, but with proper remedies might have been baffled. Terrible to think of him in his death struggle without aid, and so near a devoted hearth. For that hearth, too, what an impending future!

"The terrible news reached Nottingham on the morning of the 22nd, at half-past nine o'clock, and immediately telegraphed to London, was announced by a second edition of the Times to the country. Consternation and deep grief fell upon all men. One week later, the remains arrived from Welbeck at Harcourt House, to be entombed in the family vault of the Bentincks, that is to be found in a small building in a dingy street, now a chapel of ease, but in old days the parish church among the fields of the pretty village of Marylebone."

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

LITTLE ANN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

Author of "Mrs. Anderson's School," &c., &c.

(Concluded from page 148.)

Little Ann did not, at first, know where the voice came from, and looked all about, till Clara dropped one of the biscuits at her feet, and laughed merrily; then she looked up, and saw Clara's pretty face and bright curling hair. Ann thought she had never seen so pretty a little lady. "Can you eat some nice biscuits? I don't think you have had breakfast enough,

Little Ann; eat that one." The little girl ate it, and said, "that is very nice!"

"There is another, and another, and another," and Clara threw down all she had. "I beg your pardon, Little Ann, for *throwing* them down, but I have not got my frock fastened, and have not said my prayers, and I can't come down yet. I was afraid you would be gone away before I could get down to you. Will you stop there till I come?"

Ann looked up and said, "No, miss, I must not stay any longer; I must make haste home to help mother get breakfast and dress the little ones; but I shall be back again here at eight o'clock."

"Good bye, then;" and Clara drew in her head again, and went on with her dressing. Just then her aunt knocked at her door, and said, "It is six o'clock, Clara; it is time to get up." Clara ran to the door quite pleased, and said—

"I have been getting up this half-hour. If you please, aunt, will you fasten my frock, and tell me who Little Ann is?"

Her aunt stayed to fasten her frock, and kissed her. "I cannot wait to tell you who Little Ann is now; ask me at breakfast-time."

When Clara had said her prayers, and watched the swallows a little longer, she went down stairs. As her mamma did not like her to go into the kitchen at home, she would not go into the kitchen here, though she wanted very much to have a talk with Kitty about Little Ann. As she was walking about in the garden, she began to feel very hungry, and went to the parlour window to see if the cloth was laid for breakfast. Kitty was there, putting cups and plates on the table.

"Good morning, little missy. I hope you slept well, and have a good appetite for breakfast."

"I slept very well, thank you, Kitty. I am very hungry. Will you give me a piece of bread?"

"Surely, my dear." And the good-natured Kitty cut a nice piece of bread, and was going to put some butter on it, when Clara stopped her, saying, "No butter, thank you; I want to eat it dry, like Little Ann. If she can eat dry bread, so can I."

Kitty looked pleased, and stroked her hair, and said, "You were a good little missy to give her your nice biscuits—they are a treat to her. She told me you had given them to her; but she only ate one; she took the others to her poor father, who is ill, and can scarcely eat anything."

"Little Ann is a very good girl, is she not, Kitty? She looks as if she were good."

"She is a very good child. She is never idle a moment, and is always thinking what she can do for other people. Everybody loves little Ann Freeman."

"Is her name Ann Freeman?"

"Yes, missy. She is my sister's child; she is my niece, just as you are my mistress's niece. But there is a great difference between you—you are a little lady, and Ann is a poor woman's child."

"Ann is very useful, you say. What can a little girl like that do to be *really* useful? I am not at all useful. Even if I do all my lessons, and never waste any time, I am not at all useful to anybody."

"I don't know about that, missy: I should think *you* could be useful if you tried; but Ann is so very useful to her mother, that she would not be able to do without her."

Clara said nothing, but she thought to herself that she-too could certainly be very useful if she believed her mother could not do without her. She walked about the garden, thinking what

she could do to be useful, and eating her dry bread, till her aunt came down; and then they went into the parlour to breakfast.

After the great piece of bread she had eaten, Clara was not very hungry; so she found plenty of time to ask questions about little Ann Freeman, and to tell her aunt that she had seen her, and what had passed between them that morning.

"She has a nice sort of face, aunt; I like the look of her very much. How old is she?"

"She is just about your age, Clara—ten years and a half old; but she is more clever and useful than some girls who are three or four years older. For the last three months she has earned half-a-crown a-week, besides helping her mother at home."

Clara opened her eyes in astonishment. "A little girl like that earn money, aunt! Tell me how she does it, will you?"

"Willingly, my dear. Ann's father is a farm-labourer: he is a very industrious, honest, and sober man, and until last Christmas was able to support his family very comfortably. At that time he fell down, one frosty day, and broke his leg. It was a long time before the doctor came to set it, and the cure was a very difficult one. Poor John Freeman was so anxious to get to work again, that he did not give his leg time enough to get well before he began to walk. This brought on a violent fever, which made him so weak that he has been able to do nothing all the spring, and it is quite likely that summer-time and harvest-time may pass away without his being able to go to work. Now as Mrs. Freeman and the children had nothing to buy food and clothes with but what John Freeman earned, you may guess that they are very badly off. George, Ann's eldest brother, is fourteen; and the farmer for whom his father used to work has taken him into his house, and pays him three shillings a-week beside, which the boy always takes to his mother. Little Ann is the eldest girl: she was always a steady, useful little thing, and when she saw her father and mother in such trouble, she tried how she could do best, in her little way, to help them. There are three others, younger than herself—Ann takes almost the whole charge of these; carries the baby, and dresses and undresses her little brothers, and keeps them out of mischief, and in good humour all day long, while her mother is out washing or doing needle-work to earn a few shillings, which happens two or three days in the week; and on those days little Ann manages to wait on her father, who is obliged to lie down; and to sweep the rooms and make the beds, and peel and boil the potatoes for dinner, besides looking after the children."

Clara jumped up from her chair in a high state of excitement, and went and stood beside her aunt. "What, aunty, dear! does such a little thing as that—she is not so tall as I am, aunty—does she really do all that work, *real, useful, right down work*, what women do?"

"Yes, my dear, and she does more than that; she earns half-a-crown a-week besides. You

must know that there is no post-office in Sherbrook; the nearest is at Thorpe, which is a mile-and-a-half off. There are very few people in Sherbrook who have any letters except myself. I have a great many; and as I cannot always make it convenient to go to Thorpe myself, or to send Kitty there every day, I have generally employed a little boy from the village to go every morning to Thorpe to fetch the letters, and to go again in the afternoon to take mine to the post. Now, this year there has been so much farm-work to be done, that my little letter-carrier found he could earn more money with Farmer Cresswell. He was a great friend of Little Ann's; they were schoolfellows when poor Little Ann was able to go to school. So when Tommy, the letter-carrier, thought he could 'better himself' if he left off carrying the letters, and worked all day on Mr. Cresswell's farm, he told nobody but Ann of his thought, because, as he said, a girl like Ann was equal to any boy in sense, and he did not see why she might not have his place as letter-carrier, and earn the eighteen-pence a-week, instead of some boy in the village, who would not go to post half so steadily as little Ann Freeman. He would not tell anybody else about it till he found out whether she would like to earn the money, and could be spared to do it. Little Ann was quite delighted at this proposal, and very grateful to Tommy for thinking of her. The two children came together to me; and Tommy begged leave to resign, and hoped I would take Little Ann in his place. At first I hesitated, because, though I did not mind sending a strong boy over the hill to Thorpe in all weathers, yet Ann looked a very delicate child. But when I spoke on the subject to Kitty, who is her aunt, she said I might safely engage her, for that she was inured to cold and rain, from going to school every day at Thorpe. So I made both Tommy and Little Ann highly delighted at the easiness with which I adopted his plan.

"'Why, ma'am,' said Tommy, 'it will do her good to think that with her earnings she can pay for her father's physic. I heard Mrs. Freeman tell mother that it cost her eighteen-pence a-week for doctor's stuff.' And he made over the leather-strap on which hung the letter-bag to Ann, who put it round her neck, and marched home in high glee, to show her father and mother her new badge of office. Since that time she has gone twice a day to Thorpe, and, as she is so handy and careful, some of the women in the village got her to bring home things that they want from the shops there; and she often earns as much as sixpence a week more in that way, for every one gives her something for her care and trouble, and willingly too, because it all goes home to her mother. I suppose one way of earning money made her think of another; so when I had discharged a lad who did a little work in my garden because he had been dishonest, Little Ann no sooner heard of it than she came to Kitty and asked to see me. She is a timid little creature generally, but this time she spoke without any fear.

"'If you please, ma'am, my brother George has taught me to weed and to tie up flowers in a garden. I can do it pretty well if I take pains. Will you be so good as to let me come for an hour every morning and for an hour every evening, and work in your garden for a week, just to show you how I can do it? If I do not do it well enough, I must go away again; but oh, ma'am, if I can do it well enough, would you please to pay me what you think my work is worth? for mother is very poor, and wants all the money I and George can get.'

"And the tears stood in her eyes. I told her she might come, as she proposed. At the end of the week I was satisfied with her work, and paid her a shilling for it. Since that time she has worked in the garden regularly for two hours, at a shilling per week, and I have told Kitty to give her some breakfast every morning."

Just at that moment Little Ann appeared, walking up to the window through the garden, with a better bonnet on than Clara had seen in the morning, and with a neat white tippet on her neck. Her hands and face were washed quite clean, and she looked very happy and lively. Clara saw the leathern bag for the letters hanging by the strap round her neck.

"Have you anything for me to take to Thorpe, ma'am?" asked Little Ann, stopping at the open window.

"No, my dear," said Miss Spencer.

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Clara, "may she take me with her—I should so like to go with her."

And Clara kissed her aunt, and whispered, "She is such a good little girl; it will do me good to go with her—I want her to teach me how to be useful; I am of no use to anybody in the world."

Her aunt smiled, and seeing Little Ann about to turn away, she said, "Stop a moment, while my niece puts on her bonnet: she wants to walk with you to the post."

Little Ann looked highly pleased at this information, for she had been very favourably impressed by Clara's sweet voice and pretty good-natured face, in the morning when she threw down the biscuits. Clara's bonnet and gloves were soon on, and she joined the little letter-carrier in the garden. Miss Spencer warned Ann to be sure not to lead her niece into mischief, and not to loiter on the way; and she strictly enjoined Clara not to induce Ann to waste her time.

The two little girls set off side by side; Clara's white muslin frock and pink sash contrasting rather strangely with Little Ann's faded cotton frock. But they neither of them thought of their frocks, or of the difference of their fortune. They were both of the same age; and Clara had many things to ask her companion, which she was both able and willing to answer. They talked a great deal, and by the time they returned to Woodbine Cottage they were excellent friends.

"Good bye for the present, dear Little Ann," said Clara, as they parted at the gate; "I will

take the letters to Aunt Hannah." And she walked very steadily, for her, into the house, and gave the letter-bag to her aunt, who merely said—

"Well, my dear, I hope you enjoyed your walk;" and was soon busily employed in reading her letters. When she was sufficiently disengaged to think of her niece, she found her seated at the table, writing.

"What are you writing, Clara?" she asked.

"I am writing to tell mamma all about Little Ann; she is such a good little thing, aunt! I like her very much. I am going to help her to weed in the garden this evening; and aunt, if you please, may I hear her read every day, and teach her to write? I can do that, aunt."

"Yes, you can do that very well—I have no objection to that; but remember, if you begin to do that, you must do it regularly all the time you are here; you must not get tired of it."

"I do not think I shall get tired of it, aunty. I am quite ashamed to be so idle when Ann is so industrious. I know that I ought to do very different things from those she does; but I am sure I ought to do something, and she says so too. Don't you think, aunt, that I might learn to do some plain work nicely while I am with you? that is if you would be kind enough to teach me. I have five shillings. Could I not buy a new frock for Little Ann, and make it for her before I go home? If I were to do that, and practise on the piano, and read French every day to you, I should not be idle, especially if I weed in the garden, and teach Little Ann."

Her aunt smiled, and said, "I am very glad you have begun to see that it is a shameful thing to be idle."

"It was Little Ann who made me see that, aunt."

"If you begin to be industrious in good earnest, I can promise you that you will find it very pleasant—much pleasanter than being idle."

"Little Ann tells me that, too. She says she should be miserable if she had nothing to do. When I told her about the idle tricks of some of the young ladies in our school, she was quite surprised. She has told me that she is so happy now that she is busy all day long. She is only sorry that her father is ill, and that she cannot go to school; that is why I want to teach her to read. Aunt, Little Ann does not know quite so much of some things as I do; but she knows more about real, useful things, and she knows as much as I do about the Bible. She told me this morning that she has always been quite afraid of being idle ever since she read in the Bible that 'Idleness is the root of all evil.'"

"It would be a good thing if many other people had Little Ann's fear," said Miss Spencer. "Go on; write all you think and know about this little girl to your mamma, and I have no doubt that she will be glad that you should cultivate an acquaintance with her."

"Yes, aunty, I am sure that mamma would like me to be acquainted with Little Ann, though she is only a poor labourer's child, and my papa is a gentleman. None of my schoolfellows are so good as Little Ann."

THE WORK - TABLE.

LONG PURSE, IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS:—0 skeins of brilliant scarlet purse silk of the finest size; 2 skeins of white ditto; 1 hank of gold, 1 of steel, and one of burnt steel beads, of a small size; and one ounce of transparent white glass ditto, to match. Garniture. Fringe ends of gold, burnt steel, and steel rings;—steel and gold. Boulton's Crochet-hook, No. 23.

Some of the crochet purses exhibited in the foreign department of the Crystal Palace excited so much admiration that I trust the one for which I am now about to give directions, and which is done in precisely the same style, will be considered acceptable. Crochet purses, in which the pattern is formed in beads, of steel, gold, or silver, have long been common and popular; but the great variety blended in the designs of the foreign purses has been quite unknown in England. Four, five, or even more sorts, are frequently intermingled in one pattern, and the effect is very beautiful. Of course, there is no greater difficulty than that of threading the beads in their proper order before beginning to crochet. This done, the work progresses as rapidly as if one kind only were used. Frequently, several differently coloured silks are blended, and when white beads are used they are always threaded on white silk, as any colour would spoil the effect. In the present design

the grounding of the purse is done entirely in white beads so threaded; the silk itself is not seen at all. The other beads form the outline, centre, and scrolls, and the ground of the purse is the scarlet silk.

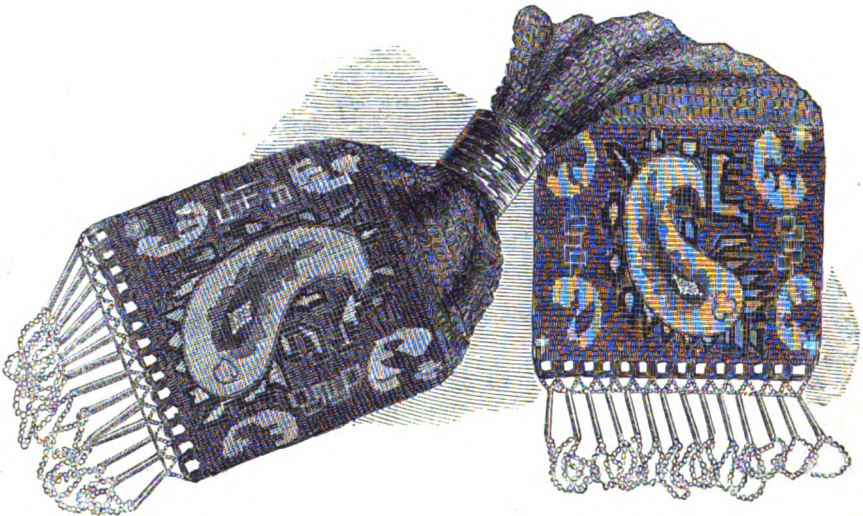
Rather more than two skeins of scarlet will be required for each end. On these, therefore, the gold and two kinds of steel must be strung; but as it is not possible to tell how far one skein will work, it is well to thread on to about half of one end, and use that before threading the remainder. The necessity for writing down minutely the order in which the beads are to be strung, may make the directions appear rather long, but an attention to them will save the worker a great deal of trouble. Should it be discovered, in the course of working, that an error has been made in stringing the beads, the readiest way to correct it is, to cut the silk, and having re-arranged them, join it again.

1st row. 12 blue steel (ba).

q

2nd row. 28 bs.
 3rd. $\times 4$ bs, 1 gold, 5 bs, 1 steel, 1 bs, 1 s, 3 bs, 1 g, 4 bs, $\times$ twice.
 4th. $\times 2$ bs, 4 g, 6 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 4 g, 2 bs, $\times$ twice.
 5th. $\times 6$ g, 3 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 6th. $\times 6$ g, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 7th. $\times 6$ g, * 1 bs, 3 s, * twice; 9 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g; $\times$ twice.
 8th. $\times 4$ g, 2 bs, 5 s, 4 g, 4 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g, $\times$ twice.
 9th. $\times 2$ g, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 g, $\times$ twice.
 10th. $\times 3$ g, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 5 bs, 3 g, $\times$ twice.
 11th. $\times 5$ g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 g, $\times$ twice.

12th. $\times 5$ g, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 5 g, $\times$ twice.
 13th. $\times 5$ g, 1 bs, 6 s, 6 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 5 g, $\times$ twice.
 14th. $\times 6$ g, 1 bs, 5 s, 5 g, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 15th. $\times 8$ g, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 g, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 5 bs, 8 g, $\times$ twice.
 16th. $\times 6$ g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 17th. $\times 4$ g, 2 bs, 6 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 4 g, $\times$ twice.
 18th. $\times 2$ bs, 5 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 5 g, 7 bs, $\times$ twice.
 19th. $\times 7$ bs, 5 g, 1 bs, * 1 s, 1 g * twice; 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 6 bs; $\times$ twice.
 20th. $\times 3$ bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 g, 3 s, 3 bs, $\times$ twice.



21st. $\times 6$ bs, 3 s, 4 g, 5 bs, 5 g, 12 bs, $\times$ twice.
 22nd. $\times 5$ bs, 4 s, 4 g, 4 bs, 4 g, 2 s, 5 bs, $\times$ twice.
 23rd. $\times 8$ bs, 3 s, 4 g, 4 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 8 bs, $\times$ twice.
 24th. $\times 3$ bs, 2 s, 2 g, 3 bs, 5 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 8 bs, $\times$ twice.
 25th. $\times 5$ bs, 2 s, 2 g, 3 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 6 bs, $\times$ twice.
 26th. $\times 4$ bs, 4 g, 2 bs, 3 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, $\times$ twice.
 27th. $\times 4$ bs, 5 g, 2 bs, 3 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 7 bs, $\times$ twice.
 28th. $\times 2$ bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 5 s, 4 bs, $\times$ twice.
 29th. $\times 8$ bs, * 3 g, 1 bs, * twice; 2 s, 3 bs, 6 s, 8 bs; $\times$ twice.
 30th. $\times 5$ bs, * 3 g, 1 bs, * twice; 3 s, 11 bs; $\times$ twice.
 31st. $\times 6$ bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 9 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, $\times$ twice.

32nd. $\times 3$ bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, $\times$ twice.
 33rd. $\times 6$ bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, $\times$ twice.
 34th. $\times 2$ bs, 3 s, 4 g, 5 bs, 8 s, 2 bs, $\times$ twice.
 35th. $\times 2$ bs, 3 s, 5 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, $\times$ twice.
 36th. $\times 4$ g, 1 bs, 4 s, 5 g, 4 bs, 4 s, 6 bs, 4 g, $\times$ twice.
 37th. $\times 6$ g, 4 bs, 5 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 38th. $\times 6$ g, 2 bs, 3 g, 4 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 s, 1 b, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 39th. $\times 8$ g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.
 40th. $\times 8$ g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 g, $\times$ twice.
 41st. $\times 4$ g, 2 bs, 3 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 4 g, $\times$ twice.
 42nd. $\times 7$ g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 g, 5 bs, 7 g, $\times$ twice.

43rd. $\times$ 3 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 3 bs, 3 g, $\times$ twice.

44th. $\times$ 2 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 7 bs, 2 g, $\times$ twice.

45th. $\times$ 2 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 9 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 2 g, $\times$ twice.

46th. $\times$ 4 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, 4 g, $\times$ twice.

47th. $\times$ 6 g, 1 bs, * 2 s, 2 bs, * 3 times; 1 s, 1 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.

48th. $\times$ 6 g, 5 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 6 bs, 6 g, $\times$ twice.

49th. $\times$ 2 bs, 6 g, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, 6 g, 2 bs, $\times$ twice.

50th. $\times$ 4 bs, 4 g, 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 4 g, 4 bs, $\times$ twice.

51st. $\times$ 4 bs, 1 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 g, 4 bs, $\times$ twice.

52nd. $\times$ 3 bs, 2 s, 3 s, twice.

53rd. 6 bs.

This is the order in which the gold, steel, and blue steel beads are to be threaded on the scarlet for one end. The other exactly corresponds. The white being strung on the white silk, all is ready to begin the purse. Observe that *white* means always a bead, the silk itself never being seen.

(For the manner of dropping beads on in crochet, see our number for December).

Make a chain of 130 stitches, and close into a round. Work four rounds of plain scarlet silk.

5th. $\times$ 3 silk, 2 bs, 33 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 17 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk, $\times$ twice.

6th. $\times$ 2 silk, 4 bs, 27 silk, 1 bs, 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 12 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk, $\times$ twice.

7th. $\times$ 2 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk, 1 gold, 16 silk, * 1 bs, 3 silk, * twice; 2 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 steel, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 bs, 9 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk; $\times$ twice.

8th. $\times$ 3 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 4 g, 11 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, * 2 bs, 2 silk, * twice; 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 7 silk, 4 g, 2 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk; $\times$ twice.

9th. $\times$ 6 silk, 6 g, 10 silk, 2 bs, * 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, * twice; 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 6 g, 6 silk; $\times$ twice.

10th. $\times$ 6 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 9 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk, $\times$ twice.

11th. $\times$ 6 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 8 silk, * 1 bs, 3 s, * twice; 9 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk; $\times$ twice.

12th. $\times$ 7 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 5 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 2 g, 8 white, 2 g, 4 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 7 silk, $\times$ twice.

13th. $\times$ 13 silk, 2 g, 5 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 g, 8 w, 2 s, 2 w, 1 g, 3 s, 2 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 11 silk, $\times$ twice.

14th. $\times$ 9 silk, 1 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 g, 8 w, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 1 g, 9 silk, $\times$ twice.

15th. $\times$ 7 silk, 1 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 9 w, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 1 g, 7 silk, $\times$ twice.

16th. $\times$ 6 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 7 w, 3 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 w, 1 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 6 silk, $\times$ twice.

17th. $\times$ 2 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 3 silk; 2 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 6 s, 1 g, 3 w, 5 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, $\times$ twice.

18th. $\times$ * 2 silk, 2 g, * 3 times; 3 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 1 g, 3 w, 4 g, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 w, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, $\uparrow$ 2 g, 2 silk, $\uparrow$ twice; $\times$ twice.

19th. $\times$ 2 silk, 3 g, 1 silk, 5 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 g, 6 w, 1 g, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 w, 2 s, 1 w, 1 g, 5 bs, 5 silk, 5 g, 1 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, $\times$ twice.

20th. $\times$ 3 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 w, 3 s, 3 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, $\times$ twice.

21st. $\times$ 4 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 5 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 g, 6 w, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 9 silk, 4 g, 4 silk, $\times$ twice.

22nd. $\times$ 7 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 4 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g, 6 w, 1 g, 6 bs, 7 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, $\times$ twice.

23rd. $\times$ 7 silk, 5 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 1 g, 5 w, 1 g, 1 bs, * 1 s, 1 g, * three times; 2 w, 2 g, 6 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 7 silk, 5 bs, 7 silk; $\times$ twice.

24th. $\times$ 7 silk, 1 bs, * 3 silk, 1 bs, * twice; 1 s, 2 bs, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 g, 7 w, 2 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk; $\times$ twice.

25th. $\times$ 5 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 5 bs, 4 g, 6 w, 1 g, 7 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 5 silk, $\times$ twice.

26th. $\times$ 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 4 bs, 1 g, 2 w, 2 g, 5 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 10 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, $\times$ twice.

27th. $\times$ 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 5 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 4 bs, 3 g, 6 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 9 silk, 5 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, $\times$ twice.

28th. $\times$ 4 silk, 2 bs, 9 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 3 bs, 1 g, 1 w, 3 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 6 bs, 14 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, $\times$ twice.

29th. $\times$ 5 silk, 4 bs, 6 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 3 bs, 1 g, 2 w, 2 g, 3 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 15 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk, $\times$ twice.

30th. $\times$ 6 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, 2 bs, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 2 bs, 2 g, 6 w, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 14 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 6 silk, $\times$ twice.

31st. $\times$ 5 silk, 4 bs, 9 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 4 g, 2 bs, 2 g, 5 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 3 bs, 11 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk, $\times$ twice.

32nd. $\times$ 4 silk, 2 bs, 12 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 3 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 2 bs, 12 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, $\times$ twice.

33rd. $\times$ 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 5 bs, 3 silk, 1

bs, 2 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 2 g, 1 bs, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 5 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 5 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

34th. × 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, * 3 silk, 1 bs, * twice; 2 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 2 g, 1 bs, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 6 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk; × twice.

35th. × 5 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 7 g, 2 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 16 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

36th. × 7 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 2 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 3 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

37th. × 7 silk, 5 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 5 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 5 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

38th. × * 7 silk, 1 bs, * twice; 3 s, 1 g, 4 w, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 3 silk, 4 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 8 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk; × twice.

39th. × 7 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 8 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

40th. × 7 silk, 4 gold, 4 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 silk, 4 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 1 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, 4 g, 7 silk, × twice.

41st. × 6 silk, 6 bs, 4 silk, 4 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 6 silk, 6 g, 6 silk, × twice.

42nd. × 6 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 5 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 4 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 6 silk, × twice.

43rd. × 5 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 8 silk, 1 g, 7 w, 1 g, 1 silk, * 1 bs, 2 s, * twice; 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 5 silk; × twice.

44th. × 5 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 8 silk, 1 g, 7 w, 2 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 1 g, 5 silk, × twice.

45th. × 9 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 5 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 6 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 9 silk, × twice.

46th. × 9 silk, 7 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 6 g, 5 bs, 5 silk, 7 g, 9 silk, × twice.

47th. × 11 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 10 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 3 bs, 7 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 11 silk, × twice.

48th. × 14 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 1 g, 3 silk, 7 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 14 silk, × twice.

49th. × 14 silk, 2 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 9 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 14 silk, × twice.

50th. × 10 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 10 silk, × twice.

51st. × 9 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, × twice.

52nd. × 9 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, × twice.

53rd. × 5 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 6 g, 10 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, 6 g, 2 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

54th. × 4 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk, 4 g, 12 silk, 2 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 11 silk, 4 g, 2 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

55th. × 4 silk, 4 bs, 3 silk, 1 g, 15 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 13 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

56th. × 5 silk, 2 bs, 20 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 27 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

57th. × 27 silk, 3 bs, 35 silk, × twice.

Do three rounds of silk only, and work to the centre of one side; then three rounds may be done thus: × 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, × repeat, letting the dc stitch of one row come over the chain of the preceding, and working *under* it, for the sake of strength. For the opening of the purse, do 16 to 24 rows, backwards and forwards in the same way; then three rounds. Work the other end of the purse separately, and before joining it to the centre, slip the rings on the latter. Close the ends with a row of sc, taking up two stitches together. Fasten on the garniture, and the purse will be complete.

Emerald green, or a rich blue, might be substituted for scarlet, and would look very well.

AIGUILLETTE.

CROCHET LACE.

MATERIALS:—For fine trimmings Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 24, with Crochet Hook, No. 22. For coarse work, cotton and hook in proportion.

Make a chain the required length, but divisible by 25. Work on it one row of dc.

2nd. × 3 sc, 7 ch, miss 4, × repeat.

3rd to 6th. 3 sc on the three centre of 7 ch, × 7 ch, 3 sc on the three centre of next 7 ch, × repeat.

7th. 3 sc on the centre three of 7 ch, × 4 ch, 3 sc on centre three of next loop, × repeat.

8th. × 23 sc, *turn*, * 7 ch, miss 3, 2 sc on next 2, * 4 times; *turn*, 12 sc under each of the last three loops, and 6 under the first; *turn*, † 7 ch, 2 sc on centre two of 12 sc, † 3 times; †

turn, 12 sc under each of the last two loops, and 6 under the first; *turn*, * 7 ch, 2 sc on two centre of 12 sc, * twice; *turn*, 12 sc under each loop, and 6 sc under each half-loop left at the side, 2 sc on 7th row; × repeat.

This leaves 3 sc between all the scallops.

9th row. Sc on the centre of the 3 sc, 4 ch, draw the last of these through the sc stitch, which makes a picot, × 3 sc on the side of the scallop, make a picot, × repeat all round every scallop, and make a picot on the centre of the 3 sc between them.

AIGUILLETTE.

ANTIQUE LACE FOR GILET.

MATERIALS:—Walter Evans and Co.'s Point Lace Cottons, and No. 1, Mecklenburgh Thread.

The specimen given of this lace being exactly the right size, the pattern may be traced from it on coloured paper, the design being repeated for any length required. It is not necessary to draw the whole piece, but merely such a length as may be conveniently held for working; and when that is done it is to be untacked, and the paper may be worked over again.

The outlines are made in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, laid on in the manner already described. The stems are done on four threads, in the *braiding* stitch described in the directions for the deep lace for sleeves in our last number; and the straight line which forms the heading is worked in the same way. The scallop is done in button-hole stitch over two threads. All the stitches have been already given. They are to be worked with the following threads:—

a. Sorrento edging; Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 120.



b. Brussels lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 150.

c. Venetian lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100.

e. English lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 120.

f. Rosette; the same thread.

g. Valenciennes lace; Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 150.

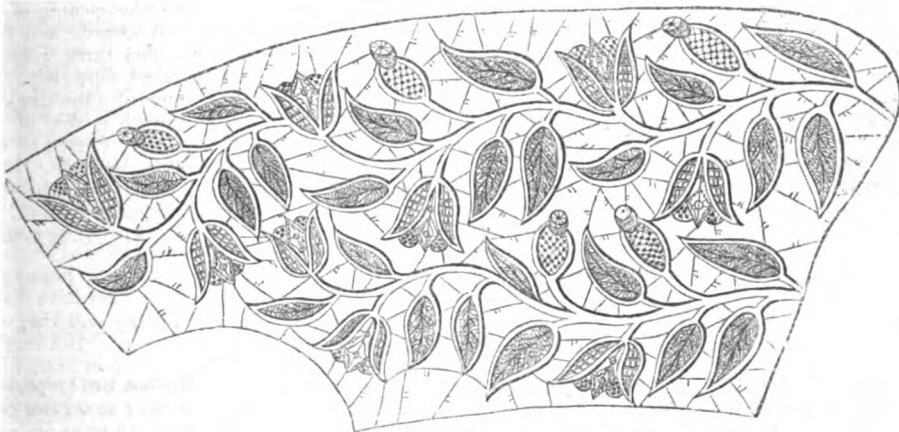
h. Mechlin wheel; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

The Boar's Head, No. 150, is the very fine cotton recently manufactured expressly for the most delicate parts of the point lace work.

AIGUILLETTE.

GILET IN ANTIQUE POINT.

MATERIALS:—20 yards of Italian Braid, and Walter Evans and Co.'s Point Lace Cottons, with their No. 1 and No. 80 Mecklenburgh Thread, and Boar's Head, No. 150.



In order to work this gilet, the pattern must first be cut out, in coloured paper, and made to fit accurately, for which purpose a seam or gore will have to be made from the waist. The lace is of course entirely in one piece for each front; no join or other imperfection being visible in it. The design must then be traced on the paper, being enlarged from the engraving in the manner already described in previous number of

our magazine. As the exact number of flowers, leaves, and buds is given in the engraving, the increase of *size* in every part is very considerable. Before beginning to braid the patterns, line the paper with a piece of Alpaca. The stems, outlines of the leaves, and buds, and the two outer petals of the flowers, are made in Italian braid. The inner petals are outlines with No. 1 Evans's Mecklenburgh Thread only.

All the leaves are filled in in the same manner; the grounding in very close Brussels lace, with Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head, No. 90, and the veinings done over this lace, without touching it, with Venetian bars, done in their Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

The outer petals of the flowers are filled in with edged Venetian bars, done in the Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 120, connected at regular intervals of every other stitch by English bars, in Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head, No. 150. The outline threads of the other parts are covered with fine button-hole stitch, the centre one edged on the inner side with Brussels. A

Mechlin wheel is worked in the middle, and a spot of English lace at the base. The two smaller divisions are in English lace. All these are done in the Boar's Head, No. 100.

English lace fills up also the principal part of the buds. The upper part is outlined with thread, and made quite solid with very close Brussels lace, a rosette being worked at the extreme point.

Raleigh bars, in Evans's Mecklenburgh 120, connect every part; and the gilet is to be trimmed with the narrow lace, which we give above. It is to be worn over pink, or blue-watered silk.

AIGUILLETTE.

A TRUE AND UNPREJUDICED ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY THE FRENCH;

AS RELATED BY ALDERMAN MUFFINS IN 1872.

BY ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD,

Authoress of "The Compulsory Marriage," &c.

"Christmas Eve!" whispered Mr. Muffins, as he shivered in his large arm-chair before a wretched fire. "Christmas Eve! I never remember to have seen a more wretched one than this; though, goodness knows, we ought to be accustomed to misery by this time! We have had twenty years of it!"

A dead silence followed. No other voice replied.

"Well!" he continued. "Am I to have all the conversation to myself? What's this sulk about? Can I help it? There you all sit, huddled together, shivering with cold and wretchedness, and well you may; there's not a spark of fire in the grate! Augh!"

And a cold shiver ran through his frame.

"As for you, Jane," he addressed his wife, "just look at yourself: when I married you, you were a plump, buxom woman, and that's only twelve years ago; and now look at yourself, I say. Why I never saw so wretched an anatomy as you are! the very thinnest woman I ever beheld in my life! I'm sure you all look like a muster of Melancholy and her Imps!"

Here there was a long dreary silence for some time.

"A most wretched Christmas," growled the sighing soliloquist, for none answered him. "O-o-o, Eliza!" he addressed his daughter; "put more coal on the fire, and let us have lights; draw the curtains closely before the windows, that no one from without may perceive them. Hush!" he exclaimed, hastily changing his tone, and then holding his breath. "I knew it!" he continued in a whisper; "'tis

that accursed curfew! they come twice now of an evening, always returning the same way; so there is no chance of having a little quiet or comfort; there they are, trying the doors and windows. Ugh! you brutes!" And with the last words he made a horrid grimace, and then sat almost holding his breath till the enemy passed by. "Now, Eliza, the coals and lights!" he exclaimed at last; still, however, under his breath. "What! there are none? And we shall have no more till to-morrow? Our allowance is consumed? There couldn't have been weight; there couldn't, I say, so don't contradict me; you make a point of doing so; look at your mother and sisters, how quiet they all are. Well, there, don't cry; I didn't mean to be cross; but this oppression would make any one's blood boil, even this frosty night. When I think of what I was, and what I am! Once an alderman, now a perfect slave, a wretched curfew-ridden slave! and they call it liberty and equality! Their cap of liberty, indeed! a fool's cap and bells worn by a set of Tom Noddies to remind them every step of their slavery by the jingling! And as to their equality—oh yes, they have that, for all are in an equality of idiocy who cast off the yoke of one to serve a dozen! But that's nothing to us now; they tried it on at first, but the cap didn't fit our English heads! No, I won't, my dear Jane, though you have been the wife of my bosom these twelve years ever since poor dear Mrs. Muffins, your predecessor, died; yet I never dare breathe, even to you, the fearful events of the year 1852—that year of horrors! You think no one will hear us; how do you know that? the very walls seem built up with secret ears, which hear everything! Eliza, you don't know what you may lead me to. I should be peppered to a certainty! Cayenne is very well in its way with a good steak, but too much

* A domestic affliction having befallen the authoress, she desires it to be stated that this comic sketch was written months ago. It has, in fact, been in our possession since Christmas.—ED.

of it isn't pleasant; it stops the breath! Well, well, well, if it *must* be," he said, after a lengthened silence, "why, I suppose it must. But stay, I'll see myself if the windows are secure, no light perceptible without; there, that's safe. Come, you are a good girl; you've found a few coals, let's draw as near it as possible. Ah! I little thought ever to come to this! I, Muffins, who in 1852 hoped to have been Lord Mayor, now, in 1872, sitting over a handful of fire on Christmas Eve, not even with a glass of brandy and water! And an unnatural, naturalized Frenchman into the bargain, by way of favour! Now listen, and I will tell you a tale to freeze your blood, unless it be already frozen. Can't you draw near the fire quietly, and not shuffle your feet and drag your chairs in that manner? you know we are not allowed carpets; there's nothing worries and fidgets me so much as that scuffling noise."

Here there was a thoughtful pause, the narrator collecting his materials, at length commenced in an under tone.

"I never thought to utter what I am about to relate, but at this still hour of the night—evening I should rather say—no one, I trust, will overhear the outpourings of my stricken heart. It was the year 1851, that year so memorable for its Exhibition and Ecclesiastical Tiles bill; events so memorable that either one might have claimed its own especial year, and amply employed the idle, to say nothing of the Eclipse, which threw its dark shadow over all, accompanied by showers, as heavy as if all the heavenly bodies and souls had been weeping over the future destiny of this foredoomed land! Two events did I say? Yes, I said *two*, Eliza; so pray do not interrupt me in so foolish a manner. Do you suppose I have forgotten our aldermanic visit to Paris? which I once slightly alluded to, not daring to speak openly of it. *That* was the product of the Exhibition. So now pray let me tell all my own way; you have a most dictatorial manner of interrupting. I would sooner slay you at my feet than see you become overbearing like our oppressors."

Here the narrator paused again awhile, to recover his temper and the thread of his oration, two things easily lost.

"Well, you see," he continued at last, "when they talked about building the Exhibition—what *was* the Exhibition, Eliza? Why it was an immense enclosure of land; there where the cattle-market now is, was the fashionable drive and promenade, called Hyde-park! But when England came into the hands of those now unfortunately masters of it, why by way of degrading everything English, they turned Buckingham-palace into a prison, and made Hyde-park the cattle-market! Well, the Exhibition was a palace made of glass, something in the shape of a cucumber frame, only, instead of the vegetable under it, they clapped it over two large trees, birds and all. It was all glass; how it stood no one could tell, for even the pillars were glass, the fountains inside too. And the floors? you ask; why they of course were ground

glass. And it was after the model of this that the person, of whom I shall speak more presently, built his own palace, and that fine new quarter of London, Smithfield that was; and this I will say, to give the—a-hem!—his due, that I like that fashion of building houses of glass. They are rather troublesome to keep clean, 'tis true; but then they've been the best things that ever were invented for the prevention of *scandal*; for those who live in them are very careful how they throw stones. And as I like always to be just, however we may repine at the fate which has made us a conquered nation, still, I must confess that when 'The Elector' " (this he whistled through his closed teeth scarcely audibly) "came among us, it was with so just an appreciation on our parts of the highly moral character he had ever borne, that *no one* felt surprise at *his* palace being built of glass! Prince Albert, her Majesty Queen Victoria's husband, invented many things; but this Crystal Palace was the best after all, though discontented people at first said it would turn out but a cracky affair: it covered all Hyde-park, except a small paddock left for cows to graze, which were kept to make curds and whey for the visitors to the Exhibition; nothing stronger was allowed on the premises, for fear people should become elevated and then knock about the glass. When I heard of this house I set my face against it, on principle, as I do against everything novel, for we know the old and can trust them; but we don't know the new, so I suspect them always. But, to return, I said no good would come of this palace, neither there did, for 'tis alone attributable to this our many troubles, which have come so thick, and crystallized around our hearts, that you cannot get at them to remedy the evil without breaking them up, as one may say, like almond comfits! With this Exhibition came thronging multitudes of foreigners to England. I hate those foreign chaps; for they come over here, walking through our streets, and talking in their unknown tongues, as if the place belonged to them! Why don't they learn to speak as others do, before they land? When I saw them all, I said evil must happen to us, for most of them are Republicans, and those who are not are nothing, and the nothings *always* get into any mischief afloat! These fellows brought over all sorts of gimcracks; but bless you, there was not one thing they exposed worth looking at—nothing solid or useful. There were some green doors; but if a man had been shut out, and had given a good kick to get in, they would have splintered to pieces. All went on pretty quiet till October, and this very quiet was unnatural. I don't remember one Frenchman even being brought up to the Mansion House with a black eye, which some honest John Bull had given him, for the love of his country. When we were pretty well tired of the Exhibition, then the folks in Paris gave an invite to all the aldermen, with the Lord Mayor at their head, to go there; and so we all went over to the Perfect's—I suppose he is so called on account of the manner in which he

does things, and certainly he knows what's what. However, I saw something was wrong there at once, for I went resolved to keep my eyes open, and not be bamboozled! It was not likely the French could like us and be our friends. Haven't we been enemies all our lives? And haven't they always called us 'Rosbif?' and we designated them 'French Frogs,' because they eat them, whether French or English? And as somebody, a Madame Maintenon, who made cutlets, said, when writing a cookery book I suppose, 'All our affections are reached through our stomachs,' so it wasn't likely such reproaches as 'Rosbif' and 'French Frogs' could be forgiven.

"One night, soon after our arrival, they gave us a concert, and one of their tunes pleasing me, I asked a chap standing by what they called it? I never shall forget the look he gave me as he twirled up his moustaches and said (for I remembered every word), 'A moor scray dully pattry,*' and walked away. I didn't know what he meant, so I went and looked for my friend Calipash, a perfect French scholar. 'Caley, my boy,' said I, 'what did he mean?' and I repeated the words to him. He looked dreadfully alarmed. 'Mischief, Muffins!' he replied: 'he wished to pick a quarrel with you; it means, "Curse the love of your country."' And I, he continued, 'heard quite as bad over yonder; there was a group of them chiming in, in chorus, and flinging up their hands and eyes; it seemed a whole volume of curses heaped upon us, for they all looked at me, seeing I was English!'

"As he said this, Calipash shook his head ominously, and walked away. I saw he was even more alarmed than myself; in short, everything they played had some martial allusion: one was 'The Siege of Colycinth.' I remembered the name, for my grandfather always took it when he had the gout! Then they had sham fights in the Champ de Mars; and whilst I was looking on in a cold shiver, the very same man who had cursed my country—(I think it was the same; but it is so difficult to distinguish Frenchmen, they are nearly all alike, their faces covered with hair; and when you can only see the tips of a man's cheeks, his eyes, nose, and about as much of his face as would cover the palm of a lady's hand, why it would be hard to swear to him.)—Well, he came up, just as a sham enemy was sticking another through on the ground with his bayonet, and pointing significantly to them, said, 'That would be unpleasant if it were real, eh?' I didn't reply—I couldn't; I felt already like a cockchafer in a cruel boy's hands, stuck in a box, with a pin through me, throwing about my arms in spite of myself, to ward off an enemy. I hurried away from the spot, and rushed home to my hotel, where I awaited the return of Calipash. However, he laughed at all I said, and would remain; he said he had been jeering me about the song—it was a national one; but I knew better. As the evening advanced, I left a note

on my table for him, and taking my carpet-bag in my hand, fortunately succeeded in reaching the street unmolested. I then took a coach, telling the man to drive quickly to the '*Plateau d'Angleterre*.' I looked in my dictionary for the words, so knew I was right.

"'Yees, sare,' answered he, and away we drove. Presently we stopped at some large iron gates, and a man looked in, said something I couldn't understand, and shutting up the door, away we drove again. It didn't look like the way we came from the railway before; but I thought it might be a short cut, till I found myself alone with this fellow in a long avenue of high trees, and then my heart began to sink within me, so I stopped him. '*Plateau d'Angleterre*,' I said. 'Yees, sare,' was the reply, as he drove off again; still, as I looked anxiously out, I saw nothing but this interminable avenue of trees. I called out in vain; he drove on, singing. I hate the disrespectful manner the French have of singing whatever they are about; it is a portion of their 'liberty and equality.' An English cabman touches his hat respectfully when he shuts you in, mounts his box, and never dreams of singing; he treats you like a gentleman, and you sit bolt upright, and feel dignified. What if he winks at some brother of the stand as they meet, or makes some (to all else unintelligible) telegraphic sign, you don't see it; or when you stop, if you don't pay him double his fare, he speaks very energetically to you. Well, what of that? it is English, and I like it much better than the French fellow's ways, who sticks his legs up on the splash-board, and sings all the way, until he lumbers down to let you out, when he invariably says, 'mun budgy,*' which I take to be a corruption of 'You must budge;' in other words, get out. To continue, I let down the front window, and seized his coat at last, to which I clung; so he stopped, and getting down, came to the door with a red, inflamed countenance, every line of which denoted guilt: he saw I suspected him; he poured a torrent of incoherent abuse upon me, ending by putting his finger to his open mouth, and saying significantly, '*Plateau d'Angleterre, oui, oui, Inglese toujours mangy, mangy*.'

"I'm sure they have no right to call us such low names; we have always been generous enough to them whenever they come amongst us. I always judge the feeling of a nation by the lower classes; ignorance cannot dissemble like education—one speaks from nature, the other from policy. After his extraordinary manner of putting his finger to his mouth, at the same time threatening me, nothing should have induced me to taste another morsel in their assassinating country. Assuredly the original scheme had been one huge murder of us all by poison; they knew well that England would fall an easy prey to them if the aldermanic body was destroyed—'tis our country's vitality!

* Query, 'Amour sacré de la Patrie?'

* Query, 'mon bourgeois,' the common French term with men of that class.

To return : this man's violence alarmed me horribly ; in the midst of our discussion a gentleman rode up, and stopped to listen. ' Pardon me,' he said at last, politely bowing, ' you are a countryman, I perceive ; can I assist you ? ' I briefly explained my case. ' The Railway ! ' he exclaimed, ' why you are half way on the road to Nanterre ! ' An explanation followed ; and what *do* you think the man had the cool audacity to say ? why that I had desired him to drive me to this Nanterre, a village about five miles from Paris, to eat a cake they are celebrated for making there—"gateau," as he called it. They certainly are the most plausible villains in France—there is no coming up to them. I thanked the Englishman, and he desired the man to take me somewhere, but the name was nothing like the one in my dictionary ; and besides, I have made it a point through life never to trust any one, and too frequently our own countrymen are great sharpers ; so when I came within sight of a house, I stopped him again, and throwing him a five-franc piece, jumped out, and ran off as fast as I could with my carpet-bag, well knowing the fellow could not follow me, for, like most drivers in France, he had heavy wooden shoes on.

" I can scarcely tell you where I wandered, or how I reached the coast. I dodged about for days from village to village, with my carpet-bag, and at last found myself in Dover, having slipped on board unperceived at Calais. How I blessed that day ! I felt, too, that my escape had saved my before-doomed countrymen ; for being looked upon by the Parisians as somebody of consequence (for even the beggars in the streets called me ' my Lord ; ' and I have heard the title buzzed down a string of one-horse flies on a stand as I passed *) they felt that my escape would frustrate their nefarious plans, whatever they were, as I might rouse the whole English nation before they were prepared. Be it as it may, the English returned from Paris with every mark of cordiality from their neighbours ; but I knew how hollow all was ! Calipash got up a laugh against me ; but I can tell you he nor they didn't laugh in the spring. Shortly after we came back, London seemed all in confusion : you met scarcely any one but foreigners in the streets, and they were always walking together by twos and threes, gesticulating energetically. I had a consultation with the Lord Mayor on the subject, strongly advising the propriety of having persons well versed in foreign languages to patrol the streets, and find out all they were talking about : but he wouldn't hear of it. He'd been treated so well, he said, in Paris, that he thought the French regular bricks. ' Well, well,' I said, ' so you may find them some day, when they fall upon you, and dash out your brains ! ' All at once there was the deuce to pay. A plot had been discovered, and *then* no one *laughed* at me ! It was all done by the

French ; those in London had leagued with those abroad, and carried out another tunnel to join with the Thames one ; and one day, when no one dreamed of such an occurrence, they marched full fig into London, and Louis Napoleon led them on ; and the people, panic-seized, were killed or taken prisoners, like sheep ! England never struck a blow, but surrendered without a word, soldiers and all ! You never saw such an event. And though our blessed little Queen had always treated him so well, he forgot it all, and banished her and the Prince, with their children, from our shores. I thought we should have broken our hearts the day they sailed from Liverpool for New York, where they were warmly received by Mr. Barnum, who'd been over here with Tom Thumb, and on his (Mr. Barnum's) marriage with Jenny Lind, he'd been elected President of the United States. And there our beloved Queen was transplanted, and there his Royal Highness plants the earth in a model farm ; but nothing I heard could induce her Majesty to adopt the Bloomer costume, as becoming any modest matron, though the married ladies in America were especially partial to it.

" I needn't tell you *all* we've had to suffer under Louis : he revived our old, worn-out customs, as being laws to which we were accustomed, "just to make us contented," he said ; and even as you know, the curfew is one of them ; and coals and lights are doled out daily to all, to prevent 'sitting uppers.'

" At the time I speak of, at the mouth of the Channel, there was a beautiful little fertile, thickly-wooded island, called the 'Isle of Dogs ;' it was so named by Anna Boleyn, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, for thither they were used to resort for wild-boar hunting and sylvan sports. This, as you know, is now a penal settlement, and gave rise to the significant phrase, when speaking of a lost man, 'he's gone to the Dogs !' And I hate Frenchwomen, too ; they are a masculine set : they came over resolved to crush the English beneath their heels ; for in they marched, in military boots, waistcoats, and jackets ; and involuntarily I said, 'Well, I'm sure ! what next ?' And as to Louis, why he puzzled us all at first, for they say eagles always fly to the sun ; and some of our chaps who'd heard this, began to think he must be a great fellow after all ; for the first day he reviewed our troops, one of those birds came down from the top of the Duke of Wellington's head opposite Apsley House, to make it seem more ominous, and lighted down on Louis's shako ! But one of our men whispered that it was an old Boulogne trick, only the bird didn't come down well there ; but they'd been training him long enough this time, feeding him every day off the chap's head ; so it wasn't the Rising Sun he flew to, but his beefsteak ! Louis was full of dodges, clap-trap (as we call them) : there was nothing original about him, for he was ashamed of his own skin, and so slipped into a hide brought from Corsica, which they assured him had been a Lion's ; but all look much alike till

* Probably the Alderman's mistake here arose from the fact that in Paris their flies are called "*milords* !"

they're well tanned; and some day he'll find out that his belonged to a donkey! I'm sure I sincerely wish, before he'd done all this wickedness, that he'd been Ham-strung! Talk of an Englishman's house being his castle—that's all my eye now; for every one sees what you are about as well as you do yourself; and if you are annoyed, you can't complain to the public as 'A Constant Reader,' even; for there's nothing to read but what he dictates, and it's all about himself; and he'd soon hear you if you complained: but that's no wonder; everybody knows that 'tis not *the horse* which has long ears! But I've done; and I only wish *he* had too!" Here the speaker paused; there was a long, dreary silence, broken at last by his uttering a loud shriek, and exclaiming in agony, 'Eliza! Jane! help! help! I'm shot!' And convulsively pressing his hand to his breast, he AWOKE!

* * * * *

"Oh! dear papa!" cried a laughing girl of eighteen, "it wasn't my fault! I told Cousin Henry you were asleep in the dining-room, and mustn't be disturbed; but the children *would* come in, and they had some snow-balls, and one of them hit you. I'm *so* sorry!"

"Never mind, Eliza, never mind," said Mr. Muffins, rising half-bewildered and shivering. "I'm glad you've all come in; I've had such a horrid dream! No wonder, either; for see, I've slept the fire out. Oh, such a horrid dream, Eliza! There, never mind the snow. Where are you all?"

"In the large hall, papa, playing at Blind-man's Buff: do come; there's an immense fire!"

Still bewildered, Muffins followed the happy crew, and found himself in a large, lofty hall, at his country house, surrounded by his happy, laughing family, keeping up Christmas Eve; and beside the fire sat his comely dame, looking on. There was no Louis, but a true English Sovereign—no curfews, for the clock struck twelve as they all sat down to a jovial supper; and none laughed merrier than Muffins! Buckingham Palace was itself; her Majesty still gladdened her subjects on the throne, and the Prince beside her: Jenny Lind had not married Barnum, but somebody else: the London houses are not built of glass—alas! we fear our morality will not yet bear that test; moreover, were such the case, we fear, also, "Beauty's house of glass" would not be cut through by Wit's diamond, but by some glazier's, stolen for that purpose; and *not* for the bright eyes of any fair lady, however it might be for "*les beaux yeux de sa cassette*!"

When Muffins related his vision to the laughing circle round the fire after supper, "It shews me," he said, "how little we can rely upon events being truthfully related twenty years afterwards, when I could, even in sleep, have *thought* so many untruths about events as they actually are!" In which all coincided, blessing their stars that it was but a dream—most probably engendered by the enspiriting, or splenetic "Leaders" of the various daily papers, over which he had been dozing after dinner.

D A Y.

How beautiful is Day!—
Day with its sunny gleams;
Its veils of silver light,
And shadows on the streams.

How beautiful is Morn,
When first its golden glow
Steals o'er the dewy hills
To woo the vale below!

How beautiful is Noon,
When radiantly from Heav'n
The cloudless sun looks down
On glories he hath given!

How beautiful is Eve—
Sweet sister of the Night—
With roseate blush and smile,
And soft unearthly light!

All, all are beautiful!—
Morn, Noon, and dewy Eve.
Shall Man, with thankless heart,
Their loveliness receive?

Through them a Father speaks,
Through them an All-wise God:
His book the starry skies—
His book the flow'ry sod!

His voice is on the storm,
His whisper in the breeze,
His smile the sunbeam bright,
Which resteth on the trees.

Earth is one mighty harp,
Whose chords are silver streams;
God lists its music soft,
Unworthy as it seems!

Will He not much more hear,
When temblingly we raise,
With loving, child-like hearts,
Our fervent songs of praise?

There *is* an angel air—
We may not catch it yet;
These few poor strains of ours
In sadder keys are set.

Yet He, whose Master-hand
First tuned Creation's lyre,
Its feeblest notes can blend
With those of Heaven's own quire.

Then let the wide-spread earth
With hallelujahs ring—
How beautiful is Day!
How glorious is her King!

ELIZABETH LEATHES.

CLOUD MUSINGS.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

“The Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain.”

The season is approaching when soft showers will call from the brown earth tender grass and flowers, weaving a robe of beauty which will endure until the winds of Autumn revisit the earth. Bright clouds will come, noiselessly sailing through the ethereal ocean, and, with their forms and hues of loveliness, awaken a wish in the thrilled bosom of the lover of Nature to be, like them, rovers among all things bright and beautiful.

I love to lie down on a clear Spring day, when the air is fresh and fragrant, and watch the clouds pile themselves in threatening masses, or slowly dissolve and disappear. They move up from behind the distant hills—their silver edges bright, but not dazzling—borne on the wings of the wind to the zenith, changing but still beautiful, never reposing, but seeking the horizon, and at last disappearing, to be succeeded by a long train, as fair, as fragile, and as un-resting as themselves.

No words can paint the wondrous, ever-varying beauty of the clouds. They pluck the rainbow's hues for their adorning; they glow, sometimes, like floods of molten gold; they weave themselves into fantastic forms; they open the very heart of their blackness for the moon to shine through and touch the whole with glory; and when the parched earth calls to them, they answer with blessed and refreshing showers, and the trees and the blossoms and the hearts of men rejoice.

Precious, then, to the spirit should be the assurance that the Lord will make bright clouds. How should we miss their moving shadows from the uplands and the meadows, and from the glittering streams! Did you ever stand in the woods—not dense enough to hide the distant landscape—when a cloud came between you and the sun, and all, save the spot where you reposed, was flooded with golden light? If you have, the vision comes back, and the heart-thrill, to which no words do justice.

The showers of rain in the Spring-time are not the least lovely among the changes of the natural world. They fall tenderly upon the springing grass and budding wild-flowers, and their silvery clashing has a music of its own. Sometimes, their accompaniment is the lightning and the thunder-peal, and sometimes they fall before the very eye of the sun which pierces them and renews upon the clouds the tinted bow of promise. They come in the morning, and hush the matin song of the birds; they fall at noon, and send the plough-boy from his toil to the protection of the cot; they visit the parched earth at eve, and moisten it after the

servent kissing of the sun; and in the hushed and holy night they tread softly, lest they awaken the sleepers whom they come to bless.

How the young leaves and the blossoms glisten after their baptism in the pure element! The breezes come and shake the heavy drops from their edges, and the earth takes them to its bosom and yields them back, in added strength and beauty, to her floral children. No drop of all the multitudinous showers that fall is lost in the great laboratory of Nature. Each one has its mission, and performs it, though often wrought out beyond our wisest thoughts. What do these soft showers upon the bare mountain-tops, where no flower looks to them, and no blade of grass springs up for a covering? The waters lie there until a strong wind bears them away, or they find a pathway down the rugged sides and join the rivulets, which gleam like silver threads in the sunshine, and swell the river sources. Then they flow through cultivated fields and by the dwellings of the happy, till at last the broad ocean takes them to its bosom, and they mingle with its world of waters. Are their journeyings ended here? Oh no! they rise again upon the invisible element, and again sweep over continents, mountains, and rivers, sometimes pausing over some far-off ocean isle, and scattering healing from its borders, and sometimes hovering over the deserts, but gathering up their skirts and yielding no rain.

With all lovely things and precious, let us henceforth number the clouds of heaven. We shall not love less the shell that lays its rose-lip beside the foaming waters, the beauty and the music of the summer birds, the insects' hum and the sound of falling water, the spirit-melody of the human voice, the subdued soul-light of the eye, “the infinite magnificence” of the stars, and the wild majesty of the mountain land.

The dull grey mass which sometimes limits our vision may indeed suggest gloomy thoughts; but the mingling of cloud and sunshine is all joyous and beautiful. With what uninterrupted and graceful motions they glide through the infinite space above us! How rapturous, and at the same time calming and elevating, are the thoughts they suggest to us, and from the fever of life the soul seems to cast itself upon their vapoury forms, and flee away and be at rest!

Very beautiful are the morning, the noon, and the evening clouds, with their background of serenest blue, and their edges of gold, silver, scarlet, or purple. Sometimes they pile themselves up, as if preparing a throne for the

monarch of the day, and again their rugged outline seems like mountain summits, shattered by the storms of centuries ago. Sometimes they are so light and fleecy, one would imagine a breath might scatter them, and we think to see them fade while we gaze; and in a few hours, perhaps, the storm-king summons his forces, and the hills are black with shadows, and the fierce lightning rends the vapoury mass,

and the heavens and the earth seem meeting in the terrible conflict. Peace, the burden of the angels' song, soon succeeds the rush of the storm, and, as the darkness rolls away, all things seem to rejoice, whether animate or inanimate.

Thanks from the depths of an adoring spirit, that the Lord has made and will make bright and beautiful clouds!

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, March 25.

MY DEAR C—.

Here I come with the swallows and primroses, to give you my monthly budget of gossip as to what is taking place in this capital, though certes I fear the sayings and doings of its inhabitants are not particularly interesting just at present. The wretchedly cold weather, and the great proportion of sickness reigning at present, continue to render Paris unusually dull; and though it is currently reported that the spring will not finish without a *coup d'état* yet bolder and more ambitious than the last, people have got so used to such rumours that they now wait with tolerable patience to see if they be justified by the event.

Here is the first programme of the new revolution. On the 21st a great review was to take place, at the conclusion of which the army—which, be it said, is nothing loth—was to have proclaimed the President Emperor; thus called to the place which there is no doubt he and all around him have long anticipated his arriving at in the end, he was to yield to the desire of the nation, of which the army took upon itself to be the interpreter, and on the 29th, at the meeting of the Chambre, was, by it, to be confirmed in his new dignity.

As to the truth or falsehood of this history I do not take upon me to pronounce—

"I tell the story as 'twas told to me,"

but I have it from a source which makes me believe there was considerable foundation for it, as well as for the following plan, which it seems it is the idea to substitute for it, namely, that the review is to take place on the first of May, when the eagles are to be distributed, and that "*Vive l'Empereur!*" is to be the universal cry, but that the actual proposition to create the President Emperor is to come from and be confirmed by the Senate; *nous verrons*, the play will soon be played out, but that it will end by the Empire I think there is hardly a doubt, whatever may be the details of the plan that leads to that *dénouement*. Emile de Girardin has written to the President, in what terms it is not known, but the result is certain, namely, that he returns from his temporary exile greatly to the astonishment and by no means to the satisfaction of his party, who expected from

him a far more resolute and dignified line of conduct.

In the *Presse* of the 15th appeared an article which has created much interest, not simply from the person treated of, but from the rôle he enacted, the times in which that part was principally played, the name of the writer, himself so active a participator in the events he speaks of, and though last not least, the eloquence, the beauty and the force of the composition.

I allude to the biographical sketch written on the death of Armand Marrast, who filled successively the posts of *Maire de Paris*, *Membre du Gouvernement provisoire*, and *Président de l'Assemblée Constituante* in the days of the Revolution of 1848; the author is Lamartine, and never has any pen traced a more eloquent, feeling, or dispassionate tribute to the memory of the dead, or a more interesting, succinct, or graphic outline of the political events of a career, than the article in question:—

"*Ces lignes*," says Lamartine, "*ne souleveront point de controverses. Que toutes les feuilles qui respectent le deuil leur prêtent asile. Les différents s'évanouissent le jour des funérailles. Dans les guerres de la pensée, comme dans les autres, il y a trêve entre les camps pour ensevelir les morts. Effaçons donc en nous l'homme politique pour ne laisser parler que l'homme d'émotion. Un cercueil est une mauvaise tribune pour parler aux hommes de leur passions et de leurs opinions, là où finissent les opinions, et les passions humaines, et où la parole prononcée ici bas, va retentir dans le calme de l'éternité—la mort efface, la mort pardonne, la mort rallie;—faisons comme elle, and ne jugeons pas. L'homme du temps est devant son juge, plus juste et plus miséricordieux que nous."*

Marrast's health had, long previous to his death, been declining; a disease of the heart had seriously undermined his constitution, when almost immediately before the *coup d'état* of December an attack of apoplexy brought him to the brink of the grave: from this, by a miracle of medical skill, he rallied, and in fact recovered, but the events of the last few months, so contrary to all his ideas, his wishes, and his hopes, acted with fatal force on the malady of the heart, and brought about a fatal termination.

Another celebrity, but one of a different class, one appertaining to the literary and social world of Paris, is also removed within the last month

Madame Sophie Gay, the *spirituelle* authoress of *Les Malheures d'un Amant Heureux*, O'Donnell, La Duchesse de Châteauroux, and various other works, which placed her name high on the list of literary stars, expired a short time since at her residence in the Rue de Milan, after a somewhat prolonged and painful illness. Although she had reached the advanced age of seventy-five, her activity of mind and body, her vivacity, and her *verve* in conversation remained almost unimpaired until the event of December, when the trying and dangerous position of her son-in-law, M. Emile de Girardin, seriously affected her spirits, and acted on her already impaired state of health to a considerable degree; she died of a general break up of the constitution, that vague malady which defies the skill of the physician, and lays so sure a hold on its victims, more especially when at the decline of life.

The obituary of the month also contains a third name, interesting to the general world from association—doubly so to many a private circle, from the virtues and high moral worth of the individual—who died at the great age of eighty-one. Among her many noble qualities, that of intense devotion to the man whose name, that of the Maréchale Soult, she was so proud to bear shone conspicuous, and through the many phases of her husband's eventful life, her deep love and constant tenderness formed his greatest comfort and delight. During his last illness her daily wish and prayer was that she might be spared to perform the last offices of duty and love to him in whom her all of earthly happiness was centred, and that she might then be permitted to rejoin him without delay: the double prayer has been granted, and even those who loved her best, and who most deplore her loss, cannot but be consoled by the idea that her dearest wishes have been thus fulfilled.

The world of literature and the theatre have been much occupied of late by the journal war between Madame George Sand and her critics. Some three weeks back this gifted but not always well-advised woman brought out a piece at the Gymnase, entitled "*Les Vacances de Pandolfe*," a sort of Italian burlesque in the style of the old writers. The house was crowded with an audience prepared to be delighted, and to applaud from the raising to the falling of the curtain; Madame Rose Chéri, always *fine, spirituelle*, lady-like, penetrated with the very essence of her part, looking her best, and prepared to act in character, had the principal rôle; all the parts were equally well distributed, and the usual success was anticipated: the play began—up-hill work evidently, but like indulgent readers of heavy novels, the audience said the interest had not yet commenced; the play advanced, but still the interest *se faisait attendre*; the audience began to think it was rather "*long a'comin*;" they tried to smile at heavy harlequinades, and to find *jeux d'esprits* in *coups de bâton*; the play finished, and they then discovered that the interest shared the fate of Hamlet when that play was performed by the strolling company, and it was

left out by particular desire! But the audience had an affection for the name of Madame George Sand, and so had the critics; they remembered the pleasure she had so often given them on former occasions, and they viewed her failure on this occasion far more "in sorrow than in anger," so they said as little as might be about it; and the reviews, while compelled in fairness fully to acknowledge the non-success of the piece, handled the poor thing as tenderly as they could. Madame Sand, however, like mothers who often think that their weakly or feeble-witted children are precisely those the most to be admired, rose warmly in defence of her unappreciated offspring, and in a most injudicious and sharply-worded article, published in the *Siècle*, told the critics that they knew nothing about the matter—that the fault lay, not in the piece, but in their dulness of comprehension and ignorance of the beauties of Italian comedy, and many other sentences to the same effect, concluding with the sort of "don't care" wind-up, so often and so palpably falsely used, more especially by the *beau sexe*, when most piqued and mortified. Judge the effect! The critics of course could do no less than take up the gauntlet thus rashly thrown down, and the poor infant, as well as its mother, is flagellated with the keenest and most delicate of cutting whips, that of bantering ridicule, together with an assertion of the rights of the public and critic to pronounce a candid opinion on the works that are set before them for their amusement or instruction. Théophile Gautier's concluding paragraph is so characteristic that your readers will, I am sure, excuse me for inserting it:—

"Nous n'étions donc pas pris si au dépourvu sur ces doctes matières que nous ne puissions en parler pertinemment du soir au lendemain; notre érudition en matière de farces était suffisante pour pouvoir juger les *Vacances de Pandolphe* en connaissance de cause; et nous ne méritons pas que Mme. George Sand 'nous écrase rien qu'en serrant les doigts.' Comme elle a de très belles mains, et qu'après tout nous ne sommes pas un insecte, nous regarderions au besoin cette punition comme une récompense.

"Mais en voilà assez sur ce débat puéril; n'est-ce pas le moment de dire comme Robert Macaire, qui poussait Bertrand dans les bras du gendarme: 'Embrassons-nous et que tout ça finisse.'"

The *mi-carême* is now over, and the *fêtes* that were crowded into the last few days, are come to an end. Decidedly the finest of the season was the ball given by M. de Persigny, the Ministre de l'Intérieur, on the 16th. Upwards of six thousand invitations were issued, the preparations were on the most magnificent scale; temporary buildings were erected in the gardens, and the whole affair went off with the most brilliant success. Notwithstanding the cold, the bright sunshine made the *fête* of the *mi-carême* sufficiently gay, more so than that of the *mardi-gras*—the conclusion of the *Carnaval*—when the weather was wretched.

On the Boulevards paraded huge vans, on which were mounted men, women, and children, masqued and dressed in every conceivable ab-

surdity of costume, with drums, trumpets, and banners; while other masques drove up and down, crammed by sixes and sevens into *fiacres*, *citadines*, and *milords*—a sort of hack-carriage, somewhat resembling an English cab, with a seat in front for the driver. The finest and best appointed of these vans was one belonging to the Jardin d'Hiver; it was of immense size, and on the top, in a perfect grove of palms, camellias, azaleas, and other green-house shrubs, was a band of tiny musicians, children from six to ten years old, dressed in Louis Quinze uniforms, and powdered. Six handsome white horses, with postilions, drew the vehicle, which was greeted with exclamations of applause by the crowd collected to see the show.

What amuses me most in these *fêtes*, is the *grand seriena* with which the actors in them perform their parts. There they sit or stand, on their triumphal cars, silent, and with the grave tranquillity of persons performing some important duty; and neither the applause nor laughter of the bystanders seems in any way to affect them. It is in the evening, however, at the *bal-masqué*, which concludes the day, that this gravity wears off, and a scene of mad revelry winds up the *fête*.

Herewith, my dear C., comes my letter also to a conclusion, and with *mille amitiés*, believe me ever yours,

P*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

CARLYLE'S OPINION OF COLERIDGE.—Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold—he alone in England—the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by “the reason” what “the understanding” had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with “God, Freedom, Immortality” still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all: a really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly

hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent. * * * Brow and head were round, and of massive weight; but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew-fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object”

and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sung and snuffed them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising. * * * Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore, it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenious desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhere like a river, but spreading everywhere in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere; you put some question to him—made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehicular gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any. His talk, alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-mjects" and "om-m-mjects." Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and

fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for the most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets—islets of the blest and the intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy—recognisable as pious though strangely coloured—were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloudcapped, cloudbased, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of "excellent talk," but only of "surprising"; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.—*From Thomas Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling."*

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.—*American Newspaper.*

A MONASTERY IN GREECE.—In half an hour we reached a narrow ledge of rock, from which rises perpendicularly a cliff of near 300 feet high, on the summit of which is the monastery of the Holy Trinity. On the tops of the neighbouring pinnacles are placed the convents of—*Meteora* (so called—*par excellence*, as the largest of all)—*Barlaam* (so called after the founder, a Saint of the Greek Calendar)—*St. Stephen*, and three others of little note. I determined to ascend to the Trinity, as the highest of all, and at the same time the nearest to the village. Besides the nets, the monasteries are accessible by ladders of wood and rope, made in several separate joints, and let down over the

face of the cliff, from the mouths of artificial tunnels in the rock, which communicate with the lower parts of the buildings. At night, or when not required, these ladders are pulled up, and the monks are entirely isolated from the world below. The ladders are of course infinitely the most hazardous mode of ascent or descent, as they are perfectly perpendicular, and swing backward and forward in the air with the least breath of wind. A monk mounting by them looks like a large black fly, crawling on the face of the precipice. I preferred the net, as in it you resign yourself to the care of the holy fathers entirely; whereas on the ladders you must trust to your own nerve and steadiness. The question is, will you rely on the Church, or on your own private judgment? I fired off a pistol, to attract the attention of the monks, when, long before the echo, reverberated by the cliffs around, had died away over Pindus, two or three cowed heads were thrust out from under the covered platform, projecting from the summit of the rock, and which resembles the shed on the top story of a lofty London warehouse. The rope, too, is worked in a similar way, by a pulley and windlass. After reconnoitring us for a moment, and seeing that we were not strong enough to carry their monastery by a *coup de main*, the monks threw down what seemed a strong cabbage-net, lowering at the same time a thick rope, with an iron hook at its end. My guide spread the net on the ground, and I seated myself in it cross-legged. He then gathered the meshes together over my head, and hung them on the hook. The monks above then worked their windlass, and in about three minutes and a-half I reached the summit—a

distance of between two hundred and three hundred feet, swinging to and fro in the breeze, and turning round like a joint of meat roasting before a slow fire. This inconvenience might easily be prevented by another rope being held by a person below, as is done in the shafts of mines; but that is a Cornish luxury which has not yet occurred to the good fathers. Of course, as I begin to ascend, my weight draws the net close, until my knees are pulled up to my chin, and I am rolled into a ball like a hedgehog. The guide told me to shut my eyes to escape giddiness; but I soon opened them, on feeling myself banged pretty sharply against the rough side of the rock; and I swung myself off again by a convulsive push of the knees. The height is, indeed, dizzy enough; for I could no longer see the narrow ledge from which I had started, nor the winding path which led to it, but looked right down on the plain of Thessaly, one thousand feet or more beneath. During the ascent, the rope occasionally slips from one spoke to another on the windlass, when of course you fall like a piece of lead for a few yards, and are then caught up with a mightily disagreeable jerk. On reaching the level of the projecting shed above, you are left hanging for half a minute over the abyss, till the monks leave the capstan, and fish you in with a pole like a boat-hook. They have no such contrivance as a turning-crane for landing their guests; in fact, their machinery is altogether of a most primitive order. You lie on the floor a perfectly helpless ball, until they undo the meshes of the net from the hook, unroll you, give you a gentle shake, and then help you to your feet.—G. F. Bowen.—*Diary of Journey from Constantinople to Corfu.*

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. I have just finished a new novel, "The Head of the Family,"* which you must read.

Fanny. By the author of "Olive" and "The Ogilvies," is it not?

Mrs. Smith. Yes; but an advance even on those clever and remarkable novels. I cannot but believe that this young authoress—for youthful she is understood to be—is destined to take a very high rank among our writers of fiction. Her versatility is surprising; only the other day we were talking about her Christmas Story, "Alice Learmont," a little book of a highly imaginative character, in which fairyland is painted in a poet's glowing hues, and fairy folk delineated in the most fantastic manner; and now we have three volumes, in which, though a rich imagination and the many graces of poetry are everywhere apparent, there is an

under current of strong sense, which will please the mere intellect even of prosaic readers.

Fanny. Is it then a less emotional work than "Olive"?

Mrs. Smith. Nay, I will not say that; on the contrary, it deals with sterner and deeper passions than the former works; but the emotion is, as it were, reined in with a stronger hand, as if, while the heart of the author had expanded, the mind had acquired new force, and grown "manysided."

Fanny. Is it a tragic story?

Mrs. Smith. Partially so; but by the side of poor Rachel Armstrong's history, there flows a more simple tale, which yet in its truth and pathos has even a deeper interest. Rachel is the victim of a repudiated Scotch marriage; most people are aware that north of the Tweed a very slight ceremony—even a public avowal—is enough to establish a marriage; but the villain who betrays Rachel believes that he has destroyed every vestige of evidence; and after some changes of name and fortune weds another. Rachel is of humble birth, but has educated herself, possesses talent, and finally becomes an

* THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By the author of "Olive" and the "Ogilvies."—(Chapman and Hall.)

actress. I need not tell you how her love turns to vengeance, or how the retribution is ultimately worked out. The true hero of the book, however, is Ninian Graeme, the "Head of the Family," the elder brother of a large family, who generously devotes himself to his younger brothers and sisters, perhaps unconscious at the time what sacrifices may be demanded from him, but who bravely and nobly makes those sacrifices which a high-wrought sense of duty demands from him. It is a beautiful ideal of a man that is shadowed forth in Ninian; and I cannot help thinking that the author has been thus successful mainly because she has ventured to depict human nature as of no sex, and has thus developed in her hero many of those noble self-denying qualities, which the world commonly attributes almost exclusively to women. It would be well if gentlemen authors would take the hint, and when they are depicting their Isabels and their Clementinas, not imagine that they have to describe denizens of some different planet; then we should be spared the unreal, unnatural, wooden dolls, which either on stilts or in slippers shuffle through their prescribed three volumes—doing everything in the world except seeming for one moment genuine women.

Fanny. You are severe on the gentlemen novelists, but really not more so than they deserve.

Mrs. Smith. I am glad you agree with me. But to return to the "Head of the Family," Ninian has a sort of ward, Hope Ansted, the daughter of a runaway bankrupt—who is a reckless character, sketched with no common truth and force—and the poor girl is in her desolation received into the family circle, and treated and considered as one of Ninian's sisters. Hope is a charming character; not wonderfully brilliant, or amazingly beautiful, but something much truer and better—a gentle, earnest, affectionate girl, that steals into Ninian's strong manly heart before he is aware. Now comes the strife and the struggle; his love remains unspoken; and Hope, whose deep reverence and sisterly love a word would have fanned into something warmer, weds another, that other being the villain of the book, the sleek gentleman of fortune, the betrayer of Rachel.

I must read to you a scene between Ninian and his youngest sister Christina, familiarly called Tinnie. This sprightly lassie has just received an offer of marriage. You will guess that her heart is not quite her own, though far enough from the keeping of Mr. MacCallum.

"And what am I to say to Mr. MacCallum?"

"Say? Nothing! Or just tell him that I never meant anything but fun, and I couldn't think of marrying him—a comical, fat, little goose of a man. I wonder he could ever fancy such nonsense!" replied Tinnie, whose light spirits revived in a brief space of time. Strangely, bitterly, they jarred upon her brother.

"Child," said he, "you have done a wrong thing. In this matter, my heart goes more with that poor man than it does with you. If, instead of your thoughtless message, I told Mr. MacCallum you were not worthy this sincere attachment of his, it would be nearer the truth."

"Tell him so then—little I care!"

"No, I will not tell him. But I will write at once, as he entreats me—and something in his perseverance touches me, so that I shall do it more warmly than I would have done a week ago, when I thought he was a mere wealthy simpleton, beneath the least notice of my sister."

"And you think him not beneath my notice now?"

"No, because he offers you an honest heart, which, though refusing, no woman ought contemptuously to spurn. Child! you are young; you don't know the world, or the men in it—how lightly they love, how continually they play and trifle with girls' hearts—especially such gay, sparkling creatures as you—and never say frankly, as Mr. MacCallum does, 'I love you—be my wife, and I will try to make you happy.' And if I must explain all—mind, I do it, not thinking of my own feelings in the matter, but simply fulfilling my duty towards this honest man, who has left his cause in my hands—I ought to tell you, Christina, that as the world goes, this would be deemed no unworthy offer for a girl entirely without fortune, between whom and poverty hangs only one life—mine. I say this, because I wish to lay all sides of the case before you, that at no after-time you may repent of your decision."

This was a long, grave speech—the first of the kind that Tinnie had ever heard from Ninian. She looked up a moment to see if he were in earnest—he was, indeed; she even felt delighted at the stern lines of his face.

"Would you be glad, then, if I married Eneas MacCallum?" she asked.

"I never said that."

"No; but you implied it. I see how it is—Miss Reay was right in what she told me—I believe it all now," cried Tinnie, the angry tears rising to her eyes.

"You believe what? Nay, answer—I must know!" said Ninian, firmly, though his face flushed.

"That some of these days you would long to be rid of us. That we—the twins and myself—ought to make haste and get husbands, ere we found we had no home in our brother's house."

"And you believed this? Go on—tell me all she said."

"All! as if that were not enough! No, thank goodness! I have not yet seen my sister-in-law. I did not suppose you would marry a mad woman like Mrs. Armstrong, or a mere baby, like Hope Ansted, or——"

"Or Miss Reay herself," added Ninian, trying to smile. "Tinnie might imagine even that, when once she takes into her head such unjust thoughts of her brother."

He was indeed one worthy the name of man, who could speak so calmly, with a voice that never betrayed one trace of the struggle beneath—the passion, the self-reproach, the love warring against other love, and the stern, iron hand of duty laid over all.

"Were they unjust? Oh, say over again that they were unjust? You couldn't do it, Ninian; you couldn't turn away your poor little pet, and marry her to any stupid fool that asks her—no, not even that you might take a wife yourself? Never mind what Miss Reay said—the wretch! If I had really believed it, it would have broken my heart."

So exclaimed the little creature, pouring out her

feelings amidst a shower of tears, trying to draw Ninian's hands to her, and wondering that he stood so grave, so cold, so unlike himself, though without a shadow of unkindness or anger.

"You will forgive me now? I would not grieve you for a moment, my own brother!—we all know what an angel of a brother you are. You will never think of marrying when we love you so much? That was what I said to Miss Reay. Tell me, only tell me that it is so? You will never go and love some stranger, and leave your sisters alone in the wide world?"

He turned his face upward—it was very white—or else the sunshine made it seem so. He said, "God is my witness, I never will!"

Then he sat down on a stone, and let his little sister creep to him, clasping him round the neck, laughing and crying at once, breaking off at times to murmur, "Oh, forgive me!" "Oh, don't let my naughty words grieve you!" "Ninian—brother Ninian—you are quite sure you love me better than you love any one?"

"What—not satisfied yet?" And he tried to look at her with his old smile, and caress her in his old affectionate way, but could not. "God forgive me!" he muttered, and once more turned his face up to the broad sky, that wore to him a brightness like marble, as dazzling and as hard. He was thankful that Tinie's tears blinded her, so that she did not see her brother.

"Yes, indeed, I am quite satisfied! I will never grieve you any more—never! Say that you are not grieved now—at least not very much?"

"Oh no—oh no." He patted her hands, which held him so closely; and then as he rose up, their clasp dissolved of itself. "We must walk on now, Tinie—at all events, I must. I think"—he faltered, as if for the first time his heart recoiled at the necessary hypocrisy—"I think you will be tired if you go further—nor shall I like you to return alone."

"I am not tired in the least, and I would like to walk with you all the way to Helensburgh."

"It will not do," said Ninian, with a faint smile. "I have business. I must send my wee sister back, now that we have talked over all we had to speak about."

Tinie looked ashamed. She waited a minute for him to recur to the subject of their earlier conversation; but he did not. He walked along mechanically, as if oblivious of everything. She said at length, timidly:

"Brother, I know how wrong I have been about that letter. Will you tell me what I must do—or will you tell Mr. MacCallum yourself?"

"Tell Mr. MacCallum what? Ah, yes, child, what we were saying. I understand!"

"You will write to him, then; tell him I am very sorry—I am, indeed—and I will never do so any more," said the little maiden, in a tone of great compunction. "For the rest, brother, you know what to say."

"Yes, yes!" He drew his hand over his eyes. "I am very stupid, Tinie, but I did not quite hear you. My head aches; the sun so dazzles on the Loch. Tell me over again what you wish written, and I will do it at once. I rather think I shall walk to Dr. Reay's."

"Oh, don't write the letter there. Pray, pray don't tell the Reays anything about it. She would think, and he would think——"

"Think what?" said Ninian, attracted by the degree of alarm expressed by his sister.

"I don't care—I don't care—not a jot! The Professor may consider me what he likes—a foolish little thing 'of the genus *Papilionaceæ*,' as I heard him say. But I don't choose that Miss Reay, knowing I have refused Mr. MacCallum, should therefore imagine—what she had the insufferable impertinence to tell me one day——"

"More confessions? Nay, wee thing! don't stammer. Let us have them!"

"She said I was trying—and you, too, in your eagerness to get me married—that—that I should be made her niece. There, you have it now! No wonder I was in a passion; no wonder I have been playing all sorts of wild games. She shall never think I want to catch people that have all brains and no heart—dry, musty, geological, old——"

"Nay, keep that foolish little head cool. Nobody with any sense, certainly not Kenneth Reay himself, would ever dream of such a ridiculous thing," said Ninian, trying to reassume his ordinary manner, and to turn his mind to the things she was talking about. But he heard them and answered through a mist; they made no impression upon him. Only once more he attempted to send away Tinie, dismissing her with a smile and a jest.

"Go home, lassie, I will keep your counsel. And don't get into more love-labyrinths, for your sage elder brother to have to dash in and rescue you. He might get lost himself, you know."

"Oh, no fear! Nothing would ever bewilder brother Ninian," cried the blithe creature, as she turned back and went singing along the shore of the sunny Gare-Loch.

Fanny. I guess that the young lady is in love with the Professor, though she does rail at him.

Mrs. Smith. I shall not tell; but even this one passage may give you an idea of the book.

Fanny. I am sure I shall like it.

Mrs. Smith. I have half a mind to say I will not read another novel for three months to come. I cannot read poor ones, and the good ones are so interesting—I would say exciting, if I were not tired of that hackneyed word—that there is no laying them down.

Fanny. Especially one like the *HEAD OF THE FAMILY*, which is not to be skipped and rattled through; for so much of its merit consists in its subtle touches of character, and powerful writing.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

ON THE TREATMENT OF DEAFNESS CONNECTED WITH ENLARGEMENT OF THE TONSILS, AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE THROAT, &c. &c. By William Harvey, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. &c.—(*Renshaw*.)—This is no empirical puff, but a calm, dispassionate work, written by a regular practitioner of extended experience. Enlargement of the tonsils and kindred complaints of the throat are among the commonest and at the same time the most insidious complaints to which poor humanity is subject; and we entreat any of our readers who are thus afflicted, and who are in the hands of surgeons

who recommend the removal of the tonsils, at least to pause and take further advice before they consent to this operation. We have ourselves heard people say that those glands are of "no use;" but is it not a sort of profanity to assert that any part of the wondrous human frame is useless? We consider it a point of duty to make Mr. Harvey's work as widely known as possible—since it shows and proves the lamentable consequences which have resulted from the operation; and how unquestionably these distressing throat complaints arise from constitutional causes, and must be treated accordingly.

THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. By

Spencer Thomson, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinb. —(*Groombridge and Sons.*)—This is the third number of a work we have already warmly commended.

GROOMBRIDGE'S FARM AND GARDEN ESAYS, No. 7.—This excellent series is particularly appropriate at the present season, when amateur gardeners are full of bustle and business. No. 7 treats of the garden frame, how to construct, how to use, and how to make the most of it.

THE FARMER'S AND COTTAGER'S GUIDE, brought out by the same publishers, is also a most useful work.

"THE LADIES' GUILD."

"GLASS IN DECORATIVE ART.—All our ideas of Oriental splendour, all the gorgeous imaginings of Orientals themselves, of a magnificence more than Oriental in the fairy palaces of the Arabian Genii, are realised in the sober actualities of British decorative Art in Glass by Wallace's Patent. The lustre of silver and gold, the fiery sparkle of the ruby, amethyst, and every actual or imaginable gem, and the more subdued but no less beautiful hues of the pearl and the tropical shell, may now, by the recent efforts of British skill and invention, be combined at a moderate cost, and without a vestige of mere gaudy glitter, in the decorations of the mansions of the gentlemen of England."—*The Builder*.

Some short time since, the Right Honourable Viscount Goderich presided over a numerous and fashionable assemblage collected at 4, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, to hear a Lecture by Mr. Wood, one of the managers, explanatory of the principles and constitution of the Society. Mr. Wood commenced by asserting, in emphatic terms, the first principle and elementary cause of the Society, viz. to provide eligible and remunerative employment for ladies, without requiring them to descend from their rank as gentlewomen, and observed, that "should it ever deviate or be diverted from this its original source, the whole will be radically and totally changed, or rather, the Ladies' Guild will have ceased to exist—will be annihilated." The Lecturer then went on to shew the necessity for such a Society, and very properly merged the *practicability* in the *necessity*. "If," said he, "the Institution is wanted—if it is essentially required and demanded—why then it is practicable; for from the outset we have discarded from the Ladies' Guild the term *impossible*—and in truth it is a word nowhere to be found in sturdy Saxon English." He then proved to demonstration the necessity that existed for such a Society—he clearly argued, from statistics and other sources, the unhappy condition of single ladies when left dependent on their own exertions for support. He also shewed that even married gentlewomen were not exempt from those calamities which so frequently reach humbler housewives, viz. the burden of providing, not only for their children, but for their husbands, when these are disabled or out of employment. "The Ladies' Guild," conti-

nued Mr. Wood, "has been established to meet this deplorable evil, and even to eradicate it, by providing employment for ladies who seek occupation, and by diffusing a taste and a habit among them for remunerative work, so that it shall in time be as general for gentlewomen to have the means of obtaining their bread in their hands, as for gentlemen." The Lecturer then passed in review the means at present selected by the Guild to reduce its principles into operation. "First," said he, "we have accepted the grant of a Patent from Miss Wallace, that lady's own invention. We have elected that this Patent should be, as it were, our base of manufacturing and mercantile operations, because it is the invention and work of a lady, and therefore appropriate for ladies; and because, moreover, it is profitable, and exceedingly useful and beautiful." Mr. Wood, at this period of his discourse, passed a well-merited eulogium on Miss Wallace, and proceeded to explain the actual working of the Guild. "We have first probationers, or ladies, who, desirous of learning an eligible and remunerative trade or occupation, come to us, and on payment of an admission-fee of one pound, and of two shillings a-week, are taught an art appropriate to them, and remunerative. These, after a period of six months, are elected as associates, and thus become, as it were, the proprietors of the establishment, and are subject only to the conditions of the deed of settlements; being, so to speak, their own masters, sharing in the profits, and not subject to dismissal, but by the sentence of their compeers, and through well-proven misconduct." This brought the Lecturer to the Lady President,

who happened to be absent, and on whose admirable qualifications to fill the highly responsible and honourable place to which she had been assigned, he dwelt with considerable effect, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

It would trespass too far on our limited space to give even a bare summary of Mr. Wood's discourse, which partook rather of the nature of an oration than of a lecture. We can only further record his final appeal, of which we took careful notes:—"My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, you will naturally ask how you can aid this Institution: I answer, not by alms: we are self-sustaining: we ask no charity. But we have a business, and require business support. Our lady-workers must cease to have employment, unless you provide the market for their manufactures. You will assist us, then,

best, and most legitimately, by giving in your commissions to us managers; and we pledge ourselves to execute them faithfully, to give the full value of your money, and not to ask a sixpence in payment till the whole shall have been delivered, and completed to the satisfaction of the party giving them. This is our great demand—a modest one, surely, after so long a sermon. But lest you should consider us too bashful for gentlemen, we shall thankfully accept loans for this society, guaranteeing the principal and five per cent. interest; also annual subscriptions of a guinea, or life subscriptions of ten guineas."

Continuing in this strain, the Lecturer occupied about an hour and a-half on the whole, and the company separated about half-past ten o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE OPERAS.

Before these pages can reach our readers, both the Operas will have opened, but too late for us to give more than a rapid survey of the managers' promises. At Her Majesty's Theatre the opera of "*Marie di Rohan*" is mentioned as among the earliest productions; and we are glad to find that Mdle. Cruvelli is to make her *rentrée* early in the season. We hope that "*Fidelio*" will be given, if only to afford her the opportunity of again appearing in one of her great parts. Mdle. Wagner, another German lady of whom repute speaks highly, is announced, as well as Madame Sontag; and Balfe, we understand, returns to Mr. Lumley's orchestra.

The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera promises great things this season. Besides the *repertoire* which has been accumulating for four or five seasons, five attractive novelties are announced, and a corps of artists which includes Mesdames Grisi, Viardot, and Castellan, and a new singer, Madame Gazzaniga, and Mdle. Zerr, besides some excellent *donne* of lesser note. Among the tenors are Mario and Tamberlik, Herr Ander, and M. Guiemard from the Grand Opera at Paris; for basses there are Herr Formes, Signor Marini, and others; and M. Costa, as of old, conductor of the Orchestra. After short operas, a ballet is to be given, for which purpose several eminent dancers are engaged.

HAYMARKET.

Miss Vandenhoff's beautiful play of "*Woman's Heart*" continues to draw crowded houses, but it has latterly alternated with Signor Biletta's new opera of "*White Magic*." The latter bids fair to become a standard work for the English lyric stage; in spite of the plot being a little complicated, the *libretto* is far above the average of such compositions, often mounting into real poetry, and many of the songs are of

that striking character which is sure to receive the homage of quick popularity, and find its way to the barrel organs. Speaking of this opera, the *Times* says that it proves "Signor Biletta to be a thorough master of his resources, besides dramatic feeling, sentiment, a correct idea of form, and a great deal of fancy and contrivance in the management of the orchestra. Music of this kind is always pleasant to hear, and its production is by no means easy or common. The introduction to the first act contains some charming writing; and the finale is not only ingeniously constructed, but strongly coloured and dramatic. The unaccompanied trio, '*O tender recollection*,' is melodious, and voiced with great skill; while the *stretto*—commencing with a bold and enlivening theme for Coralie, '*Was I ensnared for this?*'—is worked up with remarkable force and effect. In the second act there is also some excellent concerted music, especially in the *finale*, which begins with a spirited and ably-written trio for Mericourt, Laval, and Coralie, and contains a *morceau d'ensemble* (introducing the *allegro* theme from the overture and some recurrences to the introduction), which is marked out with great ability. The songs and duets are plentiful, and, for the most part, tuneful and catching. A romance for Mr. Harrison, '*Gone are the merry days*,' was encored; and another, and a better, for Miss Louisa Pyne, '*O, was I then awake or dreaming?*' was much applauded. Both are instrumented with discrimination, the latter somewhat in Auber's manner. Mericourt's air, '*How merry is morning*,' sung by Mr. Weiss, is a racy *buffo* song, which, in one or two places, suggests a reminiscence of the comic *scena* of Fra Diavolo, in the opera of that name. The romance of Laval, '*Ah, since the sun*,' in which Mr. Harrison was again encored, although instrumented carefully, is essentially in the ballad style of Balfe. One of the gems of the opera is

the duet, 'Tis in change that we are charming,' for Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison, a fluent, gay, and sparkling composition, which quite captivated the audience, and was unanimously redemanded. The overture is a *bagatelle* of no pretensions; but the choruses are all light, attractive, and exceedingly well written; as a favourable example of which we may cite the pastoral, 'Let pipe and let tabor,' a dance and chorus combined, in which the two themes are both melodious and happily contrasted. As a first dramatic essay, the *White Magic* of Signor Biletta ranks among the most deservedly successful we remember.

"The principal singers did their very best. Miss Louisa Pyne, who has just recovered from a very severe indisposition, has rarely sung with more neatness and brilliancy. Signor Biletta knows well how to write for voices, and has fitted the popular English *prima donna* to a nicety. Miss Pyne played the character of Coralie's maid with great archness; and Messrs. Harrison and Weiss exerted themselves zealously. The opera is placed upon the stage with the utmost care and completeness. The band and chorus (more numerous and efficient than hitherto) went extremely well, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. After each act the principal singers were brought before the curtain, and, at the conclusion, Signor Biletta was summoned and enthusiastically applauded."

Sir Bulwer Lytton's play of "Money" has been revived here, and the characters most ably supported.

ADELPHI.

The laughable "Paul Pry," to the revival of which we alluded last month, the favourite drama of "The Wreck Ashore," and other stock pieces, have lately drawn crowded houses to the Adelphi, and maintained the reputation of this theatre as one of the most attractive in London. For genuine and yet high cast melodrama, and rich, mirth-inspiring burlesque, it is unrivalled.

MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND.

(Extract from a private Letter of Feb. 7th.)

"I have a little bit of news to tell you, of an event that has lately taken place, and having been one of the actors, or perhaps a supernumerary in it, can give you some particulars that might interest you—I mean Jenny Lind's wedding. She left New York for Boston about three weeks since, and shortly after wrote me a long letter, confessing what she had been too bashful to reveal before, viz. that she was engaged to be married to a young German artist, Otto Goldschmidt, and to whom she was very tenderly attached. She asked me to draw up her marriage contract, gave me particulars how she wished her property to be settled, &c., which was done in due form; and in connection herewith I will mention, that with that high

spirit of generosity that has always marked her character, she set apart £20,000 to found a charity school in Sweden! Last Wednesday I went to Boston, and she approved of the marriage contract; and the next day, the 5th inst., she was married to Mr. Goldschmidt, at the house of Mr. Ward, a friend of hers and G.'s. The morning was bright and cloudless, and prognosticated well for her married state. She was dressed in white silk, with a veil and orange-flower wreath, intermingled with myrtle à la *Suedoise*, with a bouquet or corsage of the same, and looked very charming. The queries were pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, a clergyman from New York, whom she had invited for the purpose. Only half-a-dozen friends were present; among them, Mr. Everitt, who was minister to London a few years ago. Then came the kissing of the bride, performed by the staid guests by imprinting a benedictial kiss on the forehead, except by one whom Jenny embraced, and gave an old-fashioned Swedish kiss! She seemed a very Amina, so joyous, so happy, stepping on air as it were. After a while she sat down to the piano, and sang 'Ah non giunge' with a heartiness that would have brought the whole Opera-house to her feet. In the afternoon they went off to a country-seat at Northampton, about one hundred miles from Boston, which they have hired for a few months. In the summer they return to Europe. Mr. G. is seven years younger than herself—about twenty-four years old, a small, very good-looking man, of a high-toned character, well educated, and devoted to her. He is from Hamburg, where his father is a respected merchant."

The above extract seems to us too interesting to need a word of comment.—Ed.

MUSIC.

THE YULE POLKA. By J. W. Marshall. (*Leader and Cocks*).—This pleasing composition deserves our warmest commendations, and possesses the charm of great originality. Though the title is inappropriate for this season of the year, the gaieties of Christmas having long passed, still its merits will be appreciated whenever a lively and animated polka is required, being excellently adapted for dancing, and we do not doubt that it will become a great favourite.

DOST THOU FORGET?

LA PLAINTÉ. By E. de Barry.—(*Ollivier, New Bond-street*).—"La Plainté" is the production of a new composer, and, if we are not mistaken, a composer who is likely to take in future a high standing. The melody throughout is charming, and the harmonizations are both musicianly and effectively managed.

"Dost Thou Forget?" is, we think, a ballad of that kind which is doomed to a barrel-organ popularity, a ballad likely to please everybody, because everybody can go away from hearing it, humming it over; it has a vein of much originality about it.

LATE HOURS. The Poetry by W. H. Belamy; Music by Charles W. Glover.—(*Case*).—So much trash is now-a-days set to music, and offered to the public in the form of songs, that it is quite a pleasure to meet with a real English ballad doing justice to the name. We doubt not "Late Hours" will be duly appreciated, and be-

come very popular; from the simple and pretty manner of its arrangement, it is well adapted for the generality of vocalists. The melody is striking, and well suits the words, which convey a pretty tale and moral, poetically told.—We think this ballad peculiarly suited to Miss Poole's exquisite voice and lively style of singing.

THE GARDEN.—APRIL.

"I come, I come! ye have called me long:
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth—
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass—
By the green leaves opening as I pass."

"Voice of Spring."—MRS. HEMANS.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Look well to the stock of bedding-plants, and see that those well-rooted are progressively hardening off. The propagation of all sorts of which there is a deficiency must be closely followed up now, as it will soon be too late to get strong plants. Continue the digging of flower-borders, and, as it proceeds, take care to reduce all overgrown plants, and at the same time to draw largely on the choicer store, and reserve plants to make good all deficiencies; such plants as Antirrhinum, Pentstemon, Phlox, Sweet-william, Mule-pink, Clove-carnation, double and single Wallflowers, are very suitable for the purpose. Hardy annuals in pots, or otherwise preserved, may now be turned out in beds or patches for early flowering, taking care to keep them well watered until they have rooted out. Stir the soil amongst advancing beds of Hyacinths and Turban Ranunculi. Top-dress Pinks. Plant out seedling Pansies, and make good all deficiencies in October-planted beds. Sow lawn grass-seeds as soon as we get showery weather. Make good edgings of all kinds, and keep grass and gravel well swept and rolled.

HARDY FRUITS.

If Strawberry-beds are not yet done, no time must be lost in slightly stirring the surface about them, for the destruction of weeds and extirpation of slugs and other vermin; but take care not to move the earth deep enough to disturb the roots, and be careful of damaging the crowns. Finish off pruning and nailing of all sorts immediately. Figs may now be quite uncovered. Thin out the main branches, and nail the rest to the wall, taking care to retain all the side-shoots, as it is from them the fruit will be produced. Attend to the mulching of fresh-planted trees. Remove a little of the surface soil from the roots of older-exhausted trees, and add some fresh compost. Stake all fresh-planted trees in the open quarters.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Herbs of all sorts, such as Mint, Thyme, Tarragon, Pennyroyal, Chamomile, &c., should now be planted in beds and kept watered for a time. Attend well to the getting in of successional crops of Peas and Beans. See that the beds for the main crops of Carrots are getting in good condition. Attend to

the pricking out and airing of the early-sown Celery and Cauliflowers. Sow a little Red Beet for early use; also Salsify and Scorzonera if required. Sow successions of Spinage and Salading of all sorts.

FIGS.

Thin out the branches where crowded, and also the fruit if too thick. Pinch off the points of the young shoots when they have grown a few joints. This will not only strengthen the fruit for this season, but will produce a good supply of short-jointed shoots for another year. Keep up a good heat, with atmospheric moisture, and plenty of water and liquid manure to the roots.

GREENHOUSE.

Forward pelargoniums will now be sufficiently advanced to require training out and supporting, either to neat stakes, or by passing a string or wire under the rim of the pot, and gently drawing the branches down with a small string of matting, which is then fastened to the string. The latter method is both neat and effectual, but can only be practised with success where there is good convenience to grow the plants dwarf. If they are at all liable to be drawn, stakes are indispensable, and they must be left long enough to allow for future growth. Syringe these plants often in favourable weather, and when the trusses are formed some clarified liquid-manure will do them good. The most forward Calceolarias will also require to be supported with neat stakes, leaving them long enough to train the flower-stems up as they advance. Fumigate often and slightly; let them have a free circulation of air, but in very bright hot sun they must be shaded during midday.

PEACH-HOUSE.

Commence tying-in the branches in the earliest house, taking care to retain no more than will be required to furnish the trees well for another season. Such shoots as have a fruit at the base, and are not required, may be stopped short, and kept so by frequent stopping. Be careful of too much fire heat during the stoning process. Continue thinning the fruit and disbudding in the later houses. Syringe freely at all times, except just when the trees are in bloom—this will keep down red spider. If green fly appears, fumigate immediately.—C.



THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR APRIL.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

Notwithstanding that the spring is thus far advanced, the extreme cold and rigour that have marked its opening have kept back the *modes de printemps* wofully: the March fashions have been precisely the same in point of material and colour as those that prevailed throughout the winter. Velvets, satins, and cachmères have held their places, and the *élégantes* have displayed as much good sense as good taste in sulting their toilettes to the state of the temperature, instead of—as is too often the case—consulting only the name of the month. Even now, as you will perceive, the general style of morning dress partakes more of the winter than of the summer modes; and until next month no very great change is anticipated.

The evening dresses are of course less subject to the caprices of the weather than the morning, and some new and very beautiful ones are appearing for the balls and *fêtes* of Easter, of one of which at least we must give our readers some description. It consisted of two skirts of white *tulle*, embroidered with gold spots, falling over a white satin slip, and each bordered with three rows of trimming in gold, at certain distances. The body was embroidered like the skirts, and trimmed with gold blonde, opened in front to the waist, over a *corsage* of satin, and was fastened across by four little gold *torsades*, tied in the centre, and finished with tassels. A fifth *torsade* formed the *ceinture*, with falling ends and tassels to match. The *tulle* sleeves were open, and looped up with similar cords and tassels over short and tight satin ones.

The *coiffure* which accompanied this exquisite dress consisted of two *touffes* of white marabouts, sprinkled with gold, and held together by a half-wreath, crossing the head in large gold leaves.

It seems likely that the profusion of trimming which for some time past has prevailed, especially in evening dresses, will continue in vogue. Flowers, ribbons, lace, and especially gold, silver, and beads, are in high favour, though it is probable the latter will give way to a lighter style of trimming as the season advances. Flowers can never be supplanted by any other mode, and really the perfection to which they are brought in this temple of fashion 'yclept Paris, is perfectly amazing: year after year, though in the one gone by you thought the art had arrived at its *ne plus ultra*, you see fresh marvels; and one is almost tempted to think that in the present day the tell-tale bees that revealed the trick the Queen of the East sought to put on the wisest of monarchs, would have hesitated ere they distinguished Nature from Art. Flower-making here is made a study, as painting, sculpture, or any other of the liberal arts; and *les fleurs fines* (the first-rate flowers) are as much the result of years of examination, observation, and study of nature, as the most beautiful pictures and statues which adorn our galleries and museums. The art may be a puerile one—be it so, but how few works of feminine skill are not so? and what employment better suited to female hands than the production of these exquisite memories of Flora's handiwork? We know two young girls, sisters, the daughters of a widowed

mother, who from their childhood have studied this beautiful art; they are unknown to the frequenters of the brilliant *salons*, who, while their robes and *coiffures* are decorated with blossoms that look as if a human hand could hardly have touched them, little guess that these delicate and fragile flowers were made in a dingy little *entresol* in the Rue du Bac, the very aspect and atmosphere of which would, they might imagine, destroy every vestige of freshness in such delicate wares. They—the *grandes-dames*—purchased them at some of the brilliant *magazins de fleurs*, where everything around was in character, and of course paid at least four times the price given by the *marchand* to the makers. The skill of these young girls has, however, obtained them certain privileges; they make for the first houses in Paris, and the head gardener of the Jardin des Plantes has given them permission to select specimens of the rarest plants and flowers in that beautiful collection to copy, which they do with an exactitude that is really inconceivable. It is said that in almost all *coiffures* stars will be a prevailing mode: gold and silver stars glitter on the ribbons, hang from the centres of flowers, are embroidered on *tulle*, gauze, &c., confine bands of gold braid, which form a network for the back of the head, and are worked in straw for bonnets, which are really beautiful for lightness and elegance. The question of *gilets* is still agitated; but they find so many advocates, that they are likely to last some timelonger—not, perhaps, as the season advances, the regular *gilet* in silk, *pique*, or other thick material, but the *Achus gilet* in lace and embroidered muslin, lined over net, as the wearer may choose. These latter have sleeves, and generally *jabots*, and are as elegant as they are convenient, answering the triple purpose of waistcoat, habit-shirt, and under-sleeves. They are, and will probably continue for some time, to be the *grande mode* of the season. *Pardessus* of *jacons* and muslin, fitting rather close to the figure, and trimmed with two *volants* of embroidery, will be worn as the weather becomes warmer.

Flounces in profusion are to be adopted for gowns and mantles; the latter are quite in the Louis Quinze style, short, light, and with hoods, trimmed with *volants* of silk *découpée* or lace, *ruches*, and *nœuds*. The style *Pompadour* for evening dresses is still the favourite, and likely to continue so. *Chapeaux de paille* will be universally adopted for the spring and summer: they are made as light as it is possible to be, *à jour*, imitating laces, *guipure*, &c. The *fond* in general is of *crin*, black or white, embroidered with straw; and they are to be lined with *taffetas* or double crape. The more simple ones are trimmed with *ruches*, some with a large bow across the centre: the dressed ones are to have flowers and *follettes*—that is to say, bouquets imitating feathers, foliage, &c., all in straw. It is perfectly inconceivable how a material apparently so intractable can be made to produce these beautiful trifles. Imagine sprays of lilac, hawthorn, roses, honeysuckles, and lilies of the valley, tufts of feathers, leaves, and grasses, composed entirely of straw!

As to the shapes of the bonnets, tastes are so varied, that it is really almost impossible to say what will be fixed on. Some authorities declare that they are to be worn so much *en arrière*, that they will have to be fastened by a long pin to the back hair; while others insist that they will, on the contrary, be made to *encadrer* the face; at all events, the *calottes* will be flat instead of rounded. For our own parts, we confess a decided leaning to the second mode; as the former is not, to our taste, either ladylike, pretty, or comfortable; *en attendant* the settlement of this all-important point, no very great change of shape is yet visible: they continue to be worn very open, very much trimmed inside and out, and with *extremely* wide *brides* to attach them; indeed, all the bonnet-ribbons are greatly increased in width.

Quite a new, or rather quite an old fashion revived, is beginning to make its appearance in sleeves. This is what our great grandmothers used to call *slashing*, that is, puffing of cambric, net, lace, &c., coming through the gown sleeve all the way down. The effect is so light and pretty, that we do not think it can fail to become extremely popular

in summer costume. The details of the trimming may be varied *ad infinitum*, the openings being decorated with black lace, *découpées*, &c., and fastened with fancy buttons; while either a *bouillonnée* or *manche pagode* finishes the sleeve. For the fronts of morning gowns, a sort of *tablier* rounded at the ends, and trimmed all round with a deep black lace and *nœuds* of ribbon, begins to appear; but I think the effect rather heavy. *Basques* are as much in vogue as ever, and likely to continue so. In almost all materials with patterns, the *dessin* is made expressly for each gown. Where there are flounces, the stripes, flowers, or other drawings border the *volant* itself, and are repeated on the skirt above, on the *basques*, the front of the *corsage*, and the ends of the sleeves. Where there are no flounces, in muslin, *jaconas*, &c., a small, delicate, chintz pattern covers the gown, and a larger *dessin* in the same style and colours, goes down the front, and is repeated on the *corsage*, *basques*, and sleeves: the effect is extremely novel and pretty; indeed, all the morning dresses in cotton materials are singularly beautiful as to patterns and colouring this year, and from their elegance cannot fail to be *bien portés*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADA AGNES.—We will endeavour to answer this correspondent's questions, although they are somewhat indefinite.

1. We would recommend Pestal arranged with variations by John Blockley, published by Leader and Cocks, or *Le Desir* by H. Cramer, published by Cocks and Co. There are many others, but a selection must depend entirely upon personal feeling and the skill of the performer.
2. The price of a real pearl bracelet will depend very much upon the size of the pearls and the style of the ornament. A slight difference to the eye may make a vast difference in the value. We recently saw a very pretty pearl bracelet at Mr. Bennett's, in Cheapside, the price of which was £10. It was of what is called the Pompeian pattern, being an imitation of a chain found at Pompeii.
3. "Walker's Exercises for young Ladies" will probably give enough of the desired information respecting equestrianism. It was published at 9s., but we saw a copy the other day at 2s. 6d.

ALPHA BETA.—Accepted No. 7. The others declined, with many thanks.

C. J. HUNT.—We regret that we cannot find room for this correspondent at present; but we are duly sensible of his endeavours to please us.

ROWENA.—An article on the subject of Archery is in preparation, and will appear probably next month.

"LAURA STUDLEGH."—We would recommend you to make your wishes known to our contributor AIGUILLETTE, 126, Albany-street, Regent's Park, who may, perhaps, have it in her power to serve you.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—An excellent work on the subject of making wax-flowers is a number of the "Lady's Library," published by Darton, Holborn Hill. It is elementary, and cheap.

T.—We can assure this inquirer that the remarks by our Parisian correspondent in our last number were intended to be anything but "faintly complimentary" to the French traitorous President. In

the present difficulty of getting a letter intended for an English magazine through the foreign post-office, it is sometimes necessary to resort to "irony" to conceal indignation.

A YOUNG GOVERNESS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND complains that through the whole winter she has not been allowed an occasional fire in her bed-room or a warm water-bottle to relieve her "dreadfully cold feet" at night. Such callous disregard of her wants and feelings, under the shallow practice of not giving trouble to the servants, deserves no small degree of reprehension, especially as the tyrannical lady who makes this regulation gives herself in the most luxurious manner the comforts which she denies to her dependant. "In her young days," forsooth, "she didn't require such debilitating indulgences." Very likely not—some animals are very hardy.

BESSIE.—Queen Caroline—the wife of George IV. was taken ill in Drury Lane Theatre on the 30th July, 1821, and died the 7th August following. The funeral procession was forced by the people to pass through the City: an affray ensued between the Guards and the populace, and two persons were shot. Her remains were deposited in the family vault at Brunswick.

SEPTICA.—We do not think that the subject is left in the same state of obscurity as before. After carefully studying the question, we must give in our entire adhesion to the opinion of the *Quarterly Review*, that the strange, dissipated, and yet most able Lord Lyttleton was the author of "Junius." The article proving this point is one of the most sagacious and conclusive solutions of a mystery that has ever appeared in periodical literature. The life and death of Lord Lyttleton are a complete key to the career of "Junius." Sir Philip Francis's claims are, we believe, now set aside. The *Athenæum* has demolished them.

AMICA.—Messrs. Evans and Co. of course make sewing cottons, which are just as perfect for their purpose as those which we recommend for crochet, embroidery, &c.



Portrait of Mrs. Anne B. Smith

Engraved by J. Smith from a painting by W. B. Smith

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

MAY, 1852.

THE STORY OF ANGELIQUE.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

BY GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY,

AUTHOR OF "HALF-SISTERS," "MARIAN WITHERS," "THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY," &c.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

BOOK OF EXODUS.

This is not, as at first sight it might appear, an arbitrary threat of vengeance, a declaration of malice instead of justice; it is simply a declaration that the everlasting laws of cause and effect can never be turned aside. There is no escape possible from an action that has once been done.

That the innocent suffer with the guilty, often instead of them, is not injustice, but only a portion of the immutable law by which every action brings its own consequences, as a tree bears fruit after its kind. There is no chapter of human life more tragically sorrowful than that which relates the sufferings of those who are victims to the deeds of others; although few, be it said, are so personally guiltless as not to have quickened or aggravated their sufferings by some error of their own.

The following story, which is in all respects true, bears upon this subject: it was related to us some years ago by an old physician, since dead. He was an excellent man, and remarkable for his skill and sagacity in treating all phases of mental alienation and insanity. He was one of the first who endeavoured to strip these terrible afflictions of the mysterious, almost supernatural, dread with which they were invested, and to bring back the poor sufferers within the confines of humanity, from which they had been banished by the fear and cruelty their malady inspired. When a young man, he resided for some time in Paris, for the sake of attending the lectures of the *Ecole de Medicine*, and visiting the hospitals; and it was during that period he became acquainted with the following history, which we give; as nearly as we can recollect, in his own words.

"One day," said he, "I was walking in the court of the *Salpêtrière*, along with one of the physicians attached to the hospital; I was surprised to see a young and very beautiful girl standing near a group of infirm, crone-like old

women, such as are the chief inmates of this hospital. She walked with an air of listless abstraction along the paved court, upon which the afternoon sun was pouring its fatigued and dusty rays; from time to time she quickened her pace, and exhibited a restless and angry impatience as her attention was roused by the conversation of those around her.

"What is she doing here?" I asked of my companion, who, as I told you, was one of the physicians attached to the hospital.

"Ah," replied he; 'that lovely creature is one of my insane patients.'

"She looks more like an angel than an insane patient!" I replied with enthusiasm. She wore a white dress; her rich brown hair fell in natural curls over her shoulders, and was confined round her head by a blue fillet: her hands hung loosely before her, and as she walked she was constantly twisting her fingers.

"Ah, poor child!" said my companion, whose eyes followed her with a look of compassion; 'she has been quite mad for more than two years past. She is never easy unless she is moving about; and, as she is quite harmless, I leave her at liberty to go where she chooses about the house and grounds. She seldom, however, comes into this court, for she dislikes to see persons around her. Did you ever behold a face so unutterably sad?'

"No! and I pray God that I never may again."

"As we spoke, the young girl seated herself upon the steps of the fountain that was in the midst of the court, gazing vacantly upon the splashing water, and, except for the picking motion of her fingers, she was as quiet as a stone.

"She cannot be yet twenty. What sorrow can have caused all this?'

"It is about as miserable a story," replied my companion, 'as any I have known in the

whole course of my five-and-thirty years' practice. If you care to hear it, I will tell you; but I must first persuade Angelique to go in-doors. This sun is far too powerful for her to be sitting under the full blaze of it as she is now doing.'

"He approached and took her hand; she arose like one walking in her sleep, and accompanied him into the house.

"'Now,' said he, when he returned to me, let us go into my sitting-room; there is a good hour before lecture, and I will tell you the history of Angelique.'

"My friend had rooms assigned to him in another part of the hospital, although he only resided in them occasionally. A wrinkled old woman, who looked as if she had stepped out of a Dutch picture, opened the door for us. She had formerly been one of his patients: he had performed a difficult and complicated operation upon her, which was one of the miracles of surgical skill and intrepidity of that day. It had been successful; and the poor creature, who was a widow, had attached herself to him. He had given her the post of concierge to his apartments in the hospital, and day and night they were kept in readiness for him. She lived in a little room at the head of the stairs, and there she sat with her knitting, listening like a dog for the footsteps of her master. She did not speak as we entered: her awe and admiration kept her dumb; but there was a look of such intense affection and delight when she saw him, as I can never forget. Her hand trembled so much as she attempted to unlock the door, that he took the key from her, and began to praise the comfort and order in which she kept the place. It was a deliciously cool and shady room; everything was in the exactest order—the books on the shelves round the room, the cases of instruments arranged on the table, and writing materials laid ready for use. The white muslin curtains looked like ball-dresses. A glass filled with fresh flowers stood in the window. The bedroom adjoining was equally luxurious in its freshness and delicate cleanliness. 'Who would imagine that so much misery and suffering were only separated from us by a brick wall!' I exclaimed, looking round.

"'Ah, yes. Old Marguerite is my guardian angel, and keeps all evil sights and sounds out of these rooms. Nobody knows but myself all the good she does.'

"The old woman's face grew radiant under these words, and after setting down a pitcher of iced water, as there was nothing else to be done, she retired.

"'That old creature deserves to be canonized,' said the Doctor, looking after her. 'I will tell you her history some day. She has attached herself to me, and I suppose considers me her master; but there is not a patient inside these walls but has reason to be thankful for her presence. Poor, old, infirm, as she is, without a penny or a friend in the world, she makes her life a blessing to all who come within her reach. What she continues to accomplish with so little, makes it wonderful how others, possessing every

facility of fortune and position, contrive to do nothing but make a heavy burthen to themselves of their own advantages. The very sight of her, when I am weary and dispirited, is worth a hundred a-year to me!'

"'Well, replied I, 'you shall tell me about old Marguerite another day; but what of Angelique?'

"'Ah,' said he, shaking his head, and smiling, it is easy to see you are a young man. It is true enough, however, you came here to listen to the sorrows of Angelique, and not to the virtues of my dear old woman; but there is a connection between them, as you will see.'

The Doctor placed his watch on the table, that he might not forget the time for his lecture, and began.

"'Angelique belongs to a good family, who reside near Beauvais. Her mother is even now more lovely than her daughter: she was married when very young to an officer of Artillery, one of my oldest friends. I was present at the marriage. He was much older than his wife. His good looks, such as they were, had been pretty well effaced by the hardships of active service. He had, amongst other things, served in the Russian campaign. His hair was grey, and his face stern and wrinkled, though scarcely arrived at the term of middle age. Under a cold, undemonstrative manner, he carried one of the noblest and most generous hearts in the world. His words were few, but all who knew him felt that one word of regard or commendation from him, meant as much as the passionate protestations of others. To many of his friends it seemed an ill-assorted match, but he was deeply attached to the beautiful and wilful young creature; whilst she, whether from the instinct which taught her to appreciate his noble qualities, or attracted by the difficulty of inspiring a romantic passion in one so calm and self-possessed, I know not; but she certainly had exerted all her fascinations to attract him, and refused a brilliant proposal of marriage from another quarter. Unhappily, when once married, the discrepancy between their characters was not long in making itself felt. He a calm, straightforward, and essentially matter-of-fact man, who, having once told her that he loved her more than anything in the world, and reposing in the intense consciousness of his own affection, would as soon have thought of assuring her every day of his existence as of repeating protestations of affection: whilst she, an undisciplined, passionate creature, with all the mobile, impressionable organization of genius, was constantly made wretched by his undemonstrative, silent habits. I dare say she really suffered; for I was more than once called in to see her, and found her in a state of hysterical prostration, arising from some casual word or slight inattention on his part, against which she had broken herself in a passion of wounded susceptibility, and which distressed him none the less that he could not understand how he had occasioned so much suffering. I believe in my heart that all women have a touch of insanity in

them: they are always either mad or mischievous: none of them are to be depended upon for an hour together, and they can neither guide themselves nor submit to be wisely guided by others. When Madame de M. did not torment her husband by her wounded affection, she persecuted him with displays of tenderness, which, to a man of his disposition, must have been perfect martyrdom. To give you some idea of her mode of proceeding, I will tell you an instance. Her husband was military superintendent of the district, and had to be frequently absent from home. Once he happened unexpectedly to be detained beyond the time he had fixed for his return. A violent storm arose that same evening. Any woman might have been excused feeling some anxiety; but Madame M., instead of reflecting that her husband was an old campaigner, completely lost what little sense nature had given her, and rushed off alone into the road, thinly clad, and wandered about for two hours in the midst of the storm, until she met him peaceably returning, and making all speed to save her from prolonged anxiety. Of course she was seriously ill after this fine exploit, and complained to me bitterly of her husband's indifference and coldness, because he had mildly commented upon her imprudence, and said, 'But, my dear, supposing the sky to have actually fallen upon me, what good could you have done by coming to see it?'

"These words cost the poor lady many bitter tears. Her unregulated sensibility was the bane of her own life and the torment of her husband's; but he was deeply attached to her, and supported her fantastic humours with a patience that made me sometimes wonder whether it were a folly or a virtue. I suppose it must have been her beauty that blinded him. It must be confessed that she was very lovely, and her personal beauty was even less than the exquisite gracefulness of all her movements, and I suppose that much as her husband was occasionally annoyed, his natural vanity was propitiated by being the object of her extravagant demonstrations.

"He had, like most men of a reserved disposition, a great dread of being made ridiculous and remarkable, and he suffered dreadfully from his wife's theatrical taste in devising domestic and dramatic surprises in his honour. I remember on one occasion I was trapped into assisting at one of these precious scenes, though it was as a victim; for never would I have sanctioned it had I at all suspected the event; but Madame M. was full of stratagems and intrigues, and straightforward people had no chance with her. You shall hear how it happened; I can laugh at it now, though I was furious at the time: it will show you the sort of woman she was.

"I received an invitation to spend a certain day at their country house. I knew it was the anniversary of their marriage, and thought it quite natural they should have some *r union* to commemorate it. On the day appointed I went, unsuspectingly enough, and found a large com-

pany assembled, all more or less in fancy rural dresses. Madame M. herself was attired according to her notion of an Arcadian shepherdess, in India muslin, with a blue scarf striped with silver, and a crook adorned with blue and silver ribbons. She looked very pretty certainly; the weather was lovely, and there was a tent in the garden, where we were to dine, and a band of music in picturesque attire to enable the company to dance on the turf in the approved Arcadian style. I looked about for M., wondering how he had been prevailed upon to consent to all this, when Madame M. informed me with a bewitching smile that it was all a surprise in honour of her husband, which had been got up during his absence, and that he was expected to arrive every moment. In fact, at that instant, poor M., who had travelled *malle poste* in order to be at home to spend that day with his wife, arrived at the gate; scarcely had he entered the garden when a band of children, fantastically dressed and armed with garlands of flowers, sprang from behind a thicket of evergreens, and having first executed a *pas de ballet*, concluded by flinging their garlands over him, and led him in their chains to the lady of the *f te* the band meanwhile playing a triumphal march! You may fancy how a man tired to death with a whole night's travelling, and hoping to come home to sit peaceably in his dressing-gown and slippers, would feel at being made the centre of such an exhibition; but the worst was yet to come. He had not recovered from the confusion of such an unexpected reception, when we were summoned to dinner. A species of triumphal chair had been erected for him as the hero of the feast, decorated with garlands and devices in flowers, as indeed was the whole interior of the tent. That nothing might be wanting to complete the foolery, a party of her friends who were in the secret sang a chorus in compliment of the occasion as he took his seat! I was furious at having been betrayed into sanctioning such impertinent folly by my presence; but I confess I trembled lest M. should be provoked into some extremity; I hardly ventured to look at him. However, he resigned himself with the most angelic goodness, and only said, with a slight perceptible annoyance, 'Adrienne, Adrienne, this is too much. How could you do so?'

"Shortly after this precious exhibition I was obliged to leave Beauvais. I accompanied a scientific expedition despatched to South Africa by the French Government, after which I continued my travels into other parts of the world. I was absent many years. On my return, my first care was of course to pay a visit to my mother at Beauvais; she was then, very old, and I had scarcely dared to hope ever to see her again.

"I found the M.'s still residing in their old house: he had received a considerable accession of fortune and consequence, and been employed by Government on several occasions in various missions. He was now approaching the evening of his days—a fine specimen of a veteran. His

wife was still extremely beautiful, and I could not but be struck with the great improvement in her character: a composed, matronly deportment had replaced the fantastic levity of former days: her manner to M. was at once affectionate and deferential, and I fancied I read the expression of a certain remorse in the unobtrusive and delicate attentions with which she surrounded her husband. However it might be, I thought her grown quite charming, and M. himself was of the same opinion; he was, in truth, the happiest and most contented of mortals. They had two children—their own son Charles, a fine young fellow just entered as student in the Polytechnic School, and Angelique, who was well named—for I never beheld so lovely a child—she was then about twelve years old, and realized one's notions of an angel: she was not, I was told, their own child, but the daughter of Madame M.'s cousin, who having accompanied her husband, who was an emigrant to England, had died there, leaving her little Angelique an orphan in a strange land. Her last act was to write a letter to her cousin Madame M., entreating her to befriend and protect her child. M. showed me the letter himself, which was very touchingly written, and I was not surprised to find that he had proposed to adopt the little Angelique as their own. Madame M. had joyfully agreed to his proposal, and, as M. expressed it, 'devotedly made a journey to England in the depth of winter to fetch her young relative, who had since that time been to them like a daughter.'

"Nothing seemed to me more natural, and I rejoiced that Madame M. had such a resource and occupation as the education of this engaging child. Children are a woman's guardian angels, and the training of them her true vocation—in fact, I incline to think the chief end for which she was sent into the world. However, I had not much time to remain with my friends, as I was appointed to a post in the Jardin des Plantes, and was made one of the Professors of the Ecole de Medicine, and had to commence my duties without delay. My mother died in the following year, and I disposed of our property in that neighbourhood, so that for several years I had no occasion to return to Beauvais. After I became attached to this hospital, my duties increased so much that my correspondence with my friends almost ceased. I heard at rare intervals from M., whom I regarded with an affection that it did not depend on time and absence to weaken.

"One day, it might be about five years after the visit I mentioned, I received a letter from Madame M., written in characters scarcely legible, entreating me to go down at once, as something very dreadful had occurred. All doctors are accustomed to some exaggeration in the appeals made to them; I was not therefore very much alarmed, though I determined to attend the summons. After delivering the lecture which was for that afternoon, and engaging a friend to visit my patients, I arranged my business so as to be absent for a couple of days,

and departed that same evening by the *malle poste* for Beauvais. I alighted at the gate. On reaching the house, Madame M. met me in the hall, with an aspect of such stony despair that I started as though she had been a spectre—so utterly changed from her natural appearance—her face and lips were rigid and bloodless, her eyes fixed and open like those of a sleep-walker.

"Has anything happened to M. or the children?' I said hastily, for I confess her manner impressed me with a fear for the worst.

"Come this way and you will know all.'

"Her voice sounded strange; it was hard and desperate, and seemed as if it came from an automaton rather than a living woman.

"I followed her to a parlour on the ground floor, which was so much darkened that at first I could discern nothing; but after a few moments I perceived my poor M. lying on a sofa, and propped up with cushions. The windows were open, and a current of fresh air laden with the scent of flowers came into the room. It is strange how, at some moments of crisis, we can take notice of the meanest trifle.

"I approached his couch with some precaution not to startle him, and I observed that his wife sat down in the darkest corner of the apartment. 'I knew you were here,' said he in a faint voice, 'although no one told me you had been sent for. It is like you to come.'

"He spoke in a confused voice, articulating with difficulty. I raised a corner of the window curtain to look at him; his face was distorted; it was a stroke of paralysis which had taken the whole of one side. He was beginning to recover his speech. The physician who had attended him on his first seizure arrived—an intelligent and skilful man; we agreed upon the course of treatment to be pursued, and then I made some inquiries into the particulars of his illness.

"I know nothing,' replied the other cautiously, 'except that there is some family mystery connected with it. I was called in to M. three days ago; he was labouring under a congestion of the brain, the result of some severe mental shock. The same day M. Charles, the son, was seen to leave the house in a state bordering on frenzy, and has not been seen since. Old Martin told me that there had been some dispute, for that he had heard high words after dinner between his master and mistress and M. Charles, who were together in the dining-room. That something serious has transpired I am convinced; until three days ago Monsieur M. was in perfect health; I saw him and conversed with him in the morning.'

"I returned to the side of my friend, my mind filled with painful anxiety. At the door of the room I met Angelique, who was watching for me; she grasped my arm, and said hurriedly, 'They will not let me see papa; no one will tell me what is the matter, and Charles left home three days since without speaking to me. I saw him as he went out, and tried to stop him; but he flung me off with a dreadful look, as if I were an evil being, and he has never returned. Mamma has become so strange I am afraid to

approach her. What is the matter? Why may I not go into that room and see papa?

She was evidently under great nervous excitement, poor child, and there was an expression in her eye that I did not like; her dress was in disorder, and it was evident she had not slept for a long time. I endeavoured to calm her as well as I could, and tried to induce her to lie down, with the promise that she should see her father as soon as he could be permitted to see any one. She was in such a state of agitation and excitement that she was quite unfit to be left alone, and there seemed no one to take charge of her: the whole house had the air of being struck by lightning and abandoned, for not a soul was to be seen. However, the domestics were only indulging themselves in gossiping conjectures, both about what had happened, and what was likely to occur, after the fashion of that class, who love the excitement of calamity. I succeeded in breaking up the conclave, who were standing open-mouthed in the court-yard to hear the news just brought in by a countryman, that master Charles had been seen marching with a company of conscripts, who were being conveyed to Marseilles. I despatched one of the maids to Angelique, with strict orders not to leave her for a moment, and then once more returned to the room where M. was lying. Madame M. still sat crouched in the darkest part of the room, and had not apparently altered her position since I had left. Martin, an old domestic, who had lived with his master in the family since his master's marriage, and who had been his servant whilst in the army, sat beside the couch.

"M. opened his eyes as I approached.

"Any news of my son?"

"I briefly told him what I had just heard.

"God's will be done!" said he; "we have been living for years over a fearful mine, and now it has exploded."

"He lay silent for a few moments, and then said—

"Good Martin, leave us for a little, I must speak whilst I am able."

"Martin left us; and having ascertained that Madame M. was gone, and that there was no listener, I returned to my place beside the couch. M. had in great measure recovered the use of his speech, although his articulation was still feeble and indistinct. He was not capable of consecutive conversation, but he contrived to make me understand the crisis that had occurred; and afterwards further information came to me from another source.

"It would seem that Madame M. had for a long time shown a strange jealousy of the family intimacy in which her son Charles and Angelique had always lived together, and insisted that the young man should be sent to Paris to study, or else to one of the German universities; and had at the same time shown great anxiety to negotiate a marriage that had offered itself, in spite of the youth and disinclination of the young lady herself. This anxiety was attributed by her hus-

band to her maternal ambition; but as in fact he had an opportunity of placing his son advantageously, it was arranged that Charles should study for an 'ingenieur des mines.' All these difficulties, and the approaching separation, probably enlightened the young people upon the nature of their feelings for each other; the day previous to his departure from home, Charles formally demanded permission of his parents to consider Angelique as his future wife. M. had not the least objection; but Madame M., who must long have lived in constant dread of this terrible moment, disclosed to them that Angelique was her own child, and that all the fable about her cousin's death had been invented by her, that she might not be separated from her daughter!

The father and son listened without interruption to this fearful disclosure; the son, with one deep and bitter malediction on the mother who had brought down such misery upon them, fled from the house, none knowing whither he went; the wretched husband fell at his wife's feet, struck down with apoplexy. Poor M. was not in a condition to go into particulars, but they were afterwards told me by the miserable woman herself. It seems that on one occasion M. was despatched by the government on a mission to one of the Colonies; he was absent more than two years, Madame M. being the impulsive, passionate, ill-regulated creature I have described to you—bitterly pained at her husband's refusal to permit her to accompany him (which was in fact quite impossible). After suffering bitterly from what she conceived his indifference, she, partly from resentment, and partly from the love of strong emotions, which is characteristic of women of her nature, let herself go into a criminal attachment to a young Englishman, who had conceived a romantic passion for her. I believe there was more resentment against her husband than love to the other in the whole affair; but that changed nothing, except perhaps to increase the remorse in which every after-moment of her life was steeped.

"Her husband, before his departure, had furnished her with a good excuse for removing to Paris, where every mystery is safe, no one suspected her secret. Her lover died in consequence of the injuries he received by a fall from his horse, in a steeple-chase which he had got up to show the Parisians how people rode in England, some months previous to her husband's return; and she seemed thus guaranteed against all hazard of discovery. She endeavoured by redoubled attention to compensate to her husband the treachery of which she had been guilty; her attachment to him revived with all the tenderness of remorse, and the unsuspecting generosity with which he adopted the little Angelique touched her to the quick. I believe, if repentance ever could avail to expiate crime, that Madame M. might have washed away hers; but as every action is a debt contracted with everlasting justice, there exists no power which can remit the conse-

quences—sooner or later it must be met, with all its liabilities, and the longer they are delayed the more complicated do they become.

"It was not until some time afterwards that I learned all these details; but I tell them you at once, not to interrupt my story.

"When poor M. had made an end of his communication, the tears streamed helplessly from his eyes. I pressed the hand that still retained its life; and although any scene of violent emotion was very bad for his bodily health, yet I saw that the discovery of a crime committed against him so many years ago had not broken the habit of affection, and the need to see his wife constantly in his presence.

"He looked piteously at me—'What must I do?—Where is she?'

"With an instinct which in times of emergency is generally more trustworthy than any rules, I rose and opened the door. Madame M. sat crouched before it. I took her hand, and led her without speaking to the side of her husband. She sank down beside the couch, and took hold of his poor paralyzed hand, sobbing convulsively. I was alarmed for the consequences. A spasm contracted his features—he laboured painfully for utterance. At length we distinguished the words, 'God forgive—I do.' I whispered to Madame M. to be calm, and administered some medicine to my poor friend, and then withdrew, leaving the wife restored to her right of watching beside him. The effects of this agitation were not so bad as you might expect; the calm to the patient's mind overbalanced the danger to his bodily health; and when I left I was not without hopes that he might be able to move about again. Angelique was the one whose condition the most excited my fears, and I gave the medical man in attendance many charges about her. I was obliged to return to my own duties in Paris, and could not again visit my friend; but I continued to receive satisfactory accounts of them. It might be about six months after my former visit, when I received a second summons, more urgent than the first. I threw aside every other engagement, and went. The fatal consequences of Madame M.'s crime were not yet exhausted.

"No direct intelligence had ever been received from the unhappy Charles; but the news brought by the countryman, of his embarkation at Marseilles with a company of recruits for Algeria, had been confirmed. A few days previously a letter from the Colonel of that regiment had arrived, containing a cross of the order of 'military merit,' and a few lines, saying that M. Charles M. had been mortally wounded in an expedition against an Arab encampment, and on his death-bed had revealed his name and station to his officer, charging him to send word to his father, and to beg his mother to forgive the words he spoke when he left her presence. The Colonel added many praises of the good conduct and gallantry of the young man who had seemed to court the death of honour he had found. The cross enclosed was the one with which he had been decorated on the field. But

the unhappy woman had not yet drained the cup of retribution.

"Angelique was up-stairs, lying ill of a brain fever, and her uneasiness gave us but too clearly to know that by some deplorable fatality she had become acquainted with the wretched secret of her relationship to her betrothed lover. Hitherto she had only fancied that the obstacles that had driven Charles from home arose solely from the ambition of his parents, who desired him to form some higher connexion; and she had comforted herself with hopes and dreams of better things, after the manner of the young. The tidings of his death, and the knowledge of the terrible secret of her own birth, had proved too much for the poor young creature's brain. She recovered from the fever, but it was only to live in a state of prolonged mania.

"As I could not remain to watch her case as I desired, I prevailed upon Madame M. to allow her to be removed to Paris, that she might be constantly under my care. I obtained admission for her into this hospital; and that good old woman you saw when you first entered has been her unwearied and devoted attendant. I knew I could depend upon her fidelity as well as upon her devotion to my will; and once acquainted with the cause of Angelique's affliction, she has seconded my efforts with an intelligent sympathy that has done more for her than my skill.

"Of late I have entertained sanguine hopes that Angelique will recover. At first she used to be in a constant state of reverie: at times she would shed tears, and speak of 'him,' but without designating him by any name; and then she would clear up into those smiles of insanity which are so painful to witness; but she never seemed conscious of anything passing around her. Of late there has been a change; she begins to notice objects like a child, but only for a short time, and any attempt to prolong her attention irritates her, though she is never violent. Once or twice within the last fortnight she has had what may be called intervals of intelligence, and her mind seems to be gradually recovering its strength, gathering itself together. It will be some time yet before the cure is effected, but I repeat that I have sanguine hopes of success.

"But now," said he, looking at his watch, "we are seven minutes after our time; the gentlemen will have become impatient—so come along."

I followed my friend into the Lecture-theatre, after which came other duties and employments. I had no opportunity of again seeing the doctor, except at lecture time, for many weeks afterwards; neither, though I often walked in the court of the hospital, did I ever again catch a glimpse of the fair creature whose story had so painfully interested me.

I was suddenly recalled to England by the dangerous illness of my father, and I did not return to Paris to finish my courses until the following autumn.

My first care was to pay a visit to my old friend and master at the Salpêtrière, to enter myself upon his class. I found him in his old room at the hospital, as kind-hearted and as much occupied as ever; and old Marguerite was still sitting at the head of the stairs, knitting her eternal stocking.

He received me with cordiality; and after replying to all his questions about England as well as I was able, I inquired whether Mdlle. Angelique was still in the Salpêtrière?

"No," replied he; "I am happy to say that my hopes did not deceive me; Angelique has now returned home, quite cured. She will never again be gay and light-hearted as of old, for she still recalls the Past. But she learned from my dear old Marguerite the secret of resigning herself to the will of the Highest—a wisdom that would heal many broken hearts if it were more practised. With Angelique it is not a theory, nor an enthusiastic exaltation: it is a quiet, modest principle, which enables her to

accept, without complaint, the heavy sorrow that has blotted out her youth.

"With her restored reason, she has taken up all her old habits of occupation, and assists her mother with the most affectionate devotedness in the care of her adopted father—for my poor friend still lives, though now in the last stage of weakness. She never recurs to the past by the most distant allusion. I have generally observed, that when a patient recovers from alienation of mind, it is with a higher tone of thought and principle than they manifested previously; whatever previous good there was in them, is generally strengthened and matured, but I never saw the fact so strongly marked as in the case of Angelique. All levity, all consciousness or thought of *self*, seems to have been purged from her nature. She goes about like a being set apart from the world, with a sweet, tranquil seriousness, that it is like the presence of an angel."

March 18, 1852.

THE WAYSIDE BROOK.

BY MRS. ABDDY.

The Wayside Brook—how clear and bright
Its waters glittered to the sight!
It lay beneath a leafy shade,
Where gladsome birds sweet music made:
How often there, we loved to stay,
Watching the waning hours of day,
And then a silent farewell took,
And parted by the Wayside Brook!

We meet in courtly circles now;
Gems sparkle on thy queenly brow,
And I may claim an honoured stand
Amid the gifted of the land;
We are not as we used to be,
We boast not spirits light and free,
As when the flowery path we took
That led us to the Wayside Brook!

Yet, 'mid our proud, triumphant track,
A word can bring past pleasures back;
We turn from scenes of dazzling show,
Around us fragrant breezes blow;
The birds a choral welcome sing,
The dancing waters gaily spring,
And still the same in heart and look,
We linger by the Wayside Brook!

SCANDAL IN FAIRYLAND.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Do you hear the Breeze whispering? Hush! hush!
Do you hear him? now listen to me:
There's a bonny sweet Briar there, hid in the bush,
And he whispers and kisses, and makes her to blush—
But I'm told by a dear little spy of a Thrush
He has rivals—and one is the Bee;
Entre nous,
He's a very rich rival, the Bee.

We all know how the Fuchsia tight-laces—

Well, her cheeks have grown perfectly red;
And I've heard it reported in several places
That the Lily is losing the whole of her graces,
That failing and fading her beautiful face is
Through tippling cold dew-drops in bed;

Entre nous,
It's a bad habit tippling in bed.

They *do* say that the Rose is a figure,
(But we mustn't believe half they say),
That she's losing her petals and lacking her vigour,
Growing weaker and weaker, and bigger and bigger—
It's a shame among friends to use overmuch rigour.

But, hark you! I saw her to-day;
Entre nous,

I'm afraid she is fading away.

Have you heard little Puck is exiled?

Such I vow was reported to me;
Yes! for being a somewhat too tricksome and wild,
And behaving far more like a little pet child,
Than a decent small fairy whose pranks should be mild.

But Pease-Blossom is waiting for me—

Au revoir,
You'll remember the Briar and the Bee!

THE MUSICIAN.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

There was a dream of beauty in his heart
That lent a magic strangeness to his touch
That night; while ever and anon there shone
Upon his brow a fitful gleam, that came
And went, like sunlight on the dancing waves.
As intermingled in one beauteous chain
The twining concords, and the discord sweet
That heightens what it interrupts, he looked
Like one who breathless stood, and listened keen,
His senses on the stretch, at Delphic shrine
In heathen days gone by.

Himself, alas!

Both oracle and votary, he gave
By the melodious weaving of his fears
The lie to his desires.

And *she* was there ?

Yes : clad in robes as light as summer mist,
A wreath of fragrant bells among her hair,
(The lovely hair that wrapt her like a veil.)
A beaming bracelet on her snowy arm,
Footfall like music, and a tongue as sweet.
She, but that very morning by his side,
He master then, she pupil—had sat mute,
And listened to his every word, and shown
Such sweet humility as made him more
Her slave, than all the radiance of her charms.
Now looking on her (he is unobserved
By that most brilliant crowd), how can he dare
To love a creature far from him removed
As spherèd angel ?

Surely her least thought
Is not for him : a Prince is by her side,
Breathing his honied sighs into her ear,
Telling in all its first romance the tale
Which prince and peasant tell in pleasant strain,
When heart to heart speaks out. *This* hand may
press

The delicate little fingers in his own,
And he may watch unblamed the rose-red blush
Rising like dawn upon the expectant sea.

* * * * *

Chained to his harp, and doomed from eve to morn
To prompt the mirthful dance he never shares,
Who is yon slave, that he presumes to love ?
And yet—It shall inspire him. That sad dream
Of love that never hopes to meet return
Shall add new fire to his heaven-dowered soul,
Shall strike out sparks of forceful eloquence,
Shall stud his pages with unearthly gems.
Hear not his music lightly, ye who come
In after days to listen ; every phrase
Expresses vaguely spirit-haunting pain,
Or momentary bliss, or bitter tear ;
It is a revelation of his soul.
Then listen to it, brother, tenderly,
And yield a human sympathy with all ;
For Love is ever Genius' handmaiden.
Oh, Tasso ! Did not Leonora stir
Breezelike the Eolian music of thy soul ?

March, 1852.

A CHAPTER ON PIGMENTS, PATCHES, MASKS, &c., &c.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We have reserved for the subject of this paper those artificial helps to beauty, to the use of which feminine vanity, and that still stronger feeling (to which it is the handmaid)—the wish to appear attractive in the eyes of man—have at all periods, and in all parts of the world, led. Unlike other superfluities, the offsprings of luxury and refinement, we find the aborigines of America and the Cape as fond of enhancing, after their fashion, their charms with charcoal and red earth, as French ladies of the last century were lavish of pearl-powder and rouge. The intention is the same, however the pigments of the artists may vary. Nor is the universality of the practice more curious than its antiquity. The prophet Jeremiah speaks of rending the eyes with paint ; and the toilet of Jezebel, mentioned in the Second Book of Kings, differs little from that of a modern actress, who paints her face, and brightens and enlarges the appearance of her eyes, by an application nearly similar, except that the material is Indian ink, instead of the powder of lead or antimony, which ladies in the east still use for this purpose.

The semi-pagan writer Tertullian, attributes the discovery of rouge, and the black powder for the eyelashes, to the researches of the fallen angels, who out of their knowledge of the hidden things of earth, and their love for the daughters of men, drew from the inmost recesses of nature whatever could add to or embellish the beauty of their mortal favourites—an idea which gives an antediluvian antiquity to this part of our theme, and subjects the daughters-in-law of Noah to the imputation of bringing back to earth the meretricious arts of their forebearers. At any rate the books of the old Tes-

tament, to which we have alluded, prove that at a very primary period of written history women (if not men, which some authors incline to think) aided their complexions with fucus ; and like the Arabian dames of whom Russel speaks (Moore, by the way, has quoted him in verse)—

“ Mixed the kohol's jetty dye
To give that long, dark languish to the eye.”

A practice which, from the proofs furnished us in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, appears to have been as popular with the beauties of Thebes and Memphis as with the stately daughters of the Twelve Tribes.

Shaw, in his travels, tells us that the mode of using the lead ore amongst eastern ladies, is by dipping a wooden bodkin about the roundness of a quill into the powder, and drawing it afterwards between the eyelashes over the ball of the eye—a process well expressed in the prophet's phrase, “ rending the eyes ;” for this appears to be the ancient manner of using it, some of the vases and bottles which have contained *sthem*, as the Egyptians called the metallic colour for the eyelids, having with them the pins, or styles for laying on the pigment.

It was most probably from this people that those of ancient Greece and Rome borrowed their love of unguents and cosmetics, as well as their use of false hair and metal mirrors, and all the other artificial aids that luxury afterwards brought into vogue, as we find them on the buried toilettes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and which were as ordinary when Ovid wrote, as two hundred years after when Lucian described them.

From the Roman poet we learn that hair-dye was as much in demand in the city of the seven hills as in any modern metropolis we might mention; and that towers of false hair were worn by those to whom nature had been niggardly in this adornment, as well as false teeth, false eyebrows and eyelashes, and that pomatum, rouge, and *white paint* were in constant requisition. This latter "Pharian varnish," by the way, was procured from the entrails of crocodiles (numbers of which infested the island of Pharos, at the mouth of the Nile, from which its name was derived), and is said to have been excellent for taking off freckles and spots in the face, and for whitening the skin; but various herbal preparations were used for the same purpose.

Like the ancient Britons, who perhaps derived the taste from their conquerors, the Romans were great admirers of sunny or bright hair, the *flava coma*, which colour they gave it artificially, as did the old inhabitants of our island, whose naturally fair locks were rendered brighter by the aid of a cosmetic.

Even in comparatively modern times, we find this admiration of golden hair existing; but the poetry of the phrase cannot conceal that the hue occasionally degenerated into the objectionable colour, which Hentzner, with good hearty truthfulness, tells us Queen Elizabeth affected at sixty-seven. "*She wore false red hair*," a fashion which doubtless other ladies of the time were fain to follow. At one period we read that fashion became so fanciful upon the matter, that the fair votaries who followed her wore their hair of different colours, alternated according to taste.

According to the chronologists, fans, muffs, masks, and false hair, made their appearance in this country almost simultaneously in 1572, having been imported from France, where they had found their way from Italy, under very questionable auspices. If this be correct, we may regard the "virgin queen" as the original patroness of the "invisible perukes," and "real heads of hair," which have never since fallen into desuetude, and according to the statements of their manufacturers, have just now attained to a perfection which in their modest phrase surpasses Nature herself. Powdering the hair is a comparatively recent innovation, and is said to have taken its rise from some of the ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain, whitening their heads to make them look ridiculous.* By what means it found its way from the fair-field to the Court we know not; but that which began in buffoonery has since been made an appointment of the gravest offices, and though no longer tolerated by fashion, maintains its dignity as an appendage of the bishop's throne and the bar.

Twiss, who wrote his travels through Spain in 1773, remarks that the *macaroni* ladies in Cadiz wore *yellow powder* in their hair, which to him was nauseous and disgusting. But he observes, with evident surprise at the omission,

that though the habits of both sexes are entirely in the French fashion, they use neither paint nor patches. These last coquettish adjuncts, which in all probability first covered a blemish on the cheek or brow of beauty, appear to have come into request about the year 1672, when a book was published, entitled "New Instructions unto Youth for their Behaviour, and also A Discourse against Powdering of Hair, Naked Breasts, *Black Spots*, and other unseemly customs." However Herbé, in his costumes, remarks that in 1690, "*Les dames conservaient l'usage du fard, des mouches, et des masques*." And Addison tells us that the French baby for 1712, exhibited by the milliners at the Seven Stars in King-street, Covent-garden, and habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris, wore a small patch on her breast; and as we see in Hogarth's pictures, and the pages of the *Spectator*, even gentlemen resorted to the pretty affectation of wearing them. Sometimes they were placed upon the hand to draw attention to its shape, or whiteness; at others they served as notes of admiration to a dimple, or contrasted with the clear bright colour of the cheek. At the court of Queen Anne the fashion of wearing them appears to have reached its culminating point, but they lingered in the outskirts of fashion till within the child memory of our mothers.

Strutt tells us that the first mention he has found of the painting of the face in England, is in a very old manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Harleian library; but it would appear that the exquisites of the opposite sex resorted to this effeminacy also; and during the regency of Katherine de Medici rouge was commonly worn by the gallants of the court. Even Henry the Third of France, at one time famous for his valour, fell into this unmanly delicacy; and while conspiracies were forming about him, felt only anxious to improve his complexion, for which purpose he covered his face at night with a cloth dipped in essences, though he painted over its effect in the day.

The editor of the "Court and Times of James the First," informs us that during this dissolute reign all the court ladies painted so exactly alike, that, with their hair frizzled and powdered, they could not be told one from another: and observes of the Countess of Bedford, who had returned to court, (though in her sickness she in a manner vowed never to return there,) "Marry she is somewhat reformed in her attire, and forbears *painting*, which they say makes her look somewhat strangely among so many wizarde, which, together with their frizzled, *powdered* hair, makes them look all alike, so that you can scarcely know one from another at the first view."

Philters were commonly sold by medical empirics in this reign (as they had been long before), for the improvement or restoration of beauty; and the old herbalists, from Dr. Turner downwards, abound with floral specifics for the purpose.

Cowslips, gathered with the dew on them, and

* 1610.

made into an ointment, or used as a wash, were said to be of great effect, and not only restored beauty when lost, but took away wrinkles! White roses were also deemed effective as beautifiers; and lady lilies, which as well as the young leaves and tendrils of the vine, are said to have been made use of by the Roman beauties in their baths.

The bath, by the way, has always been an indispensable adjunct of the toilette; but in an old MS. book of Prognostics, of the time of Richard II., ladies are advised, that "in the months of March and November they should not goe to the bathe for beautye." In the meanwhile, however, here is a recipe "to make a fayr face," by "putting together the milk of an ass and a black kow, poured on brimstone, of each a like quantity; then anyoynte thy face, so thou shalt be fayr and white." Asses' milk appears to have been from a very early period considered of great effect as a cosmetic. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who is said to have been the most delicate woman with regard to her person, kept for the supply of her bath a train of five hundred milch asses in constant attendance. It was this fastidious lady who first introduced the use of the mask (which had hitherto only been used for theatrical purposes), as a preservative of the complexion—a fashion which, like most Roman ones, probably had its type in the East; the Arabian women, according to Carrei, wearing black masks, with little clasps prettily ordered; a fashion that, judging from the tenacity with which eastern nations cling to antique custom even in their costumes, is not likely to have been a modern innovation.

Such were the masks that in this country, during the sixteenth, and till the commencement of the seventeenth century, it was the fashion for ladies to wear whenever they walked or rode abroad, or went to the play, or other public place of amusement—a fashion in the high tide of which the fair wearers were famed neither for their prudery nor prudence.

There must have been something amazingly piquant in the appearance of these silken visors, which in general covered only a part of the face, revealing a portion of the forehead, and reaching down to the bottom of the nose, so that the mouth and chin might be seen. This article appears to us to have been more coquettish than useful; it was not the true Poppæan instrument which the old Roman ladies wore over their faces in hot weather, to keep off the sun and wind, but a mischievous pretence, discovering more than it concealed, and enhancing by its pretty mystery the effect of whatever beauty lurked in red lips and rounded chin, or revealed itself in the brow.

In Shakspere's time, this was not the only species in use; Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," in the list of his wares, sings of

"Masks for faces, and for noses;"

a distinction which would lead us to suppose that the whole mask and the demi-visor were then equally in vogue.

In the reign of Charles I. this appendage was universally worn; and from the Queen herself to the smallest *marchande de modes*, no aspirant to fashion appeared in public without it. Everywhere the mask—on the mall, in the mulberry gardens* (the only place, as Evelyn tells us, for ladies of quality and their gallants to be exceedingly well cheated), at the play, the park, and the puppet-show (for the Marionettes were even then in fashion)—everywhere the mask.

How curious a cavalcade does the following paragraph, a bit of court news in the days of the "nimble, quick, black-eyed, brown-haired," Henrietta Maria, as Dr. Mead calls the little French Queen of Charles I.—how curious a cavalcade does it raise up in the imagination! "On Tuesday the Queen went by water to Blackwall, and then dined aboard the Earl of Warwick's fair ship called the Neptune; went thence by water to Greenwich; thence came on horseback to and through London; the Earl attending her Majesty to Somerset House, forty or fifty riding before bareheaded, save her four priests with black caps—herself and ladies in little black beaver hats, and *masked*, but her Majesty had a fair white feather in her hat!"—This was in 1626; but in 1712, and even later, the mask had not wholly disappeared.

Except in pictures, no remnant of this antique appendage to dress appears to have been discovered amongst the unburied homes of Pompeii and Herculaneum; its materials were too perishable; and while the cosmetics (which according to the belief of the fair artificers) assisted the beauty of the face it protected—the perfumed unguents, rouge, and other toilette furniture, survive—the mask itself has mouldered.

To us the few steps (if any) that modern art has taken in advance of the ancients in these particulars, is one of the fairest signs of actual refinement and civilization. After more than 1800 years, we find the dressing-room of a lady of ancient Magna Graecia, as rich in all the artificial necessities of the toilette as any Mac-caroni beauty's of the present time. The essence-bottles, the vases of perfumes and oils, the pots for rouge and other paints, and vessels for collyriums of various kind, speak loudly for the Delcroixes and Atkinsons of that remote period, and prove that woman's vanity was at any rate as active a principle in the sex then as now.

Lucian, who lived in the reign of Trajan, has left his evidence, that the *lava-sealed* fate of these luxurious ladies by no means blunted the taste for endeavouring to improve natural beauty by art, but describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady of his period as furnished with all the adjuncts of a modern beauty's toilette, all the cosmetic array of powder, figments, lotions, &c. &c.† But we must not forget that most im-

* The mulberry gardens occupied the present site of Buckingham Palace.

† Amongst the glass vessels found at Pompeii was one containing rouge similar to that worn at present.—*Mrs. Starke*.

portant appendage of the toilette, ancient and modern, and which at one period was absolutely a part of dress—the mirror.

Like the old Egyptians, both the Greeks and Romans made them of metal—small, and usually circular, with sometimes fancifully-shaped and elegantly-ornamented handles; a bronze one from Memphis, in the British Museum, has a handle in the shape of a lotus-sceptre, with the head of Athor, the Goddess of Beauty; and another, equally appropriate, is formed in the shape of a tress of hair, with two hawks. Amongst the “Greek and Roman antiquities” in the same collection, we find one, the handle of which is formed by a Venus holding a dove!

Sometimes they were made of silver; and in a lane leading from the house of Sallust, in Pompeii, in which the skeleton of a lady, with those of three (supposed) attendants, were discovered, a silver mirror, such as the Roman and Grecian ladies always carried about them, was found near her.

Women in the East, we read, are never without them; and Shaw tells us, that in Barbary a looking-glass is so favourite an appendage, that the feminine part of the inhabitants hang them at their breasts, and will not go without them, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goatskin to fetch water.

In other parts of Asia the ladies wear little

mirrors on their thumbs; and those of the Harem not unusually have them set in the centre of their feather fans. In Spain, and anciently in England also, they might occasionally be seen flashing on the *panache*, or exterior ray of this instrument when folded.

In the days of Henry VIII., when the palace mirrors at Hampton Court were, as Strutt tells us, of steel, looking-glasses being very few, and very small, were then only used by ladies who kept them in cases, and being for the most part portable, *carried* them in their *pockets*, or locked them up with other trinkets; so that even in this particular the analogy between the customs of the toilette in classic regions and times, and in the semi-barbaric ones of our own country, is more complete than on a cursory glance one would imagine.

Patches no longer point the eye to a dimple, nor masks affect modesty while provoking inquisitiveness; and though hair-dye, and rouge, pearl-powder, and lotions, still figure on the catalogues of the perfumers, bearing evidence that somewhere they are in demand, few of the consumers but have the grace to keep their obligations to such aids as quiet as possible—a very decided proof, that as refinement progresses we grow ashamed of such empiricism, and that woman is daily learning to trust to higher charms than mere physical beauty to make her a helpmate for man.

NATURE'S LESSON.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Now in her green mantle the glad earth is dress'd,
And soft mists roll over the blue waters' breast:
The lambskins are bleating, the birds warble gay,
And morn's tears of rapture bead blossom and spray.

The violet and primrose our woodlands adorn,
Far down the still meadows the cowslip is born:
The willows are budding, the daisy is out,
And light winds, like fairies, are roving about.

Come forth to the dingles, come forth to the
springs,
Ere the lark shakes the dew-drops from off his
brown wings;
And in the free pastures, and on the smooth beach,
Give ear to the lesson which Nature would teach.

She speaks, that mild mother, so tender and fair;
Oh list to her accents so full of fond care:
She says from copse, mountain, dell, valley, and
grove,
“My children, my children, learn of me to love.”

On rich and on needy, on simple and wise,
She looks with her holy and love-beaming eyes;
And weeps that her offspring, so oft from their
birth,
Should people with mourners the green, lovely
earth.

Attend her instructions, ye thoughtless and gay,
Who frame your souls' measure to gladness to-day;
Cast down from its altar the idol of self,
And grant to the wretched the aid of your self.

Then Spring with new beauties shall ravish your
sight,
And Summer glide onwards in splendour more
bright;
And Autumn's wild dirges and Winter's dumb
snow
Shall be cheered by their blessings ye've ransomed
from woe.

Ramsgate, Feb. 4, 1852.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

My heart has been sad, but the spirit of Spring
Would over my sorrows its influence fling;
It breathes in the air, in the blue sky above,
And tells us that still there is mercy and love:
It hallows our griefs, how'er shrouded in gloom,
And whispers of Hope beyond death and the tomb.
If a vision of Heav'n aught earthly can bring,
It surely is seen in the beautiful Spring;
E'en the song of the birds, as it floats on the air,
Speaks peace to the heart, for the spirit is there.
It is heard in the sigh of the ev'ning breeze,
As it kisses and murmurs its faith to the trees.
All around breathes of peace to the mind that is
riv'n,
For the gladness of Spring is the kind gift of
heav'n.
And O! may its spirit of comfort be near,
To whisper sweet hopes in each sorrowing ear;
O'er the stricken in heart may it hover its wing,
And make all rejoice in the sunshine of Spring.

Surrey, 1852.

E. A. LILWALL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 196.)

CHAP. VII.

"Among men we recognise his nature, as the most thoroughly artist-like, whose most abstract thoughts still retain a sensuous cast, whose mind is the most completely transfused and incorporated into his feelings. Perhaps the reverse should be considered the test of true art in woman; and we should deem her the truest poet, whose emotions are the most refined by reason, whose force of passion is most expanded and controlled into lofty and impersonal forms of imagination."

Grescald on the Female Poets of America.

Judged by the previous test, it will be foreseen that I was likely to fail; my genius was certainly not "refined by reason," my passion seldom rose into impersonal forms of imagination. I wrote powerfully, for I felt strongly, and perhaps I wanted the creative faculty; so that whenever I departed from the distinct ground of self-experience, I sunk into obscurity and vagueness. At least this is the way by which I explain to myself how completely I have failed in achieving renown—how I have been a disappointed poet. I can reason on these things now: once they were gall and wormwood to me. Once—but I will tell you how it came to pass that my fairy castle tumbled into dust, and has never been rebuilt for earth, though I often see it pictured in the skies. Mrs. Crosby's story saddened me; yet she had had her joy: she had been given the idol of her heart for a little space of rapture ere the darkness closed over them for time. I envied her this, yet how had it ended! This mournful quenching of even successful love made me inexpressibly mournful. It was as if all earth's harmonies deepened necessarily into sighing and groaning for the dead. A sensation of hopelessness came upon me—my own exertions slackened—they were almost completed now. Time was drawing on to the great book season of October and November, the anticipatory Christmas. My poem was ready now; the grand difficulty was to get it printed. I took it to the publishers who owned the magazine to which I belonged. They smiled aside at the carefully-copied MS., so unlike a scribbling poet's handiwork. It was almost as neatly engrossed as one of Lamb's letters in red ink. They were very kind, very polite; but under the flow of silvery compliments was visible the inexorable denial to take my poem. I turned away, heart-sick. That evening I got a letter from Carola, dated Inver-

ness, full of rapturous commendations of Menie Anson, now the mother of two fair children. Many affectionate messages had both she and her husband sent to the desolate authoress, and a warm invitation to their house. But I had neither money nor time for such a relaxation. To so shackled a drudge as myself, a holiday was impossible, even if the proprietors of the "Star" would have booked me a gratis passenger to Inverness. If I could only get my poem printed, how proud I should be to send them a copy!—to him whose generous cares had first fostered my childish efforts. Carola in her letter joked me gaily about the *opus magnum*. "What about your *capo d'opera*, dearest?" she asked. "Has any savage heart of Grubstreet been charmed into softness by its Orphic strains?"

"Alas, alas," said I, beginning that very night to weary of hoping against hope.

However, next day I went to a literary man of eminence, a man of warm heart as well as of lively fancy. He had often written for our magazine, and had shown me some of those little kindnesses which suggest themselves only to the good-hearted. On this occasion he gave me a note to a publishing firm famous for its exclusiveness. "I can at least promise you a hearing from Mr. —," said he; "your own abilities must do the rest." I thanked him, and departed, rather more encouraged than I had been; for my vanity, or self-esteem, was still unenlightened as to the said abilities.

I was shown into an ante-chamber at Mr. —'s, where many like myself were waiting patiently to hear their fate. It reminded me of the dining-room of a consulting surgeon—that grim apartment, with its dusty, high-backed, leather chairs, its wax-cloth tables, its black marble mantel-pieces. Almost all English dining-rooms give the stranger ideas totally opposed to the festive. I know nothing more thoroughly chilling than a London dining-room at all hours, save that of dinner.

In this dining-room, then (for the reception-room opened out of it by folding-doors), there were assembled a number of authors—*author* written upon every brow. There was the foreigner, who purveyed the best literary gossip from abroad; the translator, who had lived so long on the Continent, that neither beard nor coat had returned to the decorous John Bull cut; the young student, with his new edition of Sallust; the young divine, with his prize sermons; a pert lady traveller, smart in a Roman scarf and Parisian bonnet; a doleful-looking, middle-aged man, whom I afterwards ascertained

to be the luckless proprietor of seven hundred and seventy copies of his published but unsold Poem, the Broken Heart, which he had not the moral fortitude to devote to the papering of trunks, and about whose inanition he was perpetually tormenting the impassable publisher. Finally, there was a bustling, vulgar little man, with a gilt chain and eye-glass, which he fidgetted continually over his fingers, as he rose every now and then, and paced the carpet, tapping the broken weather-glass, which had stuck immovably at Much Rain, or turning round and round upon the mantel-piece a model of the Thames Tunnel in coloured clay. This was the editor of a country magazine. I did not then remark a grave, but benevolent-eyed old man, who sat in the window-seat, almost concealed by the curtain, who from that obscure corner gazed thoughtfully on the rest. I sat some time; but as no one else showed impatience, I repressed mine. Gradually the party thinned, as one by one was summoned to the great man's presence. At last it was my turn. I entered through the folding-doors, and found a gentleman of remarkably engaging manners, occupied in reading my friend's note of recommendation. He looked up at me over his spectacles, gravely, but with much sweetness of tone and expression, begging me to leave my MS. in his hands, and to return in a stated number of days—I think it was ten.

"I warn you," he said, as I quitted him, "that the sale of poetry is so almost universally a dead loss to us, that if these papers do not contain what is positively first-rate in character, I must forbid myself the pleasure of obliging my excellent friend who has introduced us to each other."

My heart trembled as he said this, but I did not fear: it was only the greatness of the venture that troubled me with agitation. To calm myself in that long interval of expectancy, I wrote a *serious* essay for a religious periodical to which I sometimes contributed, and was very edifying on the worthlessness of human praise, the perils of worldly success. I was going to be tried as to my sincerity; it is easy to renounce what one has not; but to give up a hope, one's last hope, oh how bitter, bitter is it!

Just as I was setting out on the appointed day, the post brought me a letter from Carola. She said she was uneasy about her father; that he had grown suddenly thinner, and his appetite was falling off. The Ansons were very kind to them, she said, and she did not wonder I loved them so much. This letter dispirited me: it fell like an unforeseen shadow over my hopes. I felt ashamed to be thinking of my own selfish interests, while at the same time anxiety for my friends made me still more anxious about myself. The great man was busy. I was asked to wait, not in the dining-room where the casual applicants assembled, but in a little room, also opening on his study. The table was covered with newspapers; I took up one to while away the moments of feverish uncertainty, and my eye caught the following words:—

"Cape Town.

"The distinguished governor of Grahamestown, Ernest Marchmont, Esq., whose valuable services last year have been so highly appreciated at headquarters, is, we hear, to be shortly united to the youngest daughter of Sir Antony Wagstaff, Commander-in-Chief. The bride is eminently beautiful, as might be looked for in the choice of so exquisite a poet as the gifted Mr. Marchmont has already proved himself to be."

Now had I been in ordinary possession of my faculties, I should at once have seen that this paragraph was a mere "got up" affair, concocted to give pungency to "our own correspondent's" letter from Cape Town; but I was excited, and thrown off my guard, and I at the first glance filled up the imaginary picture of Ernest, flattered, prosperous, and confident, wooing a beautiful girl, the most elevated in rank, and doubtless the most winning in manners, of all the belles of Cape Town. The idea made me feel faint and sick—a mist swam before my eyes, when the door of the inner room opened, and out came the publisher and the old gentleman who on my previous visit had been sitting on the window-sill. I remember now that he eyed me very wistfully—perhaps my face betrayed my feelings; certainly the publisher's manner was full of gentle sympathy as he put my papers into my hands, saying feelingly, but firmly—"My dear young lady, you have mistaken your vocation—poet you are not; I find here observation, warmth, command of language, justness of idea—but poetry there is not, though much feeling, I might almost say passion. You have evidently good abilities; continue to exert them, but not in poetry."

I bowed my head—I did not speak—I took the papers, and turned away. It was the second great trial of my life, but I had not the courage to face it as I had done the first. The interval of long trouble had weakened me; I had less hope to fall back upon. Before now, my self-reliance had always remained intact; now it was in fragments. I had sounded the deep places of my soul, and how shallow had they proved! I had deceived myself—I had aimed after perfection, and I was arrested by mediocrity. You must have struggled as I had done to feel for me now. You must have lost friends, family, lover, fortune—everything but hope, to understand what it was to lose that hope at last.

I went out of the street in which the publisher's house was situated; it opened on the Strand. I walked down mechanically towards the city—I hardly knew what I was doing; when feeling my limbs weary, I got into an omnibus, which took me to Blackwall. The noise and tumult going on around me, were nothing to the confusion in my own brain. I had no purpose—I had no wish—I had no resentment. I had been tried by a fair trial, and judged with impartiality. I had no one to blame—no one to reflect upon. The absorbing sensation was a speechless, wordless astonishment at my own error in thinking myself a poet—an unbounded shame and agony of abasement: I could not, as

it were, face myself. We rattled up to the quay at Blackwall—half-a-dozen river-steamers were sputtering alongside. It was now late in the evening—the citizens were repairing to their wives and children ruralizing at Erith, Greenwich, or Herne Bay. I had no one to go to—no one to welcome me. I sat down on a bench, and stared at the hurry and animation of the scene, myself as lifeless internally as the wood on which I sat. On the other side of the high wall before me rose the taper masts of the ships in the East India Docks. They reminded me of Ernest, but the feeling reverberated in me with the dull heavy sound of metal striking on wood. What was Ernest to me?—oh, rather, what was I to Ernest? He was married by this time: I was forgotten—forgotten by him, by all. In my sick fancy I even put Carola in this number of forgettors. Menie Anson will supply me to her, nay, be far better, far wiser—I am fit neither for men nor gods; too dreamy to be practical, too dull to be poetical! What am I useful for—what do I live for, and for whom? I looked up from my reverie, and saw that the place was deserted. A clear October moon had risen over the reach just below Blackwall—the river rippled peacefully in its light. Everything looked so still, so calm, I felt that at any other time I could have wept soft tears; but *then* my heart was hard as the nether millstone. I looked again at the water, and a wild, wicked thought came into my head; it frightened me, but even in my fright the evil principle of rebellion stood up within me, and roused me to defiance of my fate. I am not, I believe, a woman of very violent passions; but their tenacity is lifelong. Once to love is to love always with me. The tornado passes away—the glacier on the Alp lasts for centuries, and moving slow and slower to its destruction, knows no end but that of the hill side on which it clings, and which it hurls with itself into the lake below. So had I loved Ernest—so had I loved Fame.

As I sat there, staring on the moonlit waters, a thought of *Death* came, and departed not. Only once had I ever seen a corpse—when I was young and happy, and clung lovingly to life. Then death had indeed seemed dreadful—to become that cold, moveless, ghastly thing, to leave friends and dear faces, and bright sunshine, and delicious books, and all the sweet imaginations of early youth—to go one knows not whither: this had then appalled my very inmost soul. But now, in my leaden despair, I remembered nought, save the calm, serene brow, the lingering smile on that white face, which seemed to speak of peace and rest in the invisible world to which its spirit had fled away. Oh! I forgot how terrible a sin it was to throw up the life intrusted us by God. I forgot how meanly ungrateful it is to forget his benefits, and remember only his chastenings—to cry out against the Almighty, "Give me death rather than life, for I know not what to make of thy law; it is worse than useless to me." I had been writing of patience, of self-denial, and of faith; but when the time came to practise them, alas!

they were but empty words. I was certainly not frenzied—I had grown quite collected again, I was perfectly calm; but it was the settled fixity of a collapsed mind—it was the catalepsy of despair. I had but one idea before me, and I was resolved to realize it. Those awfully true words of Hood thrill me now, when I remember that moment—

"The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from Life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,

Anywhere! anywhere out of the world!"

I got up from my seat, I walked slowly but unwaveringly towards the quay; when I reached the edge, I gave one mechanical look to heaven, (mechanical, for indeed at that moment thought of God I had none); and where I should have been now I know not. I bent forwards over the stream, when a hand suddenly caught my dress, and a voice, half angry, exclaimed, in the words of St. Paul, "Do thyself no harm." I looked hastily round, and saw the old gentleman whom I had twice met at the publisher's. The revulsion of feeling, the tender pity I saw by the moonlight in his aged face, the revived sense of sympathy from my fellow-creatures—all these overpowered me, and I burst into tears—tears the most heartfelt and refreshing ever wept by stricken heart. My rescuer seemed highly to approve of this emotion.

"I like to see women cry," he muttered in a good-natured grumble, "it always does them good—it's natural to them; if you had had a good cry up yonder in Mr. —'s parlour, my dear, you would never have thought of drowning yourself! Good God!" he exclaimed, suddenly changing his tone to deep pathos, "to think of a creature under thirty, like you, drowning herself from sheer despair—it is awful. Where are your friends? let me take you to them—poor thing, poor thing!"

"I have no friends," I sobbed; for I was now fairly upset, and hysterical.

"Your parents, then?"

"I am an orphan."

"And an author by profession! beaten about in life—poor thing, poor thing," he once more repeated, patting my head in a fatherly way; "and I daresay you have eaten nothing all day, and your head is swimming like a merry-go-round."

So it was; my temples beat, and my hands and feet were ice-cold.

"It is no use asking questions or giving advice while you are in this state, my poor dear child," continued my deliverer. "You must come home to my house, and get a warm, and a good supper, and then we'll have a talk. Don't look frightened at the impropriety; for I have an old housekeeper, who never was famed for a beauty, and she'll play chaperone."

So saying, he drew my arm within his—a

movement I was too weak to resist—and with the impulse of his powerful frame dragged me rapidly from the river's side. I tried to walk, but my head swam so painfully, that I nearly fell, but for the strong hold which supported me. Seeing this, the good man took me at once in his arms, and carried me a few paces till we reached a hackney-stand. One of the many carriages which stood in expectation of river passengers by steamer or unlooked-for ship, received him and his burden, by which time I was nearly insensible. I have no recollection of the driver, nor how many streets we traversed. When we stopped at last, the sudden sensation of the jolting roused me up a little, and I saw we were in a small street off the Temple.

The door-bell was rung, a light flitted rapidly before a window, and in a few moments appeared at the open door-way, in the hands of a comely dame of fifty or fifty-five. She was not a bit ugly, as her friend had said. She was naturally much alarmed at his delay.

"Oh, Mr. Jacob, I have been so frightened about you! I thought you must be robbed and knocked on the head, and left for dying in the gutter."

"No such thing; I've been young lady hunting, and look what I've brought home. Not very bonny, is she? but very forlorn and friendless; do be kind to her, Mrs. Kitty, and get her thawed and revived—she seems quite lifeless."

I was not lifeless, however, but in that exhausted state when the senses received impressions passively, although incapable of active exertion; I could not have spoken, but I could hear; and very soon, seated by the fire, I could open my eyes and see.

There was apparently a confused murmur at the door-step; it was the hackney-coachman discontented with his fare—was there ever a hackney-coachman that was satisfied? Punch says not, and he is authority. Presently it died away, and the old gentleman bustled up the stairs in high glee, rubbing his hands—

"The rascal!" quoth he, "to make extortion on a sick woman. Ah, ha! your eyes are open again, my dear; make yourself at home, that's right. Mrs. Kitty, warm slippers, and your woollen shawl; and now for some spirits to comfort her, and infuse some life in her. Brandy shall it be, or rum? Did you ever taste rum, my dear? Is there any hot water, Mrs. Kitty? Oh, you needn't look so indignant, I meant no disparagement to your providing, but I thought as it was so late—ah, there's a steaming kettle! What a sight on a cold night! Look here, by-the-bye, here's some whisky, that's best of all—you shall have some real Highland toddy, miss. Eh! what's your name? No, by-the-bye, it is not civil to ask guests' names. Do you remember, Mrs. Kitty, the story I read you the other day of Arab customs? how they set meat before the stranger, and ask not his name till his hunger is satisfied, for fear he should prove of hostile race; for you know, having eaten of their salt makes even their deadly foe sacred—per-

haps as this young lady is an author, she may have cut me up, who knows?"

"I hardly think so, you are too kind," said I, languidly, as the hospitable man kept bringing out case-bottle after case-bottle from one of the prettiest silver spirit-cases ever seen. "I will tell you my name—Laura Studleggh—a name surely cursed, not blessed, at the font."

"Fie, fie, Miss Studleggh! that is not what I hoped to hear you say, so lately rescued from death," said Mr. Jacob, simply, but gravely.

I felt justly rebuked. "Oh! I am wrong; but you know not, no one can ever know, the sorrows which have fallen, heap on heap, over me."

"One knows," said Mr. Jacob, reverently, "even He who sent them, He who has an ulterior motive in all his doings, and doth not willingly afflict. But, my dear young lady, I doubt not you have been very hardy tried, and naturally now you feel depressed. May God bless you in your sorrows; and meanwhile may he bless to us these mercies."

With which short grace, Mr. Jacob fell ravenously on a little tray, just then brought in by Mrs. Kitty, containing chops and potatoes, and fried eggs and bacon, all smoking hot.

How Mrs. Kitty contrived it, I never could make out, having no genius in the culinary department.

She wheeled a little table to my chair at the fire, placed on it the very best of all the chops, and mixed a smoking glass of whiskey-and-water, which my deliverer insisted on my drinking. The bright room, lighted with gas, the neat, housewifely matron pressing me in so motherly a manner, the kind old man who had done me such service, the smell of the whiskey, reminding me so strangely of Scotland, and the warmth it infused into my torpid veins, the whole scene had a magical effect. Not being accustomed of late years to either wine or spirits, the small quantity I took then had a potent influence, not in composing me, but in stirring me up from dead apathy. My blood again leapt within me, my heart beat stronger and more regularly; life looked quite different from what it did beside the gloomy waters, when I sat shivering, weeping, and alone—those kind faces were even better than the whiskey. I cheered up gradually, till I felt ashamed of my cowardly despair. Struggling again assumed its better aspect—it was worth all life's pains to live.

Mr. Jacob watched me keenly, pretending all the while to be examining the bubbles in his toddy tumbler. Suddenly he broke forth—

"Well, is not this better than being fished up by a boat-hook, and sat upon by a coroner's inquest? You shudder; yes, death is a very different thing before supper and after. You can sympathize now with an apoplectic alderman, clinging to this world and its green fat."

"Oh!" exclaimed I, "how can I ever excuse myself for my folly, my madness?"

"Never mind excusing yourself to me; think of the Giver, he in whose face you would have flung back the gift! A suicide is always in a

nice frame for heaven, is not he? Such love and peace toward his fellow-creatures, such thankful resignation towards God!"

I burst into tears—the sin I had committed rushed upon me in its full enormity.

"My dear young creature," said my deliverer in the gentlest, kindest tone, "you seem very lonely in this friendless London; let me be a friend to you—I am old enough, and, God wot, sorrow-used enough, to give you some guiding in your thorny way. Tell me your story, and why you were so wearied of this chequered existence; to some folks, bless us, the cheques are all black, and to others nearly all white."

So I told him my story very briefly, yet omitting nothing of importance, save only my love for Ernest Marchmont.

Both he and Mrs. Kitty (who had by the way sat at table with him, and done full justice to the eggs and bacon) listened with an evidently touched sympathy. The good woman expressing hers by such ejaculations as, "What a mother—not fit to be a mother!" "That's dreadful!" "Well, I don't wonder you would not stand that! of course you ran away!" "What a sweet creature, Carola, la! such a curious name," and so on. She was a capital audience, Mrs. Kitty—she had had plenty of practice; Mr. Jacob used her as Sir Walter Scott used his old she-cousin, as a paper to try his hot irons on before attempting to curl the wig of the captious public. As for him, he sat twirling his spoon on his tumbler-edge, every now and then rapping it smartly on the table when anything struck him particularly.

When I had finished he said, "Well, my best answer to your story is, to tell you my own as shortly as I can; for it is late, and you must go to bed; and Mrs. Kitty will put clean sheets, and watch by you so that you may sleep in all safety till the morning light. I was one of two brothers; my mother died young; my father was a great mathematician and astronomer. We lived in the country, in a house on a high hill—a capital observatory, but a stupid enough place. Our father studied half the day, and watched the stars half the night. He had no idea of education; he was rather odd in many ways; I think oddity runs in our blood: I am odd too, they say. One of our oddities is extravagance; none of us could keep money; if it were not for Mrs. Kitty, I should never have a farthing in my pocket. My father liked rare books and costly instruments, and knew nothing of accounts. Algebra is rather cumbersome for the butcher's bills; it hardly comes into play for the washerwoman's account; and, although my father could tell you exactly how many miles of space lie between the Earth and the Georgium Sidus, he had not the least notion how many guineas went out of his purse from one year's end to the other. He was good, but odd—certainly odd. We cared little about it, but had a decided hatred to all the exact sciences; we were wild, harum scarum, dare-devil, break-neck lads. My brother Willy had a passion for

boating, I for acting; he was hail fellow well met, with all the bargemen on the river; I with the strolling company getting up Hamlet and the Castle Spectre, in the barn of the "Jolly Coalheavers" Inn. Willy often took an oar, I often took a part; he strained his back in catching a crab, and I broke my shins playing Harlequin at Christmas. My father was told of our pranks; he was very angry, and threatened to send us to school: we laughed at this as an idle menace, but the appearance of a gaunt usher at the Hall proved that he was in earnest. The next morning Willy ran away to sea. This bold step really frightened the philosopher—rudely shaken from his starry dreams to cope with fresh, ungovernable young wills. 'I used to pity Galileo for being imprisoned,' said he; 'but what is the torture to a martyr to science compared with the bootless anxiety for these unruly lads? Galileo had no sons.' He found Willy so untractable that he made the best of the matter by getting a commission for him in the navy. My brother greatly distinguished himself, married Mrs. Kitty in a flush of prize money, and fell in fight two years after, leaving her with a lieutenant's pension, which, my dear, she makes go as far as some people would a thousand a year. I was kept at home by my father; he took me into his great old study filled with curious manuscripts and ponderous tomes, and he tried to get me through Euclid and Cornelius Nepos! In vain; I was hopelessly stupid in those quarters. But when some part of the lesson had suggested to the teacher one of his favourite abstruse problems, and he had gone off in spirit in intense calculations, I amused myself devouring those mighty old volumes; and thus I learned of the Black Art, of Necromancy, and the Philosopher's Stone. I ran over ancient chronicles, and luxuriated in now-forgotten dramatists. All these things confirmed the bent of my mind towards the fanciful, the impractical, the poetical, and wild. When I was seventeen my father died, leaving both his children unprovided for, and very extravagant in their habits, by way of assisting their destitution. Willy had his profession, but what was I to do? I went on the stage, and was thought then slim and presentable enough to enact the young lover in genteel comedy, with white trowsers and a gold-topped cane, or more often a cracking whip. Of course I fell in love with the young lady who acted Helen to my Paris: she was pretty enough, and not very pert, all things considered. But one day I fell in love with a beautiful girl in the boxes, a lovely lady all in white, with a scarlet camellia in her dark hair.

"Then I remembered I was a gentleman born, and I felt ashamed of being an actor in a second-rate theatre; so I left the stage and turned author. I never saw that beautiful girl again, but her influence over me was inappreciable; I began to live for another. I always hoped to see her again, and in the interval resolved to make myself more worthy of breathing the same air with one so lovely and so sweet-

looking. This fancy—for love I can hardly call it—woke in me ambition. I tried all sorts of literature; but, to make a long story short, I failed everywhere. My poetry was unmusical, my plays unactable, my novels unsaleable! A hundred times I made a new attempt, a hundred times I gave it up in despair! ‘Thou shalt not excel,’ seemed to be my sentence. At last I yielded to what seemed my fate; and look, this is my portion.”

He took up a bundle of manuscripts and handed them to me: one was a lexicon, another a grammar in the Polish language.

“Romantic studies, eh? Yet I can be contented even with them; and why? Because I have tried my utmost; and, thank God, we are accountable not for what we do, but for what we try. My faculties, such as they are, have undergone thorough sifting; and if they are not equal to the human task, they are equal to the divine one of honouring God. Do you think that, after all, there is much difference in the eye of Infinity between Milton’s intellect and mine? Go up to a high tower, and look down on your fellow-creatures; the giant will seem lowered like the dwarf, both of the same level; and remember, the Almighty looks from the height of his perfection on our various stages of frailty. I say again, it is the effort, it is the attempt which makes the glory, not the success nor the result. In war one great general may be lost by adverse circumstances, another by wind and waves may be lifted into victory; the first is execrated, the second adored. Do you think that is the measure meted out in heaven?

“From beginning to end this life is a probation, not of faculties, but of wills—of hearts even more than of minds; and our success in the one depends on our own exertions in the faith of God, in the other case they are entirely beyond our power. I cannot make myself a great poet; but I can make myself always, under God’s blessing, mind, an industrious, single-hearted man, searching out every little scrap of ability within me, and turning it to the best advantage, for the sake of my Master and my fellow-workers.

“But come; I am prosing as if I were reading an essay to Mrs. Kitty at noon-day, and you look haggard and tired. Away, away to rest; to-morrow I will take you to your home, at least your make-believe home; but let us often meet—I like you—you are honest, you have true feeling, you have stamina; and I am sure, after this providential escape, you will try and do well. Good night; the Lord be about thy bed and keep thee in all thy ways.”

And so pressing me kindly by the hand, he consigned me to Mrs. Kitty’s care. Hers was care. How cosy was the bed prepared for me, how kindly she assisted me in my preparations, how sacredly she blessed me and prayed for me! And how, soothed and softened, and fairly worn out by this eventful day, I at last fell into deep slumber, I can scarcely tell, for the emotion excited in me always, by the memory of those hours, rises up like a mist, and hides them distinctly from my view.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIBES OF THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER.

BY AN OFFICER’S WIFE.

During the three cold-weather months of December, January, and February, Saikwah, the furthest north of our frontier stations on the Burrumpootu, is generally filled with large numbers of the surrounding hill-tribes, who come down in gangs of twenties and thirties, whole clans and families, men, women, and children together, for the purposes of trade and barter. Every capital and country has its own peculiar months of fashion; its season, in fact. In Paris the *beau-monde* begin it in October, dance all the winter, exhibit the *Journal des Modes* at Easter, and disperse. In our dear old smoky London “the court and fashion” have decided their advent to commence its season somewhere about then. So, though there is neither court nor fashion in Saikwah, the advent of the hill-tribes and savages, as I have before said, has fixed the commencement of its season for December.

Major H— had gone up on a tour of frontier inspection, and we had arrived at Laikwah about the beginning of February, 18—. The weather was clear and fine; the bold range

of opposite blue hills stood out distinctly near, with their chalk scars and landslips gleaming white in the morning sun, and the broad river, careering away, with its long yellow sand-banks, looked all alive, although there was no sail on its solitary breast. We had pitched our tents on what had been the parade-ground of the detachment of Assam Light Infantry there, but which the descent of the river during the last two or three rains had almost entirely cut away; so much so, indeed, that the whole station, bungaloes, sepoy’s huts, and bazaar had been obliged thrice, within the last eight years, to be moved back from the encroachments of the Burrumpootu, which in its descent, swollen with the periodical rains, tears down all in its course at this season. The current, sometimes setting round corners, brings down the bank, in lumps of eight or ten feet at a time—lumps which I have heard falling with the regular boom of a heavy cannonade, carrying away immense trees in its descent, grass, jungle, or native hut, just as it may be; and having sliced off a station by the half, at the end of the rains throws up, as it

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were in mockery, a huge sand-bank in the centre of its main channel, and quietly subsides to begin the same work next year over again. However, to look, as we now did, at the broad peaceful stream, shining in the bright sunlight before us, with the long-legged, snow-white *boglas* (kind of stork) sitting fishing from the margin of its sands, one could never imagine it to be the same flood which, in the might of its wrath, comes lashing down in the rains, covered with blocks of white foam, large heaving trees, and the *debris* of human habitations.

Thus Saikwah was just now in her holiday-dress, and the roads and pathways were crowded by a vast concourse of wild men, and wilder women. Mishmees, who had come down from the Brahma Khoond—that spot of holy pilgrimage to Hindoos, who come from the farthest confines of India, sore-footed and weary with long marches through almost pathless jungles infested with wild beasts, and up the mighty river whose rapids often founder their fragile canoes, to bathe in the sacred waters of that beautiful pool; Abors, who had come from the lower range of the lofty chain of mountains which, rising beyond the Debong, separates us from Lama; Singphoes, who had come from their villages on the Upper Burrumpootu and its inland cultivations; Khampties, who had come from its north bank, where not many years before they had made their treacherous night-attack upon the then head-quarters of the A. Light Infantry, murdering its commanding officer, and reducing the cantonments to ashes; and Nagas, who had come from their own hills in the rear of Teppore—they were all there, talking their various dialects, with wild gesticulations, and filling the air with tobacco smoke.

The Mishmees are a race of short, spare-limbed, active men, who, as all the Assamese races, have the Tartar type of feature; the high cheek bones; the small black eyes, turned up at the corner; the low-bridged flat nose, with broad point and expanded nostrils; the large thick-lipped mouth, and the scanty beard and moustache. Their skins are a pale copper, with the red on the lip and cheek clearly marked; and although the style of feature I have just described does not seem to be that in any way calculated to form ingredients for the beautiful, yet I have seen, amongst their young women, faces which were really far from ugly. Their head-gear, too, is becoming; the hair, being gathered up in a large knot *à la Chinois*, is stuck through by a long silver bodkin; and around the forehead, meeting behind by a small band of cowrie shells, is a broad band of silver, highest in the centre, and decreasing towards the sides, but not in a point as is a *tiara*. Through the lobe of the ear is stuck a silver tube, about the thickness of the little finger, with a large round head in front, not quite the size of a half-crown piece; over which is scored a pattern, either star or rosette, and from the rim hangs a large circlet of brass wire. The neck is surrounded by several rows of the same; as also a mass of white and coloured glass-beads,

which are generally given to them by the officials of our Government; with red cotton handkerchiefs, and several other odds and ends of this kind. The rest of the costume is composed of a jacket, short and scant, cut in a point in front, and a point behind; this has short sleeves, and is slipped over the head, without tie or loop of any kind; and round the waist is fastened, by a peculiar self-acting twist of the edge, an oblong piece of striped cloth, with a border at the two sides, and which is lapped over to the left of the figure, reaching to about mid-leg. This is the attire of all the Mishmee women, young, old, and middle-aged; and to finish the picture, a short bamboo pipe, crammed with strong tobacco, is generally stuck in the mouth.

Many of the men wear queer Roman-shaped helmets, generally made of a strong underwork of plaited cane, and covered with shining bars of the same; these fit close to the head, and often have a pair of wild boar tusks, forming an arch, and stuck in front: others have large red fox-skin caps, with the bushy tail hanging down the back. Some wear a large loose woollen garb of Lama manufacture, a purplish red in colour, covered with white spots, centred with little sea-green crosses; some, not such dandies, merely a dark madder-coloured vest, open in front, and reaching half way down the thigh. But, whatever the nether garment may be, the arms are always strapped over it; and these consist of a long straight Lama sword in a black leather sheath, with a blade of good stout metal, and a knife about a foot long in a bamboo sheath; over the heart and round the back of the left side are slung small brass plates or shields, which, with many of their weapons, they get on their trading excursions amongst the villages of the other side; each has his spear in his hand. All the men are provided with an oblong black bear-skin pouch, in which is carried the valued pipe, tobacco, and other *et ceteras*; while most of them have a large cane basket slung on their backs, covered with the stiff, wiry, black fibres of the palm tree, which forms a kind of fur, throws off the rain, and keeps the contents dry. In this the entire worldly goods and chattels of the owner are packed.

These people bring with them large brass pots and gongs, which they barter with the bazaar dealers against salt, tobacco, and opium; also poison for the tipping of the arrows of elephant hunters in the plains; and often Lama dogs and cattle, as curiosities and presents to the civil and military officers of their acquaintance; but though we have tried every means in our power to keep alive the animals which they brought, we never were able to succeed after the hot weather set in. I had once a very handsome large fox-coloured dog, of the name of *Bhoot*, i. e. Spectre, given me by one of the chiefs, something the cast of the Scotch shepherd's dog, but with a bushy although tightly curled-up tail; but he panted and pined, and at last died with the heat of the plains. Major H

had a beautiful chowry-tailed cow given him by another of the chiefs; it was short-horned, and marked liver and white, with long soft hair and a beautifully long and bushy tail; but it in the same way seemed to feel the heat intensely, and in a short time died. They have also at different times brought us down some rare specimens of the Argus pheasant, and other birds of beautiful plumage; but we never could keep them for any length of time.

Amongst the Abors there are some stalwart men, although they are generally not much taller, though stouter knit, than the Mishmees; their costume also is much in the same style—quaint helmets which must have given as much thought to their wearers to invent and ornament, as the head-dress or presentation costume of many a belle of our modern ball-rooms. Yes, I have often looked at the strange mixture of hog's bristles, boar's tusks, scarlet and black dyed goat's hair; the bleached skulls of birds, and other such extraordinary materials brought together, and adapted in the most wonderful variety of forms so as to make helmets and head-pieces according to the skill and ingenuity of these poor half-savage mortals. Their arms are much the same as the Mishmees, with the exception of the spear, which is much longer in the shaft, having a small arrow-headed top, surrounded a little way from the neck with a ruff of scarlet goat's hair. They tattoo their faces and limbs, and their women wear their hair like the men, cut in a short crop round the head; but amongst such a savage race, living secluded within their own hills, having had from time immemorial little or no intercourse with the plains, it is strange, nay wonderful, to find the emblem of our holy Christian faith held in reverence, and the cross tattooed by them on the forehead of each man of the tribe, commencing from the root of the hair, and about an inch long. We asked many questions concerning the origin of this sign amongst them, but they could give us no satisfactory account of it. We thought perhaps that at the period when the French Jesuit missionaries were in China, some of them might have made their way through the mountains of Thibet into Lama, and thus over the hills into the lower range inhabited by the Abor tribes, there to leave the sign of the cross, as the only record amongst these poor savages of their visit, or of their labours towards their conversion. But we never found any proof in the works of the early missionary Jesuit fathers to further our conjecture, and the Abors themselves declare that they hold no record or tradition of such having ever entered or visited their mountains. So here the mystery ends; but it is a strange one.

The Abors are no great traders, but still they bring gongs with them for barter, and return, like the Mishmees, with droves of miserable poor and meagre cattle, which they pick up in the plains to carry with them back to their homes for purposes of agriculture.

The Khampties and Singphoes are certainly the gentlemanly part of this wild rendezvous of

frontier tribes, they being clothed at least in a more rational and less eccentric style: their favourite colour is dark indigo blue, of which the jacket is made. The cloth which envelopes the lower limbs is generally white, or sometimes, amongst the chiefs, striped and figured Burmese silks, the gay colours of which contrast well with the dark skin and darker jacket. The hair is worn in a knot on the top of the head, and a large turban wound round it. Amber sticks about three inches long, and the thickness of a finger, are shoved through a distended hole in the lobe of the ear; and the universal weapon amongst them is the broad-bladed and square-ended Assamese sword.

As for the gentlemanly appearance of the Nagas I cannot say as much; for a greater set of harlequins in costume cannot be imagined: I have in my own mind always set them down as first cousins to the North American Indians, although they don't wear their grand buffalo robes; for in fact they wear no robes at all—merely a small band of dark-blue cloth, edged and fringed with scarlet, wound round the loins. Their idea of the imposing, however, has often put me in mind of David's famous heroes in his Luxembourg pictures, where we have Brutus, and others of his cotemporaries, made in a state of nature as to body clothing, but loaded with a helmet of immense dimensions, and armed with a sword and shield. Well, though the Nagas have certainly not seen David's pictures, they have much the same notions on the subject as himself; and so the head, being chief amongst the members, has alone glory paid to it. I have seen some of them decorated with conical-shaped helmets, surmounted by a broad band of bamboo, stuck full of hogs' bristles; from each side start small buffalo-horns, and from the back wags a long piece of cane, to which is bound a solitary magpie's feather, and under which dangles a long lock of human hair. They do not scalp, as the American Indians do; but the Nagas all more or less wear the scalping-knot, which the enemy takes possession of to adorn his helmet, after giving the *coup de grace* to his fallen foe. Others have single buffalo-horns sticking out of one side of the head-piece, or curling over the top, from which hang pendants of scarlet or black goats' hair. Some wear their hair gathered into a long queue, which is at intervals bound with cane. This, I must say, looks a sad caricature of civilization, for the head-piece of these gentlemen is generally ten times more fantastic than that of the others; but they think themselves, I doubt not, much to be envied. Many have their heads half shaven, and then surrounded by a coronet of large white shells, the centre one coming down with a curved peak over the nose. These shells, as also bits of scarlet broad-cloth and glass beads, are the presents which are most often made to them on the part of government, which, as in little things, so in great, expends often a good deal, I fear, to reap small advantage on the N. E. frontier. The Nagas, however, don't understand much about political economy; and

as long as they can cut throats in their own hills, and bully those sent to rebuke them, they don't much care how the world wags in the plains below them.

After this description it may be imagined the group was strange and motley enough. I had been all day amusing myself with taking sketches of many of these wonderful mortals; and as I now rested from my labours, and looked out of the tent door on the moving mass of gaily clad and little clad figures before me, I caught sight of a very grand old man, who went sweeping by with a long retinue of attendants: he wore a cane helmet, surmounted by a bunch of hogs' bristles, and a single wild boar's tusk on one side of it; his robe was one of the Lama woollen ones, and his arms were folded on his breast as he stalked on, head and shoulders above the crowd.

"Who is that?" said I to one of the attendants. "I should like to draw him, he is such a fine figure."

"That is Bhagakwah Bourra;" being translated, "The Tiger-eater old man."

"Go and call him," said I; and presently the purple Lama robe and bristled helmet stood before the door. I made known my wish, and the old man agreed to stand to me for his sketch; but I was burning to know why he was called the "Tiger-eater," so we put the question.

"Because I fought face to face with a tiger,"

said he, stretching himself up to his full height, and holding out his left arm, which was terribly maimed and scarred, and he continued—"See this arm, it is broken and bit—I cannot move the fingers of the hand—but still I killed the tiger." So, like the children, I asked for the story.

"I was young and strong then," said he, "and was working one day in my opium garden outside my village—the jungle was on one side, the village on the other. Suddenly one of our cows, which had strayed, rushed madly out of the jungle, pursued by a tiger. I was in the way, the cow fled past, and the tiger fell upon me; he fastened upon this arm, and with the claw of one of his hind legs kept tearing my thigh. I fought long to get out my sword, but it was jammed in the scabbard; he tore me, he bit me: at last I got my weapon free, and I made a desperate thrust into the beast's body—then another at his throat; but we fought together—we wrestled for life. My sword was not very sharp, but still I hacked, still I sawed; we were bathed in blood, man and beast. I felt his hold giving way, and everything was reeling before my eyes—we both fell together. By-and-bye I woke up—I could not move—but I saw the tiger lying dead by my side. So they called me 'The Tiger-eater' when I was young, for I was the head of my village, and they were proud of me—but now the 'Bhagakwah Bourra.'"

THE FATE OF A FLIRT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(A REAL INCIDENT.)

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Looking over a Philadelphia magazine, published in 1791, I was somewhat amused by an article therein, censuring severely the indolence and fine-ladyish manners of the women of that day, and contrasting the enervating habits of modern refinement with the simplicity, frugality, and industry of their grandmothers. At the present time, we look back with regret to the good old times complained of by that same censor, and regard the very matrons whom he stigmatizes as idle, vain, and frivolous, as models of excellent housewifery and industrious management—in short, as the very realization of Solomon's ideal picture. No doubt, as we recede into the past, we shall find, in successive generations, similar examples of veneration for a by-gone age at the expense of the present—similar instances of contrast, in which the verdict is always in favour of those who have passed from the stage of action. In the next age, probably, we matrons of the present day shall have our turn of being held up as ensamples for the imitation of our juvenile descendants—shall serve to illustrate the virtues of a past generation, to be emulated, though scarcely equalled, by those who shall come after us. Praises lavished upon

us shall then give point to the lectures of busy reformers, who reprove the faults of the female world. It is according to the established rule of things that so it should be.

Now, although much of this is certainly to be attributed to the universal propensity to prize that which is gone, rather than that which is in possession, it cannot be denied that, in some respects, the world does degenerate as it grows old. It would require a philosophical dissertation, with no little historical and statistical knowledge, to point out all the matters in which we stand lower than our ancestors, and in which those who "catch the manners living as they rise" are ready to acknowledge that society deteriorates day by day. I shall not undertake the task, in which the experience and observation of each individual would be a more reliable guide in forming a judgment. An incident, however, which throws a strong light upon the manners of the olden time, may have a bearing on the question, and suggest inquiry to the philosophical as to the effect of luxury and refinement on the manners of a community. The story was related to me almost upon the spot where the occurrence took place, and is con-

firmed in all its particulars by the recollection of "the oldest inhabitant."

Some eighty years ago, the now flourishing town of E—, on the Delaware, was but a small settlement in one of the remote and comparatively wild portions of Pennsylvania. At the present day the compactly built town fills the space between the mountains and the two rivers that here form a junction, while their banks are lined with busy manufactories and the dwellings of men. The lofty hills that rise abruptly from the plain, or overhang the waters, are cultivated in spots; and the patches of woodland here and there seem spared for the purpose of adorning the landscape, and affording secluded walks to the wanderers who love the beauty of nature.

At the period to which our tale carries us back, the scenery of this beautiful region was not less enchanting, though far more wild and savage. A dense forest then covered the mountains to their rocky summits, and bordered the rivers for many miles; the valley, through which flows a sweet stream to mingle with the Delaware, was dark with the shadow of primeval woods; and the waters, untroubled by the different manufactories for the uses of which their streams have since been diverted, swept in calm majesty along their time-worn channel, scarcely knowing the difference of seasons. Not far from the Delaware, a double row of low-roofed, quaint-looking stone houses formed the most populous part of the settlement. Other dwellings, scattered about in different directions, were built in the same style, and evidently inhabited by the same sturdy and primitive Dutch population. Many of these houses are still standing, and give a character to the appearance of the whole place.

It has been often remarked how unchangingly, from one generation to another, the habits of the Dutch people are preserved by their descendants, giving a monotony to their life and manners; while their more mutable neighbours are yielding themselves, day by day, to the law of progress. This inveterate attachment to the old order of things, and aversion to innovations peculiar to their nation, kept the ancient inhabitants of E— in the same condition with their forefathers, notwithstanding the improvements introduced from European cities into other parts of the colony. Philadelphia, though at that time but a village in comparison to what it is now, was looked upon as a place of luxury and corruption, dangerous to the morals of youth. Few of the families composing the settlement at E— had ever been there, or had visited any other of the provincial cities. They sought no intercourse with the world's great Babel, content with the information that reached them regularly once a-week with the newspapers brought by the post-boy, which were loaned to the neighbours in turn by the few who received them. Now and then, it is true, when the business of the day was over, a number of men might be seen seated in the large sitting-room of the old stone tavern, or on the veranda, wear-

ing their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, smoking their pipes, and discussing events of which the rumour had reached them, when these were more stirring than common. But these discussions were always conducted quietly, and without the exhibition of any feeling of partisanship. They were terminated at a very early hour, all thought of political matters being usually dismissed with the last puff of their pipes, as the worthy mynheers took their way homewards.

As little did the love of change prevail among the good *fraus* of that day. They were of the class described by a distinguished chronicler, who "stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore frocks." They wore the same antiquated quilted caps, and parti-coloured homespun gowns, that were in fashion in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller: their pockets were always filled with work and the implements of industry; and their own gowns and their husbands' coats were exclusively of domestic manufacture. In cleanliness and thrifty housewifery, they were excelled by none who had gone before, or who came after them. The well-scoured stoops and entries, fresh and immaculate every morning, attested the neatness prevailing throughout the dwellings. The precise order that reigned within, in the departments of kitchen, parlour, and chamber, could not be disturbed by any out-of-door commotion. Cleanliness and contentment were the cares of the household. The tables were spread with the abundance of the good old time, and not small was the pride of those ministering dames in setting forth the viands prepared by their own industrious hands. It must not be supposed that all their care and frugality were inconsistent with the dear exercise of hospitality, or other social virtues usually practised in every female community. If the visits paid from house to house were less frequent than in modern times, there was the same generous interest in the concerns of others, and the same desire in each to save her neighbour trouble, by kindly taking the management of affairs upon herself, evinced by so many individuals of the present day. In short, the domestic police of E—, at that remote period, was apparently as remarkable for vigilance and severity in hunting out offenders as it has proved to be in times of more advanced civilization.

The arrival of new residents from the city was an event of importance enough in itself to cause no small stir in that quiet community. The rumour that a small house, picturesquely situated at the edge of a wood some distance from the village, was being fitted up for the new-comers, was soon spread abroad, and gave rise to many conjectures and surmises. The new furniture that paraded in waggons before the astonished eyes of the settlers was different from any that had been seen before; and, though it would have been thought simple enough, or even rude, at the present day, exhibited too much of metropolitan taste and luxury to meet their approval. Then a gardener was employed several days to

set in order the surrounding plot of ground, and set out rose bushes and ornamental plants; the fence was painted gaily, and the inclosure secured by a neat gate. A few days after, a light travelling waggon brought the tenants to the abode prepared for them. Within the memory of a generation, hardly any occurrence had taken place which excited so much curiosity. The doors and windows were crowded with gazers; and the younger part of the population were hardly restrained by parental authority from rushing after the equipage. The female, who sat with a boy on the back seat, wore a thick veil; but the pleasant face of a middle-aged man, who looked about him and bowed courteously to the different groups, attracted much attention. The man who drove had a jolly English face, betokening a very communicative disposition; nor was the promise broken to the hope; for that very evening the same personage was seated among a few grave-looking Dutchmen who lingered at the tavern, dealing out his information liberally to such as chose to question him. The new comer, it appeared, was a member of the Colonial Assembly, and had brought his family to rusticate for a season on the banks of the Delaware. This family consisted of his English wife and a son about seven years old. They had been accustomed, he said, to the society of the rich and gay both in Philadelphia and in Europe, having spent some time in Paris before their coming to this country.

The information given by the loquacious driver, who seemed to think the village not a little honoured in so distinguished an accession to its inhabitants, produced no favourable impression. The honest mynheers, however, were little inclined to be hasty in their judgment. They preferred consulting their wives, who waited with no little patience for the Sabbath morning, expecting then to have a full opportunity of criticizing their new neighbours.

They were doomed to disappointment; none of the family was at the place of meeting, although the practice of church-going was one so time-honoured, that a journey of ten miles on foot to attend religious service was thought nothing of, and few even of the most worldly-minded ventured on an omission. The non-appearance of the strangers was a dark omen. The next day, however, the dames of the settlement had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Winton—for so I shall call her, not choosing to give her real name—as she came out to purchase a few articles of kitchen furniture. Her style of dress was altogether different from theirs. Instead of the hair pomatumed back from the forehead, she wore it in natural ringlets; instead of the short stuff petticoats in vogue among the Dutch dames, a long and flowing skirt set off to advantage a figure of remarkable grace. At the first glance, one could not but acknowledge her singular beauty. Her form was faultless in symmetry, and her features exquisitely regular; the complexion being of a clear brown, set off by luxuriant black hair, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes. The expression of these was not

devoid of a certain fascination, though it had something to excite distrust in the simple-minded fair ones who measured the claims of the stranger to admiration. They could not help thinking there was a want of innate modesty in the bold, restless wanderings of those eyes, bright as they were, and in the perfect self-possession the English woman showed in her somewhat haughty carriage. Her voice, too, though melodious, was not low in its tones, and her laugh was merry and frequently heard. In short, she appeared, to the untutored judgment of the dames of the village, decidedly wanting in reserve, and the softness natural to youth in woman. While they shook their heads, and were shy of conversation with her, it was not a little wonderful to notice the different effect produced on their spouses. The honest Dutchmen surveyed the handsome stranger with undisguised admiration, evinced at first by a prolonged stare, and on after occasions by such rough courtesy as they found opportunity of showing, with alacrity offering to her any little service that neighbours might render. The women, on the other hand, became more and more suspicious of her outlandish gear and her bewitching smiles, lavished with such profusion upon all who came near her. Her charms, in their eyes, were so many sins, which they were inclined to see her expiate before they relented so far as to extend towards her the civilities of neighbourhood. The more their husbands praised her, the more they stood aloof; and, for weeks after the family had become settled, scarcely any communication of a friendly nature had taken place between her and any of the female population.

Little, however, did the English woman appear to care for neglect on the part of those she evidently thought much inferior to herself. She had plenty of company, such as suited her taste, and no lack of agreeable employment, notwithstanding her persistence in a habit which shocked still more the prejudices of her worthy neighbours—of leaving her household labour to a servant. She made acquaintance with all who relished her lively conversation, and took much pleasure in exciting, by her eccentric manners, the astonishment of her long-queued admirers. She was always affable, and not only invited those she liked to visit her without ceremony, but called upon them for any extra service she required.

It was on one of the brightest days in October that Mrs. Winton was riding with her son along a path leading through the forest up the Delaware: the road wound at the base of a mountain, bordering the river closely, and was flanked in some places by precipitous rocks, overgrown with shrubs and shaded by overhanging trees. The wealth of foliage appeared to greater advantage, touched with the rich tints of autumn—

“With hues more gay
Than when the flow’rets bloomed, the trees are drest;
How gorgeous are their draperies! green and gold,
Scarlet and crimson! like the glittering vest
Of Israel’s priesthood, glorious to behold!”

" See yonder towering hill, with forests clad,
How bright its mantle of a thousand dyes!
Edged with a silver band, the stream, that glad,
But silent, winds around its base."

It can hardly be known if the romantic beauty of the scene, which presented itself by glimpses through the foliage, the bright calm river, the wooded hills and slopes beyond, and the village lying in the lap of the savage forest, called forth as much admiration from those who gazed, as it has since from spirits attuned to a vivid sense of the loveliness of nature. The sudden flight of a bird from the bushes startled the horse, and, dashing quickly on one side, he stood on the sheer edge of the precipice overlooking the water. The next plunge might have been a fatal one, but that the bridle was instantly seized by the strong arm of a man who sprang from the concealment of the trees. Checking the frightened animal, he assisted the dame and her son to dismount, and then led the horse for them to less dangerous ground. In the friendly conversation that followed, the Englishwoman put forth all her powers of pleasing; for the man was known already to her for one of the most respectable of the settlers, though he had never yet sought her society. His little service was rewarded by a cordial invitation, which was soon followed by a visit, to her house.

To make a long story short, not many weeks had passed before this neighbour was an almost daily visitor; and, to the surprise and concern of the whole village, his example was in time followed by many others of those who might have been called the gentry of E—. It became evident that the handsome stranger was a coquette of the most unscrupulous sort; that she was passionately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and was determined to exact the tribute due to her charms even from the sons of the wilderness. She flirted desperately with one after another, contriving to impress each with the belief that he was the happy individual especially favoured by her smiles. Her manners and conversation showed less and less regard for the opinion of others, or the rules of propriety. The effect of such a course of conduct in a community so simple and old-fashioned in their customs, so utterly unused to any such broad defiance of censure, may be more easily imagined than described. How the men were flattered and intoxicated in their admiration for the beautiful syren, and their lessons in an art so new to them as gallantry, how the women were amazed out of their propriety, can be conceived without the aid of philosophy.

Things were bad enough as they were; but when the time came for Mr. Winton to depart and take his place in the Assembly, the change was for the worse. His handsome wife was left, with only her son, in E— for the winter. Her behaviour was now more scandalous than ever, and soon a total avoidance of her by every other female in the place attested their indignation. The coquette evidently held them in great scorn, while she continued to receive, in a still more marked and offensive manner, the attentions of

the husbands, whom, she boasted, she had taught they had hearts under their linsey-woolsey coats. Long walks and rides through the woods, attended always by some one who had owned the power of her beauty, set public opinion wholly at defiance; and the company at her fireside, evening after evening, was well known to be not such as became a wife and mother to receive.

Should this history of plain, unvarnished fact chance to meet the eye of any fair trifler, who has been tempted to invite or welcome such homage, let her pause and remember that the wrath of the injured wives of E— was but such as nature must rouse in the bosom of the virtuous in all ages and countries; and that tragedies as deep as that to which it led have grown from the like cause, and may still do so at any period of civilization.

The winter months passed, and spring came to set loose the streams, and fill the woods with tender bloom and verdure. But the anger of the justly irritated dames of E— had gathered strength with time. Scarce one among the most conspicuous of the neighbourhood but had particular reason to hate their common enemy for the alienated affections and monopolized time of her husband, so faithful to his duties before this fatal enchantment. Complaints were made by one to another, and strange stories told, which, of course, lost nothing in their circulation from mouth to mouth. What wonder was it that the mysterious influence exercised by the strange woman should be attributed to witchcraft? What wonder that she should be judged to hold intercourse with evil spirits, and to receive from them the power by which she subdued men to her sway?

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the early part of June, two or three of the matrons of the village stationed themselves near the wood by which stood the house of Mrs. Winton. Not far from this was a small pond, where the boys amused themselves in fishing, or bated during the heats of summer. The spot once occupied by this little body of water is now the central portion of the town, and covered with neat buildings of brick and stone.

The women had come forth to watch: nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. They saw Mrs. Winton, accompanied by one of her gallants, dressed with a care that showed her anxiety to please, walking slowly along the borders of the wood. The sun had set, and the gray shadows of twilight were creeping over the landscape; yet it was evidently not her intention to return home. As it grew darker, the two entered the wood, the female taking the arm of her companion, and presently both disappeared.

"There he goes!" exclaimed one of the women who watched, with fierce anger in her looks; for it was her husband she had seen. "I knew it; I knew he spent every evening with her!"

"Shall we follow them?" asked the other.

"No! no! let us go home quick!" was the answer.

Such a scene as the night witnessed was never before enacted in that quiet village. At a late hour there was a meeting of many of the matrons in the house of one of their number. The curtains were closely drawn; the light was so dim that the faces of those who whispered together could scarcely be discerned. There was something fearful in the assemblage, at such an unwonted time, of those orderly housewives, so unaccustomed ever to leave their homes after dusk. The circumstance of their meeting alone betokened something uncommon in agitation. Still more did the silence, hushed and breathless at intervals, the eager, but suppressed whispering, the rapid gestures, the general air of determination mingled with caution. It struck midnight; they made signs one to another, and the light was extinguished.

It was perhaps an hour or more after, when the same band of women left the house, and took their way, in profound silence, along the road leading out of the village. By a round-about course, skirting the small body of water above mentioned, they came to the border of the wood. Just then the waning moon rose above the forest tops, shedding a faint light over hill and stream. It could then be seen that the females all wore a kind of mask of black stuff. Their course was directed towards the Englishwoman's house, which they approached with stealthy and noiseless steps.

A few moments of silence passed, after they had disappeared, and then a wild shriek was heard, and others fainter and fainter, like the voice of one in agony struggling to cry out, and stifled by powerful hands. The women rushed from the wood, dragging with them their helpless victim, whom they had gagged so that she could not even supplicate their mercy. Another cry was presently heard—the wail of a terrified child. The little boy, roused from sleep by the screams of his mother, ran towards her captors, and throwing himself on his knees, begged for her in piteous accents and with streaming tears.

"Take him away!" cried several together; and one of their number, snatching up the child, ran off with him at her utmost speed, and did not return.

The others proceeded quickly to their mission of vengeance. Dragging the helpless dame to the pond, they rushed into it, heedless of risk to themselves, till they stood in deep water. Then each, in turn, seizing her enemy by the shoulders,

plunged her in, head and all, crying, as she did so, "This is for my husband!" "And this for mine!" "This for mine!" was echoed, with the plunges, in quick succession, till the work of retribution was accomplished, and the party hurried to shore.

Startled by a noise as of some one approaching, the disguised avengers fled, leaving their victim on the bank, and lost no time in hastening homeward. The dawn of day disclosed a dreadful catastrophe: Dame Winton was found dead beside the water. There was evidence enough that she had perished, not by accident, but violence. Who could have done the deed?

The occurrence caused great commotion in E—, as it was but natural it should; but it was never discovered with certainty who were the perpetrators of the murder. Suspicion fell on several; but they were prudent enough to keep silence, and nothing could be proved against them. Perhaps the more prominent among the men, who should have taken upon themselves the investigation of the affair, had their own reasons for passing it over rather slightly. It was beyond doubt, too, that actual murder had not been designed by the actors in the tragedy, but simply the punishment assigned to witchcraft by popular usage. So the matter was not long agitated, though it was for many years a subject of conversation among those who had no interest in hushing it up; and the story served as a warning to give point to the lessons of careful mothers.

It was for a long time believed that the ghost of the unfortunate Englishwoman haunted the spot where she had died. Nor did the belief cease to prevail long after the pond was drained, and the wood felled, and the space built over. A stable belonging to a gentleman with whom I am acquainted stands near the place. I have heard him relate how one of his servants, who had never heard the story, had rushed in one night, much alarmed, to say that he had seen a female figure, in an old-fashioned cap and white gown, standing at the door of the stable. Another friend, who resides near, was told by his domestic that a strange woman had stood at the back gate, who had suddenly disappeared when asked who she was. Thus there seems ground enough to excuse the belief, even now prevalent among the common people in E—, that the spirit still walks at night about that portion of the town.

THE BEE AND THE MAIDEN.

(From the German of Gleim.)

Once a little Bee there flew
Busily about, and drew
Sweets from every blooming flower.
"Little Bee," the maiden cried,
Who was busy there at work,
"Oft therein doth poison lurk,
And thou slipp'st from every flower."
"Yes," said the Bee, "the sweets I sip,
And leave the poison in the cup."

LOVE'S IDEAL.

We dreamt, in youth's brief blissful years,
A dream of love and hope;
'Ere scenes of sadness, sighs, and tears,
With doubt our future fill'd, and fears,
And dimm'd our vision's scope.

We lov'd, as loves the trusting heart,
When 'neath soft beauty's sway
New worlds of bliss to being start,
And childhood's morning joys depart
At life's maturer ray.

A soul—in form more fair that seem'd
Than e'er by woman worn—
Bright as the blest by faith are deem'd,
Was love's ideal, fondly dream'd,
When first its hopes were born.

Again we dreamt we lov'd again :
The form was yet as bright ;
But on the soul we trac'd a stain
Of sin and sorrow—human bane—
That quench'd its seraph-light.

From Fancy's idol soon had fled
The brightness too, that o'er
The features radiant sunshine shed :
We mark'd each warring blemish spread
Where beauties bloom'd before.

To truth we woke from visions vain ;
Our wiser spirit taught
How love his flight must here restrain,
Nor hope a heaven of joy to gain
In hearts with frailty fraught !

FRITZ.

A R C H E R Y.

"Better to sweat in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught—
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made His work for man to mend."—DRYDEN.

"We deem it great pittle to suffer this excellent exercise to go to decay amongst us."—ASCHAM.

It is a well known, and generally admitted fact, that a considerable part of that delicacy of constitution which is unhappily too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, arises from the sedentary nature of most of their occupations and accomplishments. Half the evils "flesh is heir to" originate in want of muscular exertion, and of that stirring and exhilarating exercise which gives a healthy circulation to the blood. The occupations of women, from girlhood upwards, lying within a limited sphere, are too apt to incline them to a species of semi-indolence, to induce a preference for sedentary amusements, and either from inadvertence, or from ignorance of the functions and nature of their bodies, they often neglect to take that amount of regular exercise which is vitally necessary to the maintenance of health. Hence it soon results that the circulation becomes languid, the blood is not properly purified, and the muscles become flaccid and weakened. To remedy this, and also with a view to render the form graceful and flexible, various callisthenic exercises have been introduced into the education of young girls; and these, if judiciously conducted, are to a certain extent productive of good; but far better is the practice, in the open air, of games requiring skill, attention, and activity; these exhilarate the spirits, exercise the muscles, circulate and purify the blood, and give a healthy tone to the system.

It is our present intention to dwell on but one of those exercises which furnish the best antidote to the sedentary life of females of all ages—Archery—which from its eminent gracefulness, from its being adapted to every age, and every degree of strength—for by altering the strength of the bows it may be practised from childhood to "green old age;" from its occupying both the eye and mind, and awakening and stimulating the faculties, as well as bringing into exercise the muscles of the legs, arms, chest, and body, cannot be too highly recommended. Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, says

of it, "It is an exercise most wholesome for the body, and a pastime most honest for the mind: of all others the best, not only because it increaseth strength and preserveth health the most, but because it is not vehement, but moderate, not overlaying one parte with weariness, but softly exercising every part with equalnesse." Dr. Mulcastor, a contemporary of Ascham, thus eulogises Archery:—"To say enough of this exercise in a few words, which no words can praise enough for the commodities which it bringeth to the health of the body, it consisteth of the *best exercises*, and the *best effects* of the best exercises." And Sir Wm. Wood, Marshall of the old Society of Finsbury Archers, thus sings its praise in his "Bowman's Glory":—

"It is an exercise (by proof) we see
Whose practice doth with nature best agree;
Obstructions of the liver it prevents,
Stretching the nerves and arteries, gives extent
To the spleen's oppilations, clears the breast
And spungy lungs; it is a foe profest
To all consumptions."

There are so few healthful recreations in the open air of which women can partake, without being considered to encroach on the privileges of the "lords of the creation," and incurring the imputation of being unfeminine, that we cannot wonder Archery is making rapid progress among our countrywomen. Besides its beneficial effect on the health, too, it is an elegant amusement, developing as much grace as can ever be displayed in *actual* dancing, far more than the indolently-paced quadrilles, or romping polkas or *deux temps* of the present day can ever hope to call forth.

A slight sketch of what is known of the bow and arrows may not be deemed uninteresting, before we enter further on our subject.

There is no authentic history or tradition relative to the invention of the bow, but it is evidently of very remote antiquity. The first

mention of it occurs in the Book of Genesis (xxvii. 3), 1760 B.C. Isaac bids Esau take his weapons, his "quiver and his bow," and go into the field and get him some venison. Ishmael, we are told (Gen. xxi. 20), "grew and dwelt in the Wilderness, and became an archer:" indeed, repeated allusions to this ancient weapon of the Jews occur in the Old Testament; Jonathan presented his bow to David, (Sam. xvii. 4); the archers "hit and sore wounded" Saul, (Sam. xxxi. 3).

In the Greek mythology, and in the ancient Grecian and Egyptian sculptures, are various allusions to, and delineations of, the bow. Records of archery have also been traced in many Persepolitan, Macedonian, and Parthian antiquities. The Chinese had this weapon; one of their proverbs says, "When a son is born in the family, hang the bow and quiver up at the gate;" and their great sage, Confucius, wrote a treatise on archery.

All the Eastern nations seemed to have used the bow as a weapon of warfare, and practised archery as an amusement in times of peace; in Persia, equestrian archery was much practised, and shooting at the poppingay was a favourite recreation. The Arabs were skilful archers; in Chinese Tartary both sexes were equally expert in the use of the bow. The Manilla Indians, the Caribbee Indians, the Demarara Indians, the natives of Florida, and the savage tribes of North as well as of South America, all were more or less acquainted with, and expert in the use of this weapon. Some Catabuwa warriors exhibited at one of our London theatres about fifty years since, excited universal astonishment by the skill and certainty with which they hit a mark scarcely so large as a shilling.

The Scandinavians were likewise expert archers.

Homer mentions the bow several times. In his *Iliad*, b. ix. l. 152, Pandarus is thus described aiming an arrow at Menalaus:—

"Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch and joins the doubling ends;
Close to the breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barbed point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,
Sounds the tough horn and twangs the quivering string."

He mentions the Locrians as being "skilled from far the flying shaft to wing."

Again, in the *Odyssey*, we find the suitors of Penelope vainly endeavouring to bend the bow which Ulysses had left at home; and the hero himself, disguised as a beggar, having obtained permission to compete with them, thus proves his skill:—

"One hand aloft displayed,
The bending horns, and one the string essayed.
From his essaying hand the string, let fly,
Twangs short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry."

Aeneas, too, is made to introduce Archery when celebrating the anniversary of his father's funeral.

We read that the armies of Alexander the Great were chiefly composed of archers.

Plato, who was a great advocate of archery, and was desirous that qualified persons should be appointed by the government to teach the youth of Athens this art, mentions that the standing guard of the city numbered among its force one thousand archers.

Livy makes mention of the skill and prowess of the Cretan archers.

Plutarch signalizes the defeats of the Romans by the Parthians, and ascribes it to the manner in which these latter galled the enemy with their arrows.

The Huns were likewise skilful archers.

The Romans, as a people, were not skilled in the use of the bow, although many of the nobles and several of the Roman emperors practised it as an amusement. Herodian speaks of the feats and the "unerring hand" of the Emperor Commodus, who exhibited his skill on the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre.

It is a disputed point at what time the long-bow was introduced into England; some writers assert that it was the *arbalest*, or cross-bow only, which was used from the time of the Norman Conquest until that of Edward II. Prior to the Battle of Hastings, we have no record at all of archery being practised in Britain. Others again assert that it was an arrow, and not a bolt, which slew William Rufus, and which caused the death of Richard Cœur de Lion; and that the long-bow, and not the cross-bow, was the weapon of war in the contests between Matilda and Stephen, and with which Richard made such havoc among the Saracens. Certain it is that that famous hero of ballad romance, Robin Hood,* would be divested of half his charms if we took from him the graceful long-bow and the "feathery arrows;" therefore, if not from stronger conviction, we side with the last-mentioned opinions, and are convinced that, although the *arbalest* may possibly have been the most common weapon of war, yet in the "merrie green wood" at least the other was expertly handled. Ritson, in the "Old Garland," a quaint collection of ballads on Robin Hood, gives the following characteristic anecdote of nearly the last words and actions of this famous outlaw; when he felt his end approaching, he said—

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be."

At the battles of Cressy and Agincourt the long-bow was evidently used; in the reign of Edward III. again we find express mention of our archers, to whom indeed the victory seems generally to have been chiefly owing in most battles wherein they were engaged. Sir John Smith attributes this not only to the skill of the archers, but to the "dazzling, bemazing effect which a volley of arrows, flying thick as hail

* Who could "Hit a mark a hundred rod,
And cause a hart to die."

through the air, must have on the enemies' soldiers, and also on their horses."

In the reign of Edward IV. we find sundry curious laws relative to archery, to the importation of bow-staves, &c.; in one of which, "unlawful games, as dice, quoits, tennis," &c., are prohibited; but "every person strong and able of body" is required to use his bow.

Henry VII. instituted a band of archers to guard his person.

Henry VIII. was a great patron of archery; and a law made in his reign enacted that "all men not having any lawful impediment, except religious and judges, under sixty years of age, shall exercise shooting in long-bows; and teach their children, servants, &c., having a bow with two arrows for each under seventeen years of age, and with four arrows for those above seventeen. Penalty, 6s. 8d. per month."

Queen Elizabeth, too, was a patroness of archery, and did not disdain herself to "wing the feathered shaft." By some statutes made in her reign, we find that the use of the bow formed part of the education of youth. At some of the public schools, and especially at Harrow, every parent was called upon to allow "to each boy, a bow, three shafts, a bow-string, and a bracer, to exercise shooting;" and prizes were given to be shot for by twelve competitors.

Shakspeare, who in his works introduces numberless allusions relative to this science, was, if we may credit any of the accounts of his midnight onelaughts on the deer, an archer of no mean skill.

Charles I. was a practical lover of archery, as was his father, James I.; and by these two sovereigns commissions were issued for the purpose of preventing inroads on, and removing obstructions from, the public grounds and fields devoted to the practice of archery; for it would seem that brick and mortar were even then beginning insidiously to encroach on the "pleasant green fields."

Archery was neglected by James II. in the troubles of his reign; and after his abdication, and the accession of a new family, bringing with them other predilections, the practice of it declined, and gradually fell into almost total disuse, being kept up only by a few companies or societies, among which the oldest, and the one which survived the longest, was the Society of Finsbury Archers, who had records dating as far back as 1676. In Clerkenwell church is a monument to Sir William Wood, one of their old marshals, who died at the age of 82. It has been restored by the Toxophilite Society; part of the inscription runs thus:—

"Long did he live, the honour of the bow,
And his great age to that alone did owe.
But how can art secure? Or what can save
Extreme old age from the appointed grave?
Surviving archers much his loss lament,
And in respect bestow this monument."

A splendid silver badge, presented to the Finsbury Archers by Catherine, Queen of Charles

II., was, by Mr. Constable—one of the oldest and few remaining members of that body—transferred to the Toxophilites, when he joined them soon after their formation in 1780, under the auspices of Sir Ashton Levers and Mr. Waring. That society was the parent of most of those which have since sprung up, and of late multiplied so rapidly: its grounds are in the Regent's Park.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a munificent patron of archery, and by his influence mainly contributed to make it fashionable, and thus reanimate it. The following circumstance will alone suffice to show how rapid has been its spread lately, and how generally its healthfulness and power of amusing have been acknowledged—Little more than twenty years since there were only two or three establishments in London for the sale of archery accoutrements; there are now probably twenty at least.

It seems strange that the French should have at no period of their history appeared to devote much attention to archery. Greatly as they have suffered at various times from the skill of their English foes, one would have imagined that they would have endeavoured at least to foil them with their own weapons. A few small societies of "*tireurs*" have occasionally existed, and one or two do so now: they have, however, a quaint old proverb on the subject, which says (what is well worth noting)—"*Debander l'aro ne guérit pas la pleûie*;" or that the regret we may feel at having wounded the feelings of any person, is but a poor atonement for the evil. "*Faire de tous bois flèches*;" and "*Cette flèche n'est pas sortie de mon carquois*" are also two other trite allusions to archery.

Ere we proceed to the chief bearing of our subject, viz., archery as a recreation for females, we must not forget that celebrated archer Tell, who, when Gesler asked him why he took the second arrow, boldly replied—

"Mit diesem zweiten Pfeil durchschoss ich—Euch,
Wenn ich mein liebes Kind getroffen hätte,
Und euer—warlich hätte ich nicht gefehlt."

We have said already that archery is peculiarly adapted for females; nor are we of the present day singular in that opinion. If we go back as far as the ancient mythology, we find Diana with her bow: if we seek in the writings of the poets, we find Tasso's beautiful description of Clorinda—

"Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung,
Therein a flash of arrows feathered well.
In her right hand a bow was bended strong,
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel.
So fit to shoot she singled out among
Her foes who first her quarrel's strength should feel;
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood
When Niobe she killed, and all her brood."

If we speed our way to Asia, we shall find in some of the harems the fair slaves practising archery in the gardens of the seraglio. A traveller in Persia (we forget who) eloquently de-

scribes the bow of buffalo horn, black as jet, and highly polished, with its richly gilded and painted back, and string of pure white silk, decorated at the ends with loops of scarlet and gold; the delicate and costly arrows, the sleeve of rich satin, embroidered with gold, worn to protect the arm; and the jewelled thumb ring (an article peculiar to the east), used by these beautiful captives; as well as the curious target, composed of softened clay, at which they shoot.

But we need not seek in the realms of the east, in the dream-land of poets, or the superstitions of ancient idolaters, in order to demonstrate that archery has been practised by females. Froissart mentions that it was one of the recreations of the stately dames of his day. Black Douglas, wife of one of the warlike and rebellious race of Douglas, was an expert archeress, and more than once, when besieged, tried her prowess on her own sovereign. Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., is stated to have killed a buck in Alnwick Park, by shooting it with an arrow. In the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., we find entered so much for bows, arrows, belts, braces, &c., for Anna Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth was evidently skilled in the practice of archery, for we find it recorded that at one hunting party she with her own hand did shoot three deer. Catherine, queen consort of Charles II., encouraged this science, if she did not actually practice it, as is testified by the silver badge already alluded to, which she presented to the Royal Society of Finsbury Archers. And last, but not least, our own gracious Queen Victoria is a lover and patroness of archery; and herself, at the Highland Fête at Holland Park, in 1850, added as a prize, expressly to be competed for by ladies, a handsome bracelet, which was won by a friend of the writer of this article.

We now approach the most difficult part of our subject—the reducing practice to theory, or giving verbal directions for that which is best acquired manually. There are but few works on archery, and of these “Hansard’s Book of Archery,” “Hastings’ British Archer,” and “Roberts’ Bowman,” are the best; and these are rather histories and treatises on the art than instructions for the practice of it. Our old friend Roger Ascham, in his quaint way, gives a very reasonable guess why more had not been written on this subject:—“The faulte is not to be layed on the thinge which was worthe to be written upon, but of the menne which were negligent in doynge it; and this is the cause thereof as I suppose. Menne that used shootinge moste, and knewe it best, were not learned: men that were learned used shootinge little, and were ignorant of the nature of the thyng.” Not that we believe that archery, any more than dancing, can be verbally taught: attention, imitation, practice, flexibility of the muscles, and concentration of the faculties, will advance a pupil in this art more than volumes of written directions: nevertheless, we will endeavour to give a few general instructions as lucidly as may be.

The accoutrements requisite for the practice of archery consist of a bow, a bow-case, about

half-a-dozen arrows; a tin case or quiver for them; an arm-guard, a glove, a belt, a tassel, and a grease-box. These may all be obtained, sufficiently good in quality for general use, for two pounds.

Various materials have at different periods been used in manufacturing bows. In Job we read of “the bow of steel.” Homer tells us that the bow used by Pandarus was—

“—form’d of horn, and smoothed with artful toil;
A mountain goat resigned the shining spoil.”

In many parts of the East, horn, and sometimes ivory, is used. The yew tree has also furnished many bows; now various woods are employed besides the yew, as lance-wood, rose-wood, snake-wood, and tulip-wood, combined with hornbeam and hickory. Bows are made of two kinds, “self-bows” or those formed of one piece of wood, and “back-bows” composed of two kinds of wood, one tough and the other elastic; the common lance-wood self-bow is the cheapest of any; the continental yew self-bow is the most expensive. Bow-strings have been made of silk, catgut, and hemp: the last is the best and most durable material.

Arrows are chiefly manufactured of prepared lime-wood, old deal, pine, and asp-wood; the “nock,” or notch, for the reception of the string is of horn; the feathers from the wing of the grey goose, the turkey, or the eagle; and the head or pile of thin steel or iron. The length of the arrow depends much on that of the bow; for a bow five feet long the arrows may be four or five-and-twenty inches in length. Arrows vary in weight as well as length, and are usually proportioned to the strength of the bow; their weights are always marked on them between the feathers, and archers should take care when shooting at a mark or target to keep to one certain weight.

The “quiver” is of tin, and usually japanned; it is generally made to hold about half-a-dozen arrows: it may be made of very rich and ornamental materials.

The “brace,” or arm-guard, used to protect the arm from being hurt by the rebound of the string, is made of morocco leather, calf, or pig-skin; the surface is smooth, hard, and polished, to prevent the string from being fretted in its passage over it.

The “belt” is composed of the same leather as the brace, and dyed the same colour, viz., crimson, purple, or green, but generally the latter: from it on the left side is suspended the “tassel,” which is of worsted, and the same colour as the belt: its use is to wipe the arrows after they have been used, as a small particle of dirt adhering to them will impede their flight. The “grease-box,” if not an absolutely necessary appendage, is a very useful one for keeping the fingers of the glove moist and supple; it usually consists of an ornamental box worn on the same side as the tassel.

The “glove” is used to protect the fingers from being injured by the string: it is made to match the belt and brace, and should fit well or

it will be of no use : it must be kept supple while being used, or it impedes the action of the hand.

The target is of twisted thrashed straw, similar to that of which bee-hives are made; this is covered with a surface of canvas, on which equidistant circles of different colours surround an eye or centre of gold; these circles determine the value of each shot, and test the skill of the archer.

Our ancient friend Ascham pithily observes, "Archery is more pleasant to behold than easy to be taught, less difficult to be followed in practice than to be described;" the preliminary rule we lay down is to begin practising with a bow which can be managed without any extra exertion of the muscles of the arms and chest; thus one of some twenty or twenty-five pounds power will generally be the best for young ladies during the first season; during the next they can increase the power to thirty or thirty-four pounds, but we should never advise them to exceed forty pounds. Good instruction and example, backed by diligent attention and practice on the part of the learner, will be rewarded by proficiency: at the moment of taking aim the powers of the mind should be concentrated on the affair in hand, much judgment and coolness being requisite: nervousness, inattention, or a wandering of the thoughts or eyes, will cause the aim to be false. Vegetius (cap. 15) says that "the left hand should be steady, the right hand draw the string with judgment, and both the eye and the mind be brought to bear together on the object of the aim."

"Shoot streighte and of a good lengthe,
Then shall ye win of any strengthe,"

is the advice of an old author who wrote in the sixteenth century; and to shoot straight the eye must be fixed on the mark, the mind bent to assist the eye, and then the hands will obediently, governed by these two potentates, perform their duty. To shift the eye from the shaft to the mark, and from the mark to the shaft, is to insure a failure.

The bow must be held in the left hand, the arm extended in a straight line, and the wrist turned inwards; the hand grasps the bow at the *handle* as nearly level with the top of it as possible. With the right hand take the arrow by the middle and pass it under the string and over the bow; when the pile reaches the left hand, the fore finger of that hand must be clasped over it to steady it; the right hand now glides back to the nock, and grasps it with the thumb and finger; the cock feather is looked for, and the arrow slid down the bow and arranged with the cock feather upwards, and in a line with the top of the handle of the bow; during this manœuvre the bow may be held horizontally: it is now brought by a semi-circular sweep of the arms into an almost perpendicular position, the fore finger of the left hand entirely detached from the arrow, and the whole of that hand grasps the bow at the handle, while with the right hand the arrow is adjusted to the string: by the time the bow is raised to its proper position, and the arrow brought to a level with the

ear, it should be nearly three-quarters drawn. The body should stand sidewise as regards the target, the face only being turned directly to it; the eyes looking straight at the mark. Aim should now be taken, and the bow not kept fully drawn for more than a second or it will be injured, but the arrow loosed at once. One of our celebrated opera dancers is said to have observed, that of all the attitudes she ever studied not one was so graceful or displayed the form to better advantage than that of drawing the long bow.

As almost every archery society has its own peculiar rules for the practice of this pastime we abstain from entering on those points which are merely optional, and conclude our remarks with a few slight hints relative to the archery dress, leaving our readers to modify them according to their own taste.

In a climate so variable as that of England all out-door amusements must be pursued with precaution if we would preserve health. Hence it is evident that a costume must be chosen which will not only be graceful and effective, but which will preserve the body from chilly winds, dampness in the atmosphere, &c. We recommend a jacket of velvet or cashmere, braided or trimmed with buttons fitting well but not tightly; a *gilet* of silk, or poplin, or *pique*, and a skirt of the same material as the jacket ornamented up the front with braiding or buttons, and a lawn habit-shirt and undersleeves. The jacket and skirt may be of emerald or Lincoln green, or of royal blue, or violet; and the *gilet* of white, or the palest shade of colour; or the jacket may be of either of these colours, and the skirt of white tastefully trimmed to match. The belt, &c., must be chosen in accordance with the prevailing colour. A hat of felt or beaver, in the style of that worn by *la Figlia del Reggimento*, decorated with a short feather or rosette to match the dress, will cover the head and protect the eyes from the sun. Lastly, but not least, the feet must be attended to and well guarded from the damp engendered by our heavy dews, by the frequent showers, and by the sward having been watered to give it freshness; boots of kid, having channelled or cork, or gutta percha soles, will be best, and if high heels are added it is an advantage, as these prevent the whole of the sole from coming in contact with the ground.

Commending then to our fair countrywomen the practice of archery as a healthful and graceful recreation, and pleasant change from their other occupations and pursuits, we wish them—

"Stout arm, strong bow, and steady eye,
Union, true heart, and courtesy."*

M. A. Y.

* A new invention for propelling arrows has lately been brought into use successfully. A sheath about the size and appearance of a dice-box is furnished at one end with an elastic Indian-rubber cord, which by being drawn to its full limit forces the arrow with considerable effect to an immense distance: it is a very portable, cheap, and handy weapon, but not so stylish as the ordinary bow.—Ed.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE PET CHICKEN.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

Emily Morton was a very happy little girl, whose mother dearly loved her, and tried to make her good.

One day when Emily had learnt a long lesson in grammar—which study she disliked exceedingly—Mrs. Morton was so much pleased with her little daughter that she made her a present of a very handsome cock and hen, and had a hen-house built on purpose for them. Emily jumped with delight when all was complete, and at once gave the hen, who was quite white, the name of *Blanche*. She was a long time considering what to call the cock. He was a noble fellow, with black, and green, and scarlet feathers, and a large comb in the shape of a rosette upon his forehead. Emily at first thought of "*Rufus*," because her favourite had so much red about him; but as she did not at all admire the weak and wicked king of that name, of whom she had read in her English History, she at length decided in favour of "*Loftus*," as suitable to the stately carriage and dignified strut of her feathered friend.

Emily was allowed to feed her fowls herself, whenever the weather was fine enough. She had a large box full of grain, and another with bran in it; and Mary, the cook, saved her up all the crumbs from the breakfast-table, and little scraps of bread from dinner, which were soaked in water until they were soft. So *Blanche* and *Loftus* fed luxuriously, and grew so fond of their young mistress, that they would come close to her, and eat out of her hand.

Now in process of time it came to pass that *Blanche*, like other hens, wished to hatch the eggs that she had laid. But they had almost all been boiled for breakfast. There were only eight remaining, which had been put away in the cellar, in anticipation of this desire on the part of the hen. So Mrs. Morton bought half-a-dozen more of a neighbour, and after making a comfortable nest of whips of hay, Emily arranged the fourteen eggs nicely in it, and then politely shewed mistress *Blanche* the way to her new nest.

Three long, long weeks elapsed, and Emily began to feel extremely impatient. At length—one beautiful morning in June, when the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the rosebuds opening their sweet pink petals to the gentle breeze—the little girl was called up in haste. The chickens were nearly all hatched, the servant said, and would soon want something to eat. Emily dressed herself in a great hurry, and after she had said her morning prayer, she ran down stairs, her face beaming with health and animation, and out into the yard to the hen-house. She peeped in at the door, and saw *Blanche* sitting in her accustomed corner, with her snowy feathers puffed out to an immense

size, and croaking in a very cross voice as Emily leaned towards her. The little girl was vexed, and thought her favourite very ungrateful; but the servant told her that hens always did so when they had chickens to take care of, and that it shewed their love for their little ones, and their fear lest any one should steal them away and hurt them.

"But I can't see any chickens," said the little girl. "Are you sure there are some?"

"Oh yes, Miss, I have seen them. Hush! don't you hear them chirping?"

Emily listened, and could distinguish a low, sweet kind of whistling, which increased when the hen, stiff with sitting so long, endeavoured to alter her position. Four or five little downy heads peeped out from beneath her wings, with bright black eyes like beads, and six or eight pairs of small yellow legs were to be seen standing on the ground around her. Emily was delighted, and asked the servant to get her one or two, that she might hold them in her hands and stroke them. This was a matter of some difficulty, for *Blanche* flew savagely at the girl every time she attempted it; but at length Mary succeeded in getting hold of the hen herself, and lifting her quite off the nest, displaying no fewer than ten beautiful chickens to the admiring eyes of her young mistress. Emily was in raptures with them; but she wondered why the other four eggs were not hatched.

"Why, Miss," answered Mary, to her eager questioning, "perhaps there are not chickens in all of them. It seldom happens that there is a chicken in every egg."

"Dare I touch them, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss; we will take them into the house, and see if there are chickens in them."

"How can you find *that* out, Mary?"

"You shall see, Miss. Cover them up warm in your handkerchief, and I will put the hen back in her nest, and then we will go and try them."

When the little girl and the servant arrived in the kitchen, Mary filled a bowl with warm water, and after making sure that it was not too hot, she put the eggs into it. Three of them immediately sank to the bottom; but the fourth swam about in a very amusing manner. It was evident that something was moving inside.

"There, Miss; you see," said Mary, "three of the eggs are bad, and have never had a chicken in them, or else the little things are dead; and in the fourth egg is a fine lively bird, that will soon be out if we keep it warm."

"A bird, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss; a chicken is a bird, you know."

"Oh! I thought birds were only those that sing amongst the trees. Won't you put back that egg under the hen, Mary?"

"No, Miss; we must try to hatch it in the house, for the hen will not take care of it now that she has so many chickens to see after."

"Don't you think it's very cruel of her, Mary?"

"No, Miss; the other chickens will be wanting to run about, and it is not to be expected that their mother will stay behind to take care of one egg."

"What do you think is the reason it was not hatched along with the rest? I put them all into the nest on the same day."

"Perhaps it is not quite so strong as the others. The strongest chickens come out first. Another reason may be that it was on the outside, and the mother did not cover it so warmly as she did the rest. But now, Miss, we must contrive a warm place for it."

Mary went to a cupboard, and brought forth a small baking-tin, after which she looked into a work-bag, and there found some wadding; she then enveloped the egg carefully in the wadding, and putting both into the tin, set it on the ground against the oven.

"Now, Miss," said she, "we will go and feed the chickens. I have some bread nicely soaked; meal mixed with water until it crumbles between your fingers is also very good for them, but the bread will do this morning."

Blanche was exceedingly cross with the intruders upon her privacy until she saw what they were about; but when they strewed the soft bread upon the ground before the nest, she rose with a dignified air, and stretching out her neck with a sharp cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, she soon enticed her little ones from their warm shelter. Some were very bold, hopping about with long legs and straight backs, and stealing twinkling sideway glances at their visitors. These soon learned to eat by themselves, but their weaker brethren and sisters needed more inviting, so the judicious mother selected nice little morsels, which she dropped at their feet, clucking sharply at the time, and occasionally feeding them from her own beak. One little thing, the last comer, seemed to have no idea of eating at all, and Emily feared it was ill; but Mary told her not to be alarmed, as they did not require any food for the first few hours after hatching.

Emily could not stay long with the interesting family, for breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Morton's cheerful voice was heard calling to her little daughter; so she ran in, and with a beaming face kissed her beloved mother, and told her all about the chickens and the egg in the kitchen.

Emily had a good many lessons to do that day, yet she found time to give an occasional peep at her cherished egg. The bird, however, gave no signs of animation until the afternoon, when, as Emily was looking at the egg for about the fourteenth time, she heard a feeble chirp, and turning it over, discovered a small hole, through which appeared a tender beak with a little sharp knob upon it, which beak kept continually opening and shutting, as if panting for air. Emily ran with the egg to her mother.

"Look! Mamma, look! the chicken is coming. Shall I break some more of the shell, Mamma?"

"No, my dear, not now; you had better let the bird manage for itself a short time. Afterwards you shall play the part of its mother, and give the shell a little crack."

"Does she do so, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, if you could have watched her closely, you would have seen her turn the eggs over with her beak, and now and then give them a chip. But she knows better when the chickens are quite ready to come out than you do, so you must be careful how you act. You had better put the egg back again for the present, and take a walk with me. You will see the hole will be larger when we return."

Emily rather unwillingly put on her things, and accompanied her mother. When they returned, the little girl immediately ran into the kitchen.

The egg was a good deal more broken, and Emily could see a tiny head turned all on one side, and a soft yellow claw that was cramped up in a most unaccountable manner. She was quite sorry for the chicken, and told Mary that she thought it must have got into the egg the wrong way; but Mary laughed, and assured her that all chickens were packed into the shell in that manner, as otherwise there would be no room for them.

The chicken now began to kick and struggle violently, and Emily begged her mamma to allow her to have the tin by her on the tea-table, that she might watch the egg; to which Mrs. Morton consented. The little girl broke off some pieces of the shell from time to time; and at length the chicken, after resting awhile, succeeded in freeing itself from its confinement. But the poor little thing seemed weak, and wanted warming and drying; so Emily patiently sat and held it between her hands for an hour or two, when it appeared much more comfortable. She would not part with it that night; and Mrs. Morton also feared that it might get too much pushed about by its stronger brothers and sisters, if it were placed under the hen; so between them they contrived a place for taking care of it, which was, that Emily should wrap it in cotton wool, and tie it round her waist in a pocket when she went to bed, and so keep it warm all night.* She was a quiet sleeper, and there was no fear that she would turn over and crush it. Besides, as she said, she should know it was there, and be careful.

By such treatment the chicken was able in a few days to take its place among the rest: and now the hen walked forth with her brood, and caught insects for them, and scratched up the earth for worms and grubs. Poor Loftus, who had been somewhat neglected while his lady was engaged in hatching her young family, gladly assisted her in the care of them, and often called them to pick up some tit-bit that he chanced to find. He appeared much pleased when they grew familiar, and pecked at his eyes until he was obliged to shut them for fear of being blinded, or jumped upon his back, without

* A fact.

"with your leave or by your leave," as people say.

All went on well until the brood were nearly three weeks old. One unfortunate day, about that time, Blanche happened not to be in a very good humour, probably Loftus had offended her, and she scratched the earth up in an exceedingly rough manner, making a large hole, and keeping the chickens away from her on all sides. At length, while she was stalking about, unheeding where she trod, one of her sprawling feet alighted upon the chicken that Emily had helped to rear, and the poor little thing was crushed to the earth, and seriously injured. Emily just then happened to come by, and saw her pretty favourite gasping and struggling on the spot where its careless mother had left it. She took it up in a great fright, and ran into the kitchen.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried she, "my poor little pet is dying. Look at it. What shall I do."

"Give it me, miss; and run and ask your mamma for about a tea-spoonful of brandy-and-water. We can perhaps save its life yet."

Emily did as she was requested, and Mary took the brandy-and-water into her mouth, and gave it by little sips into the chicken's beak. The poor bird swallowed it, and in a short time seemed revived, and could stand upon its legs. In about half-an-hour it became so lively, that it was returned to the hen, who had now recovered her good humour, and welcomed it gladly. She little knew how nearly she had lost it altogether, and all by her own wicked temper.

After this incident, Emily grew still more fond of her chicken, of whom she regarded herself as in some sort the mother, for had she not helped to bring it into existence? And had she not nursed it into health and strength, and afterwards assisted to restore it when on the point of death? Her *protégée* grew up a very fine hen, with beautiful jet black feathers tinged with green, a handsome plume upon its head, and a shining russet collar round its neck. Emily named it Julia, after her own dear mother.

After laying some hundreds of eggs, and living to see her great, great, great, we cannot say how far removed grand-children—for Emily would not allow her favourite to be killed, even when she became profitless—Miss Julia died of extreme old age, on the 15th November, 1850. She was interred in the garden adjoining the house, with all due honours, eighty-six of her descendants following her to the grave. A simple stone was afterwards erected to her memory by the sorrowing mistress of

THE PET CHICKEN.

THE TRUANT SCHOOLBOYS OF THESSALY.

Books should with wreaths of roses be entwined,
Linked with amenities that win the mind;
Not wept o'er by a child of tender years,
Brimming his gentle eyes with crystal tears.

A PASTORAL.

(Adapted for Recitation in Universities and Schools.)

BY A BROTHER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Carpe diem.

Heard ye that shout, ye dryads of the dale,
Yet slow decaying over Tempe's vale?
From Hellas' truant schoolboys came the sound,
Unlicensed breathing the fresh air around;
Devious their path, till in a glen they hide,
Of shepherd, faun, or sylvan lad unsplied.
Apart where hazels meet in arches rude,
The busy squirrel's cherished solitude,
Cradled with cowslips, Thyrsis finds a bed,
His satchel pillowing his curly head.
Diana passing near in buskins white,
Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,
Stops, taken with his face, and bending low,
Searches around him for his shaft and bow.
She thought the minion, where he lay reposed,
Was Cupid slumbering with his pinions closed:
His lily hand she pressed—then hastens on,
To meet her shepherd swain Endymion.
Meantime, a titter from behind the trees,
A hum of females floats upon the breeze,
The gossip mystery of forms unseen,
And forth a dwarf comes crawling on the green,
Who squatting near the boy, with subtle look,
Out from his tasselled green bag pulls a book,
His Gradus ad Parnassum, bound in roan,
Which a dunce vouchsafed him, and bade him con,
As once he journeyed to Apollo's shrine,
To be examined by the laughing Nine,
In the Frogs of Aristophanes—the page
Where Bacchus smites them with ungoverned rage.
Ripe now for music is each minstrel boy,
Sorrow's soft nurse, and tender passion's joy;
Some raise their voices to the master-lyre,
Others with mellow breath the reed inspire,
Plaintive the sad notes dying one by one,
Till all is hushed and Damon sings alone.
The oak-crowned sisters from the hills descended,
The hamadryades their hunting ended;
They gather round the spot, by Rapture led,
Fair living forms with roses garlanded.
Hushed is the hymning of the youthful choir,
They drop the ivory pipe, and gold-stringed lyre,
And each nymph turning round her languid eyes,
Averts them, made in wooing arms a prize,
More proud the victor than the chief of Greece,
Who won on Colchos' coast the golden fleece.
Apart Dæmetas, who his heart kept whole,
Tickled to see his mates lose all control,
For pastime ever ready, gives his lip,
His mirth-inspiring lute with ebon tip.
Straight the infection runs through all the throng,
Leading the way the maidens romp along,

They beckon Sport, who comes by Laughter led,
Wearing a cap and bells upon his head,
And all contend which shall the deepest be
Buried in leaves beneath the old oak tree.
The spell dissolves—the moon o'er Ossa's brow,
Looks through the lattice of the blossomed bough,
Chequering with light the chalk cliff, where is seen
A stalwart man two sycamores between;

Propped, leaning on his staff, he scowls around,
And his voice rings in ears that know the sound.
Pale turn the boys in dread of blows to come,
The maids hang o'er them and deplore their doom,
Sport pelts the pedant, and his frown derides,
And Laughter eyes him holding both his sides.

D.

THE WORK - TABLE.

EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

MATERIALS:—Dark Stone or Grey Kid, of the finest quality; green, and blue *ombré* embroidery Silks; bright scarlet ditto; and a needleful or two of buff-coloured coarse sewing or fine netting Silk.

The note-case being given of the full size in the engraving, the pattern may readily be traced from it, and then marked on the leather in the usual manner. Before placing it in the frame in which it is to be worked, line it with soft fine linen, or with a bit of fine merino of the same colour. This holds the needle better than the kid alone would do, and prevents the latter from tearing. I may observe that even morocco is the better for being lined when it is to be embroidered for slippers and similar articles.

The group in the centre of the design is composed of blue convolvulus, with bud, and Flox Adonis, with its buds, intermixed with small green leaves. Of the three Flox Adonis the lowest is the darkest, being worked entirely in the dark parts of the silk. The others are light; the upper part of each flower is the lightest. The centre of every one is formed in the same manner, of a cluster of French knots, in buff silk, surrounded entirely by others in dark blue. The buds are all worked in the lighter shades of the silk, and the convolvulus is shaded from left to right, the former being the darkest. The cup of the flower is worked in irregular long stitches, in buff silk.

The leaves, being very small, are not veined. The engraving shows the direction of the stitches. The lower leaves of the group are, for the most part, the darkest. The stems are worked in half-polka stitch, and are very light and delicate. In working the leaves, take care to begin so that the darkest

part of your needle-full of silk sha'll be used in the lower part of the leaf, unless where it droops, in which case it is allowable to throw the strongest light on the centre.



Scarlet is used for the buds of the Flox Adonis. The leaves and stems are green, and worked in the same manner as those in the centre group. The reverse side of the note-

case may either be embroidered to correspond, or be left plain. It should be made up, with white silk, by an ornamental bookbinder.

AIGUILLETTE.

EDGING IN FRIVOLITE.

MATERIALS.—For very strong work, Evans's Tatting Cotton, No. 1; Medium, No. 2; and for Children's Dresses, &c., No. 3. Bolton's Steel Shuttle, and a Tatting Pin; also a Sewing Needle.

Before giving directions for this edging, it is necessary to explain the manner of joining the loops, the only process in Frivolité which has not been already described to the readers of this Magazine. When two loops are to be connected, a picot is made in the first, wherever that connection is to take place. When you come to the corresponding part of the second, draw the thread which goes round the fingers of the left hand through the picot with a needle, pulling through a loop large enough to admit the shuttle. Slip this through, then draw the thread tight again over the fingers, and continue the work.

In the following pattern, and in others which I shall give, the needle is also used to work over in button-hole stitch the thread which passes from one loop to another. A long needleful is left at the beginning of the work, and threaded. When this is used, another must be joined on, as neatly and imperceptibly as possible. Picots are sometimes made in the lines of button-hole stitch done with the needle.

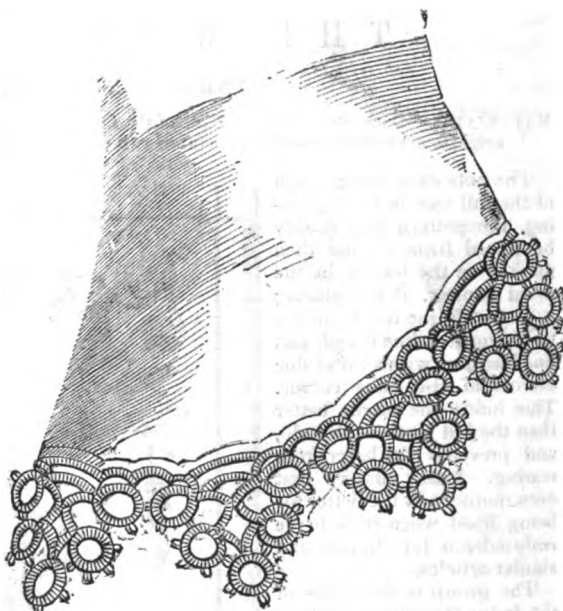
1st pattern. Leave about a yard of thread; $\times 4$ double stitches, 1 picot, $\times 5$ times. 4 double stitches. Draw up the loop quite tightly. A. Work 8 button-hole stitches, with the needleful of thread, on that connected with the shuttle; make a picot, and work 8 more.

2nd loop. 4 double, join to the last picot of the previous loop, $\times 4$ double, 1 picot, $\times 4$ times; 4 double with the needle; do 9 button-hole stitches.

3rd loop. 4 double; join to the last picot of the last loop; 4 double, 1 picot, $\times 6$ double, 1 picot, $\times$ twice, 4 double, 1 picot, 4 double; 9 button-hole stitches on the thread.

4th loop. Like 2nd. On the thread work 8 button-hole stitches; slip the needle through the picot made on the thread after the first loop; 8 more stitches.

5th loop. Like 4th. When it is drawn up, carry the needle to the beginning of the first loop, and button-hole stitch back again; then work on the thread 9 button-hole stitches, and



join to the last picot of the same loop. Then, for the straight bar, slip the thread to the first picot of the first loop, B; take one stitch to fasten it; then (taking care not to contract it), slip the needle to the beginning of the first loop. Work on this bar 9 button-hole stitches; this brings the needle again to the first picot; slip it through the second. Work along the bar, closely, till you come again to the last picot of the last loop. Work 9 on the thread, and connect with the next picot; 9 on the thread, $\times$ make a picot; 9 button-hole stitches, $\times$ twice.

2nd pattern (and all following ones), 4 double stitches, join to the last picot on the thread, 4 double, join to the next on the thread, 4 double, join to the centre picot of the last loop, $\times 4$ double, 1 picot, $\times$ twice; 4 double.

Repeat from A to B of the last pattern—continue this. Cover the bar thus made with button-hole; then 8 button-hole on the thread, fasten to the next picot of the fifth loop, $\times 9$ button-hole on thread, make a picot, $\times$ twice; 9 button-hole.

Repeat the 2nd pattern as often as may be required.

AIGUILLETTE.

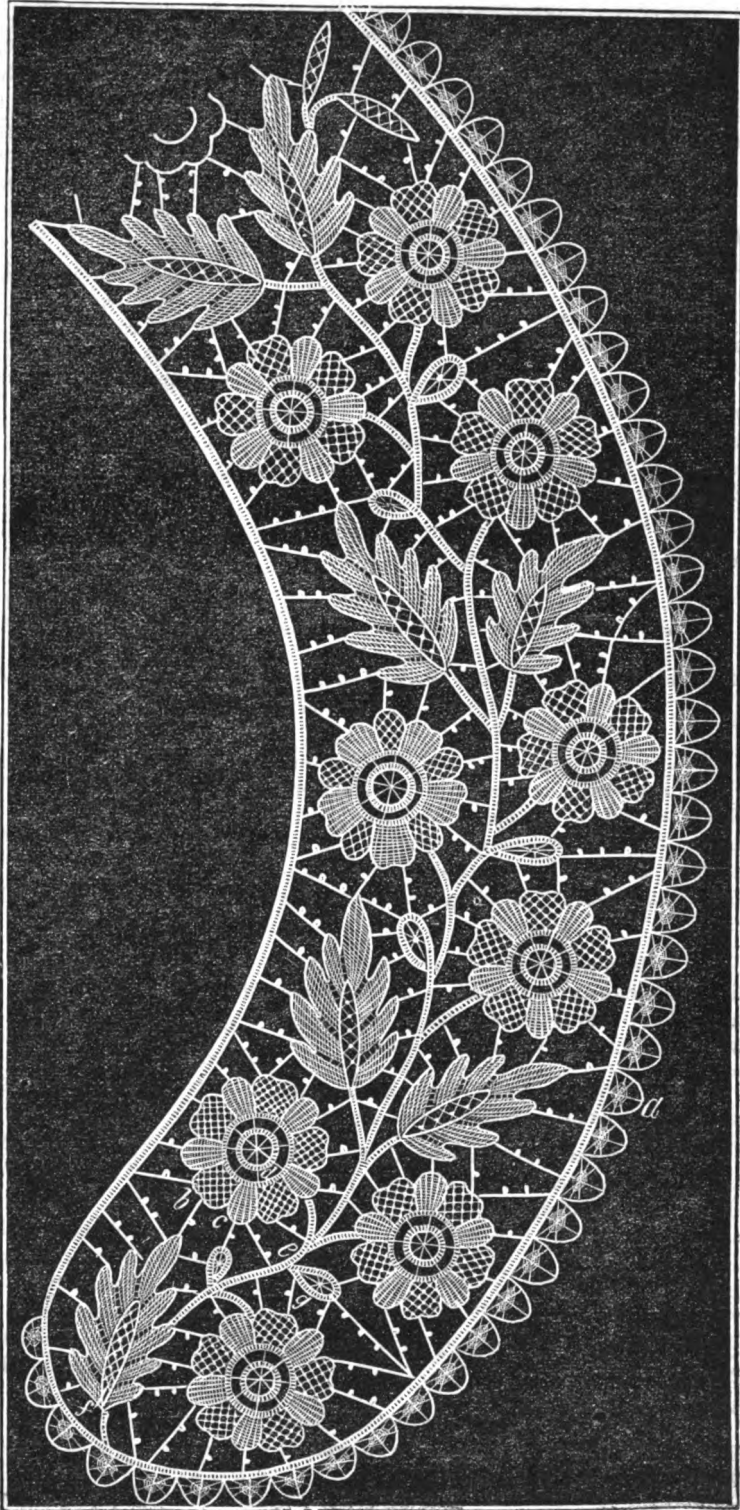
ANTIQUE LACE COLLAR.

MATERIALS :—W. Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburgh Threads, Nos. 1, 100, and 120, and Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70.

In the engraving one-half the collar is given of the full size, and if this be drawn on a piece of proper tracing-paper, and inked, it will be seen as distinctly on the wrong end as on the right; so that a perfect collar, with the ends properly reversed, can be obtained from it without trouble. The outlines are made entirely in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1; and for the sake of attaching this more firmly and regularly to the pattern, it will be advisable to line the paper with alpaca or merino. The great advantage of the thread outline consists in the facility it affords for fastening on and off; as the ends are merely laid on, in the outlines, for about an inch, and there can be as many joins as flowers.

The edges of the petals and leaves are not covered with button-hole stitch, as the close stitches which fill them make it sufficiently firm. I may observe, also, that those parts of the outline thread that are covered with button-hole, are worked *after* all the other parts are done.

a. The Edging :—A small rosette is worked in each little scallop, in Evans's Mecklenburgh No. 120. When all the filling-in is done, the scallops and inner line are to be overcast in Mecklenburgh No. 100,



b. Alternate petals of the roses. The stitch in which these are worked is a new one. Begin at the edge of the petal; do two Brussels stitches quite close to each other, and draw them up tightly; miss the space of two, and repeat. On the next, and all future rows, do the two close stitches on the bar formed by the missed space, and work as in the first.

c. The close alternate petals. Done in close Brussels, worked over bars of thread. (For the mode of doing this see our Magazine for October—Collar, No. 2). The Brussels stitches are to be taken as close together as possible. This is called foundation stitch.

d. The wheel in the centre of the rose is worked on twisted bars, and overcast; or it may be worked with a Raleigh spot in every section. Every part of the rose is done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

e. The stems. Covered with button-hole stitch, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100. Ro-

settes in the buds are done in Boar's Head, No. 70.

f. The rose-leaves. They are worked in foundation stitch, with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70, the veinings being formed by taking the bar at a greater distance, and working a row of Sorrento, instead of close button-holes, at every place where the openings occur. Up the centre of each leaf is an opening filled with English lace.

g. The ground-work, consisting entirely of Raleigh bars, worked irregularly, but so as to connect the various parts of the wreath. For this Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, will be the best material.

A line of braid-stitch, such as forms the stem of the Turk's-cap sleeve, is used, instead of simple overcasting for the neck.

AIGUILLETTE.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN ANTIQUE POINT.

MATERIALS:—Eighteen yards of Italian Braid, and the Point Lace Cottons of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby.

The size of the page does not admit of our giving more than the section of the handkerchief now presented to the reader. To perfect the half of one side one more pattern will be needed; indeed, from the style of the design, any number may be added without losing the effect.

The braid is represented as rather wider than that I have hitherto had made; so that the spaces to be filled with work will be rather larger, which will not, however, spoil the effect.

a. The edging is to be done in Sorrento stitch, using Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 80.

b. The Venetian edging, done with five tight button-hole stitches instead of four. Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 50, will do for this stitch.

c. Radiating edged Venetian bars, done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

d. Brussel's lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

e. English lace, the centre spots of which are rather larger than the others. It may be worked in the same cotton as the last.

f. Open English lace, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 90.

g. Raleigh wheels, worked on radiating Raleigh bars, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 80.

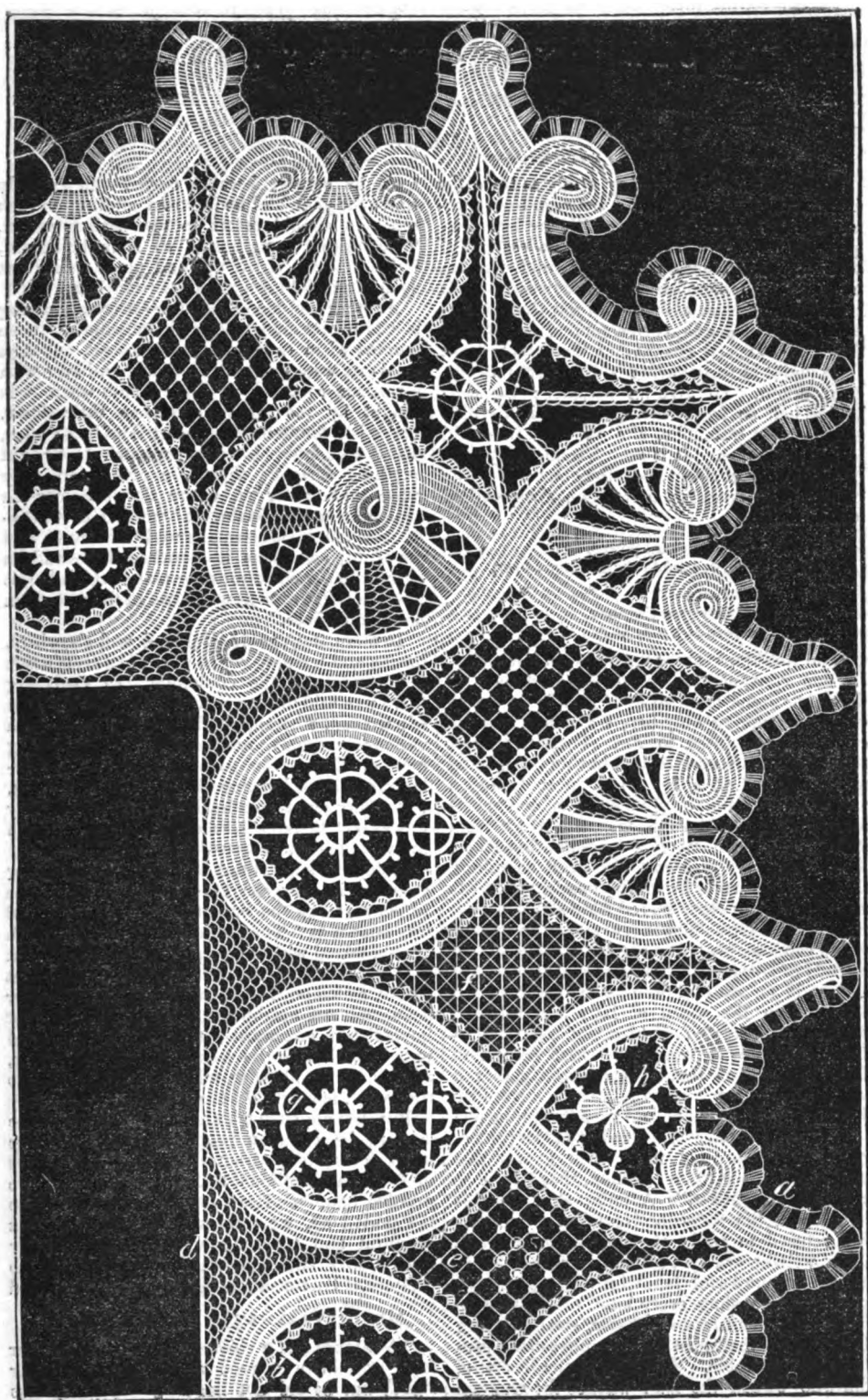
h. Small flowers, worked in foundation stitch, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

The outlines of these flowers must be made in Mecklenburgh, No. 1.

In various other parts of this handkerchief border, particularly in the corner, will be seen small pieces resembling the braid itself. These are done entirely in foundation stitch, a term applied to close Brussels worked over bars of thread. It is done throughout in the finest Mecklenburgh.

From the bold style of this pattern, the spaces to be filled with stitches are larger than in most patterns. Great care must therefore be taken in the working, to ensure sufficient strength to all the parts; and the foundation of the Venetian and other bars should be in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1.

AIGUILLETTE.



GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

No. III.

It would be an interesting study to trace the intimate connexion existing between the superstitions of different countries. We are little surprised to find in England certain vestiges of ancient Saxon delusions; but it would, I think, be found on examination, that other lands claiming less close affinity with the German nations, have legends corresponding with theirs, indeed, so nearly resembling them, as to leave little doubt of their having sprung from a common origin. To give an instance: the self-tolling bell so frequently spoken of in German supernatural traditions, has its echo in an old legend of Spain. It is said that anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, always tolled spontaneously—

"Whatever dark, ærial power,
Commissioned, haunts the gloomy tower,

* * * *

The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous tolls the fatal day!"

Similar traditions are numerous in Germany. In one convent this unearthly harbinger of death has been described as a "wonderful sound of bells," ringing duly before the last hour of each nun appointed to die. There is a story, too, of an unconsecrated bell having been hung in the tower of an abbey in or near Cologne. On the night following its erection, evil spirits are said to have torn it violently away from its place, and cast it on a neighbouring moor. There it is still supposed to be heard sounding, though never rung by mortal hands, at Christmas and during other sacred festivals.

There is a Neapolitan story relating to manna, which can scarcely fail to suggest various similar legends of Germany. The tree which produces manna is an ash of a peculiar quality: it is indigenous in the south of Italy and in Sicily. "When the kings of Naples enclosed the gardens of *Ænotria*, where the best manna of Calabria descends, that no man might gather it without paying tribute, the manna ceased till the tribute was taken off, and then it came again; and so, when after the third trial the princes found they could not make their gain of that which God made to be common, they left it as free as God gave it." A spirit akin to this breathes in the following legend of a fountain that refused to suffer the imposition of a toll. On a well-known spot in Germany, there once sprung a wonderful fountain, which possessed the power of healing every kind of sickness to which the human frame is liable, even restoring those whom the most skilful physicians pronounced incurable. Thereupon, the heart of him who owned the land whence the fountain

took its source, became moved with a greedy thirst for gain, and he imposed a toll upon each one who should resort to the healing waters. "But in that same hour," so runs the legend, "the fountain dried up, and never welled out again until the unrighteous tax was lifted off."

Another well-legend is this:—A certain spring is said to rise among the Alps only during those months when cattle are driven a-field. It then yields its waters only twice a-day, and ever with invariable certainty at those hours when it is sought by the cattle to assuage their thirst. There is a fountain, too, reported to be so pure, that it will suffer no soil to approach it. Should anything dirty be thrown into its waters, they cease to flow for an entire day. Somewhat analogous to this, is the old tradition of the *ermine*, which little animal is said to lie down and die if any soil stains its spotless skin—an idea current in the chivalrous ages, and which led, it is supposed, to the frequent use of the *ermine* in heraldic devices.

In Germany, as in England and elsewhere, omens and warning voices were once everywhere familiar among the credulous. In Osnaburg there was said to be a spectre wearing the form of a woman, who appeared to the inhabitants on various occasions, and always at the witching hour of night. She wore on her head a red-hot crown, and burning chains round her neck, while fiery fetters confined her hands. Her cry was ever, "So fares it, when men break on earth the vows made to heaven."

A singular superstition is recorded as obtaining credence in the year 1564, during a pestilence which raged on the borders of the Rhine, and was known as "The Call of the Dying." Each person seized with the plague, when on the point of death, and in the moment of their greatest agony, called out loudly the name of one of their acquaintances, neighbours, or friends: almost immediately afterwards, the person so called upon would also be seized with the disorder, and in dying likewise name some other, who thereupon fell sick like the last.

But, leaving such traditions as may almost be said to be common property among various lands, it may be pleasanter to follow the genius of German traditional fiction into its own more peculiar haunts. Here, penetrating deeper into the spirit-land, we meet with some of the most beautiful and touching suggestions that ever human love and immortal hope combined to produce. Foremost among these may be placed

MUTTERTRÄNNEN:—MOTHER-TEARS.

"A mother had a child—the first-born of her love, and he was good and beautiful in her sight; but he did not live long. After he was

lost to her, she bore another son, who became indeed very skilful in arms; but was, moreover, vain and foolish, and a great spendthrift. The poor mother could never look upon him without thinking with regret of her good first-born, and shedding tears in abundance over his memory.

"Now, once when she had thus wept for him anew, the following vision appeared to her: She beheld a high open way, towards which several youths came sporting, with shouts of joy. As she watched them, her thoughts flew to her departed child, and she looked earnestly to see if she could discern his form amongst them; but in vain. This afflicted her, and she wept over it bitterly.

"Not long, however, had she so wept before she saw her own lost one, who, with slow and dragging steps, advanced towards that high way. At this the poor woman cried, in still greater distress:—

"Ah! my son, why goest thou thus alone, and not amongst the rest? What is it that holds thee back, and fetters thy steps?"

"Then the departed one showed his clothes, which were heavy with moisture, and said:—

"See, mother; it is the tears which you have shed uselessly for my sake, whose weight presses so heavily upon me that it is impossible for me to follow those happy ones. Cease, therefore, I pray you, and let rather your tears be offered up in thanksgivings to God; then shall I be freed from the burden."

"The mother did so; and wept no more for her dead."

Surely, this is the tenderest conceivable inspiration of conscious sorrow. It seems to bear upon it the impress of some mourning mother-heart touched with a first faint misgiving of the mischief and impiety of intemperate grief.

A peculiar and mysterious charm, too, lies in the more modern apology of

DEATH AND SLEEP.

"With arms interlaced, like loving brothers, the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death wandered together over the earth. It was evening. They rested themselves upon a hill-side, not far from the dwellings of mortals. A melancholy hush pervaded the air round about them, and even the sound of the hamlet-bells had melted away in the distance.

"Still and mute, as is their wonted mood, sat the two benevolent genii of the human race, locked in a cordial embrace. And soon the night drew on.

"Then, the Angel of Sleep rose up from his mossy couch; and he scattered abroad with light hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze bore them to the silent dwellings of the children of the soil; and now stole sweet sleep over the inhabitants of every rural hut—from the old man resting on his staff, to the tender infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pains; the sorrowing, their grief; the poor, their cares.

"Now, after his work was completed, the

kindly Angel of Sleep laid himself down once more beside his graver brother.

"When morning dawns," he cried, in innocent delight, "men will praise me as their friend and benefactor. O, what joy, to do good unseen and in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the All-Good! How beautiful is our silent office!"

"So spoke the friendly Angel of Sleep.

"But the Angel of Death gazed upon him in silent sorrow; and a tear, such as only the immortal can weep, stood in his great dark eyes.

"Alas! for me," he cried, "that I may not, as thou canst, delight me in the joy of the thankful. The whole earth denounces me as a fiend and destroyer.

"O, my brother," returned the Angel of Sleep, "at the resurrection of the just, shalt thou not also be recognized with grateful thanks as benefactor and as friend? Are not we two, brothers; and are we not alike the messengers of our Father?"

"As he spoke, the eyes of the Death-Angel brightened; and a still more tender embrace united the kindred genii."

The suggestion of consolation is here touched most finely and delicately. Neither can anything well be more graciously imagined than the "great dark eyes" of the Death-angel weeping immortal tears over a destiny which holds him back from the wide brotherhood of beneficent spirits, and forbids him to delight in the recompense awarded to his milder brother, Sleep—"the joy of the thankful."

In the following, by the same author, comfort is drawn from the faith and the clear-sightedness of love—strong, aye, stronger than death:

THE RESTORED.

"An only daughter, the comfort and joy of her aged parents, was seized with a severe illness, and died. The father and mother wept over her for three days; and then the maid was buried.

"But the father, when he returned home from the burial, could find no comfort; and his grief became greater than ever. Seeing this, the mother took courage, and dried her tears, and with a cheerful face spoke to the father thus:—

"Weep no more; we shall see her again. Our child lives."

"But the father said—

"How know you this? Alas! it seems to me only the delusion of anguish."

"Then the mother of the child rose up, and she said—

"My heart is a pledge for the truth of what I say. Behold! my mother-love is eternal. Shall it be less than eternal, then, the love of the Father?"

Did space permit, we could not do better than call attention to that peculiar phraseology of the German language which lends itself so greatly to the suggestiveness already noticed as the prevailing feature of the German traditional tales. Every reader of the language feels strongly the power of association belonging

sometimes to a single word; and every translator experiences the impossibility of conveying in any other tongue those delicate cadences of thought, which seem, as it were, to speak to our spirits through the medium of the German. An American poet, in whose works the following verses appear, seems to have felt this as sympathetically as he has expressed it gracefully. Gottesacker, or God's-acre, signifies in German a burial-ground.

GOD'S - ACRE.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

"Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

"With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the
sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!"

THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE.*

We have here a fac-simile impression of the first edition of a genuine work of the beginning of the seventeenth century. The circumstances under which the little book was written awaken an interest in the first instance, which the work itself will be found to keep alive to the end, even though the subject is a serious one, and very seriously treated. And this is saying much, at a time when publishers and bookbinders seem struggling whether the outsides or the insides of books shall be the more showy. The "Mother's Legacie" has no seductive attractions of this kind. Its external merits, like its internal ones, are of a grave and subdued character; but they are not on this account less valuable. Those who have the power of appreciating the tasteful and refined in typography and binding, will perceive that the "Mother's Legacie" in these respects is a perfect little bijou. The taste and workmanship displayed in the "getting up" of this small volume are of a very superior order. Of its literary value our readers will judge for themselves, when we have told them something of its history.

The authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Joceline, grand-daughter of William Chaderton, Bishop of Lincoln, who in early life was chaplain to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was born in 1595, and married in 1615, when she was twenty years old. Like many ladies of her time, she was eminent for her learning and her piety. After being married for nearly seven years, she fancied herself about to become a mother. The firm conviction that she would not live to perform a mother's duties to her offspring took possession of her mind; and, unknown to any one, while undauntedly looking death in the face, she wrote these pious and loving counsels as a "Legacie" to her unborn child. Her apprehension proved prophetic; she died in October, 1622, a few

days after giving birth to a daughter. The MS. was found unfinished in her desk, together with a letter to her husband. They were both published, with the "approbation" of the book licenser, Dr. Good, prefixed to them three years afterwards. It is of this edition (1625) that the present editor has presented the public with the fac-simile impression before us, to which he has added a valuable historical and biographical introduction, containing a learned disquisition on the manuals of private devotion in use amongst persons of all ranks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; as well as much curious information respecting the English ladies of the time, who were distinguished for their learning and their piety.

The "Legacie" is an earnest and loving address to her child, counselling it to pursue a life of virtue before God and man; and every word of it shows the writer would have made a wise and tender mother. But the gem of the book is the letter to her husband. Its sound sense, touching simplicity, and exquisite pathos, will find their way to the heart of every reader. We cannot do better than extract a portion of it. Some of the evils that the mother so quaintly urges her husband to guard their child from, will excite a smile in these days:—

EXTRACT I.

To my truly loving and most dearly-loved husband, Tonrell Joceline.

MINE OWN DEAR LOVE,—I no sooner conceived an hope that I should bee made a mother by thee, but with it entered the consideration of a mother's duty, and shortly after followed the apprehension of danger that might prevent mee from executing that care I so exceedingly desired—I mean in religious training our childe. And in truth, death appearing in this shape, was doubly terrible unto mee. First in respect of the painfulness of that kinde of death, and next of the losse my little one should have in wanting mee. But I thank God these feares were cured with the remembrance that all things work together for the best to those that love God, and a certain assurance that he will give mee patience according to my pain.

* "The Mother's Legacie to her Unborne Childe."
By Elizabeth Joceline. Reprinted from the edition of 1625. With a Biographical and Historical Introduction. — Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh, 1852.

Yet still I thought there was some good office I might do for my childe more than bring it forth (tho' it should please God to take me) when I considered our frailty, our apt inclinations to sin, the Devil's subtlety, and the world's deceitfulness; against these how much desired I to admonish it! But still it came into my mind that death might deprive me of time, if I should neglect the present. I knew not what to do; I thought of writing; but then mine own weakness appeared so manifestly, that I was ashamed, and durst not undertake it. But when I could find no other means to express my motherly zeal, I encouraged myself with these reasons:

First, that I wrote to a childe, and though I were but a woman, yet to a childe's judgement, what I understood might serve for a foundation to a better learning.

Again, I considered it was to my owne, and in private sort, and my love to my own might excuse my errors.

And lastly, but chiefly I comforted myself, that my interest was good, and that I was well assured God is the prosperer of good purposes.

Thus resolved I sent this ensuing letter to our little one, to whom I could not find a fitter hand to convey it than thine owne, which maist with authority see the performance of this my little legacy, of which my child is executor.

And (dear love) as thou must be the overseer, for God's sake, when it shall faile in duty to God or the world let not thy indulgence winke at such folly, but severely correct it; and that thy trouble may be little when it comes to yeeres, take the more care of it when it is young. First, in providing it a nurse: O make choice not so much for her complexion, as for her milde and honest disposition. Likewise if the child be to remain long abroad after waining, as

neere as may be, chuse a house where it may not learn to sweare or speak scurrilous words. * * *

Of pride she says—

EXTRACT II.

DEAREST,—I am so fearful to bring thee a proud high-minded child, that though I know thy care will need no spur, yet I cannot but desire thee to double thy watchfulness over this vice, it is such a crafty insinuating devil, it will enter children in the bitterness of wit, with which their parents are delighted, and that is sweet nourishment to it.

I pray thee, dear heart, delight not to have a bold childe; modestie and humilitie are the sweetest groundworke of all vertue. Let not thy servants give it any other title than the Christian name till it have discretion to understand how to respect other.

* * * * *

Thus, Deare, thou seest my beleefe, if thou canst teach thy little ones humility, it must needs make thee a glad father.

But I know thou wonderest by this time what the cause should be that, we two continually unclasping our hearts one to the other, I should reserve this to writing. When thou thinkest thus, deare, remember how grivous it was to thee but to hear me say I may die, and thou wilt confess this would have been an unpleasant discourse to thee; and thou knowest I never durst displease thee willingly, so much I love thee. All I now desire is that the unexpectedness of it make it not more grievous to thee. But I know thou art a Christian, and therefore will not doubt of thy patience.

And though I thus write to thee, as heartily desiring to be religiously prepared to die, yet, my deare, I despair not of life; nay, I hope and daily pray for it, if so God will be pleased.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 23.

MY DEAR C—.

The solemnities of the *carême* are over, and have given place to the Easter festivities, which extend far into this month, and finish the gay season, as in May the *beau monde* begin to flit to the country. It was predicted that Longchamps was to resume most of its ancient splendour this year, but the reality fell far short of what was expected. Strange the changes that years bring in traditions and customs! Longchamps is one of the most striking instances of this. At its first institution it was a solemn and penitential procession, at the close of Lent, from Paris, through the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, to the village of Longchamps; gradually its character modified, until it became the *grande promenade* for the display of all the luxury of Paris in toilets, equipages, and horses; and during the latter part of the *carême*—*modistes*, *couturières*, tailors, coach-builders, harness-makers, &c., were putting their heads and hands into requisition with all their might to invent and execute new modes in their various departments. During the last few years the

political changes in France, and their inevitable consequences on trade, the private fortunes of individuals, and general mode of living, gradually stripped Longchamps of its splendour, and few really handsome equipages are now to be seen, though it still continues to be to a great degree the theatre for the first display of the spring fashions in dress, and at the same time a fruitful field for the physicians; for, as in the greater part of April the weather is generally most treacherous, with bright sun and cutting winds, and that the *toilettes* are of quite a summer style, more colds, *gripes*, and coughs, are caught during the three days of Longchamps than at almost any other time of the year. It may seem strange, but my experience of Paris goes to prove, that March and April are two of the coldest months in the twelve. Certainly there are fine warm days in them, and much sunshine; but the winds are so high and so keen, and the nights frequently so really severe, that one has as much need of fires and warm clothing during the greater part of them as in any month in winter. To see Paris in its best guise—I mean for the city itself, not for the society, which is

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nearly broken up at that period of the year—a stranger should visit it in May or June; then the fineness of the weather, the beauty of the public gardens, and the quantity of verdure everywhere visible—for in Paris trees are planted almost wherever they can stand—make it really beautiful. The Place Louis Quinze, on a fine day in “the leafy month of June,” forms a *coup d’œil* that cannot, I think, be surpassed by any public place in any capital; the sweep of the Champs Elysées, terminating in the Arc de Triomphe de l’Etoile on one side, the Jardins and Palais des Tuileries on the other, the noble buildings of the Rue de Rivoli, and the Seine, with its bridges and quays forming the remaining boundaries; and the vast extent, the statues and fountains of the Place itself, really present a spectacle that must delight the most phlegmatic of beholders. Nor is it less striking of a summer night, when all its beauties are softened by the more chastened light of the moon; indeed I hardly know if it be not then seen to even greater advantage than when the glare of the sun, which on the white pavement is intense, dazzles the eye with its brilliancy. Paris is deficient in the parks, which in London are so agreeable to ride and drive in; but it has attached to most of the palaces, such as the Tuileries, the Invalides, the Luxembourg, &c., public gardens which, to a certain extent, supply the want to pedestrians, though being on a somewhat limited scale, they are more fitted for summer lounges than for actual exercise. The Bois de Boulogne is certainly a charming ride or drive; but it is at some distance, and the road to it is bare, ugly, and dusty; bleak in winter, and intensely hot and exposed in summer. This remark applies to almost all the immediate outskirts of Paris: the country is open, flat, and naked, with little interest or charm of any kind, but further on there are some lovely spots. We drove the other day to Meudon, passing the wooded heights of St. Cloud, and Sevres, which really are of surpassing beauty; and Meudon itself, with its château, its forest, its park, and its terrace. What a view! what beauties at every side! We were enchanted, and I only longed to be an artist to bring home some *souvenirs* of so exquisite a spot. Fontainebleau, St. Germain, Versailles, Rambouillet, Enghien—none of these should be neglected by visitors to Paris, all being replete with a thousand charms, and with more or less of historical interest.

The last rumour is, that the Empire is to be proclaimed on the 9th May, when a *revue monstre*, at which are to appear sixty thousand troops, is to take place at the Champs de Mars; but so many periods for the final *coup d’état* have already been given that no one seems to count much on any particular epoch, though little doubt is entertained of the certainty of the event, and its taking place soon. One of the *concats de société* is the quarrel between the Princesse M. D. and the Prince de C., both cousins of the President; the latter having, it is said, declared to the Duchesse de — his determination to resort to the most violent mea-

sures in case of the President’s becoming Emperor: the Princesse M. questioned him on the subject, and on his admitting his words and his intention of making them good, she turned him out of doors in the most ignominious manner. Such is one version of the story: the other is that the rupture proceeds from a private pique on the part of the Princesse against her cousin.

The society of Paris has just lost one of its greatest ornaments, in the death of the Comtesse Merlin, from a malady which has lately assumed a most alarming frequency—disease of the heart. For many years the *salons* of Madame Merlin were the resort of the *sommités* of all description, foreign as well as French. Rank, talent, wit, beauty, crowded round the hostess, in whom all these qualities were united, together with a charm of mind and manner, and a musical genius of no common order. Of Creole birth, and most ancient family, Madame Merlin was, at a very early age, placed in a convent, where it was intended she should finish her existence; but the veil having no charms for a young, high spirited, and beautiful girl, she, with the connivance of a nun who deemed such enforced seclusion from the world no service to religion, escaped from the Convent of Santa Clara, well aware that it was only so marked and decided a step that would induce her parents to relent in their decision. It was effectual; and her father, the Comte de Yaruco, seeing it was vain to attempt to force his daughter’s will, consented to take her with him on a voyage to Spain, where her mother already was. Shortly after this he died, leaving his daughter at the age of twelve, and his widow at that of five-and-twenty, the former being the usual period when a Havanaise girl is considered marriageable. A sort of unintentional rivalry was established between mother and daughter; suitors flocked in to both, and some difficulties resulted from the attentions of a certain Quesada, who, while pretending to seek the good graces of the Countess, who encouraged his attentions, was really endeavouring to win the heart of the young Dona Mercedes, in spite of her dislike of his person and contempt of his falsehood. An explanation however ensued, which released her from his importunities, and betrayed his duplicity to her mother, and she shortly afterwards accepted the proposals of the Marquis de Cerrano. Previous, however, to the marriage, the discovery of his violence of temper and unworthy conduct caused her to break with him, and later, at the age of fourteen, she was sought by the king, Joseph Bonaparte—whose policy induced him to promote alliances between his officers and the best Spanish families—for General Merlin; the offer was accepted, and until his death the couple lived on the happiest terms. During upwards of twenty years the Comtesse Merlin held unrivalled her supremacy in Parisian society, a supremacy never abused by caprice, insolence, or pretension: kind, liberal, and amiable, she was as much beloved as admired, and it will be long ere the blank she has left can be filled up, or her place supplied to the world.

Dumas, the indefatigable Dumas, is at work, hard as ever. I saw him a few days since, in a flying visit from Brussels, where he is at present established, and he then told me that in addition to the Life of Louis Philippe, and his own Memoirs, he is writing a *feuilleton* on an English subject, which is shortly to appear. Have you seen his last one—*Dieu et Diable*—published in the *Pays*? It really is one of the prettiest, the purest, and the most charming pictures of peasant love and peasant life I ever read. It is strange what freshness of mind and feeling, what delicacy of taste he still possesses: there are passages in the work that with all the vigour of masculine genius, display at the same time such *finesse* and refinement of sentiment, combined with such a healthy tone of morality, that one can hardly picture to oneself their being the work of a man whose unsettled mode of life and incessant literary toils would, it might be imagined, blunt these shades of feeling, and delicate appreciation of the pure and simple in nature. It is only another proof of the versatility of his genius, and the fund of rich ore yet unexhausted in his heart and mind.

Madame George Sand is now engaged on a new work, the title of which is still a secret: it is to be dedicated to Count d'Orsay. Lamartine is bringing out a periodical in monthly numbers, a sort of historical and biographical magazine, intended especially for the people; the title

is somewhat pretentious—*Le Civilisateur*—but there is no doubt the book will be one full of interest and merit; the number of this month (the first, properly speaking, as the one of March consisted only in a sort of *exposé* of his views and intentions) contains the life of Jeanne d'Arc; it is beautifully written, and so complimentary to our sex in general, that we, at least, ought to be satisfied with it; but as to its being suited to the tastes and comprehension of the people properly so called, I doubt, though by no means disposed to underrate their intelligence, that such is the case: Lamartine's flights are far beyond the range of the average of intellect and education of the class to which he addresses himself; and though no doubt the work will have a vast success, it will not—cannot, I think, fulfil the aim he has proposed to himself in writing it, nor find its admirers among those for whom it was more particularly intended.

Ah, when are we to have any spring? It is a positive fact that every day it gets colder and colder. In the beginning of the month we had some little warmth occasionally, and in the middle of the day we could dispense with fires; but now we want good ones from morning to night, and the wind is piercing. Let us hope May will bring us better things, and *en attendant*, adieu.

Yours ever,

P*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

LORD JEFFREY AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.—He was certainly a first-rate talker: but he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal, but very sparingly, in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed; and though joyous, was no great laughster. What, then, did he do? He did this:—His mind was constantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy. But literary and moral speculations were, perhaps, his favourite pastures. And in these, as in any region whatever, for nothing came amiss, he ranged freely, under the play of a gay and reasoning imagination; from no desire of applause, but because it gratified his mental activity. Speaking seemed necessary for his existence. The intellectual fountains were so full, that they were always bubbling over, and it would have been painful to restrain them. For a great talker, he was very little of an usurper. Everybody else had full scope, and indeed was encouraged; and he himself, though profuse, was never long at a time; except, perhaps, when giving an account of something of which he was the mere narrator, when his length depended on the thing to be

told. Amidst all his fluency of thought, and all his variety of matter, a great part of the delight of his conversation arose from its moral qualities. Though never assuming the office of a teacher, his goodness of feeling was constantly transpiring. No one could take a walk, or pass a day or an evening with him, without having all his rational and generous tastes confirmed, and a steadier conviction than before, of the dependence of happiness on kindness and duty. Let him be as bold, and as free, and as incautious, and hilarious as he might, no sentiment could escape him that tended to excuse inhumanity or meanness, or that failed to cherish high principles and generous affections. Then the language in which this talent and worth were disclosed! The very words were a delight. Copious and sparkling, they often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed. Those who left him might easily retire without having any particular saying to report, but never without an admiration of mental richness and striking expression. His respect for conversational power made him like the presence of those who possessed it. But this was not at all necessary for his own excitement, for he never uttered a word for display, and was never in better flow than in the ordinary society of those he was attached to, however humble their powers, and although they could give him no aid but by affection and

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listening. There was so much in his own head and heart, that, in so far as he was concerned, pouring it out was enjoyment enough. It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions, that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird.—*Lord Cockburn.*

A FEW LINES IN HONOUR OF THE LATE MR. SIMMS, SENIOR ASSISTANT TO MESSRS. SHERINGHAM, LEITH, BADGERY, AND HAY.

Who did not know that Office Jaun of pale Pomona green,
With its drab and yellow lining, and picked out black between,
Which down the Esplanade did go at the ninth hour of the day?
We ne'er shall see it thus again—Alas! and well-a-day!—

With its bright brass patent axles, and its little hog maned tatte,
And its ever jetty harness, which was always made by Watts,
The harness black and silver, and the ponies of dark grey,
And shall we never see it more—Alas, and well-a-day!

With its very tidy coachman with a very old grey beard,
And its pair of neat clad sayces, on whom no spot appeared,
Not sitting lazily behind, but running all the way
By Mr. Simms's little coach—Alas, and well-a-day!

And when he reached the counting-house he got out at the door,
And entering the office made just three bows and no more,
Then passing through the clerks he smiled, a sweet smile and a gay,
And kindly spoke the younger ones—Alas, and well-a-day!

And all did love to see him with his jacket rather long,
It was the way they wore them when good Mr. Simms was young,
With his Nankeen breeches buckled by two gold buckles away,
And his China tight silk stockings, pink and shiny, well-a-day!

With his little frill like crisped snow, his waistcoat spotless white,
His cravat very narrow and a very little tight,
And a blue brooch, where, in diamond sparks, a ship at anchor lay,
The gift of Mr. Cruttenden—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then from the press where it abode, he took the ledger stout,
And looked upon it reverently, withinside and without;
Then placed his pencils, rubber, pens and knives in due array,
And Mr. Simms was ready for the business of the day.

And ever to the junior clerks his counsel it was wise,
That they shall loop their l's, and cross their t's, and dot their i's,
And honour Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery, and Hay,
Whom he had served for forty years—Alas, and well-a-day!

And a very pleasant running hand good Mr. Simms did write,
His up-strokes were like gossamer, his down-strokes black as night,
And his lines all clear and sparkling, like a rivalet in May,
Meandered o'er the folios—Alas, and well-a-day!

And daily in a silver dish, as bright as bright could be,
At one o'clock his tiffin came, two sandwiches, or three;
It never came a minute soon, nor a minute did delay,
So punctual were good Mr. Simms's people—well-a-day!

And in the Mango season still a daily basket came,
With fruit as green as emeralds or ruddier than flame;
By Mr. Simms the sort had been imported from Bombay,
And sown and grown beneath his eye—Alas, and well-a-day!

And when his tiffin it was done, he took a pint preciso
Of well cooled soda water, but it was not cooled with ice,
And a little ginger essence (Oxley's) Mr. Simms did say
It comforted his rheumatiz—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then on a Sunday after prayers, while waiting in the porch,
His talk was of the Bishop, and the vestry, and the church;
And two or three select young men would dine with him that day
To taste his old Madeira and his curry called Malay.

For famous was the table that good Mr. Simms did keep,
With his home-fed ducks, his Madras fowls, and grain fed Patna sheep,
And the fruits from his own garden, and the dried fish from the Bay,
Sent up by bold Branch Pilot Stout—Alas, and well-a-day!

And he was full of anecdote, and spiced his prime Pale Ale
With many a cheerful bit of talk, and many a curious tale,
How Dexter ate his buttons off, and in a one-horse chay
My Lord Cornwallis drove about—Alas, and well-a-day!

And every Doorga Poojah would good Mr. Simms
explore,
The famous river Hooghly up as high as Barrack-
pore,
And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way,
Declare that all the bears were bores—Alas, and
well-a-day!

Then, if the weather it was fine, to Chinsura
he'd go,
With his nieces three in a Pinnace, and a smart
young man or so,
In bright blue coats and waistcoats, which were
sparkling as the day,
And curly hair, and white kid gloves, a lover-like
array!

And at Chinsura, they walked about, and then they
went to tea,
With the ancient merchant Van der Zank, and the
widow Van der Zee,
They were old friends of Mr. Simms, and parting he
would say,
"Perchance we ne'er may meet again"—Alas, and
well-a-day!

At length the hour did come for him, which surely
comes for all,
From the beggar in his hovel to the monarch in
his hall;

And when it came to Mr. Simms, he gently passed
away,

As falling into pleasant sleep—Alas, and well-a-day!

And on his face there lingered still a sweet smile
and a bland,

His Bible lying by his side, and some roses in his
hand;

His spectacles still marked the place where he had
read that day,

The words of faith and hope which cheered his
spirit on its way.

And many were the weeping friends who followed
him next night,

In many mourning coaches, found by Solitude and
Kyte,

And many a circle still laments the good, the kind,
the gay,

The hospitable Mr. Simms—Alas, and well-a-day!

—H. M. Parker.

NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. You know how much interested I have always been in the Early Closing Movement; here are some excellent sermons* in support of it, and a very interesting little book, a story intended to illustrate the evils of over-toil.† They have been sent me, I presume, by some one who is aware of my feeling on the subject; and I want you, Fanny, not only to read them, but to talk of them, and spread the wholesome doctrines they inculcate on every opportunity.

Fanny. That I shall gladly do. I remember years ago, long before the partial amelioration which has taken place in the condition of shopmen and shopwomen was brought about, that we quite agreed on the subject; and then you know our endeavours were called Quixotic, and our expectations Utopian.

Mrs. Smith. We have outlived the ridicule of the foolish, and the opposition of the prejudiced. The thoughtful part of the community are by this time pretty well agreed that over-toil is as mischievous to the mind of man as it is to his

body. And taking even the most selfish view of the question, it is in proportion to the general well-doing of the masses of the people, that the well-being and security of the more favoured classes must depend.

Fanny. I do believe that the classes whom formerly affluence or independence made comparatively thoughtless, are now beginning to reflect on their duties as well as their privileges; and that women especially are growing more thoughtful and sympathetic, in their dealings with their dependents.

Mrs. Smith. This is the infallible result of true education—of real enlargement of the mind; and I would rather a daughter of mine were possessed of that kind consideration for the feelings of others—which is the main-spring of true politeness, and which never can arise in an ignoble nature, and seldom does in an uncultivated one—than that she should be distinguished by the most brilliant accomplishments. But you are right, Fanny; Englishwomen—at least those deserving the name—have taken an interest in recent social reforms, and do now-a-days consider, when they give an order to a dress-maker, whether it be possible to execute it without inordinate toil within the given time; and what is quite as important, they refrain from late shopping, and prohibit it in their families.

Fanny. The Early Closing Movement certainly rests mainly with ladies to retard or accelerate. If there were no late customers, harsh, ignorant, and avaricious shopkeepers would have no temptation to keep late hours, and ruin the health, mental and bodily, of their unfortunate dependents.

Mrs. Smith. All the evils of the late-hour system, inclusive of the aggregate loss instead of gain to the unprincipled shop-keeper, are ably set forth in "EDWARD CHARLTON." It is

* "OPPRESSIVE SHOP LABOUR." A sermon preached by the Rev. James Ralph, M.A.

"SOCIAL DUTIES." A sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. Weldon Champneys, M.A.

"EXCESSIVE LABOUR." A sermon preached by the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D.

"CHRISTIAN LABOUR NOT EGYPTIAN BONDAGE." A sermon preached by the Rev. L. M. Humbert, M.A.

"OPPRESSIVE LABOUR CONDEMNED BY THE GOSPEL." A sermon preached by the Rev. John Stoughton. (Jackson.)

† "EDWARD CHARLTON; OR, LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER." By Frederick Ross. (Lea, Warwick-lane.)

moreover an interesting story, written by one who is evidently master of his subject, and is likely I think to prove convincing to those who might be deterred from graver reading.

Fanny. And the sermons?

Mrs. Smith. They are full of true Christian teaching; all that might be expected from temperate, holy-minded Protestant ministers who introduce mundane topics into their discourse, for the purpose of showing how they border on gospel truths. The following passages from the sermon preached at Kensington, by the Rev. John Stoughton, seem to me well worth remembering:—

“There is this remarkable character about Christianity, that it is the enemy of everything wrong; the patron and friend of everything right. Its mission is to the world—to society—to every man in all his relations. It concerns itself with the affairs of humanity at large, and therefore whatever is wrong or right in society Christianity is sure sooner or later to find it out. There is nothing but at some time or another it comes in contact with. Many things may for a long period keep out of its way, but at length it overtakes them, tests them, pronounces upon them, confirms them, or sanctions them. The preacher who preaches the *true* Gospel, the *full* Gospel—who keeps back nothing of the Word of God—is, whether he will it or no, the enemy of social wrong, and the friend of social righteousness. He is unconsciously helping to strangle evil—helping to foster good. The principles he proclaims harmonise and combine, after a stronger than chemical affinity, with everything in the world favourable to man’s true progress and welfare; and repel and oppose and tend to neutralize, with equal strength, everything in the world unfavourable to those interests.

“For example, the preachers of Christianity from the beginning were, whether they meant it or not, the enemies of slavery. They preached a Gospel full of the spirit of freedom. They were sowing seeds which could not but in time bear harvests of liberty. The cessation of domestic bondage in Europe is to be ascribed to the quiet, patient, mighty working of the truths they promulgated.

* * * * *

“Now, as all which is opposed to this holy, beneficent, celestial system must be wrong, if the scheme of oppressive labour be opposed to the spirit and genius of the Gospel, it must be wrong. That it is so opposed may be shown on credible and sufficient testimony, and from our own observation.

“It injures the body, impairs the health, and even destroys life. We cite two medical witnesses: ‘Excessive labour is the common fault of this country, and it assuredly diminishes life.’ Such is the verdict of Charles Turner Thackeray, Esq., Surgeon. (Extracted from the Report of Evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1832.) ‘There are records,’ says Dr. Lankester, ‘kept in Somerset House, to which we may apply for figures with regard to the destructive influence of any particular locality, with regard to the health of men and women who live in this metropolis. . . . I find that there is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually, through the practice of keeping in shops for a longer period of the day than the human constitution can bear. But this is not all. Where a thousand persons die

from this cause, there are at least eight thousand whose health suffers from it.’ Indeed, common sense, independent of medical science, would teach that the body could not undergo such confinement in a close, impure atmosphere—such prolonged fatigue, day after day—without injury, and, in some cases, fatal injury. The sword of war, in a few hours, mows down its thousands of men, and fills us with horror. Shall we contemplate unmoved the effects of the slow poison of this trade spirit, simply because the process is less rapid than that of the cannon and the bayonet, and the result less hasty in its appearance?

“The system not only injures, and sometimes destroys the body, but it is most injurious to the mind, and interposes an insuperable obstacle in the way of its improvement in knowledge. A healthy mind and a healthy body are more closely connected than many imagine. A mind worn down with seventeen, or even fourteen, hours’ employment in the shop, is spoiled for all other exercise. It is benumbed—paralyzed. It cannot look out of the sleepy eye. It cannot work with the exhausted brain. It is cruel, idle, foolish, to tell a man to study and improve himself, when heavy-laden and wearied nature covets the only restorer left it—‘balmy sleep.’ If a spirit of unwonted energy—of ethereal temper—of quenchless ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, like Kirke White’s, sets all physical difficulties at defiance, and, at the expense of sleep, will indulge its lofty aspirations, the poor body must pay the penalty of long-enduring disease, or hasty death. The material machine cannot bear incessant mental friction.

“The system, further, is detrimental to the soul. Through the body and the mind it works injuriously upon the affections. It foment and strengthens the habit of worldliness. It fills the spirit with secular cares; it supports false notions of human life, as if intended only for temporal concerns; it hems in and encloses the attention by earthly barriers; it enslaves the best powers of man, and enervates his moral sensibilities. By shutting him up all day, it stimulates him to seek some intense recreation, bodily and sensual, at night; and thus operates as a direct bounty upon vice. By stealing from him, throughout the week, opportunities of relaxation amidst fresh air and open scenery, it drives him to the breach of the Sabbath, and the neglect of the house of God. Thus, while it injures the body, and degrades the mind, it helps to destroy the soul. Its tendency is unfavourable to religion. It looks like a guard set to keep watch by the tomb of spiritual death, to prevent the voice which giveth life from reaching the imprisoned slumberer.

“With the important interests, then, which the Gospel is intended to promote, this system comes in contact, and sets itself in open warfare—a plain, convincing proof of its essential unrighteousness.”

Fanny. I can readily understand how the poor tired, jaded, shopmen released only at the hour when their friends’ doors or reading-rooms are closed, and lectures and other rational means of instruction and entertainment over, fly to some degrading resource; but surely the promoters of the evil system which throws them into temptation must share the guilt of the tempted.

Mrs. Smith. Let us rejoice at the good which is already effected, hope for still better times, and do our utmost to bring them about. Here is a little book of a different character from those of which we have been talking, but by no means

less worthy of attention. It is entitled "LABOUR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET,"* and is translated from the German of that philosophic and yet picturesque writer, Zschokke.

Fanny. The title is certainly poetical and suggestive.

Mrs. Smith. You must read it for yourself; it has many merits. Though it inculcates prudence as a great virtue in a workman, it does not make it the sole one; nay, in many passages we may trace the doctrine of "a wisdom that is greater than prudence"—in all the points of stern integrity, and in the choice of the active, industrious, modest, true-hearted, but portionless Martha by Jonas, in preference to the dowered maidens of the town. The tale is carried through three generations, during which the changes in the artizan's life which are brought about by machinery are skilfully and philosophically marked; while the narrative never flags, but reads like a piece of biography from the naturalness of the incidents. Moreover, the foreign atmosphere, so to speak, in which the humble actors move, gives a romance to the story which I can imagine English readers feel more than German ones.

Fanny. Zschokke is a very fascinating storyteller, as I know from my admiration of several of his tales.

Mrs. Smith. Alas! we must speak in the past, Fanny; for the translator's preface to this little book announces the recent decease of the author at the ripe age of seventy-five!

REMARKS ON A NEW METHOD OF SUPPORTING ARTIFICIAL TEETH: By Charles

Stokes, M.R.C.S., Surgeon-Dentist. — (K. J. *Standly, Brook-street.*)—The art of replacing lost teeth by artificial means is in such general requisition in the present day that we regard as a public benefit every improvement by which they are rendered more serviceable and resemble more closely the natural organs in their functions, either with regard to articulation or the comminution of the food. We have perused with considerable satisfaction a *brochure* on this subject by Mr. Stokes. The system which he has introduced is certainly novel and extremely ingenious, and appears well calculated not only to obviate the inconveniences (if they are not positive evils) of artificial teeth as generally constructed, but to render them capable of fulfilling all the duties usually required of them, such as freedom from injurious action on the remaining teeth, facility in their removal, and security in use. The author advocates the employment of gold plates in all cases in which substitutes for natural teeth are required. Gold has the advantage over bone in compactness, closeness of adaptation to the gum, and, above all, in the absence of that feeling of fullness in the mouth which bone from its thickness causes—advantages which we conceive to be incontestible when the space is limited as it is in the human mouth. Without due regard to the last consideration thickness of articulation is almost unavoidable. By this new system the use of bands or clasps is also abolished; consequently no lodgment of food can occur—a fact of considerable importance when we consider the disagreeable results of such a circumstance. The *brochure* contains facts of general interest, and we recommend its perusal by every person who from necessity is compelled to substitute the art of the dentist for the handiwork of nature.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Opera-lovers and opera-goers have been supplied with abundant matter for gossip during the past fortnight, by the simultaneous announcement for the great German "star," Mademoiselle Wagner, to appear at both the Opera Houses. A sort of paper war has been going on through the medium of the newspapers on the subject, and personal and party feeling have run sufficiently high; but the truth appears to be, that Mlle. Wagner's engagement with Mr. Lumley was contingent on certain conditions to be fulfilled by him within a certain time, and that he failing to perform his part of the contract, the lady was free to engage herself at the rival house, which she has accordingly done. No doubt this circumstance has interfered with

many of Mr. Lumley's arrangements, but he has nevertheless given several favourite operas during the past month in a most effective manner. Mademoiselle Cruvelli has appeared in "Norma," in which she deserved the enthusiastic reception with which she met. Her fine and subtle genius enters into the true spirit of this grand part, so that her acting keeps pace with her magnificent singing. To prove the versatility of her powers, she has appeared in the "Barbiere"—her *Rosina* being, if we remember rightly, the character in which she first won her laurels from a London public. The spirit—the vivacity—with which she throws herself into this rôle, defy description; and though certain critics aver that she over ornaments some of the music, it should be remembered that Rossini's music often demands and generally admits florid execution. Her singing of *Una Voce*, and of *Dunque Io Son*, was enthusiastically applauded; and her execution of *Rode's Air*, which she gave in the lesson-scene, bore favourable comparison even with that of Madame

* "LABOUR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET; OR, THE LIFE OF A FOREIGN WORKMAN: A Holiday Story for Sensible Apprentices, Journeymen, and Masters." By Heinrich Zschokke. (*Groombridge and Sons.*)

Sontag. The opera was admirably supported by Lablache, whose inimitable *Bartolo* is not to be forgotten, Belletti, and Calzolari.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mademoiselle Wagner is, we presume, appearing in "Le Prophète," but only just as we are going to press, therefore we must of necessity reserve our comments on the new singer until our next number.

On the 20th ult. Donizetti's grand opera of "I Martiri" was produced, with complete success. We cannot do better than extract a few paragraphs from the elaborate notice of it which appeared in the *Times* :—

"The libretto of *I Martiri* happily stands in need of no description. The *Polyeucte Martyr* of Corneille, or rather the sublime performance of Rachel as the heroine, Pauline, made a powerful sensation at the St. James's Theatre last season, and the plot of the tragedy was recounted and commented upon at the time. It will be remembered that the whole story turns upon the conversion to Christianity of Pauline, daughter of the Pagan governor of Armenia, by Polyeucte, her husband; and that both are consigned, in the end, to the fury of wild boasts, by Severo, proconsul of the Roman Emperor Decius, who has been despatched to Melitene to put down the sect of Christians. Such a slender foundation was hardly fitted to support the weight of a grand opera in four acts; and it is not surprising that the first two of Donizetti's *Martyrs*, with the exception of some few pieces, should be dull and spiritless. In the third act, however, the composer rises with his subject, and the *finale*, where Polyeucte, recently converted to Christianity by his friend Nearque, braves the anger of the heathen priests and people, resists the supplications of his wife Pauline, insults their idols, and resolves to share the glory of martyrdom with Nearque, is one of Donizetti's most powerful compositions. In the fourth act (some scenes in which were omitted last night), there is also a highly effective duet, in E major, between Pauline and Polyeucte, where the religious fervour and eloquence of the husband finally succeed in persuading the wife to the true faith, and they resolve to die together. The general character of the music is very much in the manner of *La Favorite*. It presents few evidences of inspiration, and is deficient in the freshness and vigour of the earlier operas of the composer. These defects, however, are in a great measure atoned for by that command of the mechanical resources of his art which Donizetti at this period possessed in a very eminent degree. The orchestration and the vocal combinations, in all the concerted music, are quite masterly, and go far to hide a comparative absence of ideas and a superlative want of originality. In the matter of straining the voices on high notes, however, Donizetti has, in the *Martyrs*, almost put Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Verdi himself into the shade; and it is not unfair to suppose that he has had a hand, no less than his contemporaries, in destroying the magnificent organ of Duprez, the great French tenor, for whom he composed *Lucia* in Italy, and rewrote, or rather augmented, *Les Martyrs* in Paris.

"The performance last night, in spite of the severe cold and hoarseness of Signor Marini—who played Felice, the Governor, and for whom an apology was printed and circulated in the theatre—and in spite of the heaviness of the first two acts, was

one of the most brilliant and satisfactory we remember at the Royal Italian Opera. The subject of *I Martiri* gives ample scope for scenic display, and of this the management has taken full advantage. The scenery of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, consisting for the most part of architectural *tableaux*, is of the best; the costumes are appropriate and splendid; and the procession accompanying the triumphal entry of Severo, the proconsul, may vie with any preceding attempt at varied and gorgeous display for which the theatre has been celebrated. The *ballet*, too—especially the dance of Amazons, and the grand *pas*, executed so admirably by Mademoiselle Robert—is excellent, notwithstanding the large curtailments in the music, which were perhaps inevitable. In short, no pains have been spared to render the *spectacle* as grand and imposing as possible. The three principal characters of Paulina, Poliuto, and Severo, were cast to Madame Julienne, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Ronconi. Madame Julienne is well known to those who are familiar with the operatic history of the present times as a lady who has, on more than one occasion, been the chief support of the Grand Opera in Paris. She is an artist of distinguished ability. Her voice, a high *soprano*, partakes of that thinness of quality for which the majority of French female voices are noted. The *timbre* is metallic, and its telling quality remarkable, more particularly in the upper register, where the notes, even as high as C in alt, are wonderfully clear and powerful. Madame Julienne is an executant of more than ordinary skill, her fault being an occasional uncertainty of intonation, which, nevertheless, gradually disappears as she warms into her task. She has great energy, and throws herself, heart and soul, into the passion of the scene. Her Paulina is a most able performance, from first to last, her histrionic efforts being remarkable for intelligence and power. In Signor Tamberlik Madame Julienne found such a Poliuto as probably she never met before. This great singer, who, with every new part, rises higher in the estimation of the public, has by last night's performance attained the pinnacle. He was in glorious voice, and on more than one occasion completely electrified the audience. His acting throughout was on a par with his singing. Equally good in its way was the Severo of Signor Ronconi, like all he does, a truthful and well-studied impersonation."

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Webster certainly deserves to be the most successful manager in the metropolis, and we trust he is so. He appears to go on keeping the even tenor of his way whatever changes are taking place around him, always securing the most available talent, and affording the visitors to the Haymarket perpetual variety. After the lengthened absence of Mr. Keeley—who, it will be remembered, has been playing the part of rival manager—his re-appearance on the old scene seems like a novelty, and no wonder that his reception by the audience was hearty in the extreme. He made his *rentrée* in the farce of "Your Life's in Danger." The Easter burlesque at this theatre is entitled "O! Gemini!" and is founded on the highly-wrought melo-dramatic piece, "The Corsican Brothers," which has recently been playing at the Princess's Theatre. All those who have seen the tragic production ought to enjoy a laugh at the comic one—of

which Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. L. S. Buckingham are the life. The lady's impersonation of *Chateau Reynard* was a ludicrous copy of Mr. Wigan. The scenery of this burlesque is very brilliant, and the masked ball most effectively managed. Too late for notice this month, a comedy entitled "Mind your own Business," has been produced with complete success.

ADELPHI.

"The Queen of the Market" is the title of the highly successful Easter piece produced here. The story turns on the attempt of a rascal lawyer in St. Domingo to get possession of a French Marquisate, by inducing a young Parisian to believe that he is really the Marquis, and persuading him to certain promises which on his return to Paris include his denial of his wife, the beautiful *Queen of the Market*, who is devotedly attached to him, and who recognizes him through all his feigned grandeur. Mr. O. Smith impersonates the villain, the lawyer, with a sort of horrible truth, and Mrs. Keeley plays the heroine in a very charming and effective manner. The father and mother of the latter are excellently supported by Mr. Emery and Mrs. Laws. A new vaudeville, which, though slight in construction, has much more than ordinary merit, has also been produced here, under the title of "Mephistophiles," and affords an opportunity for the display of Miss Woolgar's great and versatile talent. Indeed this lady appears to us to deserve higher rank than appears to be generally awarded her by those who, simply enjoying her acting, do not pause to examine of how many merits it is made up. The following is from the "Musical World," whose able critic appears quite of our opinion:—

"Machiavelli's tale of the mission of Belfegor has supplied the idea. *Mephistophiles*, being deputed by the authorities below to discover whether matrimonial unhappiness is generally produced by the fault of the husband or of the wife, enters the garden appertaining to the chateau of an Italian marquis, and there makes his experiment on two wedded couples. The gardener and his wife, a very young pair, childishly doating on each other, are the first victims; for the demon, conveying himself into the body of the youth, transforms him from an uxorious booby to a surly brute, who enforces marital authority by means of a thick stick. The turn of the marquis and his young bride comes next, the latter undergoing, through the demoniac influence, precisely the same change which *Norina* undergoes in the opera of 'Don Pasquale.' When the devil quits his victims they are restored to happiness, and he does not seem to have effected much by his experiments beyond the amusement of his audience. Miss Woolgar plays not only the part of *Mephistophiles*, but also the gardener and the young lady, who successively become his incarnations, and depicts to a nicety all the variations of character which the piece requires. The change from the booby husband, coaxing his wife in infantine language, to the dogged tyrant, relying on physical force, and the transformation of the mincing convent-bred miss into the imperious woman of fashion, doating on diamonds and Dragoons, are admirably done, and we may especially commend the delicacy with which these strong contrasts are produced.

Although the two personages may be said to embrace four varieties of character, all of which have to be distinctly marked, Miss Woolgar carefully avoids exaggeration in obtaining this result, and her impersonations are as graceful as they are forcible. Nor should her embodiment of *Mephistophiles* himself be overlooked. He rises to earth the smartest and most dapper of friends, with something of singularity in his movements to denote his demoniac character; but even this is tastefully softened down. The other two personages in the piece, the gardener's wife and the marquis, are also very well played. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam sings sweetly and looks admirably as the plump, good-humoured little *paysanne*; and the not otherwise noble is represented with much grotesque humour by Mr. Honey. The set scene in which the action takes place is exceedingly pretty. The music has been judiciously selected and arranged by Mr. Mellon, and the impression left by the whole performance is that of completeness in every part. Miss Woolgar, who was loudly called at the end, announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause."

PANORAMA OF SALZBURG.

Mr. Burford always caters with taste and judgment for his London friends, and rarely, if ever, has he been more successful than on the present occasion. Salzburg is celebrated as one of the most interesting portions of the Austrian dominions, not only for the picturesque situation and great antiquity of the city itself, but for the grandeur and peculiar beauty of the surrounding country. From the well-written description to the Panorama we learn that "from an isolated point of rock in advance of the old castle on the Monchsberg, which completely overhangs the city, the present view was taken; and few panoramas of equal extent offer so many interesting features. The noble cathedral, the time-worn churches, and the fine old buildings, which record the ancient and historical importance of the city, occupy the immediate foreground, the whole being spread out like a map beneath—every street, square, church, and large building, being distinctly visible; the background being formed on the one side by the picturesque mountain of the Capucinerberg, on the other by the Monchsberg, and the time-worn towers and walls of the castle. Beyond the city the eye wanders towards the north, over a vast, fertile and varied plain, green, and wooded like a park, stretching to the very limits of the horizon, and presenting a most rich, cheerful, and rural appearance. Through the centre of this luxuriant garden, the tortuous stream of the river Salzach is visible for many miles, winding its way in serpent-like meanderings, frequently intersected, and divided into many small streams, by sand-banks and little verdant islands. The beauty of the meadows and gardens, the frequency of the villages and houses, and the indescribable variety of the landscape, is perfectly enchanting. On both sides, until lost in the distance, the view is bounded by vast hills and magnificent mountains, some of soft and pleasing forms, and well

wooded, others high, bare, and picturesque; whilst above all, tower the greater Alps, some capped with the snow of ages, others exhibiting abrupt and naked cliffs, with dark beetling sides, or with spire-like peaks and slender aiguilles piercing the clouds, their jagged and many-indented outlines, all clearly defined against the azure sky, tracing the horizon with the most fantastic figures, and being just at the proper distance for giving the boldest outlines, and displaying every alternation of light and shade that mountain and defile can produce. Amongst them the Stauffenberg, Untersberg, Sesselberg, and the Hoher Göll being prominently conspicuous."

Mr. Burford has, as usual, been assisted by Mr. Selous; and these two experienced Panoramists have produced quite a master-piece. It is a mistake to fancy that these works owe their scenic effect to a coarse style of painting; on the contrary, it will be found on examination that they are produced by means of the same fine oil colours and varnish as a gallery picture. The atmospheric effects, the perspective, and the lights and shades of the Salzburg Panorama, are really magical, and as it occupies the large circle in Mr. Burford's building, there is ample space for the elaboration of detail.

The Panoramas of "Nimroud," and the "Lake and Town of Lucerne," are still open under the same roof.

MRS. GIBBS' MUSICAL LECTURE.

This lady—formerly Miss Graddon—gave her second entertaining and instructive lecture at the Whittington Club on the 5th ult. Her delightful voice, her distinct articulation, and her fine style of vocalization, are not easily forgotten when once appreciated, and point her out as particularly qualified for the execution of sacred music. Handel's "He was Despised," was an example of her success in this difficult line. Mrs. Gibbs also sang Beethoven's exquisite aria, "In Questa Tomba," with the finest taste and feeling. Between the parts Miss Rushforth played Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" for the pianoforte, in a very brilliant manner.

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE GREENWICH LITERARY INSTITUTION.

A very interesting assembly—being we believe the first of a projected series—took place in the New Concert Room of the above Institution on the 21st ult. An occasion of this kind has a significance beyond the events of the hour, for to a commonly thoughtful observer it suggests the happy social changes which, in the middle and humbler classes especially, have taken place within the last twenty or thirty years. Very certain are we, that when the century was in its teens, any one who had gravely foretold such a meeting as that to which we are alluding, would have been ridiculed as an Utopian, or thought hardly safe company for sane people; and yet

society has grown to be what we now find it; and if not the perfect realization of many an enthusiast's dream, it has at least advanced in the right direction, and sailed, so to speak, clearly out of sight of the first scoffers at moral and mental advancement.

The debt we owe to the first earnest and energetic men who founded what are called "Mechanics' Institutions," is too great to be ever summed up; and only those who have the opportunity of being intimately acquainted with the workings of these societies, are able even remotely to appreciate it. But the benefits derived from their libraries, reading rooms, and lecture halls, are scarcely greater than those which spring from the interchange of kindnesses and courtesies between the various classes of society, removing prejudices and extinguishing old-fashioned hatreds. Experience shows that no evil, but much good, arises from the occasional amalgamation of various ranks. The mechanic is no way indisposed to execute the work required of him by the employer who chanced to sit on the next bench to him at the last scientific lecture; the gentleman ceases to think the working man "a brute," but considers him, perhaps, "a sensible fellow, who knows a thing or two, and will not make a botch of his work;" and the workman, melted by a cordial word or a friendly nod, feels himself, he hardly knows how, to have graduated in the school of manners and politeness.

At the *Conversazione* at Greenwich, the doors opened at seven o'clock; soon afterwards the New Concert Room began to fill, and the buzz of conversation broke on the ear, as various objects of interest which had been sent for exhibition attracted attention. At eight o'clock there was a signal to adjourn to the Lecture Hall, where, the chair being taken by Lord Haddo, Mr. Grainger, Fellow of the Royal Society, delivered a short but extremely interesting address on the application of the microscope to scientific research, his discourse being illustrated by a number of drawings. After this, Mr. Bennoch made an eloquent and enthusiastic speech by way of acknowledging Mr. Grainger's services, but in which he gave expression to the sentiments which naturally arise in a philosophic and philanthropic mind at such a meeting. Soon afterwards the company withdrew to a room where tea and coffee were served, and then returned to the large room, at one end of which several microscopes were arranged, so that visitors had the opportunity of following up the information they had just received by personal observation. The model of the new clock to be erected by Mr. Beunnett, at the London Bridge Terminus, attracted much and deserved attention; a piece of the submarine telegraph was also exhibited; and there was a great display of objects connected with natural history.

The objects of interest were in fact far too numerous to particularise, but we cannot omit mentioning some beautiful models of steam-boats and steam-engines sent for the occasion by the

Messrs. Penn; and Lord Haddo contributed some relics, bearing a mournful interest, of Sir John Franklin and his brave crew, found by the searchers after the missing expedition.

Among the works of art kindly entrusted to the Committee, were some exquisite Flowers, painted by Valentine Bartholomew, Flower-painter to the Queen, and the original sketch of Curtius leaping into the Gulf, by the lamented Haydon, lent for the occasion by Mr. Bennoch. Two curious sketches of Greenwich, taken in the sixteenth century, and kindly contributed by the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Soames, were particularly appropriate, as reminding the beholder very forcibly of the difference between then and now, and also as examples of the condition of art about the time of Queen Elizabeth. Nor must we forget Mrs. V. Bartholomew's pictures,

and the portfolios of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Henry Fisk, which seemed duly appreciated; and also a landscape by Mr. Crome, son of the noted Crome of Norwich.

Among the visitors, who amounted to nearly four hundred, about one-third of whom were ladies, we observed Mr. Quekett, the great microscopist, and Alderman Salomons, and Mr. Montagu Chambers, the candidates for the borough at the forthcoming election. At eleven o'clock the organist played God Save the Queen, which was the signal for the company to separate; but so loath did they seem to leave the building, and so entirely successful had the meeting been, that it was announced the room would be opened, with the objects of interest it contained undisturbed, to members of the Institution and their friends on the following evening.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Exhibition of this Society is always one of the most satisfactory in London; but it opened so late in April, that we are not able this month to give so full a notice as its merits deserve. We should say the characteristic of this year's exhibition is less to be traced in a few pre-eminently great works, than in the general merits of the entire collection. And yet, while we write, remembering the scores of charming works we have just seen, a few still stand out marked by excellence, as if in contradiction of our assertion.

No. 44. "The Cellini Drawing Room in the Palace of Francis the First;" by John Chase, is remarkable for breadth of design, combined with most careful finish. We were much struck with the execution of the tapestry represented in this Fontainebleau drawing-room: it seemed as if one might count the threads. This may seem a small merit, and yet it evinces at any rate a mechanical skill not often found combined with the highest feeling for art. If we have a fault to find with this picture, it is that Francis the First is a little too much "the King." While complimenting Cellini on his works, we fancy that royal patron would have looked a thought more courteous and condescending than he is here represented.

No. 74. "Audience Chamber of the Magistrates du France de Bruges—Visit of Marguerite of Austria, Duchess of Parma, Regent of Belgium;" by L. Haghe.

This is another interior of a magnificent chamber, but crowded with figures of fair ladies, pretty pages, and knightly personages. It is a work on which infinite labour must have been bestowed—the labour of genius. As much care has been spent on the fold of a velvet robe as on the countenances of the Duchess and her attendants; and this is said without meaning that the latter have been slurred. The repre-

sentation of the wood carving, and the sculptured chimney-piece, is perfectly marvellous.

No. 90. "The Queen of the Hop Garden" (by W. Lee) is a thoroughly English piece, calling to mind bright days and summer weather, which seem so long in returning to us.

No. 214. "A Hunchback Story-teller, relating one of the Arabian Nights' Tales in a coffee-house at Damascus;" by Henry Warren.

This is a thoroughly oriental scene, in the painter's best manner. The amused expression of every countenance, and yet the individuality of each, gives a life-like reality to the scene; while the swarth figures, the lounging dancing-girls, and the hunchback himself, are brought into striking relief.

No. 247. "Godiva;" by Edward H. Corbould.

This is a large and striking picture, illustrating Tennyson's poem, into which, by the way, as great things absorb the lesser, the old tradition seems finally to have merged. Charming and most modestly depicted is the noble lady—

"Wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry."

And the accessories of the scene are all most poetically suggestive. The

"palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold,"

almost divides our homage. In grace of treatment and power of composition we are inclined to consider this picture as the gem of the exhibition. The perfect drawing, the depth and brilliancy of the colouring, and the truthful and poetical details, denote real genius in the artist.

No. 145. "The Sixteenth Lancers breaking the square at Aliwal, 28th January, 1846;" by M. Angelo Hayes.

This is the largest and one of the most effective pictures in the collection. We have rarely seen so vivid a representation of earnest combat. There is no mistake here; one of the realities of

life is before us. In the hottest pell-mell of battle the artist never loses himself in any impossibilities of detail; individuality and truth pervade the whole. The dashing of the men and the passion of the horses are depicted with the hand of a master. In the foreground to the right of the picture are three gun bullocks, treated with much easy power and expression. One of the animals is quietly scratching his head against the limber of the cannon; another is staring with astonishment at the advancing troops; while the third, cowering in the rear, looks as if he didn't know what to make of it all.

Miss Fanny Corboux exhibits "Hannah" and "Miriam," companion pictures, in which the

ideal beauty of the Jewish countenance is most happily rendered.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Mrs. Harris prove how steadily and yet rapidly the school of flower-painting is advancing.

Charles Davidson has dotted the room with his luscious greens; and Aaron Penley is as great as ever in some magnificent landscapes.

James Fahey has given us some more of his tit-bits of Nature—little morsels of pictures which one is apt to overlook, but which when studied display truth and reality of no common order.

Charles Vacher still stands alone in his particular and brilliant style.

THE GARDEN.—MAY.

"Bride of the Summer! gentle, genial May!
I hail thy presence with a child's delight;
For all that poets love of soft and bright
Lives through the lapse of thy delicious day:
Glad earth drinks deep of thine ethereal ray:
Warm'd by thy breath, up-spring luxuriant flowers;
Stirr'd by thy voice, birds revel in the bowers,
And streams go forth rejoicing on their way."

J. C. PRINCE.

PLANT-HOUSES.

Conservatory.—As it is most desirable to retain the bloom on the plants in this house to as long a period as possible, shading during the middle of bright sunny days must be resorted to. This is best effected by some thin semi-transparent medium—such as very thin calico, or canvass, or thin white muslin, and should be kept on from half-past ten until four, when the sun is bright. With the same object in view, and also for the general welfare of the plants, pay constant attention to keeping the air moist and cool by sprinkling the paths and borders early in the morning, and also towards evening. The admission of air to this structure must be regulated with judgment, as there will be some plants which, from being more tenderly reared, will not submit to indiscriminate currents of air without injury. The state of external circumstances will be the best guide. In mild serene weather, ventilate freely, but with rough winds abroad keep the house closer. Let the requirements of the permanent plants in the borders as regards root moisture be well attended to. Apply clarified manure water occasionally, and keep the creepers thinned and trained out, but not too formally. The borders should also be sometimes pricked over, to afford a free passage for the percolation of water, and to preserve a wholesome healthy atmosphere, which is liable to be affected by the exhalations from decaying flowers and foliage, although these are removed every few days. It will also contribute much to the pleasantness of the interior air to have a small portion of air out at night by the top sashes.

Greenhouse.—Young plants which have been kept growing by repeated shifts, must have constant attention paid to stopping and training out; for, if a good beginning is not made, no after-care will make them handsome well-finished specimens.

Let them have plenty of light and air. Water freely at the roots when necessary. Syringe also occasionally, but be careful of drawing the growth on too fast, by keeping a close, moist atmosphere. As this house will now be required for a multitude of things, some temporary erection will be required in a sheltered place out of doors, under which to remove many of the New Holland and other hard-wooded plants as they go out of flower: this will make more room for Pelargoniums and Calceolarias; some of the forwardest Fuchsias may also be brought in, and look well to advancing young plants of these in the cold pits, and keep them growing fast by liberal shifts. Shade from very bright sunlight, and apply a little liquid manure sometimes. Keep the Calceolarias fumigated, and remember that they will not bear bright hot sun without injury. The greatest difficulty in the cultivation of these plants to perfection is not being able to keep the temperature low enough. They will grow in heat, it is true; but the constitution of the plant is thereby so weakened that almost certain death is the result after the flowering is over. Forced Pelargoniums which are past flowering should be placed in pits or under some temporary shelter for a time, and then cut down close: they make very superior plants for forcing another season, with much less trouble than that required for bringing forward young spring-struck plants. At the same time, it will be necessary, in order to keep up a stock, to pay attention to the growth of the young plants for the same purpose. Look forward to the striking of Chrysanthemum cuttings in a week or ten days. They should have a gentle bottom heat on a dung bed.

FORCING-HOUSES.

Pineries.—Where there is the necessary command of means for producing air-moisture in the

interior, the season may be considered a very fine one for these plants, as a long continuance of sunny weather, with winds, although easterly by no means rough, will have enabled the operator to administer a due supply of air. Every advantage should be taken of these favourable circumstances to bring the general stock forward by a careful attention to keeping up a brisk bottom-heat, and the application of stimulants to the roots. Look to the shifting of the younger portion of the stock as it becomes necessary, and see that the bottom-heat to successions in pits does not decline for want of attention to the linings.

Strawberries.—The whole crop of these will now be in full action in one stage or the other. Particular attention is required to such as are ripening off in order to ensure a good flavour. It is presumed that from the time the fruit was set they have not lacked for stimulation in the way of a moist atmosphere, and plenty of liquid manure to swell the fruit. As soon as they begin to turn colour, flavour will be best secured by keeping them more moderately supplied with water, and a free application of heat, air, and light. Continue to thin out well the blooms of the later started plants, and use means to keep down red spider and aphides. If there are a dozen or two of pots to spare, and also a portion of a pipe-heated pit, or even a dung-bed frame, let a light or two be planted rather thick with them, in good soil, and they will come in very fine just before the crops out of doors.

FLOWER GARDEN.

The increasing interest taken in spring-flowering plants may render the following list of such as have been in full beauty within the last three weeks acceptable and useful:—The beautiful *Dielytra spectabilis* is now in full bloom, and has submitted to fifteen degrees of frost without injury after it had started into growth this spring. In addition we recommend *Fumaria nobilis*, *speciosa*, *tuberosa*, *lutea*; *Ajax*, minor, with many other very beautiful varieties of *Narcissus*; *Pulmonaria virginica*, *officinalis*, *alba*, *angustifolia*; *Erythronium dens canis*, *alba*, *longifolia*. *Adonis vernalis*. *Anemone spennina*, *Josephine*, *stellata*. *Hyacinths*, a great variety of the best kinds, very fine indeed, ought to be extensively planted. *Turban Ranunculus*; *Viola arborea*, *odorata*, *pallida plena*. Several colours of double *Primroses*; also the new double *Daisies*. *Auriculas*, *Polyanthus*, *Muscari botryoides*, *Tillium grandiflorum* and *erectum*. *Sanguinaria canadensis* and *grandiflora*; *Hepaticas*, red, blue, and white; *Gentiana acaulis*; *Epimedium grandiflorum*; *Alyssum saxatile*; *Iberis semper-virens*; *Arabis nana*, *lucida*, *variegata*; *Draba aizoon*; *Van Thol Tulips*. The above, together with the various early-flowering shrubs, as *Ribes*, *Berberis*, *Cydonia*, *Erica*, *Magnolia*, and early Hybrid *Rhododendrons*, afford ample means for a grand display in spring. In the absence of rain, the beds and patches of hardy annuals should be kept watered. Plant advanced plants of ten-week and German stocks in beds, and keep shaded until they have rooted. Sow more in the open ground for succession, also a portion of the London Intermediate stock for the Autumn. Plant the beds or patches of *Tigridia pavonia* and *conchiflora* immediately. Perennials and biennials for next year's flowering sow now, and do not forget *Hollyhocks*. See that the north border for seedling *Calceolarias* is dressed with fresh loam, and prepared for planting next week. Water will most likely be required to all

fresh-planted perennial and herbaceous plants and *Roses*; have an eye also to the fresh-planted shrubs of all sorts, and water freely if the buds are not swelling out plump.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Commence now to insure the protected trees to full exposure, by a gradual removal of the coverings, and follow up the process of disbudding on fruit trees of all sorts. Every tree against a wall, to be well managed now-a-days, must undergo this routine.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

If fresh plantations of *Asparagus* are required, the young plants will now be sufficiently advanced for the purpose. Let them be carefully lifted with a strong spud or fork, so as not to injure the roots. The beds having been previously prepared, throw out a shallow trench, and spread the roots well out; cover them from two to three inches, and then give a good soaking of water: when well started, apply liquid manure with a little salt dissolved in it. Sow the principal crop of *Scarlet Runners*, also some *Dwarf French Beans* on a warm border, and transplant those previously prepared under hand-glasses, and cover at night. Keep up the necessary successional sowings according to previous directions, and hold fast by the maxim that it is bad policy to allow weeds to flower.—C.

NEW AND RARE PLANTS.

ULLUCUS TUBEROSUS (Moq.), Basellacem.—(*Bot. Mag.*, Dec., 1851).—A fibrous-rooted annual, of no great beauty, but interesting to the botanist on account of its tubers, which have some resemblance to potatoes, though they are scarcely larger than hazel-nuts. It grows with a prostrate succulent stem, about two feet long; stem and branches are glabrous, angular, red, streaked with yellow, and having one or two small rootlets here and there. The leaves are alternate, cordate, reniform, entire, penninerved, smooth, and rather fleshy; the



Ullucus tuberosus.

petioles are thick and longer than the leaves, grooved at the inner side, and coloured like the stem. The flowers, which are arranged in the manner of a raceme, issuing from the axils of the leaves, are small and inconspicuous, but pretty when closely examined, being of a greenish yellow colour, and not unlike the corollas of some saxifrage in contour. In general it is about as hardy as the common potato, for which it was strongly recommended by some scientific persons, as a substitute during the memorable failure of that favourite esculent; but either from the smallness of the tubers which it

yields, or from our climate being unsuited to its cultivation, it met with but little of the popular favour. It is a native of Quito, whence it was sent to the Horticultural Society of London by Prof. Jameson. Introduced in 1848 or 1849. (Syn.: *Mellocia tuberosa*, Lindl.; *M. peruviana*, Moq.; *Basella tuberosa*, H. B. K.)

RHODODENDRON CHAMPIONÆ.—Those who have seen the splendid exhibition of American



Rhododendron Championæ.

plants in the garden of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, during the early part of summer, can form a very accurate idea of the beauty and attraction elicited by this tribe of plants when arranged under a high state of cultivation: they are undoubtedly the most magnificent of all hardy ever-green flowering shrubs, either for planting in clumps, single specimens on the lawn, or trained as standards: they may justly be considered the pride of English gardens, as well as of their native woods. Inferring from the coloured illustrations, we think the many species of this tribe that have been recently raised at Kew and other establishments, from seeds imported by Dr. Hooker from Sikkim-Himalaya, will ultimately tend to improve this class of plants by hybridization. What can be done by that process in this tribe we have ample examples at Syon House, the Duke of Northumberland's, where particular attention was paid by Mr. Carton to the impregnation of these plants with each other, the result of which is the produce of some of the finest and best kinds at present in cultivation. The annexed woodcut represents another beautiful species not yet introduced in a living state, though we may entertain hopes that the seed of it may be ere long transmitted to some of our public or private establishments, where in all probability it would be found to vegetate. It is figured in the *Botanical Magazine*, and described by Captain and Mrs. Champion, by whom it was detected in 1849, growing abundantly among rocks in a ravine, at Port Victoria, Hong-Kong, forming a shrub nearly seven feet high; the leaves are of a dark green above, rather rusty-coloured beneath, hairy, and much confined to the apex of the branches; the flowers are in umbels of from four to six inches each, white, tinged with a delicate rose-colour, with a corolla four inches across.

THE TOILET.

C O S T U M E F O R M A Y .

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

The Spring fashions are now quite determined upon; and though they all partake, more or less, of a conspicuous style, some of them are extremely pretty. Very few plain materials of any kind are worn; all have patterns, generally arranged so as to form trimmings round or down the fronts of skirts and on the flounces, and to finish the *basque* sleeves, and centre of the *corsage*. *Glacé* silks never can be *passées de mode*; but they are decorated with *passementeries*, *effilés*, lace, and above all, narrow velvets, which are decidedly the favourite trimmings of the day, and it is even said will continue so into the summer. But little difference has taken place in the forms of dresses or sleeves; the former are still worn very open, with or without waistcoats, and the latter loose and large at the bottom: the *manche tailladée* is the greatest novelty of the season; it consists in bands of the material of the gown, coming lengthwise from the elbow, in points, which are fastened into a wrist-band; and between these bands are *crêpes* of lace, spotted net, or India muslin. It approaches to the Empire style, which, it is said, is creeping in, in various details of the toilette, but only in the best details; *bien entendu*, the days of short waists, scanty skirts, and impossible *coiffures*, being, it is to be hoped, passed away as entirely as the swallow-

tails, voluminous *cravates*, and extremely tight draperies of the *citoyens* and *citoyennes* of the Revolution. *Basques* attached to the *corsage* are as much worn as ever; but we do not think the regular *robe à basquines* cut altogether will last so long, as there is no doubt that it shortens and enlarges the waist. This is a hint of which your readers ought not to lose sight, in their desire to adopt a mode which is certainly greatly in favour, and which looks very well in an engraving, but is extremely trying in reality.

Our Paris season approaching its end, there is little novelty in evening dresses, those described last month being what were preparing for the Easter *fêtes*, which are now taking place. The *robes Pompadours* are so elegant and becoming, that they are likely still to prolong their reign, perhaps with some slight modifications, but no material changes, except in *étoffes*. For out of doors, *manches*, *pardessus*, and *écharpes* in *taffeta glacé*, are worn. The former are the little short cloaks with hoods, of the time of *Louis Quinze et Seize* precisely; cut, trimming—all resemble; they are extremely pretty for married ladies, but not quite youthful enough for *demoiselles*. The *pardessus* of this season fit quite tight to the shape; are made *en cœur* in front, and trimmed with fringe or *volants*



of taffetas or lace, the former edged and headed with velvet, guimp, &c. The *écharpes* come very low on the shoulders behind; have the ends, which are not long in front, rounded, and a *volant* at the back, gathered up on the arms: they are generally made of the material of the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it, though this is not essential; an *écharpe* of this kind, in black or dark-coloured taffetas, suiting well with almost any gown. The bonnets are less *exaggués* than was expected: they are very open, and a good deal raised in front, but not more so than in the winter; some unquestionably are, but these are not what are worn by the most distinguished persons. The *capote Fanchonnette* is one of the prettiest of the net bonnets: it consists of a *fanchon* of taffetas covering the crown, and bordered with a *dentelle de crin*, embroidered in straw: the front is in taffetas in two *grosses coulisses*, on each of which is sewn a *volant de dentelle de crin*, slightly full, and the same is repeated on the *bavolet*: *roses de Bengale variées* decorate the inside. Another is the *capote Camargo*: the brim consists of a broad *dentelle de Chantilly*, turning backwards at the ears, so as to form a second *bavolet* over the *bavolet* of silk, each being decorated with a knot of ribbon, the one above the other. The *calotte* is of drawn silk, with *agrémens de paille*; and the edge of the brim consists of a ribbon of *paille à jour*, in which is drawn a narrow velvet of the colour of the taffetas: the interior is decorated with straw flowers and ribbon, on the edge of which is sewn an *agrément de paille* to go with the rest. A very pretty style for the trimming of the *chapeaux de paille à jour* consists of *coques* of ribbon, with bouquets of small flowers, such as violets, daisies, &c., half buried in them.

The *gilet* has lost nothing of its vogue; it is much adopted also in the dress of little girls: one of the last and most elegant of these favourite articles of costume is the *gilet sénateur* in *moire blanche antique*, fastened from the throat to the waist with two rows of *grelots* or hanging-buttons in gold. *Gilets* in fine lace—*point d'Alençon*, *point d'Angleterre*, &c.—over coloured taffetas, are extremely rich, and beautiful. A whisper goes about that waists are to be somewhat shortened, and that bands and buckles are to be resumed; but we think it will take some little time yet to bring about this innovation, for it is so different from the style at present in vogue, that the transition would be almost too sudden for even the magic wand of the Goddess of Fashion to accomplish *tout d'un trait*. If, however, the *genre Empire* is, as it is anticipated, to be adopted in any degree, it is probable this will be one of the details of it.

The favourite flowers worn are those of the season—apple, cherry, and almond blossom, lilac and hawthorn, violets, &c.; but there are also bouquets of mixed flowers, which are very pretty; for instance, roses, *bluets* and *paquerettes*, white or pink; bouquets of tea-roses, *bluets*, and the blossom of the dandelion run to seed, the downy tufts of which lend a charming softness to the flowers with which they are mixed; *trainées*, or trailing sprays of red, pink, and white rosebuds, or of foliage, are also much in favour, and most deservedly, as they are beautiful, whether in the hair or to decorate bonnets and *coiffures*.

Pocket handkerchiefs, their style and trimming, form by no means the least important *accessoire* of the *toilette*; but really this detail is carried to such a point that we will not enter into particulars which none but a *merveilleuse*, the most effeminate of the

genre lionne, would deem worthy her attention; a few indications, however, may not be unacceptable. For the *promenade* the two prettiest *mouchoirs* are the *fleurs des pois* and the *mouchoir fleurette*; the former is bordered with a deep frill, on which are alternate rows of large spots introduced, and narrow tucks; the latter represents miniature bouquets, enclosed in squares formed by *petite plis à jour*, crossing each other like a chess-board. For balls, *soirées*, &c., the handkerchief with rich embroideries and lace, or almost entirely composed of lace, is always the style adopted. To give your readers some idea of the rôle the *mouchoir* exercises in the *toilette d'une merveilleuse*, it will be sufficient to cite some of the names given to this elegant appendage:—*le mouchoir Priora*, *le mouchoir Médée*, *le mouchoir Mignon*, *le mouchoir royal*, *le mouchoir présidentiel*, *le mouchoir camélia*—*enfin* there is no end to the vagaries in which the *lingères* and their favourite customers indulge on the subject. *A-propos* of the *mouchoir camélia*, we may remark that *camellias* are the order of the day; there is the *écharpe camélia*, and half a dozen other articles of the *toilette* to which the name has been given, arising from the unheard-of success of a piece which has been playing every night for the last two months at the Vandeville, called *la Dame aux camélias*, written by the son of Alexander Dumas, and acted by Mme. Doche. We may say *en passant* that the piece does more credit to the talent than to the morality of its producers and admirers; but '—a question with which we have nothing to do.

Mantes in lace will be very much worn this season; they are almost all *à capuchon*. Shawls in *dentille de Chantilly*, also, will be in great favour; they certainly are very graceful when well worn, but all depends on the manner of putting them on and draping them, the secret of which is not very generally known.

Children's dresses are extremely pretty. The *gilet* now forms as much a part of their toilet as it does of their mother's; there is no end to the variety of forms adopted in the make of little girls' dresses, but they all have much trimming in the way of *revers*, *basques*, &c., *festonnés*, or otherwise bordered; for out-of-doors they wear generally *pardessus* or *paleots* to correspond with the dress. *Étoffes écossaises*, or plain materials with plaid trimmings, are greatly in favour for children's dresses.

CIRCULAR SHAWLS.—Our attention has lately been drawn to a novelty in dress lately introduced under the above title by the manufacturers, Messrs. Kerr and Scott, of St. Paul's Churchyard. These Circular Shawls are composed of various sorts of shawl material, from the light barege to the more substantial Paisley; but the pattern, for obvious reasons, is printed instead of being woven. They are in fact something between a shawl and a mantle, and the hood, which is usually attached, may be removed at pleasure. They show the figure and yet shroud it, and, when made in certain fabrics, are warm as well as light. Being registered they are not yet made in coarse materials, and therefore are not likely to become common. We may warn our readers that the effect produced by these shawls is very different from that obtained by the home manufacture of a shawl into a mantle—a feat we have once or twice known attempted with most signal failure. We understand that the printers of the circular shawls are Messrs. Swaisland, of Crayford.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FINEITA.—The following information respecting the cultivation of tuberose will, we hope, be useful to you:—Select large and well-ripened bulbs, and have them potted in six-inch pots, in a compost of mellow loam, leaf-mould, and some rough sand. Use plenty of drainage, and let the soil be tolerably moist. When finished, about one-third of the bulb should stand above the soil. Place the pots on a shelf near the glass in an early vinery or a forcing-house. Apply but little water until the pots are full of roots, and the plants are in full growth, when they will need a liberal supply—observing, however, never to water unless the plants require it; over-watering is the cause of numerous failures: in the earlier stages of the growth it causes the embryo flower to perish, and in the later stages it very often causes repletion, and both leaves and flowers perish from premature decay. When the flower-stems have attained a foot or so in height, it is best to remove them to the greenhouse, taking care to secure them to a neat stake. In reply to your second question we may observe that the fig is a native of a warm country, and accordingly requires a warm open situation. It is generally trained against a wall with a south aspect, but if the situation is otherwise good you may train it *en espalier*. The fruit will not be fine if it is grown in a shady situation.

GOVERNESSES.—The remarks in our last number have drawn forth the following letter from an unknown correspondent: we print it entire, as it contains matter worth consideration.

“MADAM,—As one of a body whose cause your pages have for some time been so kindly advocating, I feel impelled, in behalf of myself and sisters in the profession, to thank you sincerely for your earnestness, and trust my (above) twenty years' experience as a governess will be deemed a sufficient apology for intruding myself upon your notice, and hazarding a few remarks on the same subject. I have for several months observed, with no small degree of anxiety and interest, the manner in which you have been endeavouring to place English governesses in a better position in society: your object is most kind and praiseworthy, and many of your remarks too just to be really felt by any but those who themselves have suffered as governesses. On this subject I can speak feelingly; for though, during my many years' residence in the abode of strangers, I have met with much, very much, kind consideration, and as far as the English tone of society and natural temperament will permit, even sympathy, yet the constant sense that a governess is deemed an inferior in position though not in acquirements—the feeling that she is noticed through a patronizing condescension (much more galling to a proud mind than entire neglect), and the consciousness that she is, at the best, but a tolerated member of the household—as it were a “necessary evil”—are indeed more than a sensitive mind, unassisted by divine grace, could endure. But, at the same time, my dear Madam, is there not much to be said on the other hand? A young governess complains that after her daily duties are over she is frequently left alone; she feels desolate, &c., &c.; but she does not consider that most likely this is also the only time that the master and mistress have for quiet converse together. The former probably returns home after his daily avocations, fatigued both in body and in mind; he and

his wife may not have seen each other for several hours; they must necessarily have many things to communicate to each other; then how restraining must the presence of a stranger necessarily be! and however kindly they may feel disposed to treat her, how much they must wish for her absence! Again, many complain of slights, inattentions from visitors, servants, &c. This too, may, in many cases, be just; but, at the same time, I must remind you that many governesses of the present day are not ladies, and that they are always the most expecting [? exacting]. Many have been and are educating for that position, who in their own homes meet with absolutely no more refinement in mind or manners than in the nursery or servants' hall of their employers. I know this for a fact, and am at present aware of a family of three daughters, one a governess, another a dress-maker, and the third a lady's maid! And so are many daughters of little shopkeepers over-educated in order to become ladies, as they fancy, and are thus made miserable for life; for they expect much more indulgence than any real lady looks for, even in her own family. They are elevated above their own relatives, looked up to by them as something wonderful; have all their whims indulged at home, and expect the same abroad; forgetting that they are not now superior to the rest in the household. I allow that the position of governesses requires amendment; but at the same time a good cause may be injured by going too far, as I think most reasonable people will say, when they hear of a young lady complaining that she has not a ‘fire in her bed-room, and a hot bottle to her feet’—indulgences which no judicious mother would accord to her own children, as they are relaxing to the body, and, in consequence, anything but invigorating to the mind; and which, if the governess has had at home, she ought to have remained at home to indulge. Trusting your endeavours to promote amelioration where much needed will be both judicious and successful, I am, dear Madam, yours in sincerity,

“A GOVERNESS.

“Kendal, April 12.”

We must beg our correspondent to bear in mind that the practice of allowing a governess to have a fire frequently in her room on very cold nights—especially if she is rather delicate—is decidedly conducive to health, and to that ample attention to habits of cleanliness, and carefulness of toilet, which form part of the essential duties of a gentlewoman. What may be relaxing to one constitution is a necessity to another, and few conditions are more injurious to health than being kept awake half the night with cold feet. Among the upper classes the indulgences which our correspondent denounces are allowed generally as matters of course, and always where they are required. Who enjoy a greater average of health and longevity than the aristocracy?

M. H—s.—We regret that we cannot accede to your proposal.

ELIZABETH (*The Cedars*).—Berthas have quite gone out of fashion, and therefore the required pattern would, we fear, be unacceptable to the great majority of our subscribers.

NEAT-HANDED PHILLIS.—We will bear your wishes in mind, but we are sorry that we cannot hold out any immediate prospect of complying with them.

PERCIE.—Always welcome.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

JUNE, 1852.

ANIMALS, AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH),

BY MARY HOWITT.

Any one who has a taste for the study of natural physiognomies should carefully observe the countenance of the ox and the cow, should study their demeanour and the expression of their eyes. They are shapes which bear in an extraordinary manner the stamp of respectability; they neither look joyful nor yet melancholy; seldom evil disposed; never vivacious and sportive. They are full of gravity, and always seem to be going about their business. They are not merely creatures of great economic use, but they carry in their whole persons the appearance of being so—they are the very forms of earthly usefulness.

Did one ever see anything more dignified or more official-looking than the whole behaviour of the ox, his way of carrying his head and looking about him? If any one imagines that I intend any jest by these words he is mistaken; neither slur nor ridicule is meant to be thrown upon official life, or on that which is known in the world as a man's vocation. I regard all these with as much respect as any one can desire, and although I have an eye for natural configuration, yet is no sentiment of ridicule connected in my mind with any of these forms. On the contrary, I regard the ox and the cow with the warmest feelings of esteem. I perceive, however, in them a striking and *naïve* picture of the man who goes gravely about his own business—of the man who submits himself to the requirements of duty (without the slightest reference to duty in its higher sense), of the man, who, in the eye of the world, appears dignified, regular, steady, formal, and middle-aged—that is to say, neither young nor stricken in years.

Look at this ox now, as he stands before thee, chewing his cud, and gazing around him in so indescribably thoughtful a manner, but who, if thou wilt look more closely into his eyes, is thinking about nothing at all! Look at that discreet, excellent Dutch cow, which, gifted with an inexhaustible udder, stands quietly and allows herself to be milked whilst she gazes into space with the most sensible expression! The milking process is satisfactory to her; and she sees the pail borne away with imperturbable gravity, and with that sort of solemnity which

people assume when they have committed some important trust to their own age and to posterity.

If the worth of the cow is great on the one hand, yet on the other it must be conceded that she possesses not a single trait of grace, not a single particle of vivacity, and none of that quick agility in retreating from an object which indicates an inward buoyancy, an elastic temperament such as one recognizes in the bird or the fish.

The cow and the ox, it is true, are sometimes timid, but they make their retreat in the most unhandy, clumsy, and awkward way possible: it is exactly as ponderosity would go on if it lost the restraint of gravitation; and nothing can be a more pitiable sight than when anything loses its equilibrium, of which the great matter is for its equilibrium to be preserved. Few natural scenes are more striking than one which is of common occurrence, namely, when cows make their retreat from a footpath when a traveller comes by. If a cow stands upon the high bank and any one approaches, she seems taken by surprise and finds it needful to take care of herself, whilst the simple fact of standing aside and letting all pass by without notice would be impossible to her. To run away right forward, as the sheep do, appears also to be quite opposed to her dignity, or to her obstinacy of disposition; she must of necessity maintain her post. She betakes herself therefore very zealously to the other bank or to the opposite side of the road, and does it in such a way as to show the most perfect absence of pleasure. Though what greater safety or advantage she can find on the other bank is not easily to be conceived; but enough, it is done—in the first place because every person, be he who he may, who drives along the high road, must be an enemy against whom it is necessary to be on her guard; secondly, because, if at the important moment she happens to be on the right hand, she must, let it cost what it may, go over to the left, and *vice versa*; and thirdly, because it is precisely this very getting out of the way which puts her in the only danger which can arise from this encounter, and not unfrequently causes her to

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receive a blow from the stranger which would not have happened had she remained where she was. People are in the habit of laughing at her stupidity, and calling such conduct "*cow-witted*." The ox does not act quite so foolishly, although when he is frightened, which does happen at times, he never fails of being *mal-adroit*—excuse the French word, but here it is appropriate. One may be quite sure that out of all the ways of helping himself he will choose, if not the worst, at all events the very dirtiest. I have lingered over these observations because they supply traits of nature by which God mysteriously, but yet significantly, for those who take a pleasure in studying them, expresses some of his deepest mysteries. One sees hieroglyphically in them the strange position in which the outwardly estimable, demure, and regular, find themselves in this world.

That which has only systematized law for its rule of guidance knows how to act as long as it sees itself in the system; but the least grain additional in one scale of the balance sinks the other, and throws the whole into confusion. That for which the outward regulation alone constitutes the whole, will conduct itself admirably in all that is included within the regulation; but fearing, from irresistible instinct, all progress in the world, they break away from this and place themselves precisely in the way of mischances which otherwise would not occur, and never are more unlucky than in their attempts to help themselves. No one so suddenly, so entirely loses the faculty of going on in a straight direction as he, who, having hitherto moved only according to line, has all at once been deprived of that line, and who belonging, so to speak, *ex officio* to the class which never losing itself, yet comes, by chance, to a point where two or three ways meet.

How unlike this are the rest of the animal race which attach themselves to man—horses, dogs, cats, and swine! Whatever their merits may be, we cannot, however, commend them for any remarkable regularity of demeanour.

Look at the horse. I am not speaking now of any individual case in which we may find him, the property of a carter, and standing in deep trouble and want, as if asleep, but in the common and general sense. Most certainly a well-trained horse is in the highest degree fitted for drawing a carriage swiftly; but you can see by the well-satisfied bend of his neck, by the movement of his hind quarters, and in particular of his fore feet, that he amuses himself with his employment. When he comes to a hill up which he has to draw his master, he sets about it in good earnest; and is there not something chivalric in his way of doing it? Is it not as if it were a point of honour with him to reach the top of the hill? If he gets a touch of the whip he does not receive it as a reminder of neglected duty, but is annoyed by it, very probably both from pain and shame. He is very fond of being spoken to and praised, is proud of any decoration which may be placed upon him, makes much of appearances, and, as far as in him lies,

turns all his business into an affair of enjoyment.

The horse is generally very much attached to man. If you place yourself before him, you will not perhaps discover so much profound reflection in his countenance as a certain tone of refinement and good breeding; he looks on you with the expression of a "*bon camarade*;" he turns his beautiful head towards you as to an equal, and seems to tell you that he has great pleasure in bearing you company through life, provided that you will behave well to him. He never, like the ox, puts on the appearance of a philosopher; but there is in the depth of his eye a something which if it may not be called thoughtful, is perhaps beyond even that. He may easily be excited to warlike and bold achievements; he increases in energy with the increase of danger; it does not seem to trouble him that he perils his life for something wholly useless. None of his folly, however, proceeds from stupidity, but from the desire to get along. Nevertheless, one may observe with what nicety, carefulness, and precision, he manages his feet so as not, even when he is at full speed, willingly to tread upon anything of value, as for instance, a child which may lie in his way.

The courage of the horse is universally acknowledged, yet that does not prevent his occasionally shying at some objects; and when he is in the field it is no easy matter to capture him so long as you do not bribe him with good words or corn. He can hear the most insignificant sound, and resembles a bird as nearly as a four-footed animal can do so.

When he starts aside he does not show a particle of *cow-wittedness*; he does not become terrified and lose all his ideas as horned cattle do, but merely shies from the quickness of his perceptions, and from a desire not to come into close proximity with anything disagreeable or painful. And when he does make a retreat he does it with propriety and elegance; one sees at once that he does not do it out of conceit, or because it is his peculiar custom. The business that he is at the time occupied with is all and everything to him; he does not go by any one chalked-out course; he is at home on every kind of line, the straight or the crooked it matters not; and he brings his own being into accordance with whatever leap he may have to take. The horse is never awkward or ungainly. Even though neglected, ill-used, and miserable, he yet exhibits to thee the figure it may be of a weary, wretched creature, and thou mayest observe that he no longer acknowledges or troubles himself about the blow which thou givest him, that he stumbles, that his knees are no longer able either to support him or thee, and that thou art now making use of his last powers; yet still if thou for amusement shouldst follow the track of the vehicle which he draws, and shouldst notice his hoof-prints, thou wouldst find them true and uniform, and not forming that zig-zag which marks the track of the advancing ox.

Now if thou lettest the weary horse rest a moment, and goest forward to his bridle, thou

wilt perhaps not receive from him the old friendly glance of good fellowship, but thou wilt see that he still arches a proud neck, that his eyes are bloodshot with sorrow or anger, and that he lays down his ears threateningly. For all this he would be easily reconciled with thee, wouldst thou only pat his neck, and give him a little corn or a few ground beans. These will make him soon forget all thy oppressions, and after that go on with thee till he falls down dead; and his last fate is to have his bones picked by the birds.

If thou wilt now consider his peculiarities, thou wilt see that, whenever the horse ceases to draw his load cheerfully, and to make his business a pleasure, he stands angrily in his place, and the whole thing is a burden to him. From this it may be inferred that he never regards his employment as a calling. To consider anything as a calling, it is necessary that it neither on the one hand shall be regarded as a pleasure or an amusement, nor on the other as a burden. The real and truly official way of regarding it in the world, is as the requirement of duty in which there can be no question about easy or difficult, but only about that which *must* be. That, however, is not the way in which the horse looks at it. But his mode of looking at the question is not so profitless and so absurd as thou mayest perhaps suppose; he will often carry thee to the same point, and something farther, although disgusted by being compelled and driven; but he would have done it twofold out of pleasure and love. And even thou, my friend, art so strangely constituted, that thou enjoyest but in a small degree the advantages which the mere performance of duty afford thee.

What is the fate of thy oxen? Thou dost not consider them worthy of love; and the end of them is to be eaten. But if thou dost not treat the quick, the chivalric, much better still, thou very seldom canst refuse thy highest regard for services which are rendered to thee by a free, unsubjected creature. Unquestionably thou art very glad to have the obedience of those on whom thou canst confidently rely; but what dost thou do? Thou givest to the ox none of thy enjoyment. To the cheerful-hearted, on the contrary, to him whom thou canst not convince that he should look upon thy work as his business, dost thou pat upon the loins, dost thou stroke upon the neck; he is regarded by thee as in some respect worthy of thy esteem, and thou art unwilling that he should be frightened. In Europe, at all events, the horse is at present but seldom eaten. Let us, however, leave this subject.

The dog—for we are now come to him—is neither ox nor horse. He certainly does not perform his business as a work, nor yet in a state of mind which alternates between pleasure and anger; because, properly speaking, he does not *do* anything. He loves to go in thy company; he is inexhaustible in his ability for making a thousand evolutions around thee, instead of going on in the straight line; and in so doing he possesses the secret of being able to

do all this without striking against anything, and notwithstanding all his circuiting and all his wheeling about, yet is he most steadfastly faithful to thee. He does not move with the delight of the horse, nor yet with his independence; at the same time he never resembles the ox. He accompanies thee to the chase for his own particular pleasure, and for the sake of any adventure he may have in the wood. He follows the sport much more from his own love of the thing than thou hast any idea of. He snaps the birds and bites the hares himself whenever he fancies himself safe from thy observation; on the contrary, it is for thy sake that he barks at the stranger. For, excepting in the case of some particular individual, against whom he has conceived an antipathy (for the most part founded on the evil disposition of that individual), he is the friend of all mankind; and that he, for his own part, has not anything against the stranger at whom he barks, is proved by the fact that if he becomes by any chance the dog of that stranger, he will bark with equally good will at thee, in case thou goest to his new home.

Barking is most certainly the business of the dog, and he is sometimes more obstinate about it than there is any reason for; but it is seldom meant as gravely as it appears, and it very often ends quite as abruptly, and as much without cause, as it begins. The bark of a dog has not in its sound anything so inspiring as the neighing of a horse, for instance when heard from a distance in the open air; neither can it be compared with the bellowing of kine. There is something, however, very agreeable in the varied lowing of cattle when heard in the distant country, and when answered and repeated by a large herd, especially toward evening and amid echoes. On the other hand, nothing is more unpleasant than to hear all at once, and just beside one, the bellowing of an ox, who thus in the most authoritative manner announces himself, as if nobody else had any right to utter a syllable in his presence. The voices of oxen and cows are endurable, nevertheless; yet they have continually a propensity to rise into falsetto, on which occasion they bear a considerable resemblance to that of swine. And this brings me in regular order to pigs.

On this subject much might be said. Swine are ill-tempered and leech-toothed, and the most pig-like of all our domestic animals. Spite of all this, the pig is very good in his way; by which I mean, that though his circumstances may not appear excellent to others, yet that he flourishes under them. He does not desire nor yet enjoy the society of man, as the dog does. He likes going about by himself, grunting in an under-tone, which he prefers to raising his voice to its highest pitch. The pig's mode of life and whole configuration show us the lower state of earthly existence, that which enjoys itself alone, having a distaste for human society, and with a decided love of impurity; whilst the dog, on the contrary, may be considered as typifying a higher and purer condition, that which finds its plea-

sure in intercourse with man, in cleanliness and cheerfulness.

In the ox we see the personification of worldly usefulness combined with formality; that is to say, when the creature acts on his own account.

The horse is the image of that higher and nobler delight which is experienced in the rendering of benefits and in the performance of duty, not for the sake of reward, but as an agreeable appendage to the pleasures of life.

EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Let not my readers be alarmed at the title of my paper. I am not going to advocate the claims of lady-colleges on the one hand, or cookery-schools on the other. I hold *that* education to be the best, which not only fits a woman for the station which she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character, that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher, or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. Illustration is often better than precept: I will therefore give a short sketch of three married women of my acquaintance, who, in my opinion, admirably exemplify the effects of a judicious education; but, lest my readers should surmise that I am about to inflict upon them the delineation of paragons of perfection, I will tell them beforehand that each of these exemplary persons possesses one fault, which I am about to point out, with the hope that in their case, as well as in that of many others, it may be not only confessed, but amended.

Lady Corwyn was the daughter of a quiet widow, with a moderate income, who was prevented, partly by ill-health, and partly by an indolent disposition, from introducing her daughter into general society. Sir James Corwyn, however—a baronet, with a fine country seat, and fifteen thousand a-year—obtained an introduction to the secluded fair one at the house of one of her relations, and a marriage took place. Twenty years have elapsed since that event. Lady Corwyn is now eight-and-thirty, and her country neighbours and her London associates, her husband's friends, nay, even her husband's family, those chartered critics of a wife's sayings and doings, unite in praising the uniform propriety of her conduct—propriety which does not array itself in buckram, but which is evinced by the exquisite good taste and ease with which every relaxation of life is enjoyed, every social and domestic duty performed. Sir James Corwyn and his family pass the spring in London; it is his wish that his wife should mingle with the gay world, and she does so, cheerfully and willingly. She is no flirt, yet men love to congregate around her, and to listen to her animated, sparkling anecdotes. She is no flatterer, yet women consult her in their millinery dilemmas, and girls eagerly seek her as a chaperon. Eight months of the year, however, she passes at her husband's country seat: here she is the kind benefactress of the poor, and the wise and prudent manager

of her household: she keeps up an extensive circle of visiting acquaintance, but as her habits are very active, she finds time for many other pursuits, from the cultivation of her mind to that of her flower-garden, from playing chess and singing duets with her husband, to directing the studies and sharing the pastimes of her children. She has a son, nineteen years of age, who is already distinguished by his talent and excellence, and two daughters of fifteen and sixteen, who have not yet "come out." When they do so, it is predicted that they will meet with excellent opportunities of marrying. Girls brought up under the inspection of such a mother may be safely trusted to make admirable wives.

Mrs. Stafford is about nine-and-twenty; ten years ago she married a very rich merchant; her tastes and habits were expensive; she enjoyed her splendid dresses and elegant carriages; these inclinations, however, qualified her but the more for the station she was called upon to fill. Stafford valued wealth, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the luxuries that it procured; and a wife incapable of spending money would have been in his opinion quite unworthy of possessing it. Yet Mrs. Stafford was no frivolous, thoughtless worldling; two points she strenuously urged on her husband—to give liberally in charity from his abundance, and to abstain from all speculative attempts to increase the fortune which was already more than sufficient for every reasonable want and wish. Stafford was quite willing to oblige his wife in the first particular. So long as she did not require him to devote his time and thoughts to the service of his distressed fellow-creatures, she might command cheques on his banker for their use; but the second part of her counsel was more difficult to follow. Stafford entered into a tempting speculation; it failed, embarrassments ensued, and although he was enabled to pay everybody, he was reduced to the very unpleasant necessity of (so runs the mercantile phrase) "beginning life again"! To "begin life again" is the frequent aspiration of poets; but it is very seldom desiderated by merchants, still less by merchants' wives. Stafford felt the shock even more for his dear, indulged, pampered wife, than he did for himself; but he was speedily comforted and encouraged by the mingled spirit and sweetness with which she accommodated herself to her new situation. She parted with her jewels, locked up her finery, and looked far prettier in a muslin dress and straw bonnet than she had ever done in the most elaborate Paris fashions.

She managed her little household so well, that it did not bear the appearance of having cost her any trouble to manage; neither did she make a point of abjuring recreations and amusements. The well-chosen books, arrayed in splendid bindings, had passed into other hands; but cheap literature, and a subscription to a neighbouring circulating library supplied the deficiency. Balls and banquets were henceforth to be unknown to her husband and herself; but the lecture-room, the concert-room, and the social meeting at a friend's house, remained open to them. Carriages and horses were extinct; but Mrs. Stafford's step was more light, and the roses bloomed more freshly in her cheeks, since she had been what her commiserating friends denominated "reduced to walking!" No one said of Mrs. Stafford that she bore her altered circumstances well, for she did not seem to consider them as troubles; she was just as smiling, happy, and pleasant, as when encumbered with a large house, a colony of servants, and an income to match. She will not long, however, continue to live in a confined manner, for I have just heard of the death of a relation of Stafford's, who cut him out of his will for marrying a fine lady, and put him in again when his reverse of fortune discovered to his friends that a fine lady may be a very earnest, simple, loving woman. I believe the money that Stafford will inherit amounts to a large sum; but no matter—I have so firm a trust in the consistency of Mrs. Stafford, that I should not fear for her, even if it were discovered that her husband possessed a vested right in the largest gold-field in Australia!

My third paragon, Mrs. Rushton, is the wife of a country clergyman; she is four-and-twenty years old, and much handsomer than my other two favourites—in fact she is a decided beauty; and when, at the age of eighteen, she was well introduced into the gay world by an aunt, and known to be the independent possessor of ten thousand pounds, no one can be surprised that her conquests were many and extensive: she was the belle of the ball-room, the goddess of *tableaux vivans*, the heroine of acted charades; verses were written to her, sketches were made of her, and hearts and hands (some of them very desirable ones) were proffered to her acceptance. Her aunt was never easy but in society, and certainly she rejoiced in a most complaisant niece; the young beauty was never tired, never low-spirited, never pale, never sleepy, never troubled with the head-ache. For three years she remained in a constant vortex of amusement and dissipation, till at length she made choice of one of her suitors, and to the astonishment of everybody, he proved to be a quiet country clergyman, residing in a distant village on a small living. Poor man! I wonder that he ever found courage to propose to her; how divided he must have been between fear of being refused, and fear of gaining a very unsuitable wife for himself if he should be accepted! Her aunt vehemently opposed her marriage; but as she was of age it was impossible to prevent it, and as the

income which her lover derived from his living was somewhat more than she herself drew from her ten thousand pounds, all threats held out of ultimate starvation were of course to be regarded in a metaphorical point of view. The beautiful bride entered on the duties of a clergyman's wife not only with cheerfulness, but with a tact and activity which surprised every one. I could quite conceive that her fine sense and fine principles would enable her to "quit the flaunting town" without regret, when she had once made up her mind to do so. I could also well understand that loving as she did, deeply and truly, the affection of one fond, faithful heart would far outweigh all the triumphs and flatteries of society; but I cannot even now quite comprehend how she became at once, as if by intuition, so versed in her new pursuits that anybody might suppose she had been teaching schools and visiting cottagers all her life! Mrs. Rushton has refused all offers from her husband to take her occasionally to London, or to a watering-place; the little village where her home is fixed may occupy a very insignificant position in the map of England, but to her it is a scene of perfect and unvarying happiness, and the veriest dowdy who ever vegetated in seclusion from childhood to womanhood, could not make a more quiet, contented, unassuming wife for a country pastor, than does the darling of society—the flattered ball-room beauty!

The three ladies whose characters I have endeavoured to sketch are of different ages and move in different circles: they do not know each other—nay, as far as I am aware, they have never even heard of each other, and yet they each have precisely the same fault, in precisely the same degree. But before I mention it, I must trespass on the patience of my readers for a short time, while I delineate to them yet one other person.

There is a neat, trim row of houses in Brompton, bearing that peculiar air which denotes that they are let out in lodgings. In one of them the parlour and bedroom on the ground-floor are occupied by an elderly lady, named Allen; she is thoroughly the gentlewoman in manner and appearance, and the beautiful drawings and tasteful pieces of needlework which form the principal ornament of her little parlour, have owed their existence to her own skilful and active hand. I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Allen a very happy person; it is far from being my habit to estimate felicity in reference to pounds, shillings, and pence; but a certain *roominess* of income (to use the expression of an old-fashioned friend of mine), is, in my opinion, quite necessary for comfort, and this it is not Mrs. Allen's lot to enjoy; her table, dress, and apartments, although managed with the strictest economy, merge nearly the whole of her moderate life-annuity, and she has nothing to spare from it for the little indulgences of life. She is of a social temper, and has great powers of conversation, but she pays and receives very few visits; she has outlived her relations; some of her friends have forgotten her

others live at a distance from her; and she cannot make new acquaintance, since visiting is expensive, even when carried on in the most moderate way. Mrs. Allen loves the country, and she is frequently haunted with images of breezy hills, flowery valleys, and umbrageous woods; but she rents her little lodging by the year for the sake of economy, and she cannot afford an excursion from thence; so she reads "Our Village," and "Summer Time in the Country," fills her pretty painted flower-jars with moss-roses purchased from street vendors, and tries to forget that there was once a time when she enjoyed "free Nature's grace" without restriction. Mrs. Allen has another drawback upon happiness; her health is failing; she can only walk to a very short distance from home, and carriage-hire is out of the question. She has lately suffered under a severe attack of illness, and her landlady earnestly persuaded her to have recourse to medical assistance. She resolutely refused, and the landlady expatiated long and fluently to her next "caller in," on Mrs. Allen's "unaccountable dislike to doctors!" But Mrs. Allen has no dislike to doctors, she only dislikes the expense of them.

When I have said that I do not consider Mrs. Allen happy, let me not be understood to infer that she ever complains of her lot in life; no, on the contrary, she often expresses her gratitude to Providence, that she has been able by her unassisted efforts to accumulate a sufficient sum to place her in independence for the rest of her days, giving her sufficient to satisfy the wants of nature, and allowing her abundant leisure to prepare her mind for a future world.

Mrs. Allen's story is very short, and very common-place. Highly educated, and slenderly dowered, she became the wife of a man of reputed wealth; she enjoyed every luxury for several years, when the sudden death of her husband discovered that his affairs were in so involved a state, that nothing could be saved from the wreck of them for the use of his widow.

Mrs. Allen now deemed it advisable to avail herself of her talents and accomplishments as a means of support, and became a governess. Perhaps few governesses had ever less to complain of than she had; her superior abilities ensured her a good salary, and she was extremely fortunate in entering families who treated her with kindness and consideration, while her pupils, generally speaking, were amiable and intelligent, and did credit to the excellent instructions which they received from her. Thirty years did Mrs. Allen pursue this way of life, regularly laying by as much of her yearly stipend as she could consistently save, after making the appearance expected from a well-salaried governess. At the conclusion of that period, when her health and spirits both gave symptoms of failing, she was truly grateful to find that it was in her power to purchase a small life-annuity, which, managed with frugality, would procure her the means of living without future labour. Mrs. Allen had not very frequently changed her situations; but of course, in thirty years, occa-

sional transits were unavoidable; and among her pupils at different periods, were numbered the three ladies whom I have described as doing so much honour to the education bestowed on them. Lady Corwyn, Mrs. Stafford, and Mrs. Rushton, were each under her care for some years. Now have I come to the moral for which I have been endeavouring to prepare my readers. Why has Mrs. Allen so completely passed from the remembrance of the pupils who owe so much to her? why do they not feel that it is equally a duty and a pleasure to keep up frequent intercourse with her, to invite her to their houses, and to introduce her to the husbands who have such cause to be thankful to her for having trained up for them such admirable wives? What would Lady Corwyn have been if left to the sole direction of a sickly, indolent mother? Mrs. Stafford, as an orphan under the care of a stately guardian with a silly wife, would have had still fewer advantages of moral training; and Mrs. Rushton, if her worldly, trifling aunt had been her sole preceptress, would probably have never been anything but worldly and trifling herself. Were you to talk to these ladies on the subject of their education, I am persuaded that not one of them would deny that they were under the greatest obligations to Mrs. Allen; were you to tell them that she was suffering from poverty, they would assist her readily and abundantly; were you to apprise them that she was a candidate for admission into any charitable institution, they would write letters, pay morning visits, work for a fancy-fair, or adopt any other mode which might be suggested to them as being most likely to be beneficial to her. Why then do they not seek her as a companion and guest? how many comforts and indulgences might they be the means of bestowing upon her without causing any humiliation to her independent spirit! how many happy hours might she enjoy in the beautiful park and pleasure-grounds of Lady Corwyn! how might Mrs. Stafford have made her the occasional sharer of her prosperity, and have been rewarded by finding in her, one of her few firm unshrinking friends in the season of adversity! how might Mrs. Rushton delight to welcome to her peaceful retirement the governess who implanted in her mind the excellent principles which qualified her to enjoy and to adorn it! I have frequently heard married women describe the pleasure they feel in renewing their acquaintance with those whom they have known in early girlhood, because they could retrace with them innumerable little incidents, scenes, and dialogues, interesting to themselves, although dull and trivial to an indifferent person. Surely none can be so well qualified to share in such pleasant reminiscences as the governess, who was not only an occasional visitor, but the actual inmate of the house of her young charge during the delightful season of life's fresh spring. And yet, among the most amiable of women, how constantly do we see that the governess is suffered to pass into entire oblivion from the time she ceases to reside with them!

Possibly in some cases a few letters may be exchanged ; but the languid correspondence soon comes to a close, her name is never mentioned, and her very existence is forgotten.

Is not this wrong, unfeeling, *ungrateful*? yes, the right word has come forth at last—I will not gloss it over!

Ingratitude is the one fault of my three fair friends, and of many other equally esteemed members of society. It is a harsh word, it is a heavy accusation ; there are few, even among the most humble-minded, who could be induced to plead guilty to it. And yet what is the definition of ingratitude? Is it not the want of a due sense of the benefits that we have received from others? And how great are the benefits that a pupil receives from a thoroughly conscientious governess, who is not content with imparting showy accomplishments, nor even solid information to her, but who carefully guards her young mind from evil, and instils into it the great truths of religion! Gratitude should be shown through life to such a preceptress, and the expression of it ought to be considered as an enjoyment and a privilege ; her married pupils, in particular, should delight to welcome her to their domestic fireside, to make her intimately acquainted with the failings and the excellencies of their children, and to listen with pleasure while she recounts to those children anecdotes of the youthful days of their dear mother. Is there any reason why such an intercourse should not be of frequent

occurrence, with mutual comfort and advantage to each party? No, it is not even *attempted* to give any reason why it should not be so. Such an intimacy is never sought for, because it is never thought of; and I am inclined to believe that want of thought, more than want of real principle and kindness, is the source of the error that I deplore. But the governess has deep feelings, warm sympathies, strong affections—the nature of her employment in life has alienated her from the society of her own family; she has given all her earnest interest to strangers; she has sat with them by the winter-hearth, joined them in the summer walk, heard their troubles, shared their joys, partaken their prayers. She has won their friendly confidence—is it to be withdrawn from her the moment she quits them? She has qualified them to bless and be blessed in their progress through life—is she to be deprived of the gratification of seeing how it has pleased Providence to prosper the good seed which she has sown? No, no; let her lonely home be gladdened, let her sinking heart be cheered by the renewal of ties so long dissevered; let her hear the sound of well-known voices, and gaze on the smile of familiar faces; let the husbands of her pupils delight to honour her, and their young children welcome her with caresses; and then, and not till then, shall I say that the blot on our national character is removed, and that England has reason to be proud of her “*Educated Women*!”

ADDRESS TO FRENCHMEN,

ON THE ENCROACHMENT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON
ON THEIR LIBERTIES.

BY THE HON. JULIA A. MAYNARD.

Frenchmen! will ye crouch to feel
On your necks the gory heel,
Printing deep the slavish seal
Of a tyrant reprobate?

Exiles! keep your courage warm,
Freedom's cause shall brave the storm;
Let her take a truer form,
Let her not with anarch mate!

By those shroud-like Russian snows,
Where your fathers' bones repose,
By their most unequal'd woes,
Love ye yet the Corsican?

Pen and voice alike put down
By an upstart's lawless frown,
Rent in twain the civic gown,
Will ye bear this traitor man?

By the slaughters in your streets,
Voice of memory still repeats,
Will ye bend to these defeats,
And not dare to utter “no”?

Let the moral force of right
Illuminate despotic shades of night,
And all bloodless put to flight
Fatal power it should lay low.

LIFE'S KOH-I-NOOR.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Of all the pleasures life can give,
Of all that makes it blest to live,
Upon this lukewarm earth—
Grant me but one congenial mind,
Wherein my own can ever find
All Sympathy's sweet worth.

Not a submissive, pliant thing,
Which unto mine would meekly cling,
The semblance of a shade—
That could but think as I had thought,
As if it had the echo caught
Of every speech I made.

The kindred mind my love desires,
Something beyond a power requires
To image back my own;
Its rich ideal world within
Should peopled be with tastes akin,
But not that mine had sown.

Its precious attributes should be—
To feel deep interest in me;
That interest to impart:
To learn, not track, my inner ways;
To note, not use, my mental gaze
By Love's perceptive art.

To waken life, and warmth, and light,
Where hang the dewy damps of night
Around my slumbering breast;
So that those rays of mind may shine
Back on the chosen one from mine,
With all my soul imprint.

To deem it favour's choicest task,
My mind or body's aid to ask—
A smile or tear to claim;
And so with hand, eye, tongue, and ear
Be ready, watchful, and sincere
In offering me the same.

To bid me view its own hidd'n cells—
To tell me what there secret dwells,
Be it of joy or woe;
A thrill of happiness to feel,
Whene'er it would to me reveal
What none but I should know.

With me to tread the path of flow'rs—
With me to pass life's thorny hours,
And still together learn
To walk above with angel-feet,
Where truth is full, and bliss complete—
Where sin knows no return.

Call it Affection—Friendship—Love,
A gleam on earth of heaven above—
Faith, Trust, or Constancy;
All would unite to make us blest—
All in a word may be exprest,
And that is—Sympathy!

Say not, two mortals here below
Such unison can never know,
So pure and so sincere;
Perfection none indeed attain,
Yet surely 'twere not *quite* in vain
To strive for something near.

FAITH'S VIGIL.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

It is said that the spirits who haunt lakes and streams very frequently entice children away with them, and bring them back after a lapse of years—not as they were when stolen, but always more beautiful, and with rich and valuable gifts. The following song was suggested by this legend.

O mother, ask me now no more
Why night by night I stray
To where the darkling waters bore
My brother dear away—
I know that, free from guilt and pain,
He sleeps beneath the river;
But we shall see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

I know the spirits pure and mild,
That peer with angel faces,
To lure away the little child
To holier, happier places—
And these my brother dear have ta'en,
Adown the darkling river;
But we shall see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

We shall not see him as of old,
A weakling human creature,
But gifted with a crown of gold—
A high, angelic nature!
Then say not that my watch is vain,
Beside the darkling river,
For we shall see him yet again,
More beautiful than ever.

THE LONELY CHAMBER.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

Beneath a row of stately larches,
Looking on a terraco green,
Stands the chamber's gothic arches,
Where no sun-rays come between.
All around the day shines brightly—
All about is mirth and bloom;
Only shadows, cold and nightly,
Fall within that silent room.

Oaken carvings, quaint and olden,
In the sickly light and dim,
From the roof and cornice golden
Look with faces stern and grim.
Ancient portraits none now cherish—
Forms and features in decay—
Seem to languish, fade, and perish
For the breath and light of day.

Mystery is in the chamber—
Fears, like shadows, flit and fall—
E'en the cloth of gold and amber
Seems to shudder on the wall.
Sad cold winds, in doleful striving,
Fill the weary space with dread;
Speak in whispers to the living
Of the long-forgotten dead!

HEART-ECHOES.

In life's bright morn, or mid-day hour,
When clouds of care awhile depart,
Hath Nature's poesy a power
To rouse an echo in the heart.

Now breathes it low; now stronger swells—
As if the soul for freedom sighs:
It comes—that angel-tone—and tells
Where richer melodies arise.

What though the world, with sound of strife,
The spirit-spell shall harshly break,
And we to scenes of sadder life
From all our day-dreams thus awake;

That music's memories linger yet,
To soothe the throbbing pulse of pain—
To bid the heart its grief forget
Till Eden's tones the earth regain!

FRITZ.

SONG.

BY WALTER WELDON.

Bright eyes around us beam to-night—
But the heart may be sad, tho' the brow be bright;
And there's many a one who would wish with me,
That we all were as blithe as we *seem* to be.

A smile may sit on a burning brow,
And may mask but a troubled heart, I trow;
And though many are merrier far than we,
Would our hearts were as bright as they *seem* to be!

PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF GENIUS.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

"Comment l'air modulé par la fibre sonore
 Peut-il créer en nous ces sublimes transports ?
 Pourquoi le cœur suit-il un son qui s'évapore ?
 Ah ! c'est qu'il est une âme au fonds de ces accords !
 C'est que cette âme répandue
 Dans chacun des accents par ta voix modulé
 Par la voix de nos cœurs est soudain répondue,
 Avant que le doux son soit eucore écoulé,
 Et que, semblable au son que dans un temple éveille
 Mille échos assoupis qui parlent à la fois,
 Ton âme, dont l'écho vibre dans chaque oreille,
 Va créer une âme pareille
 Partout où retentit ta voix !"

LAMARTINE (*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses.*)

No. II.—BEETHOVEN.

The life of Beethoven, although comparatively uneventful, is replete with interest : his biographer has indeed to record the history of a mind, rather than to chronicle the course of events—to trace the internal, rather than the external existence.

To few of her sons can art point with a more entire pride than to Beethoven. The purity of his morals, the conscientiousness of his probity, and the nobility of his soul, alike render him a fit model, not only to aspirants of his own profession, but to youth in general.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father, Johann Van Beethoven, was a tenor singer in the electoral chapel; and his grandfather, Ludwig Van Beethoven, who is believed to have been a native of Maestricht, was music-director and bass singer at Bonn, and produced some operas there, but without obtaining any great notoriety.

We must remark that for his mother Beethoven had a most tender regard, and remembered gratefully that she had "so much patience with his obstinacy." A report that our composer was a natural son of King Frederick William II. of Prussia annoyed him much, and caused him to publish a copy of his baptismal register, which successfully confutes the calumny. This step he took in order "to make known to the world the unblemished character of his parents, and especially of his mother."

Beethoven was introduced to the study of music by his father; but we may presume that his first taste of the science was not very pleasing to him, for it was often necessary to drive him to the pianoforte; while to the violin his objection was even stronger.

His general education, and a little Latin, he acquired at a public school; but his acquaintance with German literature was made with the assistance of an intellectual family named Von Breuning, residing at Bonn: to them, in fact, he was mainly indebted for the cultivation of his

intellectual tastes; and he never forgot his obligations to these friends.

We shall look in vain to Beethoven for prodigies of youthful genius such as distinguished Mozart; the organization was different. One might be said to resemble a forest-tree, slow of growth, but hardy of constitution; the other a delicate exotic, tempted by favouring skies to an early development, which prematurely, but fatally, exhausts it. Beethoven was in his sixteenth year, when he was appointed by the brother of the Emperor Joseph II. to the post of organist at the electoral chapel. The honour of this appointment was due in the first place to the Count Von Waldstein—a nobleman distinguished for his musical abilities, and still more by his early appreciation of the young Beethoven.

Beethoven had all his life an honest dislike to vanity and self-glorification. This praiseworthy disposition was early developed, as the following anecdote will show. Its date is shortly after his appointment as organist to the electoral chapel.

One of the singers of the chapel, named Heller, was boasting of his own cleverness to Beethoven, who told him he would promise to put him out that very day without his being aware of it, but yet so as to prevent his proceeding. Heller doubted the possibility of this, and laid a wager on the subject. It may be necessary to say it was Passion Week, on a day when the pianoforte, and not the organ, was used to accompany the chants, and that in the midst of each sentence a pause was made, which the performer at the pianoforte filled up according to his fancy. This was Beethoven's opportunity. Without leaving the tonic of the former mode, "he contrived to lead the singer, by an adroit modulation, into one having no affinity with it." It is almost needless to say that Heller stopped, amidst the smiles of those about him: his vanity was wounded, and he complained of Beethoven to the Elector; who, however, was not vexed, but "bade him not play any more such clever tricks."

Even at this early period Beethoven began to

experience annoyance from his family, and we shall see hereafter how his days were embittered by the misconduct of those who should have promoted his happiness; the irregular life of his father gave him much uneasiness, and perhaps first soured the gay spirits of his youth.

Beethoven was twenty-two years of age when the Elector gave him leave to reside for a year or two at Vienna, in order to have the benefit of Haydn's tuition. Our young musician found Vienna very much to his taste; it was at that time the musical capital of Germany. Mozart had died just a year before Beethoven went to reside in the city, but the aspirant had formerly met the great master, and had received his commendations.

The celebrated Van Swieten, physician to the Empress Maria Theresa, a man who was well acquainted and friendly with nearly all the musicians of his day; Van Swieten, who had counselled Constance Weber on the management of her musician-husband, was for some time Beethoven's greatest patron and friend.

Van Swieten was a great lover of music, and was accustomed to have friendly evening concerts at his house: at these meetings Beethoven soon took a distinguished part. Here, too, he heard the best works of the best masters performed with a full band. After he had enjoyed this, and the performance of the band had ceased, Van Swieten, who seems to have had little regard to the "early to bed" system, would make Beethoven sit down to the piano; and when after a lengthened performance the young man rose to go, his friend would yet have some fugues by Bach, "by way of a blessing."

On one occasion the physician wrote to him thus: "If you are not prevented next Wednesday, I should be glad to see you here at half-past eight in the evening, with your nightcap in your pocket."

Our readers may perhaps remember the "lovely, amiable Countess of Thun," Mozart's pupil and kind friend. This distinguished lady, married to Prince Karl von Lichnowsky, together with her husband, behaved in the noblest manner to Beethoven. The Prince took him into his house, and made him a yearly allowance of six hundred florins, until he should obtain some permanent engagement.

Beethoven owned he was obstinate; this was in reality his grand fault; but the kind Princess overlooked his fits of ill-temper, and frequently made excuses for him to the Prince her husband. Beethoven speaks of her care for him in these words:—

"They would have brought me up there with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the Princess was on the point of having a glass shade made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Our old favourite, Van Swieten, seems to have had a fondness for giving advice, and he tendered it abundantly to Beethoven; but it seems to have shared the usual fate of commodities

whose supply exceeds the demand; the young man was not often disposed to act on the old physician's judgment, though he preserved his friendship and continued to frequent his concerts.

And now for a hint at Beethoven's political opinions, which were somewhat singular, when we consider the terms of intimacy on which he lived with many of the nobility; his position, however, abundantly proves his honesty, for republican principles which stood the test of daily, kindly intercourse with the nobles of his land, must have been firmly rooted in his judgment. He would not pay even ordinary courtesy to the wealthy or the great, unless he knew them also to be humane and benevolent: the truckling spirit, which a dependent position sometimes induces in artists, found no asylum in Beethoven's breast; his originally obstinate temper made him err perhaps in the opposite direction; but in an age of etiquette the most rigid, and toadyism the most disgusting, one cannot but be amused at the rough independence exhibited by Beethoven in the following circumstance related by Beethoven himself, in a letter to Göthe's Bettine, dated 1812:—

"Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish—these they must not attempt to create, and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Göthe, these great lords must know what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Göthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I crushed my hat more furiously on my head, buttoned up my top coat, and walked with my arms folded behind me right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me. Archduke Rudolph* took off his hat, the Empress saluted me the first; *these great people know me!* It was the greatest fun in the world to me, to see the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head down as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals, properly and without mercy."

We have rather anticipated in giving this extract thus early, but it is a key to much in Beethoven's character that would otherwise be almost incomprehensible: he had a disgust for conventionalities, a *brusquerie* in his independence which sat well on him, and was not the result of envy or jealousy, as in inferior souls it often is, but the natural development of true genius, which feels its spiritual superiority to the material splendours and mightinesses of earth.

Beethoven all his life was a man of a high moral sense; an impure, an unworthy action was utterly foreign both to his inclinations and

* Beethoven's pupil.

to his practice; warm-hearted he was, and wore the colours of many a fair lady in turn; but his was a kind of spirit-worship, the homage of Genius to Beauty, which disgraced neither, and inflicted no incurable wound we may hope, as the master himself owns that for him *seven months* was a long allegiance. One by one his lovely high-born pupils and acquaintances would marry and remove from the circle of his observation; and we cannot doubt that, however the fancy may have been beguiled, the heart was comparatively untouched. To come to details, Beethoven's daily existence was but a mournful one; had he met with a "Constance," a guardian angel, he would have tasted the cup of life far differently: but probably, after his converse with the educated and beautiful nobility of Austria, the homelier women of his own class—those amongst whom he *might* marry—appeared at a disadvantage, and he found no Geneviève to hear seriously his minstrel love.

A most distressing affliction, for one so sensitive to sweet sounds, was his deafness, which was not merely a negative deprivation, as he was subject to paroxysms of pain in the ear more particularly affected. Surely fancy goes not too far in surmising that the chaotic disorder, the powerful discords, the stormy beauty, of some of his wild strains may spring from the desire to express, in the way most natural to him, the spirit-moanings, the wretchedness of his darkened soul. For the soul is darkened by the failure of the senses, and some of Beethoven's unearthly music comes over one like "Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness;" there is in it the same idea presented through a different medium.

His brothers, who might have been friends to him, were the source of many of his troubles: their behaviour, indeed, was not only unfeeling, but dishonest in the extreme; they even condescended to rob him of watches and other valuables which were frequently given to him. But he had the pride of every true artist-soul: he disdained to complain of those who belonged to him, nor would he allow others to blame his unworthy relations in his presence. One of these brothers, who had been an apothecary—and who had owed his first settlement in business to his musician-brother—made a sufficient fortune to retire from trade, and to become a proprietor of land. On one New Year's Day he sent to our Beethoven a card, on which was written, "Johann Van Beethoven, land-owner." We can fancy how his complacent vanity was wounded when he received his card again, and read the inscription his brother had written on the reverse, "Ludwig Van Beethoven, brain-owner."

But though Beethoven thus joked at the expense of Johann's vanity and self-importance, he was in all the essentials of life the help and main stay of his relatives. Nor can we too much admire the effort he made to rescue the son of his brother Caspar from the hands of a bad mother. This brother Caspar died before Ludwig, leaving as widow a woman who had

been a bad wife, and one son, who was especially bequeathed to the good offices of the musician.

To Beethoven no idea was more distressing than the idea of impurity in morals; and when, in order to avoid the probability of his nephew's ruin, for the widow obstinately refused to give up her child—when it was absolutely necessary for Beethoven not only openly to admit, but formally to prove his sister-in-law's unfitness to discharge the sacred duties of mother, we may imagine that the pain he felt was not trifling. It aggravated his other pains, indeed; but he gained his point, and proved by his subsequent care how conscientious was his notion of the duties of a guardian.

Beethoven's domestic circumstances—partly owing to the want of a presiding genius—were peculiarly unfortunate: restless in himself, he was seldom long contented with a lodging. At one season of the year he liked a room which looked, or "gave," as the French say, on the north; at another, he preferred a chamber with a southern aspect; sometimes the water was bad; but always the slightest excuse was enough for a "fitting." And not unfrequently the great composer was paying for apartments in three or four quarters of the city while he occupied none of them, but had taken refuge with a friend, who, knowing his habits, kept a room or two on the fourth floor at the composer's service.

When he assumed the care of his nephew, he began to keep servants of his own; and his diary affords a graphic picture of his difficulties and changes in this regard. "To-day the cook came, and the kitchen-maid went away."—"The woman came."—"A bad day."

Such are the entries; the "bad day" signifies that he got no regular meals on account of the mal-administration in his kitchen. Why the domestics did not remain we cannot say: perhaps his habits of untidiness, his strange habits, and his fits of passion, may have disgusted some; and yet he was a kind master, as he proved to a housekeeper who came to him later in his life, and remained with him some years.

His nephew, for whom he had made so many sacrifices, and from whom in return he naturally expected affection and obedience, only served to prolong and increase Beethoven's troubles. We cannot indeed point to one member of his family, excepting his mother, who behaved to him with common affection.

As to his brothers, not only did they defraud him in pecuniary matters, but they interfered to his disadvantage in almost every relation of his life; they sedulously endeavoured to poison his mind against the persons he most respected, or who might serve him best; and grievous misunderstandings between the composer and his friends were the sad, but natural results.

Caspar was, for years before his death, suffering from consumption, and in spite of his many ill-offices, our Beethoven sacrificed his own comforts to provide for him; and, as we have seen, after his death continued his kindness to Caspar's

son, who, inheriting his father's unworthiness, returned him only ingratitude and cruelty. In his illustrious uncle's last days this young man was desired to procure a physician. Perhaps it was not convenient or agreeable to him to obey the request immediately; at any rate, the only notice he took of it was to delegate the task to a marker at some billiard-rooms where he was playing. This marker happening to fall ill, was taken to the hospital, and begged the Professor who prescribed for him to visit Beethoven. Professor Wawruch, who entertained a high regard for the distinguished artist, hurried to him, and found him still without medical attendance.

Anything more revolting than the heartless conduct of Beethoven's nephew it is difficult to conceive; while his unhappy uncle was fast approaching dissolution he was yet practising the extravagance which had so much grieved his guardian, and, as in Austria there is no such thing as tacit adoption, the laws of the country obliged our composer to minister to the perpetually increasing expenditure of the youth, or to see that youth—his own nephew—branded and disgraced. This last alternative was impossible to a man of Beethoven's temper, and

he still struggled to reclaim the hardened young man, and to supply his demands for money.

It was on the 2nd of December, 1826, that Beethoven's last illness commenced. After great sufferings, from inflammation of the lungs and dropsy, he died on the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Of the greatness and originality of his compositions this is not the place to speak, did even the technical knowledge of the writer permit their discussion; thus much may, however, be said, that none who are capable of true feeling can hear unmoved his sublime music. It speaks to the heart with an energy that far outdoes the effect of the pleasing cantilena, and the theatrical passion of the Italian school; it bears the impress of true genius, and appeals to the sublimest and tenderest instincts of our being. Who is not glad to know that our Philharmonic Society had the honour of tendering assistance to Beethoven in his last illness?

Those who desire more exact particulars are referred to the excellent "Life of Beethoven," by Schindler, as translated by Moscheles, with valuable appendices including his correspondence, anecdotes, &c.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 241.)

CHAP. VIII.

"Then what thy thoughts design to do,
Still let thy hands with might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom, underneath the ground;
In the cold grave to which we haste
There are no acts of pardon past,
But fixed the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns."

Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.

Next morning, with many good wishes from my entertainers, I got into a cab, and was swiftly rolled back to Mrs. Crosby's. I saw her from afar, gazing anxiously from her open window. She sprang eagerly to meet me.

"Thank God! my mind has been sore distressed. What could detain you, my dear young lady? oh! how uneasy I have been."

"I spent the night at a friend's," I said; "it was too late to let you know I had agreed to stay, even if I had had any one to send. You know my friends are seldom troubled with superfluous servants."

"Ah! Miss Studleggh," she said, shaking her head, "it was a strange whim for so quiet a lady as you. I suspect you had something to grieve and detain you, you look so ill and worn out,

and pale as my apron. But indeed I have had other sad thoughts. Look here, another letter; and you only heard yesterday." So saying, she held up a letter with Carola's writing on it.

"Yesterday!" repeated I; only yesterday—it seemed years back—before I had seen Mr. B.—before I had learned my doom—before I had thought of destruction—before I had met Mr. Jacob Furness. Yesterday!"

I took the letter, and tore it open; it made me gasp. The indistinct and hurried scrawl was suddenly broken off, and finished with a sad sympathy by Menie Anson—

"Come to me," it said, "my own friend, my darling Laura; never, never, did I so need your care and help. They are truly kind here, but I must—yes, dearest, I must, have you to be with me. My father—oh! Laura, they tell me he is —." Here a large tear had fallen, and blotted out the line. Menie had continued it. "Yes, Laura, I fear—we all fear—that poor Mr. Morton is dying. He also wishes to see you; he says he has much to say before he goes. Come immediately, if you can; Carola is in a pitiable state, not murmuring, but sunken to the earth by this terrible, and to her unlooked-for grief. Yours, in haste and love, M. Anson."

What was I to do? To travel four hundred miles with the few pounds I could call my own? Yes, it must be done. I could sell my watch,

my only valuable, if my means failed ere I had reached the end. I must go—I could not desert Carola in her extremity. As for going alone, I cared not. I had borne too many vicissitudes in solitude to care much for a lonely journey. “Is not the smack the quickest and easiest route?” I asked aloud.

“To Inverness! then Mr. Morton is dying,” exclaimed Mrs. Crosby.

I did not answer—my heart was full.

“You are young, Miss Studleggh, too young still to travel so far alone—too young to protect that helpless creature, soon to be an orphan. She needs something like a mother, somebody who has been a mother, to comfort her now. No; you can comfort her, but she requires much which you cannot do. Let me accompany you, for mercy’s sake, do! I have plenty of ready money; I cannot travel by sea, but I can pay the expense of posting as far as Edinburgh, and then we can go on by stage-coach. You will find me of use, indeed you will!”

Her eyes were swimming in tears. I was much affected by her love for my poor Carola. I was glad of her escort. She was, as I have said before, no common person. I did not fear the intrusion of vulgar sympathy into the sacred silence of grief. I knew her delicacy would respect the feelings of my suffering friend. I therefore accepted her offer with many thanks. Her assistance in the pecuniary part of the matter did not strike me at the time as so advantageous as it really was. Like many who are habitually thrifty, Mrs. Crosby could be liberal on occasion. She arranged everything most comfortably for our journey, and in three hours after I had reached home we were rattling over the London streets towards the Great North-road.

It was a clear, cold day; the fields all in stubble; the woods like Joseph’s coat of many colours. The blue smoke went straight up into the air, the atmosphere was so light and buoyant. I have always had a strong love of travel: the rapid motion and changing scene are sure to exhilarate. I like the feeling of transition, the momentary freedom from home and home associations; no longer bound to one spot, and its inseparable toils I feel, for the hour, as a bird winging its flight through eternity; I see no end to my progress; I shut my eyes to the fleshly necessities of bed and board; my thoughts spin forward like the whirling wheels.

After a few miles through lovely Berkshire, its delicious streams, its picturesque mills, its gabled villages, and lawny manor-houses, I began to hope that Carola had, with the anxiety of love, exaggerated her father’s danger. The reader knows me for an impressionable creature, easily depressed, easily raised again. I had been at the lowest depths of despondency, I now felt languidly hopeful. I put away from me fear and forethought; I tried to become all ear and eye, to live in the country sights and sounds which thickened the air around me.

We drove on for many miles in perfect silence, Mrs. Crosby looking from one window, I from

the other; she was evidently far away in meditation: I could see it by the dreamy fixed eye, the trembling mournful lips. She was thinking of the dead.

We stopped late in the evening to sup, then took fresh horses and posted through the night. Neither of us slept. As the scenery faded in the deepening twilight, faded my hopes and cheering self-promises. I remembered the preceding evening and its degrading experiences; I reflected more at leisure on all I had thought and done, or tried to do; I humbled myself in soul before offended God. How precious now seemed the life I had wilfully despised; I, who had deemed myself an outcast, was I not Carola’s only support? And dared I undertake to guard her, who had so ill used the trusteeship of my own spirit! How unworthy was I of her confidence! how unable to guide another when my own steps had gone so fearfully astray! In the darkness of that rumbling chaise I shed bitter tears of shame and penitence; I made good resolutions of amendment, of a more Christian life in future; I prayed for new faith, that might not fail me in the hour of need, and for strength to resist temptation. I committed my insufficiency to the all-sufficient Saviour, my sorrows to the All Comforter; and at once consoled and exhausted by the energy of my emotions, I at last fell asleep just as morning dawned on us in Derbyshire. My kind companion did not waken me for breakfast; she bought some sandwiches and wine when the horses were changed, and spread them before me at noon, when I at length shook off my drowsy indolence. Perhaps she partook of my sanguine hopes, which came back with sunshine, that we should find Mr. Morton better; at any rate she refrained from damping me, by expressing fears, and so we conversed cheerfully enough as we bowled along the splendid roads, for which, till railways reared their fuming heads, England was so justly renowned.

I need not dwell further on our journey, on our wild windings over those dreary Cheviots, the desolate boundary land of our living bordermen. People must have robbed them for lack of employment—a raid was your only excitement. It is easy for ladies and gentlemen, with their three balls of an evening, their Sunday’s Hyde-park drive, and Saturday’s opera, to blame poor people whose lot was cast on those gloomy moorlands, where company could be gathered on no pretext but that of plunder, where the ground refused sustenance, and the only market was your neighbour’s farm-yard; your sole chance of an illumination the firing of a niggardly farmer’s thatch. Had we lived in those days on those hills, a helter-skelter ride by moonlight would have been the corresponding amusement to a wax-lighted polka in a drawing room now-a-days, I dare say match-making mammas, with their ugly daughters in those grim fortified peels, or towers, looked not unforgivingly on the audacious youths who carried off the maidens on the crupper of their saddle. It saved a deal of manœuvring; and in default of border wooing, what shifts the excellent

mothers were sometimes put to for the establishment of a plain daughter we all know by the story of "Muckle-mouthed Meg," and the good-looking knight who for two days held out against the parental solicitation, only yielding his hand to his unprepossessing bride when the hangman's knot was noosed around his neck. There was a good deal of zest in a courtship then!

But while I am digressing the chaise has clattered along the banks of Tweed, which at that time were beginning to bristle with Walter Scott's young plantations, and lo we are in Edinburgh!

We paused not a night, and fortunately found vacant seats in the Inverness coach. Two days after we were in that city. It is impossible to describe our anxiety the last few miles; the four horses seemed slower than tortoises: our fellow-passengers, a Presbyterian clergyman and his wife, were kind and civil, but, although natives of Inverness, had been some months absent, and could give us no information beyond the address of Mr. Anson's house. It was a little way out of the town on the Beaulieu Frith. We took a hackney coach from the office, and drove thither as fast as possible. The noise of our approaching wheels brought Mr. Anson to the rose-trellised gate of the little garden. One word I said as I sprang out, "Is it over?"

"No," he answered, pressing my hand affectionately; "you are in time, only just in time."

Mrs. Crosby burst into tears. I was the moment before on the point of the same indulgence, but the sight of her agitation calmed mine. I choked back my sobs, and said calmly, "I am ready to see Carola."

Mr. Anson led me into the sitting-room. In a few moments my dear girl rushed into my arms. She was very pale and thin, and her large eyes were surrounded with a dark circle. I saw at the first glance that she had outwatched her strength. She wept abundantly, and it relieved her; she had not shed a tear for many days. This violent emotion so exhausted her that Mrs. Anson, who had joined us, easily prevailed on her to take a composing draught, and to go to bed for an hour. "I can leave my father now," she said, sadly smiling. "You are here, my darling Laura."

"Thank God," said Menie, "she is saved. I was in great alarm for her: she was half-distracted, and really but for this blessed loosening of the waters I think her mind would have gone. She does not know me enough to trust her father entirely to my care, and she was so frightened lest you should arrive too late, for Mr. Morton has asked so often for you, and wished to speak to you before he died. I think Carola would have broken her heart if you had not come in time."

"When can I see him?" I asked with quivering lips and sinking heart.

"Not now; he had an opiate a little ago. My husband has gone in to sit beside him. Meantime I entreat you to take some food and lie down; you look very tired, and I have already got your friend to refresh herself."

"You know who she is?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes; she told me all about it: she seems very fond of Carola; no wonder, she is a most winning creature, and was growing so handsome in this fine air; you cannot think what a colour she had till this grief came to make her ill and pale, poor young thing. And now drink this wine; or would you prefer coffee?"

"Yes, strong coffee if you please; it is far more invigorating than wine."

Menie hastened out to procure it, and left me in the pretty little room: how comfortable and refined it was!—a cabinet piano, a portfolio stand, a tastefully carved book-case quite full of volumes—all bespake refinement of mind. Flowers were in the window-sill and over the mantel-piece; a neatly-framed mirror gave apparent largeness to the apartment, and all the furniture was snowy white, with green edging to relieve the eye. On the wall hung some of Menie's own sketches, coloured landscapes from nature, and a spirited crayon drawing by Mr. Anson, the heads of his two children, full of life, individuality, and intelligence. I never saw a more charming little sitting-room. Its mistress well suited it. Menie, who as a girl had been characterized by a maidenly serenity and pure innocence, as a woman possessed a calm dignity and gentle suavity which won all hearts. She moved about like a sweet household fairy, lightly but not trippingly. Her appearance had certainly improved by maturity; the slender slip of girlhood had expanded into the rich beauty of a motherly form: her clear eye and unruffled forehead spoke of contentment; her children, borne in health, had thriven like hardy wild flowers: they grew up as spontaneously as the heather on the hill behind their house; no doctor frightened their little imaginations with images of pain and horror; no lancet drew blood from their infant gums; senna tea and rhubarb entered not into their thoughts. They were tall, well formed children, and did credit to their porridge and fresh milk, plainly dressed but clean, and with shining hair and fair skins they had the beauty of intellects awake to external nature, and hearts alive to every warm and generous impulse. They followed their mother when she brought my coffee, the little girl proudly bearing the sugar bason; the elder child, a boy, happy in custody of my cup. "What are their names?" I asked.

"Laura and Effingham," was the answer.

"My husband cherishes fondly the memory of your family, and the kindnesses received by him."

I took Menie's hand and kissed it. I could not trust myself to speak; but it was new to me to find myself remembered.

A few minutes after came a summons to the sick room.

I went thither with trembling haste. The door stood ajar: the room was in that mournful twilight which is no unfitting emblem of the dusk evening creeping over the soul's earthly light.

The dying man sat in an easy chair. He had

just been removed from the bed, for his oppressed breathing prevented him from long lying recumbent. Pillows and cushions of all sizes were piled around and behind him, just as vainly as all the loving cares were heaped about the spirit to make life easy once more.

Mr. Morton's face was pale and red by turns; his attenuated limbs shifted restlessly, but he uttered no complaint; he only looked longingly out at the open window, over the blue fields to the far mountains mistily mingling with the skies; and his lips moved as if uttering a prayer, which I for my part interpreted in my thoughts—"O that I had wings like a bird, that I might flee away and be at rest!"

But there is no winged flight to heaven. We must creep through the narrow aperture of the tomb—so narrow, that we must lay aside our outer garment of flesh ere we can pass.

I could see that clayey mantle falling visibly from my friend's soul.

He moved his head towards the door as I entered; he stretched out his wan hand—I retained it in mine; how much love I wished to pour on him, but how much I feared to excite him! I spoke low, not in that irritating whisper which some affect in a sick room, and which is so nerve-trying; but in clear, calm tones. He smiled in reply a smile all heavenly.

"You are come, Laura," he said, "for my child, soon to be yours alone. How blessed am I in feeling that I have left behind me other arms to enclose her when mine lie rigid in my coffin—it is as if her mother rose out of her grave as I sink into mine."

He stopped, breathless and faint. I could not bear to look longer on his sufferings; my eye wandered round the room, and rested on a table covered with chymical instruments, a glass mask, retorts and alembics of various sizes, and surgical apparatus. His eye followed mine.

"Yes," he said, reviving a little, "there lies the result of many years' labour, many years' thought. I have succeeded, Laura, beside the river of death. Had I looked for honours or fame, I should now die disappointed; but I worked for the good of my fellows, and that passes not with me. You cannot think, Laura, how soothing it is to me, as I struggle here with pain, to feel that I have achieved what will lessen the pains of thousands more. Do not let my discovery perish unfruitful—I leave it to your care, Laura: you are more energetic than my poor Carola; and if no use were to be made of my life's labour, I think my body would not rest quietly in the earth. Besides, it may do her some good—she is your child, Laura, I give you a mother's authority over her; use it in love, be always the friend you have been. Oh! if my son had lived—my pretty Arthur: he is in his watery grave—flow, waters, flow"—and his mind began to wander.

I called in assistance, for I had never before seen delirium. This continued for many hours, the patient calling always on his dear wife and

son. Mr. Anson looked very sad, for he saw better than any of us how fast the hands were running down.

Carola sat beside her father's pillow, tearless, calm, and miserable; one hand clasped tightly on the other, and her lips set together with nervous force. She said nothing—what could she have said? After some time a change came over the sufferer's countenance: the flush faded, the restless eye ceased rolling, the head lay still: he began in a low, deep tone, to chaunt the Psalm De Profundis in Latin. Carola shuddered; "he is thinking of my mother's funeral," whispered she to me.

Truly after a few verses of this mournfully impressive dirge, the sick man paused, murmured "Maria, cara Maria!" and then with a deep sigh opened his eyes, and looked at us all with perfect composure.

The medical man, who watched for this opportunity, offered him a strengthening and soporific mixture; he drank it meekly, pressed his child's hand, smiled at her with ineffable love, and fell into a quiet sleep.

Carola burst into tears of joy—"he is saved, he will recover," she murmured. The doctor looked compassionately at her.

"My dear bairn," said he, "your father will truly recover, but no' here—in the land where's nae sickness nor pain."

Carola, suddenly cast down from her sudden momentary hope, wept fresh tears, and these all of bitterness.

For many hours Mr. Morton slept—so calm, so fixed, that many times we leant over the bed to assure ourselves by the low breathing that life yet lingered there. Softly it lingered, scarcely stirring the pale lips, scarcely moving the bed-clothes. The expression of pain had disappeared—a gentle smile brooded over the stilly face: it seemed as if the spirit, in slumber, communed with its God. To look on him lying there, infused into our hearts an unspeakable tranquillity and resignation. He was gliding unshadowed through the vale of shades—the Light from above fell upon him.

All this time Carola sat with his hand clasped in hers: she did not stir, lest she should perchance awake him. In spite of the doctor's words, a hope was struggling in her soul; and in proportion as her grief grew lighter, her fair eyelids drooped heavier and heavier with fatigue; she sat bending down with the weight of over excitement and over exertion—so pale, so fragile, so willowy, I felt afraid she would not long survive her beloved father.

Mr. Anson, withdrawn to a corner of the darkened room, was furtively sketching the group of father and child. Do not think him heartless—he did it, foreseeing how dear to the orphan would be this sole relic of those beloved lineaments, while her own presence in the drawing would awaken the consoling thought that she had been faithful unto death.

At last Mr. Morton stirred, sighed, as he had sighed before falling asleep, and opening his eyes, fixed them intently on his child, and said,

in a stronger voice than we expected, "Still here?"

"Of course, dearest father!" exclaimed Carola, "where else could I be now?"

"I did not mean *you*, my child," he said, and was silent for a few moments; then begged to be moved from the bed to the chair. It was done as carefully as possible: he seemed wonderfully revived, asked for a little wine-and-water, which he drank, and then looked kindly at us all, turning his eyes last to his child, and resting them there."

We offered to leave him alone with her for a little, but he declined; I think he was afraid to trust himself to the emotion of a parting—our presence was a salutary restraint.

He recurred to his successful discovery. "I am so thankful," he said; "I thought when I lay sleeping, that I heard a voice—'Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of them, thou hast done it unto me.' God accepts my work—feeble, insufficient as it is; he measures not my failure, but my endeavour. *To will* is, in his eyes, to do his good pleasure. Carola, my child, remember this: be not disheartened at short comings—the Lord looketh on the heart; let thy heart be pure, and thy spirit busy."

Then after a little silence, he again said, "The Lord looketh on the heart. Laura Studleggh, wilt thou, in all purity and sincerity, be a mother to my orphan?"

I exclaimed solemnly, "I will."

He took his daughter's hand, which lay in his own, and put it into mine, "Take her, love her, protect her—guard her happiness and her innocence as thy precious charge. I will ask at the great day of account how thou hast kept thy pledge."

My heart thrilled, but I felt no fear; I was strong in the integrity of my resolves.

The dying man sank back—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Anson read the prayer for those about to die."

Mr. Anson began in a voice of emotion that touching prayer in the Episcopalian service for the sick.

He had not read far when Mr. Morton turned his head suddenly to Carola; she bent down and kissed him; a smile flashed out of his eyes, something between a sigh and an invocation broke from his lips, and then—the face settled into the immobility of death.

Mr. Anson closed his prayer-book, saying, with heartfelt devotion, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Carola gave a shrill scream. "Dead! oh, no, no! look how quiet and placid he is, he is only breathing low, just as he did in that long sleep."

I thought of Hood's fine lines, here only too applicable—

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

I took her quietly by the arm: "Come, dearest, lie down and rest."

She resisted me with a look of agony. "Oh! you are mistaken, indeed; I hear him breathing—very, very faint, but he is breathing—he must have stimulants;" and she began chafing the cold hands. My heart ached. "Oh! Carola, my beloved, resist not God—He has taken your father to himself."

Still she said, "No, no! I hear him breathing;" and then she pressed her lips to his hands, and tried to reanimate them.

It sounds foolish that one should not recognize death; but when to believe is misery, how easily is one cheated into hope. I myself have hung over a corpse, thinking I heard the low, low faint breathing which had preceded dissolution.

I knew not how to get Carola away. I took a small mirror, and held it over the mouth. "Now, now," said the poor daughter eagerly, "you will see that he is not dead." But the clear glass remained unstained—no breath arose to dim the reflex of those marble features. "Alas!" said Menie, "it is all over!" This time Carola did not contradict her—she only heaved one long sigh, that seemed to rend asunder her delicate frame, and then she fell senseless into the arms which I stretched hastily to catch her.

We bore her to her room, and the homely, but skilful doctor (who, foreseeing some peril after her great fatigues, had remained in the house), prescribed instantly an opiate, which I gave her immediately she recovered consciousness, and before she recovered memory. It took instantaneous effect on one little accustomed to this sort of draughts; and ere she awoke from her long sleep and longer stupor, we had arranged everything affecting the interment, &c.

In Scotland funerals are affairs of great ceremony—hideous and ghastly festivities—gloomy gatherings of a race. In Italy I am told it is the custom for all the relatives to hurry from the house of death, and leave the corse to the deathmen and the priest. In Scotland, on the contrary, all the relatives flock to the house from every quarter of the kingdom, whether or not they have reason to look for legacies.

In Mr. Morton's case there were neither relatives nor legacies: he was the youngest of a large family, who in his boyhood had all emigrated to Canada—this boy alone rebelled against the fiat. He was of a dreamy, classical turn; he had a curiosity to see Italy, and a very great detestation of the unstoried wilds of the West.

The day that his brothers and sisters embarked, he contrived to mistake his ship, and boarded a packet for Leghorn. He had secreted a little money, which paid his passage; and during the voyage, rather than be idle, he volunteered to mix medicines and pound drugs in the mortar of a young surgeon who was proceeding to the English embassy in Florence—for this was in the time of the Duke Leo.

This medicine and drug mixing gave the turn to young Morton's tastes. He went to Bologna,

and studied at its university, which was not then quite fallen as in our day. He mingled involuntarily in the great Italian section of the Napoleonic *Èpos*. He was army surgeon to the Italian liberalists. Many curious adventures he had met, and, among others, his wife—a nun of great beauty, turned loose like an uncaged bird, in the treacherous sacking of a convent by a band of desperate ruffians. The Scottish doctor saved her honour, and won her heart: her only home was destroyed—there was no ark of shelter for this poor frightened dove; she sought it in her preserver's bosom. They were married, and loved each other fondly; but the alarm and peril of that dreadful scene so affected the delicate health and timid temperament of the cloistered recluse, that she never was very well after, and ultimately died of consumption.

But long ere this Morton had taken advantage of the Bourbon's restoration to repair to Paris, to perfect himself in clinical surgery. There he struck upon the first hints of his great discovery. The moment this grand leading idea formed itself definitely in his mind, he relinquished to it every other consideration. He hastened to London, as the great focus of all practical assistances; studied—experimented—thought and laboured, till at length time brought fruition and death together.

In London, Mrs. Morton died—in London, Carola grew up fresh and fragrant on those stony streets, as a flower that shoots its stem through the gaps of a stone wall—in London had I met them; and yet, after all, London was not fated to see the end of Morton's eventful career.

I was glad of it, and so was Carola after a time, when grief was so softened that it could soothe itself with gentle fancies.

We liked laying that venerated head under the thymy braes of the heather hills, with the sycamores sighing over the sod, and the river Beaully murmuring its eternal requiem, instead of a horrible city burial, festering with crowded corpses, and full of disease and dreary images. I chose his grave, in the churchyard of Beaully; what a lovely spot it is, as Shelley said of Rome's English sleeping-ground—"It would make one in love with death to lie in so sweet a place."

When Carola grew better, she too went, and helped me to arrange its flowers and its simple wooden cross. She would have a wooden cross, because there was one over her mother's grave; her mother, the Catholic in the best sense of the word.

The Highlanders about Beaully are many of them Catholics. I got one of these to carve the wooden cross for Mr. Morton's grave; but it was not so easy to get permission to set it up. The villagers took fright at such a Popish innovation; and it was long ere we could persuade the old minister to authorize its erection.

There was no burial-ground attached to Mr. Anson's Episcopalian chapel in the city of Inverness, or we should have had less trouble. But it did us good—it gave us something to do,

something to strive for; and though we regretted the dead no less, we did not disobey his last injunction, to keep the heart pure and the spirit busy.

By we, I mean all but Carola: for a long time life was very dreary to her. The bright, many-coloured autumn swept gorgeously over the hills, but the daughter of the enthusiast in philanthropy sat inconsolable in her room. Gradually walking out, in those fine mountain regions where she was not subject to espial; she could feed peacefully on her own sad musings. The dying leaves, the wind-shaken trees, soon began to make response unto her sorrows. Nature, stripping herself of her festive apparel, sat down to mourn with the orphan. The skies clad themselves in murky hues, the gay green fields turned bleak and gloomy, and every sight and sound echoed the wailing of the bereaved one—"Gone—gone for ever!"

CHAP. IX.

"And in the world, as in the school,
I'll say, how fate may change and shift,
The prize be sometimes to the fool—
The race not always to the swift."

THACKERAY.

Poor Carola! I see her now in memory, the month following her father's death. She complained little; but her expressive face was set, like Niobe's, in a stony grief. She tried to interest herself in surrounding objects and passing events; but how melancholy was that unselfish smile!—how tearful those listening eyes! It was charity to leave her to herself; to take her to some beautiful scene, and abandon her to the gentle soothing of nature. She would sit for hours on the shingles, at the water-side, looking over the blue Frith to the grand masses of Ben Wyvis.

"I like," she said one day to me, "to watch that huge mountain shouldering away the clouds. They sweep on him, as if to blot him out of the face of nature; but he blows them off, like webs of gossamer. It reminds me of my father struggling with his adversity. That hill is like an earnest of stability. Those clouds are emblems of passing trials!"

So, with graceful images, she would soothe her mournful thought.

While she sat musing, I went long walks with the Ansons, or strolled away by myself, devouring the recollections of the past. I learned much from the Ansons, of which my chosen solitude had kept me ignorant for years—I mean the affairs of my own family. Mr. Anson still corresponded with the boys; nay, Effingham, the self-exiled outcast, had found pity and counsel in that wise and generous breast. To him had the erring youth confided his shame and his despair. On his sympathy he had relied when every man's tongue wagged against his disgrace. But for the help of Mr. Anson I verily believe Effingham would have committed

suicide in the first horror of his detection and ruin.

You will say, dear reader, we were a suicidal family. Fortunately the unhappy boy had sense enough left to fling himself, frankly and penitently, at the feet of his former tutor.

I must needs put in a parenthesis to say the *flinging* was only metaphorical, for it was done by letter—Effingham's first letter from the shores of the New World. Good Mr. Anson, out of his scanty hoard, lent him a few pounds, with which the runaway managed to get into the south-west provinces of the United States, and established himself as a squatter—a new position for the dandy of Almack's—the acknowledged pattern of the clubs. Of course he failed. He got in a passion with his free and easy neighbours, boxed a man's ears for borrowing his only saucepan without saying *If you please*, knocked down his "help" for using his ivory-handled hair-brush and "Circassian cream," and threatened to shoot a trapper for riding his horse twenty miles *sans* permission. In return, he was tabooed by the whole settlement, left to die in the swamp-fever, and only got round by the strength of his constitution and the utter absence of drugs. As soon as he recovered he sold his land to a new comer, who had not had time to be inoculated with the dislike of the community for the proud Englishman; and my elegant brother Effingham took to the wild life of a "trapper." It was a strange plunge for a London exclusive; yet he came up, breathless, but surviving: nay, he grew to like it. Always a bold rider, and a "famous shot," the life on horseback, rifle in hand, offered all the excitement demanded by his sated spirit. His impetuosity and rashness availed him in the daring enterprises of the mountain-wilds. His pride might safely be indulged among beavers and prairie-horses. He thrived in his new capacity, as I learned from a letter, so characteristic of its penman that I shall fully insert it here:—

"To Mr. ANSON.

"Monterey, New Mexico.

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—It is an age since I heard from you. What have you been about? Increasing and multiplying, I suppose, like my tame bears which have just given me such a brave progeny of little scratchers! I mean to take them to Mexico to sell. I have made a splendid season of this. I wish I could show you my skins; they would buy me a rich wife among the Indians if I wanted; but I have no fancy for a Comanche squaw, nor a Yankee rawboned dame, nor a Louisiana beauty who turns out to be a slave, and is politely demanded back ten hours after the wedding by her papa-owner. If ever I do marry, I think some of the dark-eyed Spanish girls at Mexico will do the business. There is a Donna Louisa—but of her I will only say I mean to make her a present of my very brownest bearding—a creature that at a week old would crush your thumb in his hug like the old-fashioned thumbscrew for making Presbyterians forswear the covenants. If the lady is proof against that delicate attention, she won't suit me or my camp-life. You said in your last, Sir Harriman Hauton was thought defunct. A pretty

widow my favourite Millicent will make! I suppose she is knee-deep in crape, elbow-deep in weepers, and putting up a veracious marble tablet to the memory of the dear departed. Take my word, she'll not prove inconsolable! And Laura, the other scapegrace of the family (for whom I have now a fellow-feeling as a fellow-runaway), where doth she hide her inky fingers?—for I think you said she was an authoress by trade: almost as low as a beaver trapper! Decidedly she and I have drained off the blackguardism of the family, and left the rest pure. But she was always odd; I was only foppish in my beginnings. Tell her, if you ever fall in with her, that she might do worse than come out to me. She shall live in a wigwag of bearskins, have a beaver hat fresh from the animal, and a dress of furs that would drive Adelia crazy by their costliness. Dear good friend, I think I am a few shades more respectable than I used to be; yes, even in this rude life. One cannot help having serious thoughts wandering alone on these pathless savannahs. I hated going to church in England; I never could fix my thoughts—they always ran away after the pretty girls, with their killing Sunday dresses and demurely composed faces; or I could not but quiz to myself the pompous footmen carrying the silver-clamped bibles and prayer-books, the red-nosed, puffy merchants, and their dedizened spouses going comfortably to sleep in their cushioned pews; and then how ludicrous it was to hear the portly dean discoursing on the vanity of human joys in his plethoric voice, to his luxurious audiences. I could not help being profane in such a place! But here, Anson, in this tremendous solitude, face to face with God, the heart is really touched—religion is a reality; not a Sunday spectacle. I hear finer sermons from the mountains and the forests than ever were delivered within sound of Bow-bells!

"And now good-bye. I hope to send your pretty Menie a fur cloak, by a ship which soon leaves this. Ask her to wear it in memory and in pardon of an outcast.

"Ever yours,

"E. STUDLEGH."

I wrote to Effingham, declining his furry offers, but warmly thanking him for his kind wishes. I now heard for the first time of Sir Harriman's declining health. During my stay in the Aird we saw his death in the newspapers. I thought of writing to Millicent; but recalling how much she was ever influenced by Adelia, and that at this time a renewal of intercourse ought to spring from herself, I desisted from the intention.

It had been early arranged that Carola and I should remain a month with the Ansons. Mrs. Crosby was to return at the end of ten days. On opening Mr. Morton's papers, it was found that Carola would possess about fifty pounds a-year. We hoped to gain something now by laying the results of her father's discovery before Government, and offering them the benefits for the compensation of a small annuity. I need not go through a detail of all the troubles and annoyances encountered in this undertaking. Mr. Anson and Dr. —, who had assisted Mr. Morton in obtaining success, conducted the necessary proceedings, which were kept secret from Carola for fear of disappointment; and indeed it was a happy day when we laid the official paper before her and congratulated her

on the possession of a life-annuity of £150. But I think the good daughter prided still more in the words which spoke of the genius and merit of the deceased. It was for that the Government paper was folded next her heart, and worn till it fell in shreds from her duteous glowing bosom. Of course our plans required much consideration. I must live in or near London on account of my literary occupations; Carola must live with me, as her dying father had desired. We could not live alone. We disliked the idea of going back to the gloomy town-lodgings of Mrs. Crosby: much as we liked her, we hated her home.

This suspense and uncertainty was pleasantly ended by the old lady herself. She asked Mrs. Anson, with some hesitation, one day, if she thought we would continue to live with her if she bought herself a pretty cottage in the environs of the metropolis.

"You see, my dear lady, I have laid by a little money, and will no longer let lodgings for my livelihood—and I am weary of London smoke and noise; yet far from London I should not like to settle. Somehow, the tea and coffee, the meat and fowls seem better to me there than anywhere else; and I like to know what's going on, who's married and who's dead—who comes out as a poet, and who fails as an historian. You cannot be level with the tide anywhere but in and near London. I think of Sydenham, Camberwell, or Dulwich. Do you think the young ladies would come and live with me, as a sort of *chaperone* to them I mean? They want an elderly companion, for prudence' sake; and I should not annoy them, or give them too much of my company. The truth is, I should wish to live and die in sight of Miss Carola. I like Miss Studleggh very much, too; but she is too learned and grave for me to love as I do love that other angel."

We were delighted with the plan—it suited us all. We eagerly agreed, and Mrs. Crosby wept with joy and pride at our glad acceptance of her proposal. She went off furnished with all sorts of directions from us both.

"Remember, as near the Dulwich Gallery as possible," said I.

"And O a little garden, if you please," pleaded Carola.

"Not far from the high-road, if you can manage it," was another of my suggestions.

"And not too noisy, or street-like," begged my gentle comrade.

So we were left to the peace and quiet of the Aird, which I suppose my readers may have learned in their Scottish Irving's geography to be the local name of the district skirting the Firth and river of Beaully, as far as the exquisite glen of the "Drhuim," or Dream. There I wandered alone as far as the falls of Kilmorach. The little churchyard above the precipice lay bright in an October sun. Very few graves were added to the green mounds I had counted in my last visit. The dead slept uncomplainingly. I stopped by a low heap of turf, on which the thyme had gathered abundantly. Its

fragrant breath spake nought of the noisome corruption below. The worm's prey had given forth sweetness to the air.

I said "My hopes are buried here. They have festered and rotted into corruption; but they smell sweet to the passer-by. He guesses not what pangs were suffered in their death. Yes—my hopes ought to be dead." But were they?

That very day I had seen a letter from Ernest Marchmont to Mr. Anson. He had heard of my voluntary struggle with adversity. He approved of it. He said he always thought me worthy of better things than those among which he had left me buried. He spoke kindly of me—not warmly perhaps; but at any rate he had not forgotten me. Moreover—O joy of joys!—he spoke of returning to England. His mother's health was beginning to fail. He had made some money; he had now good prospects before him in diplomacy and state; he hinted at Parliament. Verily, it had gone well with him!

Were my hopes really dead? I told myself so. I reminded my foolish heart that though newspapers sometimes put in false reports of marriages to come, that one like Ernest Marchmont was sure of many hearts, and that his own could not long be vacant. I reasoned with myself that men's ideas of constancy differ much from women's. A man is constant who continues to love a woman who continues to love him. They must have something tangible to feed their flame. Their nature is more sensuous than ours. We can live on moonlight—the borrowed light of memory; they must have the self-existent fire of sunbeams—the present warmth of vision!

So I said to myself, and repeated it o'er and o'er again; but while I did so, I was sitting with my eyes fixed on the Linn far below me, on the opposite side of the river where I had stood long years ago with Ernest Marchmont. I looked down on it from the height of the precipice, and so from the height of womanhood my heart looked down on the green shady valley of my early youth. The stream flowed on with its old merry song, but my spirit had forgotten to discourse to me pleasant music. Oh, I stared down on the inscrutable depths of that dark pool, and called on them to restore to me the freshness and the buoyancy of the days that were past. But time gives back nothing save a reflection from its mirror. I sat there, and said to myself, "Woman, thy lover has already let thee fade from his recollection!" But while I counselled thus, that Linn with its rocky banks raised up the very phantom of my lover's face; again his eyes seemed bent on mine—again his expressive features worked with inward emotion, and his rich, low voice poured forth its melody of tone. Oh looks! oh tones; would God I could tear you from my breast—would God I could wash out what is written more indelibly than with blood! What caprice of fate is this, that one should wear as the shirt of Nessus a memory burning into his bones—while another shall cast from him the past as the lob-

ster casts the shell which cramps his growing limbs! I could hardly tear myself from that spot: it seemed a new parting from all that remained to me of Ernest, and I could not quiet my agitated spirit till I had reduced my conflicting feelings to the following lines, which, however poor, at least possess the merit of sincerity:—

A FAREWELL.

Unto God I deliver thy life,
He clingeth who now hath removed me
Closer than sister, closer than wife,
Closer than I could have proved me—

As a mother doth cherish her son,
Loveth he who my love hath forbidden,
I obey, though my spirit undone
Cowers down in its loneliness chidden.

Yet though fate with such pitiless hand,
Cuts me off from thy hearing and seeing,
My heart has a stronger command
Knit up in the law of my being.

In the dew of the cold moonlight morn,
When thine eyelids in slumber were folden,
My body afar hath been borne
From thy presence which God had withholden.

Yet my spirit still hovers around;
In the watches of night I'll be near thee,
And e'en from my grave-clothes unbound,
Will come back with the angels to cheer thee.

Thou never shalt learn of my love—
Of my bosom's long passionate striving;
But a blessing I'll ask from above,
When thou pleasest thy fancy in wiving.

More gentle, more fair she may be,
In womanly grace more abounding;
But she never can love thee like me—
All the depths of thine intellect sounding!

She never can give thee, I ween,
My poet-heart silently burning—
Foredoomed as all poets have been
To be spent without hope of returning

Thine image is fixed in my soul
As an island in midst of the ocean,
Defying all outer controul,
And resisting all inward corrosion.

That image in secret I'll keep,
With hallowed remembrances hoarded,
On thy head, O beloved one! I'll heap
Mute orisons, daily recorded.

O dearest! O dearer than life!
If with life this affection had ending,
How hopeless, indeed, were the strife,
In which graveward my soul is descending!

But I know that for time's fleeting years,
No passions deep-rooted are given,
Earth's beginnings mature in the spheres,
We shall meet, we shall love, and in Heaven!

I confess, as I wrote the lines—

More gentle, more fair she may be,
In womanly grace more abounding,
that I happened to look up from my little table
where I was noting down my verses, and I

caught a glimpse of Carola's figure as she bent in the garden over a rosebush. 'The thought flashed across me—"she would just suit Ernest, and he her!" But it was an unpleasant thought; it put my dear friend in a new light, most uncomfortable to me. I repelled the idea with energy, and consoled myself by the two next lines—

But she never can love thee like me—
All the depths of thine intellect sounding!

If the logic were not very conclusive to male minds, it was at least to my female one; and I finished writing out the verses, when the door opened, and little Effingham Anson said, "If you please, Missy Law, Aunt and Cousin Dudas are here, come to tea."

This rather unintelligible message signified that Menie's only living relative, a grand-aunt of advanced years, had come to spend the evening, bringing with her Douglas Feversham, her grand-nephew.

Romance fled at the name of Aunt Chisholm. Her character may be rendered in three substantives—gossipry, stinginess, and theological argumentativeness! I might add a fourth—family pride; but though in any other person her share of it would have been a predominance, in her it was hid by the enormity of the three principal characteristics. I had seen religious people in England, heard many discussions, and watched the colour vary with eagerness and indignation on the cheeks of the disputants; but my southern theologians were all men: never till I saw Aunt Chisholm had I known the acrimony of female polemics. Again, with regard to her pride, Lady Arabella, my mother, was proud as Lucifer before his expulsion from heaven, but she never made it a subject of conversation; she never dwelt on the dignities bound up in the various branches of the family tree: the blood of Effingham coursed calmly in her veins, she did not think it necessary to puncture her skin to show you the lordly redness of the current. But Aunt Chisholm could not rest five minutes without bringing into her discourse a fragment of Chisholm genealogy. Every name suggested a long ago alliance; every anecdote must be endorsed with the titles and pedigree of the actors. Sometimes she was funny enough, sometimes intolerably tiresome. Her grand-nephew was English on the father's side—a misfortune which Miss Chisholm could not enough bewail. "To be sure, lassie," she once said to me, "they ca'd it a grand match. His father was the son of a Yerl, some Howards, they said—a very auld family; but I ken weel enough that there's no' an English family worth mentioning for age: didna Robert the Bruce cut them root and branch? and we Chisholms count back to Malcolm Canmore! So you see there can be no comparison."—But I must hasten down to tea, for I hear little Effingham's foot on the stair with a second summons.

"Gude evening to you, Miss Studleggh," said the old lady, stirring her tea, and looking up from the plate of short-bread, where her

hand was wandering in pleasant uncertainty. "Douglas is come to bid you all farewell: he's off to Oxford. Weary me! those Papishers are worse and worse: I dinna like trusting the lad to them. It's a small Babylon! They hae as many prelatical priests as would keep Rome in masses for a twelvemonth. Menie, my dear, you're sairly wasterfu' of your sugar: that bairn, Effy, has had three lumps in his cup already."

Douglas seized this interval to inform me he was to pass, if possible, in the ensuing session; "and I hope, by my uncle's influence, to obtain a small living, when I am old enough to be ordained—that cannot be for four or five years: I am only twenty now."

"Aye, and a mere lassie in the world's ways," broke in Miss Chisholm. "He gave half-a-crown to the guard of the 'Wellington,' when a shilling was quite enough. Oh, Menie, they tell me such awful stories of young men and their debts at Oxford; I'm really feared to send that innocent to such a fule's paradise!"

Douglas coloured up at this undignified appellation for the venerable *Alma Mater*; but his sweet temper was accustomed to bear in silence the many worrying attacks of his aged relative, and with a forced laugh he turned to Carola, and began conversing on literature—a subject he was well qualified to treat. He was singularly interesting, almost femininely fair, but with a latent energy in those deep purple eyes which prevented you from passing him over. He was of the poet's mould—sensitive, affectionate, gentle; but, unlike most poets, he was persevering and steady, and conscientious almost to morbidness. Carola, though of the same age, was much older in thought and feeling. Trial had matured her mind: Douglas was a child beside her. Thus the liking on her part had something of motherly protection; on his of brotherly reverence. We were sorry to part with him: he was an orphan, and well able to sympathize in Carola's bereavement. She had often felt his companionship soothing, and looked forward to see him again in England. His paternal uncle, Lord Howard, was very fond of him, lavish of promises and encouragement, and always glad to receive him under his roof. But he had a large family, and a small fortune for an English peer. He might exert himself to get Douglas a living, or he might be too indolent when the time for exertion arrived. The boy was too young and inexperienced to calculate: he lived patiently on hope, sometimes spending his vacation at Hutton Court, the seat of the Howards, sometimes at Miss Chisholm's special invitation, enduring her parsimonious frugality and superabounding divinity for a few months of the year. Such a visit had now terminated: Miss Chisholm was very jealous of Lord Howard's kindness to her nephew: she considered her niece had had so much the advantage in station and birth, that the Howards had gained by the alliance; and that while Douglas belonged to the Chisholms, the Howards belonged to Douglas. She therefore

was the head of his family, the true potential sovereign and fountain of all graces and favours. She did not like her prerogative to be diminished or divided. When Douglas lived with her, he received honour: when he visited Hutton Court he bestowed it.

I have dwelt thus on the peculiarities of Aunt Chisholm, for they had much power subsequently over the happiness of one very dear to me; in the meantime I must hasten onwards. Douglas departed, and Miss Chisholm being dull, came to live with the Ansons for "diversion," as she herself said. How patient Menie was with her interferences, her advices, her reproofs, her petty savings, her stern theology, her grim condemnation of Erastians and prelatical Episcopalians! I could not have lived a week with Miss Chisholm for my guest; it would have driven me mad: but the reader knows by this time that I have not the weakness of the lamb. Mr. Anson incurred her frequent displeasure by his literary tastes: they were "a puffing up of the flesh to vain-gloriousness," quoth Aunt. His small congregation not occupying his whole time, he had much leisure for study, and wrote a classical work of much merit in these free moments. But Miss Chisholm was indignant that a "minister of the gospel" should have any free moments. "Is na the harvest plentiful, and the labourers few?" she asked rebukingly. Yet she knew well that the Presbyterian clergy disliked nothing more than to be meddled with in their own field by priests of differing denominations, and while she regarded an Episcopalian as a half Papist, and therefore on the broad road to destruction, she made it a reproach to Mr. Anson that he did not entice "the faithful" out the path. But now came the time for our departure. Kind, kind friends, how our hearts ached to leave you! Good-bye could never be said: it was put off from the parlour to the threshold, from the threshold to the hackney-coach, from the hackney-coach to the vessel. Here it must be said; there could be no more postponement. The sails swelled, the anchor rocked against the bulkheads as the ship swung round with the tide—our friends must quit us; and ah, Carola, it was harder still to quit the soil which held the ashes of the dead!

But all trials end somehow—whether in tears, in faintings, in hysterics, or in the calm fixedness of a strong mind's pain. A few plunges and we sailed down the Moray Frith, between the mountains on either hand. Long, long did Carola watch her favourite Ben Wyvis; even till night confused its gloomy mass with the wintry November clouds gathering above and around us. This was my second voyage: I looked on the dark, angry waters; the chilly sky, and the cutting wind made me draw my plaid-shawl closer round me. Ah! it was summer in my first voyage—summer of nature—summer of youth! The sea was not the sea I had gazed on beside Ernest Marchmont! The very world was not the same. Instead of his musical and cheerful words, there was the sobbing of my

poor fatherless Carola. I reproached myself for my selfish despondency, and recalled my thoughts to the duty of comforting her—and I succeeded. Perhaps none else had succeeded in that hour. She loved me first, best of all. But Carola was fitted for something better than the dry heart of a disappointed old maid. Fate held in store for her a richer gift.

At length we reached the Thames. We anchored at St. Catherine's Wharf. Mrs. Crosby was there, enraptured to see us again. It was late of a dark, foggy evening; the metropolis looked wretched, clammy, sloppy, soppy; the noise seemed dreadful. We were both tired and low-spirited. The excellent woman saw it, and did not tease us with questions; but bustled about looking after our luggage, and seeing it piled on the top of the hackney-coach which she had brought. Not sorry were we when we rolled fairly across the bridges and down among the ugly suburbs of Southwark, down southward past the streets and squares and squalid back lanes, till the houses grew thinner and thinner, tall trees and plots of grass came timidly forward—not very fresh in the November fog; yet still promising something for future summers.

How our heart throbbed when the wheels stopped before a little neat garden, with a pretty low stone fence! It was a very enticing little garden; a shrubbery of laurustinus and holly ran round it, enclosing it with a belt of ever-living green. A walk separated its centre; and its border of trees were acacias and laburnums.

Lastly—and this was joy of joys!—there was a trellis-work covering the walls of the house and climbing over the abutting porch; and here in spring would the tiny rose-leaves and the fragrant jasmine make a bower.

We thought we had seen charms enough; but the grand discovery was to come. On entering the little lobby, at the top of the first flight of steps appeared coloured glass, and flower-pots not barren of habitants. A conservatory—yes, ambitious as that name sounds, this was of the *genus* conservatory: narrow, short, and limited for space, yet still a real conservatory—opening both to the staircase and the drawing-room. And how snug the drawing-room was, with its French paper of blue and white; its new chintz furniture and pretty stamped drugget! The little piano and book-shelf, and a neatly carved mirror; “lest,” as Mrs. Crosby said, “Carola should forget how pretty she was.” The fire burned cheerily in the brightly tiled grate, the tea-things (newly home from the Panklibanon, in Baker-street, or Messrs. Deane and Co., I forget which) shone brighter than silver; the curtains were drawn, the chairs placed ready—everything looked its welcome!

“And now tell me,” asked our affectionate companion, “my dear young ladies—tell me—do you think you will feel yourselves at home?”

“O yes,” we both cried in a breath, “dear, kind Mrs. Crosby; we will live and die here!”

(To be continued.)

WILD FLOWERS OF JUNE.

“Put on your brightest, richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vail of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness,
She comes to gather flowers.
Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vail;
Woods of green, your coronets bring;
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering;
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours!
My fair one comes across the dell,
She comes to gather flowers.”

The meadows and pastures of June present a gay aspect from the profusion of buttercups of different kinds, which expand their glistening petals to the hot sun. The poets have dedicated the buttercup to childhood: we all associate it with childhood's scenes, and look back with delight upon the time when, as girls and boys, we plucked its glowing flowers to make us posies. Poetical writings are full of allusions to it in connection with scenes of childhood:—

“Before the door, with paths untraced,
The green-sward many a beauty graced;
And daisy there, and cowslip too,
And *buttercups* of golden hue,” &c.

The various British species of *Ranunculus* are familiarly known by the popular names of but-

tercup, crowfoot, and spearwort; and although they certainly do not present any striking similarity in general aspect to the richly-coloured *ranunculus* of the florist, they are found by botanists to present essentially the same generic characters as the original of that flower. The family is specially distinguished for its poisonous properties, and indeed the celebrated *bikh* poison of India is the production of a plant belonging to the same natural order.* The

* In describing this plant—the *Aconitum ferox* of botanists—Professor Balfour thus details its poisonous properties:—“The root of the plant possesses extreme acrimony, and very marked narcotic properties. It is said to be the most poisonous of

bulbous-rooted crowfoot (*R. bulbosus*), which appears so plentifully in the spring pastures, and is still to be found in abundance, is not so powerfully acrid as to prove injurious to the grazing herds, being commonly eaten with their other food; and indeed it has been observed by Sir James Smith, that, as man cannot live on tasteless, unmixed flour alone, so neither can cattle in general be supported by mere grass, without the addition of various plants in themselves too acrid, bitter, salt, or narcotic to be eaten unmixed. Spices and a portion of animal food supply us with the requisite stimulus, or additional nutriment, as the ranunculus tribe, and many others, season the pasture and fodder of cattle. The creeping crowfoot (*R. repens*) is a very troublesome weed, abundant in hedges and waste places, often appearing in fields and gardens, its creeping runners enabling it to propagate very rapidly. The upright meadow crowfoot (*R. acris*) is also abundantly plentiful, and more acrid than the other; but the most acrid of the species is the corn crowfoot (*R. arvensis*), which occasionally appears suddenly in corn-fields, and often quickly disappears again. It is a deadly poison. The celery-leaved crowfoot (*R. celeratus*) is so acrid, that, if laid on any part of the body, it readily raises a blister, and it is thus employed by strolling beggars to excite compassion. It must not be understood, however, that all the buttercups are acrid and poisonous. One species, which begins to flower early in spring, and may still be found on wet, shady banks, is edible. It is *R. ficaria* (*Ficaria verna* of some botanists), the "Lesser Celandine" of Wordsworth's "Bo-

the genius, and as such has been employed in India. Wallich states that in the Turraye, or low forest lands, which skirt the approach to Nipal, and among the lower range of hills, especially at a place called Hetounra, quantities of the bruised root were thrown into wells and reservoirs, for the purpose of poisoning our men and cattle. By the vigilant precaution of our troops, however, these nefarious designs were providentially frustrated. In the northern parts of Hindostan, arrows poisoned with the root of *bikk* are used for destroying tigers. The root, according to Royle, is sent down into the plains, and used in the cure of chronic rheumatism, under the name of *Metha tillia*. Roots, apparently of this plant, were sent to Dr. Christison from Madras, under the name of *Nabee*. Pereira made a series of experiments on roots of *bikk*, which had been kept for ten years in Dr. Wallich's herbarium. The roots were administered to animals in the form of powder, and spirituous and watery extract. The spirituous extract was the most energetic. The poison was introduced into the stomach, the jugular vein, the cavity of the peritonæum, and the cellular tissue of the back. The effects produced were difficulty of breathing, weakness, and subsequent paralysis, which generally showed itself first in the posterior extremities, vertigo, convulsions, dilation of the pupil, and death, apparently from asphyxia. 1 grain of the alcoholic extract killed a rabbit in nine minutes and a-half; and 2½ grains killed a strong dog in three minutes."—(*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, October, 1849, where a full history of the plant will be found.)

tanico-Poetical Dictionary," and to it he dedicated a little poem. Plants of this species, raised from roots which had been gathered in Silesia, were grown in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, and exhibited to the Botanical Society by Mr. McNab. These roots had been exposed over a large extent of country in Austria by heavy rains; and the common people gathered them, and used them as an article of food. Their sudden appearance gave rise to various conjectures as to their nature and origin, and in the Austrian journals they were spoken of as if they had fallen from the sky. The small bodies were used as peas by the inhabitants. The dried roots, as well as fresh specimens, after being boiled, are very amalyceous. There is no acridity in the roots even in their fresh state.

There are other pasture flowers besides the buttercups, to attract attention during the present month. The white or "Dutch" clover (*Trifolium repens*) is a conspicuous one, and a great favourite with the wild bee. It is an important plant for its pasturage, and is sown extensively by farmers; but it grows profusely, as a native, in most parts of the country. In wet seasons the flowers become converted into young shoots, presenting a morphological transformation well worthy of the examination of all botanists. In this state the plant is said to be *viviparous*; the young shoots drop from the flower-head, take root in the soil, and thus form new, independent, plants. The common purple clover (*T. pratense*), and the zig-zag trefoil (*T. medium*), are also conspicuous objects, their great beauty being surpassed by their importance to the farmer. A few other native trefoils may be seen in flower, in some localities, during the month.

The common Lady's Mantle* (*Alchemilla vulgaris*) is another pasture-flower, but chiefly confined to the north, where it abounds. It is greatly excelled in beauty by the Alpine Lady's Mantle (*A. alpina*), which grows on the mountains at a great elevation, but is not uncommonly cultivated in our gardens for its lovely silvered foliage.

In the Alpine woods of the North, one of the most beautiful examples of European vegetation is now flourishing. It is the *Linnæa borealis*—a plant whose intrinsic beauty and perfect applicability as an object of cultivation are only excelled by the interest and importance of its associations in the history of Botany. It is the "little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early, which Linnæus selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few could have been better chosen; and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the Linnæa." Whether seen in its native fir woods, forming a carpet of leafy verdure, to the exclusion of every other plant, or as a garden specimen, enveloping

* Mantle of our Lady (the *Virgin Mary*); therefore not "LADIES' MANTLE," as written by some authors. Brit. Flora, 125.

with its dense foliage the pot on which it grows,* it is alike an object of beauty and attraction to every one whose eye is open to the loveliness of the vegetable world. But to the naturalist the *Linnaea* is a plant of especial interest, commemorating as it does the memory of one whose name (whatever may be said of his *system*) will long be venerated above all others by the votaries of natural science. This tiny wild-flower has recently been introduced to the realms of poesy by a pretty poem which recently appeared in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal:—

THE LINNÆA BOREALIS.

'Tis a child of the old green woodlands,
Where the song of the free wild-bird
And swaying of boughs in the summer breeze
Are the only voices heard.

In the richest moss of the lonely dells
Are its rosy petals found,
With the clear blue skies above it spread,
And the lordly trees around.

In those still, untrodden solitudes,
Its lovely days are passed,
And the sunny turf is its fragrant bier
When it gently dies at last.

But if from its own sweet dwelling-place
By a careless hand 'tis torn,
And to hot and dusty city streets
In its drooping beauty borne,

Its graceful head is with sorrow bowed,
And it quickly pines and fades;
Till the fragile bloom is for ever fled
That gladdened the forest glades.

It will not dwell 'neath a palace dome,
With rare exotic flowers,
Whose perfumed splendour gaily gleams
In radiant festal hours:

It loves not the Parian marble vase,
On the terrace fair and wide;
Or the bright and sheltered garden bowers
Smiling in gorgeous pride.

But it mourns for the far-off dingles,
For their fresh and joyous air,
For the dewy sighs and sunny beams
That lingered o'er it there.

O lonely and lovely forest flower!
A holy lot is thine,
Amid nature's deepest solitudes,
With radiance meek to shine.

Bright blossom of the shady woods!
Live on in your cool retreat,
Unharm'd by the touch of human hand,
Or the tread of careless feet;

With the rich green fern around your home,
The birds' glad song above,
And the solemn stars in the still night time,
Looking down with eyes of love!

LUCINDA ELLIOT.

* A full detail of the method of cultivating this plant will be found in that richly-illustrated periodical, "The Garden Companion and Florist's Guide," Vol. I. pp. 34-5.

It is peculiarly pleasing to contemplate the grateful manner in which botanists commemorate the names of their friends and fellow-labourers by thus dedicating to them the beautiful objects of their study. Those plants that record in their names the memories of departed botanists are cherished with especial care by all who entertain feelings of gratitude towards those who have gone before them in the pleasant paths of our fair science.

"These BOTANISTS trust
The lingering gloam of their departed lives
To FLORAL record, and the silent heart—
Depositaries faithful, and more kind
Than fondest epitaph; for, if those fall,
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame—

Who rather would not envy—men that feel
This mutual confidence, if from such source
The practice flow; if thence, or from a deep
And general humility in death?
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring
From disregard of Time's destructive power,
As only capable to prey on things
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part."

The foliage of the *Linnaea* is infested with several species of parasitical fungi, one of which has been dedicated by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley (our great authority on such subjects) to Professor Dickie of Belfast, under the cognomen of *Sphæria Dickiei*.

In the fields, the pretty Scarlet Pimpernel, or Poor Man's Weather-glass, as it is called, is now flowering freely. This is the *Anagallis arvensis* of science. Its flowers exhibit the peculiar property of closing on the approach of rain, or even on the passing of a cloud over the sun. This is a distinct phenomenon from that exhibited by another class of flowers which have stated hours of the day for opening and closing. These latter were so arranged by Linnæus as to mark each hour of the day by the opening of a certain flower. The following is

LINNÆUS'S FLORAL CLOCK.*

Yellow Goat's Beard.....	3—5 A. M.
Smooth Hawkweed	4—5 "
Wild Chicory.....	5— "
Dandelion	5—6 "
Spotted Cats' Ear	6— "
Sow Thistle	6—7 "
Waterlilies	7— "
Small Cape Marigold	7— "
Scarlet Pimpernel.....	8— "
Field Marigold	9— "
Ice Plant	9—10 "
Sandworts	9—10 "
Knotted Figwort	10—11 "
Common Star of Bethlehem (Dove's Dung of Scripture) 11—	"
Many Figworts	12— NOON.
Afternoon Squill	2— P. M.
Marvel of Peru	5— "
Sad Pelargonium	6— "
Night-flowering Catchfly....	8—9 "
Night-flowering Cactus	10— "

* Most of these plants may be seen in flower during the month.

Following up the idea of Linnæus in regard to the *Flower Clock*, Jean Paul Richter formed what he called the *Human Clock*. He says, "I believe the Flower-clock of Linnæus, in Upsal (*Horologium Floræ*), whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index-figures are flowers, of which one always awakens and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Scheeraw, in the middle of the market-place: from the front room I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, and from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses an excellent harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden and the human-clock in the market-place. At three o'clock in the morning, the yellow meadow goat's-beard opens; and brides awake, and the stable-boy begins to rattle and feed the horses beneath the lodger. At four o'clock the little hawkweed awakes, choristers going to the Cathedral who are clocks with chimes, and the bakers. At five, kitchen maids, dairy maids, and buttercups awake. At six, the sow thistle and cooks. At seven o'clock many of the ladies' maids are awake in the palace, the chicory in my botanical garden, and some tradesmen. At eight o'clock all the colleges awake, and the little yellow mouse-ear. At nine o'clock, the female nobility already begin to stir; the marigold; and even many young ladies, who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Court ladies and the whole staff of Lords of the Bedchamber, the green colewort and the alpine dandelion, and the reader of the Princess, rouse themselves out of their morning sleep;

and the whole palace, considering that the morning sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky through the coloured silk curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock the prince, at one his wife and the carnation, have their eyes open in their flower vase. What awakes late in the afternoon at four o'clock is only the red-hawkweed, and the night watchman as cuckoo-clock, and these two only tell the time as evening-clocks and moon-clocks. From the hot eyes of the unfortunate man, who like the jalap plant (*Mirabilis Jalapa*), first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own in pity aside. It is a rich man who only exchanges the fever fancies of being pinched with hot pincers for waking pains. I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen and the yellow mouse ear, I always fell asleep; but at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I was a repeater. Thus we mortals may be a flower-clock for higher beings, when our flower-leaves close upon our last bed; or sand clocks, when the sand of our life is so run down that it is renewed in the other world; or picture-clocks, because, when our death-bell here below strikes and rings, our image steps forth from its case into the next world. On each event of the kind, when seventy years of human life have passed away, they may perhaps say, What! another hour already gone! how the time flies!"*

The *Flora of June* is a rich one; but our limited space has only allowed of a reference to a few of the more conspicuous and interesting plants. Even a bare list of the whole that are in flower at this season would occupy a dozen pages of this Magazine.

LONDON.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,
Then, London, one to thee!
Thy lofty name all tongues proclaim
The watchword of the Free:
Where'er the flag of Liberty
Is righteously unfurl'd,
There London is; her mighty heart
Beats through the civil world.
Then ho! for London, brave and high,
So shall she ever be,
While Justice rules within her walls,
And Honour guides the Free.

Of conquering Peace the pioneers
Her dauntless merchants are;
Her sons are found the world around,
Her ships 'neath every star.
Her sheltering tree of Liberty
Spreads hourly more and more;
Its roots run under every sea,
It blooms on every shore.
Then ho! for London, stern and strong,
She'll faithful ever be;
Though tyrants frown, yet tyrants own
She's leader of the Free.

In days of dread, she boldly stood
Undaunted, though alone,
To guard with might the people's right
Invaded by the Throne;
And yet when civil fury raged,
And Loyalty took wing,
Her gallant bands, with bows and brands,
Defended well their king.
Then ho! for London, Might and Right,
With her, twin brothers be;
To curb with Right the despot Might,
Exalting still the Free!

The wandering King, of crown bereft,
The Patriot, lone, exiled,
Find refuge sure and life secure
Where Freedom ever smiled;
And evermore she spreads her store
The exile to maintain—
What's been her worthy pride before,
Shall be her pride again.
Then ho! for London, Ward and Guard!
Her glory still shall be—
As terror to the tyrant strong,
As shelter to the Free!

* Balfour's Phyto-Theology.

And still within her Ancient Halls,
Where Freemen ever stand,
She welcomes men from every clime,
With open heart and hand;
She welcomes men of every creed,
The brave, the wise, the good—
And bids them form, in living bonds,
A noble brotherhood.
Clasped hand-in-hand, let every man
A patriot brother be;
From pole to pole, let every soul
United be—and Free!

A BUGLE-CALL FROM A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Much as ever—more than ever—
Is the Duty high and deep,
Dozing England! to endeavour
Not to let you go to sleep;
Lest the careless couching lion
By some jackal-pack be bay'd—
Lest the guardless gates of Zion
Be beleagu'ed and betray'd!

Still, impends this peril urgent,
That our ill-defended shores
Call to yonder horde insurgent—
“Come at once, and all is yours!”

Still, the danger presses daily,
While Security and Pride
Find us, gloomily or gaily,
Caring nought whate'er betide!

More than so: for Zeal is slacken'd,
Through disheartening neglect;
And the patriot's honour blacken'd
By each peace-pretending sect:
While, both speedily and surely,
Brigands strengthen day by day,
We, like Laish, too securely
Grow to be their wealthier prey!

See, the signs that round us thicken!
Who hath Wisdom to discern
Which may first—and soon—be stricken
Of the Nations in their turn?
England! be thou wise and watching;
And, for all our mercies' sake,
In this maze of mischiefs hatching
Warily keep wide-awake!

Rulers! as of old, we proffer
Hearts of oak and hands of steel;
Never scorn the loyal offer
Of a People's patriot zeal.
English courage, staunch and steady,
Brings you freely—if we may—
FIFTY THOUSAND RIFLES READY,
JUST TO KEEP THE WOLF AWAY!

Albury, April 24.

THE MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES INCIDENT TO THE PER- FORMANCE OF MUSIC.

The subject we have selected as the theme of this article, seems to be one of the vexed questions of the day. Here are three parties: the first does battle for mechanical difficulties, the second as manfully fights against them, while the third party mocks the other two, because, in his opinion, they are foolish enough to contend for a mere shadow. Misunderstanding, intemperate zeal, and mutual acrimony, are justly chargeable to all three. On the very face of the matter, it must surely be wrong to indulge in *bitterness* on the subject of *sweet sounds*. That each party is in error may be very easily shown. This controversy has lasted so long, and been carried to such lengths, that we can no longer pass it calmly by, or treat it with silent contempt. A dispute which agitates the whole of the musical public, and threatens the entire art with a sweeping revolution, has heavier *gravamen* than a mere whim, and demands our most deliberate and conscientious investigations. To attempt to sift out the useful and the true from this discussion, may be looked upon as a task equally difficult with searching for the needle in the bottle of hay; but we know the value of the needle, and shall not shrink from the task.

Between the mere exercise of musical gymnastics and the soul-stirring enjoyments of melody and harmony, there is no medium—no

golden mean. They are connected together, and yet they are as distinct from each other as is the swimmer from the flood. They are only joined as are the lake and the stars, when those bright orbs are mirrored on its bosom. We can neither afford to despise nor discard mechanical difficulties. No musical composition can exist without a sprinkling of them, either in a greater or less degree. A good piece of music without any difficulty in its execution is a musical impossibility. Seeing, then, that these difficulties are to be met with in every good composition, it becomes our duty to deal with them. Erased from the pages of our folios they cannot be. We must conquer them, *for to overcome them is to expunge them*. A certain amount of mechanical skill is essential. Without it there can be no enjoyment in the execution of music. Nay, young friend, do not make grimaces, first at us, and then at your exercise-book. In telling you that you never can have any pleasure in music until you are perfect master of a certain amount of hard, dry passages, we only speak the words of truth and soberness. Having thus proved that, however much of an outcry may be raised against difficult music, it must be grappled with, it will be asked to what extent is it to be studied? This question it is very difficult to answer. If a person were so disposed, the study might be carried on *ad infinitum*. We

may, however, venture to say that this class of studies must be proportioned to the student's intentions. If his aim be high, he must make up his mind to the drudgery necessary to secure a high position.

And what must be done when these difficulties are overcome, or rather, what will remain to be done? Why, everything will remain to be done! By overcoming these irksome tasks, we are merely *prepared* to do something. When the Olympic racer had cast off his upper garments and girt on the waist-belt, he had not run, he had only stripped for the race: so here. The overcoming of these difficulties smoothes the path of the true music. It takes the sting from the honey, and the thorn from the rose. We recommend the practice and mastery of mechanical difficulties as a *means* to an *end*—a step to something higher. As well might we hope to pluck the fruit of the vine growing far above us without using a ladder, as expect that we can lay hold on the poetry of music without first climbing to a level with it. If these counsels had been better attended to, we should have had far less of hesitating touch, of faltering voice, and uncertainty of sound in our musical doings. Mechanical skill will give firmness, decision, and despatch in the execution of music, but it will do no more. And is not this enough for it to do? When persons of good taste and strong emotions attempt to execute a fine piece of music, they are delighted with the melody and disgusted with the dryer portions; carried away by their feelings, solely for the want of a little me-

chanism, they are spoiled as performers by the very thing which, when under control and discipline, would have rendered them perfect in expression—the emotions and feelings of the soul.

We are persuaded that we have said all that ought to be said in favour of *variation* and *fantasia*. We must next point out their abuse. They are diverted from their legitimate use when, as means, they are put before the end. We have said that they are the ladder by which the grapes are gathered. What would our young ladies say if the footman were to bring the step-ladder from the greenhouse, and set it on the table instead of the *grapes*? Every time our fair ones disgust us with their musical clatter and rattle, they are playing the part of this maniac footman. Why should people bore us with the process, when we only want the results? Such persons, to be consistent with themselves, should put their copy-books, instead of letters and dress, in the drawing-room. Music that has nothing but difficulties to recommend it is for private practice only.

In conclusion, we firmly believe that good—great good—will come of this controversy. The friends of melody have only to be firm, and their ultimate success is sure. The automaton of music shall be put down, and decision of touch and freedom of execution arise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes; while music—the mistress of the soul—no longer a supplanted and persecuted outcast, shall return home again to the world's heart and be driven forth no more.—AURELIAN.—*Musical World*.

M I S S J O B.

(AN AMERICAN SKETCH)

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!
If I'm a king, I can spend the money;
If I'm a beggar, I can leave the money:
So it's all one to me, all one to me,
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,
Whether I am old or whether I am young!
If I am young, why I can go a-dancing;
If I am old, why I can leave off dancing!
It's all one to me, all one to me,
Whether I am old or whether I am young."

People cannot grow handsomer to all eternity! Alas! I know it! The fact is indisputable.

Seraphina had reached the climax. The blush of beauty was gone; the flower was in full bloom. There was no deeper expression that those locks could assume; the eyes could not become more than colourless, nor the nose more of a pug: no final touch of grace was to be added to that form—to the stiff, uncompromising, right-angle and triangle gait.

You would laugh at Miss Job? I will not suffer it. She was a philosopher, and I reverence the whole order.

It is a fine thing to be a philosopher! it certainly is. Seraphina had thus learned many of the noblest and hardest lessons. She was patient, and very humble; she had attained "undue difficulties," extraordinary peace of mind, which really is the best thing a mortal can attain. For consider, if one is to worry and fret through this mortal existence, then is it nothing

less than a dreadful bore. The frame of mind evinced by that foolish woman, who was "troubled about many things," is intolerable; and a dissatisfied, pining, ever-troubled, and troubling spirit, is an unmitigated nuisance!

Now listen, O perverse generation of gold-diggers! I will tell you further of a mortal who lived above the world.

She was a transcendentalist, then? The bare thought is enough to make one smile. Seraphina Job was of the earth, earthy: she lived on common food—I care not who knows it; she walked and talked like a Christian: she was none of your "high-flyers;" and if she *had* sounded the depths of all knowledge, she brought not up *that* trophy which the "lions" do so often,

"The sea-weed on a clam!"

In a little two-story frame building, which looked as though it might have been fashioned from some superfluous timbers gathered for the construction of the ark of Noah, lived our heroine. Look within it; what a miserable state of things! Can you tell, reader, why good-natured people are forever imposed upon? The lodger up-stairs has sent her children to play for a little in Miss Job's room: it rains so fast, they cannot go out of doors. *Cannot*, however, seems to be the careful parent's suggestion, rather than that of the children, if the wistful look of the little faces, as ever and anon they are pressed close against the window-panes, is to be taken into account.

Around the table, covered with their hostess's work, they romp and rave, until it seems as though Babel had transferred itself *bodily*. And now one has fallen and hit his head (a "*lucky* hit," so to speak) against the table. Forthwith, with tears fountainous, and groans indescribable, the precious group make a simultaneous rush for mamma's quarters. And then Miss Job sits down to collect her thoughts, and find out where she is.

While this difficult thing is in process, let us look back and discover how Patience, and Meekness, and Resignation came to write their names so boldly on that unhandsome face of hers. Let no one on the wide earth believe that she was a heartless, senseless woman. It was in the hard school of sorrow she had graduated—in the class of the bereaved that she took her prize! Miss Job had had her disappointment. Bitter and grievous it was, and for the time overwhelming. Here (in proof) is a letter written by her a great many years before the time of life when Seraphina is brought before you, to win your admiring regard.

"When we parted, Margaret, you remember I promised to write you from India on this day. I was to tell you of that great field of labour—was to have decided then whether I *ought* to say to you, 'Come over and help us.' Had I not, in constant prayer, in hearty endeavour to feel entire submission to the Divine will during the weary twelve months past, been in a measure successful, I would say now, 'Come over and help me;' for oh, my friend, it is

a heavy woe, a dreadful chastisement the Heavenly Father has laid upon me! And at the first, when the news that Thomas was lost reached me, then I—oh, *how* I wished that you could be with me! for I was among strangers—was alone! I made no effort to bear the affliction; I bowed down in my woe, and gave way to sinful murmuring. I asked, in my madness, 'Why hast thou taken my hope, my friend, my only one, O God?'

"Thomas! he was called away before the ship he sailed in had reached its destination. Had I but gone with him, then at least should I have died with him. You know that he denied me this: he would conquer some of the difficulties of the way first, that the path might be easier to my feet: he would prepare a home for me, and accustom himself to a life in that land before I should go thither.

"I have been long in submitting myself to God's decree. Oh, may you never learn how hard a thing it is to have crushed out from human nature *all* worldly hopes and loves such as mine were! But at last, dear friend, I feel that I am beginning to find peace. If it were not so, I could never have written this letter to you. Since *that day* I have spoken but rarely, have written not at all on this subject; it is sacred to me. I am learning now how small is even my overpowering grief in comparison with that which another, one infinitely good, endured for us. The cry, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' has been often on my lips; but at last I remember how He who uttered it suffered and endured sorrows of which no mortal can conceive; and therefore I dare not utter the words again.

"Yesterday was my birthday: I am twenty-two. It seems as though a century had elapsed since I parted with my mother, and went out to service to maintain her and myself. You know how shortly after that time she died, before the bright prospects which afterwards opened upon me had dawned. You have heard how it was that my eyes early turned towards the heathen lands—how it was early in my life impressed on my mind that my duty was to be performed there—that I, a Christian child, *ought* to go into that great field, and labour for the Master. You know how, when I made this hope and desire of my heart known, a way at once opened itself before me—how the good and the generous took me under their charge and educated me—how, in those days, I met him whose heart glowed with the same holy hope—how it was our intention to be all of earth to each other, to be the life-long consolation, and support and joy to each other. You know of this: I told it all to you when we parted. May God preserve you from ever understanding the sorrow, the struggle, and the deep despair which have since been my portion. When I heard that I stood alone in this world, my first impulse was to go out alone to India. The weight of my indebtedness to others pressed heavily upon me: they had expended time and money in my education; I was *bound* to go; though the way which seemed once so beautiful, so easy, revealed itself now a lonely, dreary way, I would press on it.

"I strove then to put down, to conquer my own feelings. I went about accustomed duties: I prayed incessantly; but my heart's applications were poured forth more in frenzy than in faith. I was so weak, Margaret, to combat with a lion! Since that time I have been very ill; my life went nearly from me. I have recovered, but cannot go to India. They tell me that I could not survive the voyage; therefore will I labour here. It is good to labour—it is great to be patient. Can I not thus,

in a measure, repay those who have dealt so kindly with the doubly orphaned? There is a school recently established for the instruction of those in foreign lands; there I can instruct, and at the same time support myself by my needle. For the present, while I *can*, I will devote what little energy I have in aiding others to follow that plough from which my hand has fallen. I have already made the arrangements necessary. My life, my time, is all, all I have to offer. Would to God it were a worthier sacrifice! His love be with you."

For a few years Miss Job continued to labour in this occupation, self-imposed by her deep sense of obligation. But the strivings of her spirit, the constant depression, the unutterable weariness and heart-heaviness which attended these labours among strangers, were too much for her: she could not bear them. It was a trial beyond her strength of endurance which was thus put upon her: she could never become perfectly reconciled to her lot, while the cheerful, the young, the happy, were about her, preparing themselves for departure to those scenes, to that new home, on which all the hopes of her own heart were fixed.

She left the school then, and in retirement and meditation, in labour and in prayer, sought for "the peace of God." And it came: it fell upon her heart like the soft, refreshing dew, in the performance of lonely tasks, in mercy to the poor, in an over-gushing fount of charity, in giving of her poverty, in loving much, in trusting much, in feeling much, in doing much: thus did that "peace" evidence itself. Thus passing through Gethsemane, she stood upon the mountain—her earthly nature crucified; and the love of the Father was with her there—looking upward, the wail of agony found no more utterance, but the voice of calmness which could say—"Thy will be done, my Saviour."

Now look again upon her—ah, we must needs be interrupted! If you have not, reader, caught that peculiar and indescribable expression of her countenance, it is not for me to promise that you ever WILL on any succeeding interview, not being possessed, unfortunately, of so much of the spirit of accommodation as the country people were after the recent eruption of Vesuvius; *they* promised the disappointed stranger who "came too late," that they would get up another scene on his special account! Obligingness is a moral impossibility in our case.

Our intruder is evidently not considered as such by Miss Job. He is a gentleman—her senior by a great many years—a well-dressed, stalwart, gray-haired old man. His name is Townsend, Jedediah Townsend, the respectable owner of a wholesale and retail all-sort-of clothing establishment, quite well off in the world, quite agreeable—quite. Benevolent? Wait a little.

"Ahem—Miss Job, good morning."

"Good morning, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Townsend. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you—thank you. Quite a rainy spell of weather, Miss Job—a good deal of mud abroad."

"Yes; the roads must be very bad. It's pleasant to work in the house such weather. I can always work faster in such weather; there's nothing to divert one's eyes then. Black cloth is as pleasant to look on as black clouds."

"Exactly so; true to the letter. You are fond of the needle, Miss Job?"

"Yes; it is my true friend—it brings me all manner of comfortable things, and helps me to help others; a trusty servant is my needle."

"Don't you ever tire out?—don't you ever get lonely, living here by yourself so?"

"Never—I can say it truly. I walk when I am tired of sitting within doors; if it is cold and stormy out of doors, then I read: that rests me too. I never am lonely."

"I wonder what's the reason seamstresses complain so much, and why, every once in a while, folks get up such a 'hurrah, boys!' talking about their wrongs, and so forth?"

"Ah, that's about the poor young things who are a thousand times worse off than I. I am rich to them, Mr. Townsend! Poor things! the Lord have mercy upon them! When you have dealings with any of those pale, tired-looking, worn-out young creatures, who appear as though they were standing at death's door, deal kindly by them—they are human, and very unfortunate."

"You've a kind heart, Miss Job; do you take pity on everybody?"

"I always try to bear in mind that we are sinful, very sinful beings; that the differences in people come by accident, for, as the great man—what's his name—said, 'We are all the accidents of an accident.' We are very apt to be too harsh in our judgments, and too—too cold-hearted."

"What is it, Miss Job, that you mean by charity? It's important I should know the definition you give the word, ma'am."

The woman thus appealed to paused a moment before she replied, as though in wonderment as to the necessity of the case (perhaps she was thinking a proper answer); then she said, fixing those two colourless eyes clearly and steadfastly upon him—

"If a person in great want came to your door, and you gave him something you needed, which could not well be spared, but which you *could* do without at a pinch, I should say you had done a charitable thing. If you would not believe your neighbour guilty of a crime he stood accused of, till it was proved beyond doubting, I should say you had acted charitably; and if you gave yourself up, and all you had, to serve another who needed your service, who deserved it, I should think you had fully interpreted the word—that you had *proved* charity to be the greatest of all things."

"It is just to the point—are *you* so charitable? I am alone in my old age, Miss Job! It's lonely over in my house—you *must* be lonely here. I know you are. I want some one to live with me besides the rats—will *you*?"

She looked up at him in wonder, and seeing

that the old man was really in earnest, said, kindly and meekly—

"I cannot—I do not wish to marry."

"You are getting along in years as well as I. Dear madam, who is going to take care of you when your eyes fail, and you are too old to work?"

"I feel that I shall not live to be very old. If I serve God faithfully in my life, He will care for me."

"Oh! but it's poor charity you have," said the old man, wiping his eyes. His voice failed him for a moment; recovering himself, he continued—"Miss Job, it's nearly thirty-six years since my wife died; I never have loved any woman since—never have asked any to marry me. My Joseph was a comfort to me—he was my comfort, my stay—the house was full and merry when he was in it. Now you know that he is dead and gone—I shall not see him any more. Sometimes I think I will put an end to my life at once, it's so desperate lonely. Madam, I do not swear I love you, and throw myself on my knees to take the oath. You've got too much sense to want me to make a fool of myself; but I'll promise you that I'll be a good husband—I can't hold on many years longer—you shall not have to work after I am gone."

Alas! for that cherished dream of single blessedness, kept "in memory of the dead!" Alas, for that sweet dream of being laid quietly to rest, after sailing peacefully and alone along the shores of Time! Philosophy and charity conspired to demolish all such visions. Seraphina could not resist their attack, united with the tears the lonely old gentleman came to weep every day in her humble little parlour: in due time she was vanquished entirely. She gave her word she would become the wife of Mr. Townsend, his house-keeper, waiting-maid, nurse.

So, in compliance with that promise, stood she, one day, leaning on the arm of that respectable personage, past middle age; and Miss Job took all the vows upon *herself*, feeling in duty bound; and faithfully and rigidly she kept them.

Oh, heavens! yes—but do you know all that such a union as she made signifies? Bear in mind, the bride was no gay, young creature—a honeysuckle wedded to an old oak. Then had the bees come humming round her, with their soft, musical voices, gossiping away the bright summer days. She was no giddy girl, who, in the lightness of her heart, could fling off the load of oppressive thought at any moment; her life was no April day, whose smiles and whose tears are alike irresistible. *Such* unions have been, that proved peaceable—nay, happy. But could you know the slave that Seraphina Job was for ten long years to that old heathen! When, at the end of that time, she was once more free, a widow, she might have told a horrid story than any galley-slave or Siberian exile could conjure up.

"Grey hairs are honourable," I know; yet is there no more distressful sight on this earth than a wicked old man! There is hope for the

youthful offender: if his heart be cold, love may yet thoroughly and effectually warm it; if he be without reverence, without kindness, without charity, regeneration is possible. But if the heart of the veteran in years be hopelessly, naturally chilled, and dead—if he is cross, and turbulent, exacting, selfish, tyrannical, and without mental power, then may all the saints unite to guard and defend the woman who is bound to him!—for of all mortals is she most wretched.

It was all the worse for Miss Job that she was kind and forgiving, and watchful and careful—all the worse for her that she had so much respect for age—the worse for her that boldness did not set up its throne on her tongue, and issue its laws as plainly as the tyrant's were spoken! If she had married the man because he was rich, in the expectation that he would, ere long, go the way of all the earth, it would have all been very well that matters took the turn they did: if she had bound herself to Mr. Townsend in order that she might secure a home, the home she thereby gained would have been just such as she deserved. But, reader, it was only in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the spirit of charity, that she wedded!—because, feeling herself of no use in the world, when appealed to, to make the comfort of the last days of one who had for years been a sort of benefactor, supplying her with work from his shop, and paying her moderately well therefor, she felt that her duty was to give her consent. A mistaken sense of duty she had, alas! But Miss Job herself would have avowed it as her firm belief, if questioned, to err on the right side was best.

Besides labouring incessantly with her needle on the black cloth, as aforetime, which her miserly husband commanded, there was such a constant, watchful attendance on all the man's whims and wishes exacted—exact, too, in a "black dog, do your duty," sort of way—that, had not Miss Job become nearly perfected in the furnace of affliction and trial, her human nature would have indignantly rebelled: she would have sought, and forced from all intelligent jurymen under the sun, a right to "dissolve the union."

Ten years of martyrdom!—it is no trifling thing, reader; and then to think he left her a beggar after all!—giving his very considerable property to people who would not have lifted a hand to help him at any time. Oh, it was a grievous wrong he did that woman!

"Her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder him rising with the just:
For his last, most solemn act, hath linked his name with Ilar,
And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow."

Yet, mark what followed! The little, old, two-story frame building, her former habitation, was standing yet: to it the widow's eyes at once directed when strangers came to occupy her sometime abode. And, one day, above the narrow door a little ancient sign, "Miss Job,

tailoress and dress maker," again reared its head.

Yes! she had taken her old name again, and by that was she addressed—for people who respected her, and these were many, thought it an unnecessary insult to apply to her any longer that dead man's cognomen. Many were the tea-ing "indignation meetings" held in those days in the village, on account of that outrageous will of Mr. Townsend; and though the resolutions, on such occasions unanimously adopted, were never presented to the widow in due form, yet were they betrayed in the increase of work given her, and in the increase of the whole neighbourhood's kindness. Never would Miss Job suffer any, in her hearing, in the height of their zeal, to rail out against the departed: if, in their enthusiasm, friends ventured on such ground, they were speedily silenced with a gentle "Hush, he is dead! you should'nt talk against the dead."

Miss Job never went into mourning: in this case she felt it would be a mockery. There was no grief in her heart for the old man's death, save that of the Christian sorrow over the lost sinner. She wept at his funeral, true—and they were not "crocodile tears" she shed; because it was an awful thought to her that a fellow-mortal, who had seen the threescore and ten allotted years, should have gone into the pure and Holy Father's presence without having assumed the garments of the redeemed. She wept, because he was an immortal; and therefore, in remembrance of his past, feared for him!

Miss Job had grown very old in those ten years of bondage. Ah, she had looked upon such fearful Egyptian darkness! She had trodden in such wearying haste through that mighty Red Sea, pursued by the demons of a vile, malicious, selfish heart! She had grown very old, and yet was there strength in her limbs and strength in her heart. And what a sunbeam of peace was that which lighted her face with genial light! Oh, it is such a comfort that years make little impress on the countenance whose attractiveness is not dependent on youthful bloom and freshness! Red locks grow seldom grey, light eyes wot not of fading, and the expression of a face, linked to a heart like Seraphina Job's, must needs grow "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Still by the little window of the tiny house she sat and sewed. Still on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening, went she, hymn-book and Bible in hand, to the sanctuary, withholding never the outward service, whereby, as well as in her inner life, she confessed her Master before men. Still was her trembling hand (for it always trembled at such times) raised to give the half of every week's earnings to the poor fund. Still on deeds of active charity her little bent form went forth. Still thought she, and not always without tears, upon the lover of her youth. Still laid she that Divine consolation to her heart, "In heaven we shall know even as we are known."

"Heigh-ho! it is a rainy day, Miss Job; so

lay aside your work., If the clouds are black as the vests you manufacture, do lift your eyes to them." But no; with her sweet voice humming still—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

she plods away for dear life—for dear mercy's sake, rather; because this day's earnings are devoted in her own mind to a peculiar purpose. Oh, reader, what a pleasant thing is a romance, if it be not too sorrowful!

But hold now; why should that gentleman with the spectacles look up with such curiosity at the little old sign, "Miss Job, tailoress and dress-maker?" Perhaps he is an antiquarian; he looks one, I am sure. Yet that respectable quality gives him no right to peer into the window of the house with so much curiosity. Maybe he is in search of lodgings. Yes, he must be, for he knocks, and, at the gentle "Come in," shuts his umbrella and enters boldly. Pshaw! nothing but a tract-agent.

In the name of all things forlorn, reader, will not this be a pretty ending of our story, the mere recording of a conversation that followed the entrance of this man?

"I have books to sell, ma'am. All sorts of books in my line: tracts, missionary periodicals, Life of Mrs. Judson—of both of them—Memoir of Harriet Newell, and so forth. Shall I hope to find a purchaser here?"

The stranger spoke in a very subdued, patient way. Miss Job looked at him, and thought he must have travelled a long distance, and been unsuccessful in his sales, and, in the kindness of her good spirit, she said at once—

"Yes, certainly. I like to read the lives of missionaries. Let me look at them. Is it Fanny Forester's Life of Mrs. Judson you have? She is such a sweet writer! What a noble woman she must be!"

"It is her work. You'll like it very much, I venture to say. I have sold a great many copies of the book. People, generally, have a great admiration for the present Mrs. Judson."

He opened the package of books; and, while Miss Job examined them, the stranger fixed his eyes upon her, conning the features of her face to his heart's content, musing thus, as he did so, "Great God, it is certainly she! How old she looks! Poor girl, she has seen troubled and hard times, I fear! God have mercy on us!"

Selecting three of the volumes, the woman said—

"I will take these."

"Thank you. Here is another work; it may not have attracted your notice in the great flood of books printed now-a-days. It is a work I wrote myself; for I have been a missionary."

Miss Job became quite excited as she heard this. She remembered one other who would fain have been a missionary. She could not speak; but reaching forth her hand, eagerly grasped the book.

"The India Mission-ground," was lettered, in gilt, on the neat black cover. She looked sadly on the title for a moment, then opened the

volume. "By Thomas Rich Muir." Those light eyes! they lacked not expression then. And what a glow was that overspreading the pale thin face of Miss Job, as she looked and looked at the book and at the man!

She stood up then—the volumes fell from her hands—and O, what a "world of hope and fear" was in that cry—

"In the name of the great Lord, who are you? I knew a Thomas Muir!"

Ah, curiosity! why does that girl in the street stop short, unmindful of the rain, to look in through the window of that little parlour of "Miss Job, tailoress?" Why does that wandering boy vouchsafe to pause in his vagrancy to peer over the girl's shoulder, and, in his emotion, exclaim against the frantic embrace of

that strange man, and "horrid homely old Miss Job"?

Desperate is the curiosity of a street audience! Ye fighting terriers and runaway steeds, testify! Haste we to draw the curtain. Ladies and gentlemen, we appeal to you; retire, disperse, and leave those reunited ones alone. I beseech you, go; and when Miss Job informs me of the story of her true, living love's adventures, you shall have them, free and full.

Poor, dear Seraphina! we will, meantime, rejoice with her, now that her time of rejoicing has really and truly come. We will, moreover, lay a little of consolation to our own hearts, as we remember that "Virtue has its own reward," and never fails of finding it, in one place or another.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"Are you going, Harry?"

"Yes, Fred. It is already half-past two, and I promised to be at the place of meeting at a quarter to three."

"Good-bye then, brother."

"Good-bye." And Harry, a fine stalwart lad of about thirteen years of age, bounded off, whirling his stick in the air, and whistling his little dog to follow him.

Poor Frederic sighed. He would willingly have accompanied his brother, but he was far from strong, and the party intended to walk ten miles that afternoon and evening. Besides, there was another reason. Frederic Steward was a good-looking boy in many respects; he had fine dark eyes, brown hair that curled all over his head, and a clear though pale olive complexion; but alas! the carelessness of his nurse had spoiled all, and Frederic was a hump-back. The boy felt his deformity extremely. He had a fancy that every stranger would stare and laugh at him, which was very foolish; for it is to be hoped that few are so unfeeling as to take pleasure in mocking the unfortunate. However, he *had* this fancy, and the consequence was that he often refused to enter into the company of those who would have done everything in their power to make him forget that he was different from other boys.

Frederic remained motionless, on the bench where Harry had left him, for two or three hours. It was a half-holiday, and he was at liberty to do what he pleased, and nobody came to see what had become of him; so the time wore away filled with bitter thoughts. In vain the thrush chaunted from a neighbouring plantation, and the sweet note of the cuckoo was heard from the Leighton woods, and the bees hummed, and the pigeons cooed in the pigeon-cote high over-head. Frederic heard none of these soothing sounds,

nor did he rejoice in the fresh breeze that fanned his brow, nor in the scent of the roses and mignonette and sweet briar from the newly-raked bed close by. A pretty spotted butterfly alighted on his elbow, and he brushed it pettishly away; his favourite cat came purring round his feet, but could not win one caress from her young master. Frederic was completely miserable, and this was because he was allowing envy and jealousy to overcome his better nature, and was rebelling in his heart against the good God who had made and still watched over him, spreading all these pleasant things around for the benefit of even his unthankful children.

The trees were casting long shadows on the ground, and Frederic, despite his preoccupation, was becoming aware that it must be later than he had supposed, when the sweet voice of a child aroused him from his reverie. A little girl came singing along the gravel-walk, and was close to Frederic before she was aware of his presence, as the bench where he sat was placed in a recess shaded by ivy and creeping plants. The child started upon seeing him, and was about to turn down another walk, but he called after her.

"Little girl," he said, "don't be afraid of me, though I *am* a fright. I won't hurt you."

Frederic was glad of something—anything—to divert him from his dreadful thoughts, and there was that about his unintentional visitor that made him feel as if she would not quiz him. She had a little rosy face, with large blue eyes, and golden hair hanging in long smooth curls, and there was an innocent and kind expression in her countenance that was delightful to look upon. So he spoke to her again, for she stood gazing at him with some wonder and a little shyness.

"What is your name?" he said, "and how did you come here?"

The little girl smiled and blushed.

"My name is Lucy Dove, and I came with

mamma, who is in the house with Mrs. Steward."

"With my mamma!"

"Is she your mamma? O, then, I know—you are Frederic Steward. Poor boy!"

Frederic was rather vexed. "Why do you say 'poor boy?' I am not poor; my father is rich."

"Oh! yes, I know that, but you know what I mean. Indeed I am very sorry, because you have to sit by yourself when other boys are playing and enjoying themselves."

The tears started into Frederic's eyes, and it was only by a mighty effort that he succeeded in restraining them from running down his cheeks. The little girl drew closer to him, and laid her dimpled hand on his.

"Don't cry," she said in a sorrowful voice. "You will make me cry too if you do." And in truth two large drops were gathering in her blue eyes, like dew-beads in violets.

Frederic could not resist her gentle sympathy. His sullenness and discontent vanished as if by magic, and he applied himself to comfort the little creature who wept for him, and whom he began to regard almost as a pitying angel. They were soon laughing together at some of Frederic's jokes, for he could be very merry when he pleased, and the tea-bell, for once, was rather an unwelcome sound than otherwise.

Frederic and Lucy went hand-in-hand into the house, and there Frederic was introduced to Mrs. Dove, who was almost as pleasing as her daughter. Seeing what good friends they had become, she invited the young gentleman to come to her house whenever he felt inclined, to play with Lucy, who, he said, often felt lonely, having no little brothers or sisters to join in her sports.

From this time a close intimacy sprang up between Frederic and his new acquaintance, and this friendship had the happiest effect on the disposition of the deformed boy, who no longer felt himself neglected. The feelings of jealousy and envy with which he could not help regarding his more favoured brother Harry, notwithstanding his real love for and pride in him, gradually disappeared beneath the constant sunshine of Lucy's affection; he even joined all the parties that were formed in the village for the sake of being her companion, and distinguished himself on several occasions by his ready wit and expertness at quiet games. Day by day his brow relaxed, week by week his hollow cheek became rounder and more rosy, while his eyes beamed with an expression hitherto unknown to them.

Things were progressing thus happily, when one day a large party was formed to go and visit Leighton Priory, a celebrated ruin in the neighbourhood. A great many boys and girls were invited, and as usual Frederic and Lucy were among the number. Harry, who generally voted all mixed parties tiresome, consented to accompany them for this once; he had lately taken a fancy to pretty Lucy, and for her sake he wished to go.

A truly lovely day was that chosen for the ex-

cursion; a cloudless sky extended over the verdant woods of Leighton, forming a beautiful contrast to the vivid green of the trees, and the sparkling waters of the river that ran beside them, widening and deepening until it reached the Priory, which stood on a peninsula formed by its waves. The elders of the party had taken care to provide plenty of provisions; and the turfy grass that grew within the walls of the Priory made a splendid dining-table, over which was spread a snowy table-cloth, covered with every variety of good cheer, including tarts and custards and syllabubs for the especial delight of the young folks. After dinner there was a merry game of play, and the old ruins rang with childish voices. Lucy was one of the liveliest of the party, but she left off play when she saw Frederic sitting apart, and went and sat by him.

"Never mind me, dear Lucy," said he; "I like to see you enjoy yourself. I am very soon tired; but that is no reason why you should sit still also."

"But I like to talk to you better than to play." And she looked up and smiled in his face with so winning an expression, that he allowed her to remain.

They had not sat thus long, before Harry missed "the flower of the flock," as he had christened Lucy that very day. He looked round for her, and soon perceived where she was. Running up to her, he seized her by the hand, and endeavoured to draw her away from the quiet conversation she was enjoying with his brother. She resisted, and withdrew her hand.

"Come, I must have you," said Harry, rather rudely, for fun sometimes made him forget his good manners.

"Well, if you do," replied the little girl, sportively, "you shall have a race for it."

And off she set down the other side of the grassy slope, where she and Frederic had been sitting. The latter turned as pale as death. The hillock sloped steeply down almost to the edge of the river; and if the little girl were not able to stop herself!—There was a cry, and a plunge, and the fair head disappeared beneath the water. Frederic stood quite still, gazing on the fatal spot. He seemed turned to stone. Not so the impulsive Harry. He had followed Lucy, almost anticipating what would happen, and without even waiting to take off his jacket, he plunged in after her.

There was an awful pause of a few seconds, and then Harry rose several yards farther down the river, and swam for the bank, bearing Lucy upon one arm. When Frederic saw her little dripping form laid upon the grass, he uttered a feeble thanksgiving, and immediately fainted away. The rest of the party had by this time become aware that something had happened, and they crowded around to render assistance. By the judicious interference of Mr. Steward (neither Mrs. Steward nor Mrs. Dove was of the party) order was restored. Lucy, who showed no signs of animation, was borne to a cottage at a little distance, where she was wrapped in warm blankets; and other means

were used to restore the life that yet trembled within her, which were speedily crowned with success.

It may be supposed that Harry was the hero of the evening, and that all pressed round to congratulate him on the courage and skill which he had displayed. As for poor Frederic, he stood apart from the rest; and when sweet Lucy, somewhat pale, but cheerful and smiling as usual, approached him in the clothes she had borrowed from the cottager's little girl, his lip quivered, and he could not speak to her.

From this day there appeared a singular change in the boy: he returned to his moping and melancholy habits; he avoided the society of Lucy, and seldom could be prevailed upon to go to her house; and towards his brother he displayed nothing but bitterness and contempt. His health gave way under the evil influence, whatever it was that was working within him; but he would not confide in his parents, and to their frequent questioning he made no reply. One beautiful October day he had wandered out into the little plantation near his father's house, and was sitting absorbed in thought upon the decayed and mossy trunk of a fallen oak, when he perceived at some distance from him two figures, advancing through the trees. As they drew nearer he knew them, and would have hidden himself behind some bushes; but Lucy—for it was she and her mother—had already seen him, and now ran towards him. He could not refuse to speak to her, so he remained where he was; and after affectionately greeting her old playmate, the little girl begged her mother, who by this time had come up to them, to allow her to stay a little while with *dear Fred*. Mrs. Dove consented, for she pitied the lonely boy, only begging Frederic, to see her daughter home before dinner; to which the young gentleman gave a constrained assent.

As soon as Lucy was left alone with her former friend, she looked timidly into his face with her large blue eyes, and said in a sorrowful voice, "Frederic, how have I offended you?"

"Offended me, Lucy!"

"Yes, Frederic, offended you. I must have offended you in some way or other; for now you never come to play with me; you will scarcely even speak to me, and I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy! You unhappy! and about me!"

"Yes, I am very unhappy." And the little girl began to weep bitterly.

Frederic was shocked. He had never thought of this. He did not consider that his unamiable behaviour would affect all who were in any way connected with him, or perhaps he might have acted differently. He sat down and drew his little friend to his side.

"Lucy," he said, "I am not offended with you; I wonder how you can encourage such an idea. But I have lately been very miserable, and have had many thoughts that I do not like to speak of to any one."

"But you will tell me them, Frederic—will you not?" said the dear little girl. "And then perhaps I can help you to get them out of your mind."

After much persuasion, Frederic opened his heart to his sweet comforter. He told her how, ever since the day when Harry had saved her from drowning, he had felt as if she must despise him for having stood still and offered no assistance; and how he thought she would love Harry better than him ever after. He also confessed, with some shame, how much he had hated his brother that evening when every one was standing round and praising him; and how envy and jealousy had tortured him ever since; so that he could not even bear to speak to Harry.

Lucy reasoned with the wretched boy in her own childish, innocent manner, until she had brought him to a full sense of his guilt and folly. With contrition came peace, the peace of a reconciled conscience; and when Frederic, according to his promise, conducted the little girl home over the crisp grass and fallen leaves, everything wore a different aspect. The chirping of a solitary bird had music in it, the hips and haws glowed warmly amid the brambles and in the hedges, and the sunshine illuminated the distant woods as with the smile of God.

Frederic grew up to be an excellent and useful man; his early sorrows had softened and enlarged his heart; and knowing personally what bitterness of soul and sore temptation were, he availed himself of his knowledge to minister to the mental sickness of those who suffered in like manner.

S O N G.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The mower swept his whistling scythe
Where green the meadow lay—
The honey-cups and cowslips lithe,
All faded, strow'd his way:
So ruthless Care, in youth's despite,
Mows down Joy's fairest flowers;
Nor spares one tender blossom bright,
To cheer Life's wintry hours,

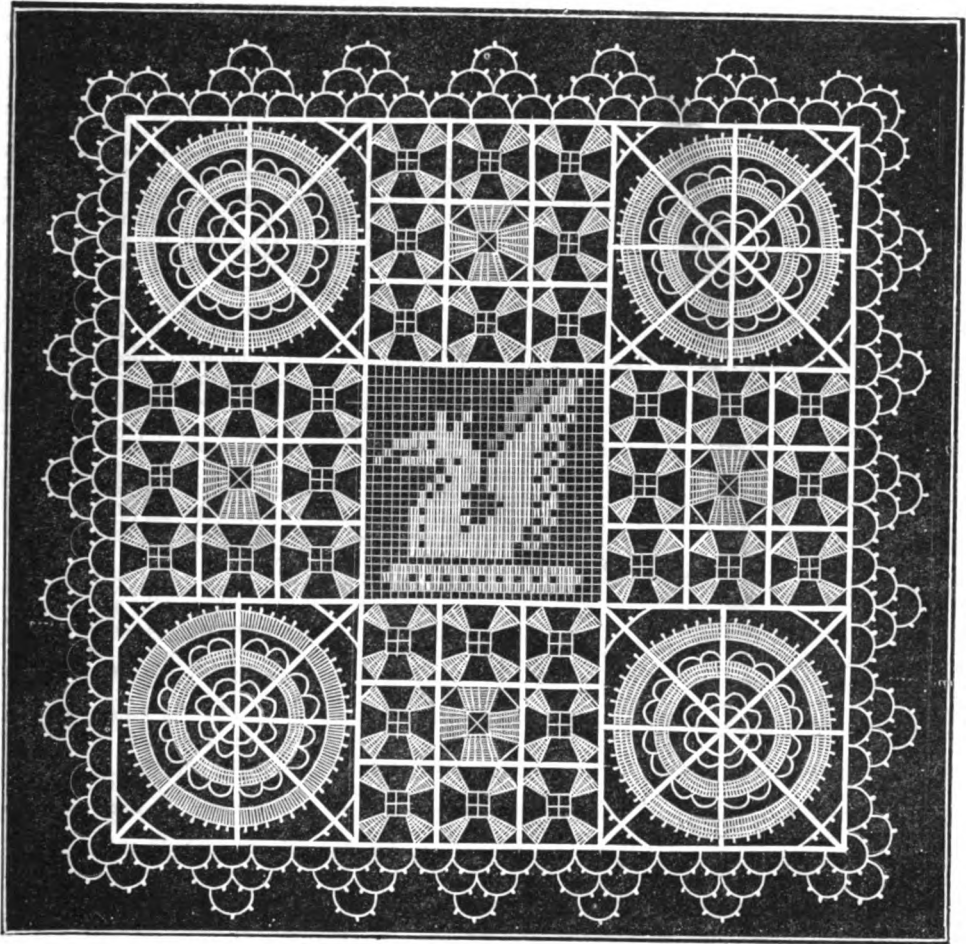
Yet shrink, O shrink not ye to whom
The bitter part is given
To mourn, e'en in their first pure bloom,
Your heart-flowers rudely riven:
For when th' Archangel's mighty blast
Shall winnow chaff and grain,
The joys which fade on earth so fast
May charm in Heaven again!

Ramsgate, April 5, 1852.

THE WORK - TABLE.

POINT D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS :—A Point D'Oyley frame, manufactured for the purpose ; W. Evans and Co.'s Mecklen-
burgh Threads, No. 1, No. 7, No. 100, and No. 150.



The frame on which this d'oyley is worked is something like those formerly used for making mats in soft cotton, and in Berlin wool, having pegs at certain distances, on which the wool was wound. The pegs in the point d'oyley frame are, however, made of brass, and are differently arranged from those we have referred to, which were of wood. Every side of the frame has ten pegs.

Begin by winding some of the thread, No. 1, across the frame, over two corresponding pegs nearest the corner, top and bottom. It must be wound three times round, so that there are six threads in all. Then pass on, missing two pegs at the top and bottom, (without breaking off the thread, to the next two (that is, the *fourth* peg on

each line), and do the same ; miss two more pegs, and wind on the 7th ; miss two more, and wind on the 10th. Fasten off the thread, by knotting it on the peg.

Now wind threads, to correspond with these, across the frame in the opposite direction ; and as the threads have to pass between those already done, it will be necessary to use a needle. Two yards of thread must be cut off, and threaded on a large coarse needle. Fasten on the end to a peg, nearest the corner, and in passing to the opposite side of the frame, slip the needle under the *first three* of every six threads. Pass it round the opposite peg, and in going back, slip the needle under the *other three* of every six. Do this three times, always raising the *same*

three in each direction. Fasten off, and take a fresh needleful for the next two pegs. The first, fourth, seventh, and tenth pegs are thus done, when the square will be found to be divided into nine smaller squares. All these bars, each consisting of six threads, are then to be worked in braiding stitch, very closely, with No. 7 of Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, in the manner already described in the "Turk's Cap Sleeve." (See our Magazine for March).

Bars similar to these are now to be made in eight of the nine squares; in those at the corners, two bars are taken diagonally, from the corners, crossing in the centre, done in a perpendicular, and one in a horizontal direction. These bars are done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 7, and consist of four threads only (two each way). They are not connected with pegs at all, but only with the main bars already done. All of them are afterwards braided with the same thread. The four squares at the centre of each side are also crossed by four bars, two in one direction, and two in the opposite, dividing it into 9 small squares. The perpendicular bars are begun on pegs 5 and 6; but instead of the thread being carried to the opposite pegs, the needle is slipped through the corresponding part of the nearest main bar. The space is crossed by bars equally dividing the space, and which (were they carried from the pegs) would be attached to pegs 8 and 9. All these minor bars have only four threads, and must be done with the needle.

Thus the four corner squares have radiating bars; and those between them are divided into smaller squares. The centre is left open, for the crest to be finally worked in it.

As soon as the bars are all covered with the braiding-stitch, remove the d'oyley from the frame, and tack it firmly, *along all the main lines*, on a square of parchment, allowing a margin of at least 1½ inches all round. It must then be filled up with point stitches in the following manner:

THE CORNERS: Do a plain Mechlin wheel round the centre of the radiating bars, about a quarter of an inch from the middle, working five button-hole stitches in each section. Another wheel, consisting of eight small loops, must sur-

round this, and be worked as near to it as possible. In working all this part, the needle is slipped through the back of each bar as you come to it. These two wheels are done with No. 7. About three quarters of an inch from the centre another round is made with No. 80, consisting of a single thread covered closely with button-hole stitch. This is, indeed, the first of six rounds in foundation-stitch—that is, close Brussels over bars of thread. These rounds are all worked one upon another, so that the whole six make one solid circle, finished by a series of loops, done in No. 7 Mecklenburgh, two loops being in each of the eight sections. The largest wheel is composed of five rounds of foundation stitch, the last of which has a series of Raleigh dots, one of which is made on every sixth stitch. The last round of this circle touches the main bars at the centre of the sides, but a space is left at each corner, on which a quarter of a wheel is worked, in a Raleigh bar.

THE SIDE DIVISIONS: These consist of 9 small squares in each, and all the thirty-six are filled up in the same manner. Begin about a quarter of an inch from the corner (*a*); fasten on the thread, and carry the needle through the bar (*b*) at the same distance from the corner. Do not draw the thread quite tightly. Slip the needle through the bar (*c*), just across the corner; twist the needle under the loose thread, and across the square to the bar (*d*), carry the thread again across the corner to bar (*b*); twist in the last long thread, and to bar (*a*); across this corner to (*d*), and again twisting the thread, connect it with bar (*c*), slipping the needle round the first bar; all the four spaces radiating from the centre square are then filled with close darning, and the centre is divided into four by means of twisted threads.

For working the crest in the centre, it must first be properly drawn, and then laid on the parchment in the centre square. The whole space is then filled with foundation stitch, long stitches being taken where an open place is intended to be made.

The edging is similar to that which trims the Point Lace Lappet in our January number.

AIGUILLETTE.

CROCHET SHOES,

FOR A CHILD.

MATERIALS:—A dozen skeins of white Berlin wool, 2 skeins of pink or blue ditto; a pair of cork soles, and a little narrow white sarsnet ribbon. Boulton's Crochet Hook, No. 16.

Make a chain of 16 stitches, and work on it one row of s c.

2nd, and every following row to the instep, in ribbed s c, doing three stitches in the centre one of every row.

Continue until 13, 14, or 15 ribs are done, according to the size; then work 19 stitches, backwards and forwards, at one side, until sufficient is done for the back of the shoe. Join it in the last row to the other side of the front. All round the instep do, with the pink wool, × 1 d c, miss nearly a rib, 2 ch, ×

2nd round. Also pink. 3 d c under 1 ch, 1 ch, 3 d c under the same; miss the next chain.

3rd. With the white wool do a s c on every stitch.

4th. With pink, × 3 d c under the 1 ch, 2 ch, 3 d c under the same, × repeat.

5th. Like 3rd.

Bind the soles with ribbon, and sew on the shoe. The point is intended to be turned down, and should be tacked in its place.

AIGUILLETTE.

PARISIAN PURSE.

MATERIALS :—Two skeins of scarlet purse twist, and two of white ditto; with scarlet cord and tassels.

The style of this purse is entirely new, and is quite the mode at Paris, where ladies' purses are now invariably made in the form of bags, the garnitures being of silk, which is intermixed with gold or silk bullion, if those materials are used in the purse itself.

With the white silk, make a chain of 100 stitches, and close it into a round.

1st round. S c with white silk.

2nd. Scarlet.

3rd. White.

4th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 3 white, $\times$ 25 times.

5th. Like 4th.

6th. $\times$ 1 scarlet on scarlet, 1 scarlet on white, 1 white, 1 scarlet, $\times$ 25 times.

7th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 1 white, 2 scarlet, $\times$ 25 times.

8th. $\times$ 1 white, 3 scarlet, $\times$ 25 times.

9th, 10th, and 11th. All scarlet, working in the white silk.

12th and 13th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 9 white, $\times$ 10 times.

14th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 2 white, 5 scarlet, 2 white, $\times$ 10 times.

15th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 3 white, 1 scarlet, 2 white, $\times$ 10 times.

16th. Like 15th.

17th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 1 white, 1 scarlet, 4 white, $\times$ 10 times.

18th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 1 white, 5 scarlet, $\times$ 10 times.

19th. $\times$ 3 white, 1 scarlet, 6 white, $\times$ 10 times.

20th. Like 19th.

21st, 22nd, 23rd. All scarlet.

24th. 1 white, 3 scarlet, $\times$ 25 times.

25th. $\times$ 3 scarlet, 1 white, $\times$ 25 times.

26th. $\times$ 2 scarlet, 1 white, 1 scarlet, $\times$ 25 times.

27th. $\times$ 1 scarlet, 3 white, $\times$ 25 times.

28th. Like 27th.

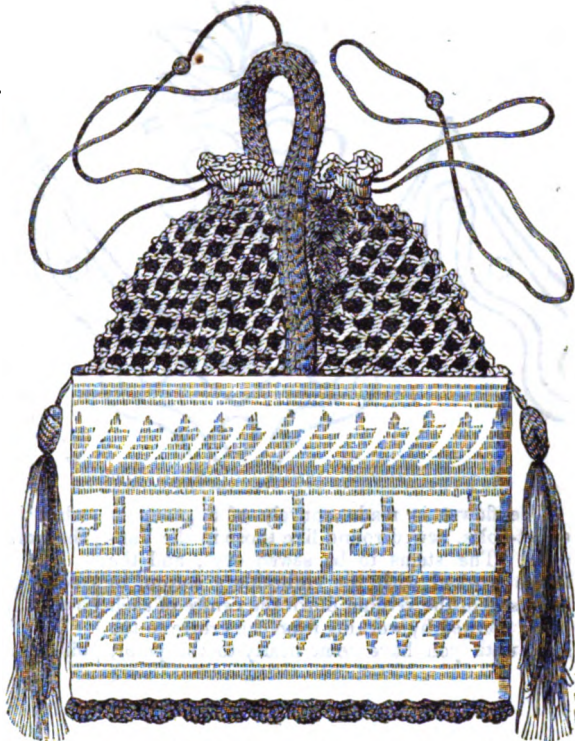
29th. All white.

30th and 31st. All scarlet.

32nd. White. Fasten off.

FOR THE UPPER PART—Turn the work on the wrong side, and with the white silk do a round of open square crochet, taking the stitches in those of the 30th round.

Do nine more rounds like this one, always taking the d c stitch under the chain of the last row, and working all the rounds without breaking off.



11th. Open round. $\times$ 1 d c under chain, 3 ch, 1 d c under chain, 2 chain, $\times$ all round.

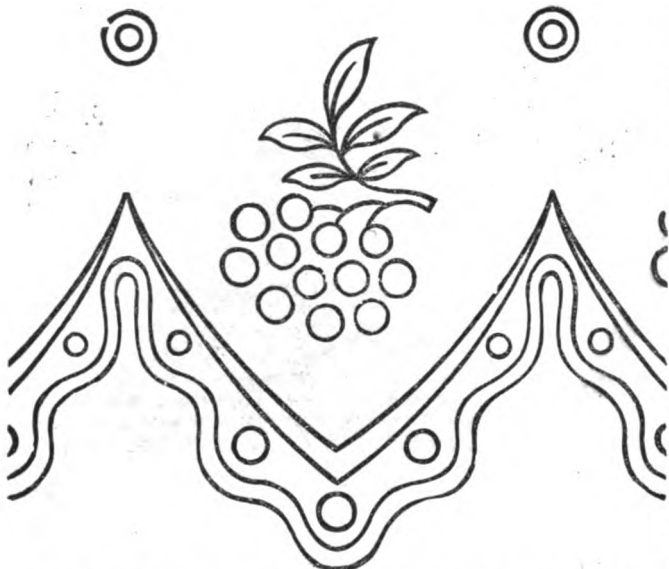
12th. $\times$ 5 d c under the chain of three, 1 ch. miss the chain of two, $\times$ repeat.

To close the purse, work a row of s c, taking taking up a stitch from each side of the bottom with the white silk. Then with the scarlet join on at one end, $\times$ miss 2, 5 d c in the next, $\times$ to the end.

FOR THE HANDLE—Make a chain of 90 stitches with the scarlet silk, and work backwards and forwards on it 5 rows of s c. Then fold it double in the width, and crochet together the first and last rows.

Sew on this handle, at the centre of each side of the bottom of the bag, at the 31st round. Run scarlet cord, for drawing up the open part, through the 11th round of open crochet, and sew a tassel at each corner, as represented in the engraving.

AIGUILLETTE.

MANDARIN SLEEVE AND COLLAR,**IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.****MATERIALS.**—Fine book muslin, and W. Evans and Co's. Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 50, and Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.

The sleeve, of which our pattern is given the full size, is made in the ordinary form of the Mandarin. Seven scallops will be found sufficient for each.

The design consists of a deep-waved Vandyke, worked in overcast stitch, and an inner Vandyke, worked in the same manner. Five eyelet-holes, of graduated sizes, are placed between the Vandykes of each scallop. These are made with a stiletto, and sewed round closely with Evans's Boar's-head Sewing Cotton, No. 50. The embroidery cotton is to be used for the scallops, which are first to be traced, and then run with this cotton, until a raised surface is produced, to be afterwards covered with button-hole stitch.

The flower is made entirely of a group of eyelet-holes, sewed round like those in the Vandyke. The stems to be sewed over, and the leaves worked with the embroidery cotton, in satin stitch, the veining down the centre of each being marked by working from the centre to the side, until you have come nearly to the point,

when the stitches may be taken completely across the leaf.

The eyelet-holes above the sprays are made by piercing a small hole in the muslin, and working over it in button-hole stitch.

This kind of work should be firmly tacked on oil-cloth before it is begun.

**THE COLLAR.**

The collar may be done entirely in Broderie Anglaise; that is, by cutting out, or piercing holes in the form of the design, and simply sewing them closely over; or it may be made of muslin laid on net. In the latter case, the whole pattern must be traced in embroidery cotton,

the stitches being taken closely, and through both the materials, and the sewing cotton must be used to sew it closely over. The muslin is then cut away from the ground, which is to be of net.

Whichever way the collar is worked, the edge must be sewed over, very neatly and closely, in button-hole stitch.

AIGUILLETTE.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to spend superfluous wealth."

ARMSTRONG.

Start not, gentle reader, in a fright, and deem that it is our intention to harrow your feelings by descriptions of beds of anguish, of wards faint with the smell of medicines and disease. Fear not to accompany us to Great Ormond Street, to the newly-opened "Hospital for Sick Children." You see that fine old mansion, with its front so fresh and bright from stucco and white paint, that it stands forth in bold relief from its more dingy and venerable-looking brethren, and seems as if it were no longer a relic descended to us from our forefathers, but a creation of the present time, a mark of the advance of the age in philanthropy, a token of its admission of its need of progression in some of the branches of medical science. Let us enter this place, and proceed through the large square hall, and ascend that wide staircase of dark, polished wood, with its massive balustrade; these are the drawing-rooms, large, airy, and cheerful, with their walls brightly painted in panels and medallions, and their ceilings decorated with mouldings. But what have we here in lieu of handsome furniture and gay company? Iron cribs, or children's bedsteads, placed at intervals, painted light oak colour, and furnished with clean and snowy bedclothes. In one of these a little creature sits busy in demolishing the dress of a doll, so intent upon its occupation of picking thread by thread a bit of the lace to atoms, that it never looks up. In the next, a fair, sweet-faced child, half sits, half reclines, in all the languor of convalescence, listening to the voice of a young lady, who appears to be relating some tale for its amusement. In a third, a child propped up by pillows arranges on a board, so contrived as to form a moveable table in the crib, a set of doll's furniture. Others again are sleeping; while in the centre of the room is a long, low wooden table, and two settles, just the height for children to use with perfect convenience; and here three little ones, who are well enough to be up, are watching another young lady, who is arranging the contents of a "Noah's Ark" before them, and apparently mingling pleasant instruction with the play. All is scrupulously clean, bright, and very cheerful; there is no closeness, no smell, but the air feels fresh and free. Attached to this floor is a bath-room, supplied with hot and cold water.

The second floor is devoted to the boys, and is nearly a repetition of the same scene, save that here none are well enough to be up, and two are occupied with reading from large cards, containing each a coloured print of some scriptural subject, and an explanation, printed in large type. To these wards also are attached a

bath-room, and they too are furnished with the same tables and settles, or benches with backs to them; and these tables, as well as the others below, answer a double purpose; the top lifts off, and we behold a long wash-stand, furnished with zinc basins, painted a light and clean-looking colour. The next story above is set apart for the fever wards, and is similarly furnished and provided, but has no patients. An admirable simplicity characterises everything. There were seventeen patients there when we visited the Hospital, and among them only one cried, or seemed in the least inclined to do so, and this was a mere baby, who was "put out" because a nurse she was not accustomed to approached her to do something; this, especially when we consider how peevish illness renders children, speaks volumes for the kindness of the nurses.

On the ground floor are the committee-room, the visitors' room, the surgery, and the waiting-room for out-patients. This latter, which somewhat resembles a lofty and spacious hall, and boasts a curiously antique and elaborately carved mantel-piece, is said to have formerly been the ball-room of this fine old house. What a contrast then between the crowds who now will assemble there, and those which formerly graced it!—for gay dresses, jewels, and ornaments, we have all the varieties of the garb of poverty, from cleanliness and an attempt at respectability, to sordid rags, and hopeless dirt;—for music and merry voices we have the moan or cry of sick children, and the interchange of complaints and condolence among the mothers. A piece of ground, fabulously large when we recollect what London gardens are, lies at the back of the house, and will be laid out as a garden as soon as the requisite funds can be raised for so doing, and there the convalescents will be suffered to walk or play and regain their strength.

And now that we have so far described the building, let us speak of its uses, of its inestimable value not only to the poor, but to every parent of a family.

We see a tender mother involuntarily press her child to her bosom, and hear her murmur that surely it would be better to attend the poor little things at their own homes, and leave them in the care of their own mother—strangers cannot feel for them as she can—will not bear with them so patiently, or devote themselves so entirely to them as she will! This is true, Madam, so far as those mothers are concerned whose position in life admits of their doing all that their hearts dictate; but can the poor needlewoman devote herself to her sick child? Can the charwoman, or she who goes out to wash,

give up her engagements, and disappoint her employers? If she does she must starve. Under these cases, what becomes of the sick child? What, too, becomes of it in a large family, all occupying one room—in a house where some eight or ten families lodge? Where is the quiet and comfort so necessary to illness? And lastly, how many infectious disorders might be checked if the child first attacked could at once be removed, instead of lying in a crowded, ill ventilated chamber, infecting those immediately around it, and spreading contagion throughout a whole locality! Disease thus disseminated is no respecter of persons; his poisonous breath is borne from the poor man's hovel to the rich man's mansion, and in both places is equally likely to be fatal.

According to the report of the Registrar-General for 1846, out of the 50,000 persons who died in the metropolis in that year, 15,000 were not two years of age, and more than 21,000 were under the age of ten; this is a striking and important fact, and the cause of so great a mortality among children should be looked to. Not less to be attended to is the fact that in spite of the advancement of science, the increase of medical knowledge, and the advantages derived from vaccination, the proportion of deaths in childhood is nearly as great as it was fifty years ago. The London bills of mortality for the eighteenth century show that 46.1 per cent. of all deaths were of children under ten, and 32.6 of children under two years of age. The returns of the Registrar-General for the seven years 1838—1844, prove the mortality of this great city to amount to 44.2 per cent. of those under ten, and 30.1 per cent. of those under two years of age. Thus, during the last fifty years, the diminution in the mortality of child-life is but 2 per cent. Let us see the reason of this.

Where is it our medical students receive the most valuable portion of their scientific education? Is it in the lecture-room—is it derived from books? Doubtless, both these are valuable, both aid and assist him; but they are the theoretical part. Is it not in the hospital that he gains his most valuable, because his *practical* knowledge? There is his best school, there he sees the disease unfold itself, and learns to recognize its earliest symptoms, and oppose its course by that system of treatment experience points out.

There has hitherto been no hospital, no proper school in this country for studying and teaching the diseases of children, if we except a ward containing thirteen beds at Guy's Hospital, and an "accident ward" containing seventeen beds at the London Hospital. Many of our most eminent medical men have deeply regretted this defect in their scientific education, and admitted that the diseases of children are in general but imperfectly understood. And they require so much skill, almost amounting to divination; for a child, even one of six or eight years old, cannot afford his physician those indices and that information which an adult gives. Those medical students whose means admitted of it

have travelled to Paris, or some other large continental city, in search of that knowledge, the need of which they felt, and which they found no means of obtaining here; but hundreds are unable to do this, and they must grope their way on through the earlier years of their practice until experience gives them skill.

Thus it is that the mortality among our children is so great; this is the great hiatus in medical education, to supply which an attempt is now made. Viewed in this light, surely the "Hospital for Sick Children" will find an advocate in every parent's heart, a supporter in every one who earnestly desires to benefit his fellow creatures. It is not the poor only who will experience its blessings; its benefits will be extended to thousands of children yet unborn, nay, in a very few years will be sensibly felt by all classes. Truly, in this case, "Charity" will be found to be "twice blessed."

In Paris, Brussels, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Prague, Pesth, Turin, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and even in Constantinople, there are hospitals set apart for the exclusive reception of sick children; all are flourishing, all are useful, both to the sufferers and their parents, and to the public at large.

It seems strange that England, who prides herself on her charitable institutions, should until lately have overlooked the want of this one. The preliminary steps have, however, now been taken; the Institution is opened, and is working happily and well, so far as regards the objects of its care; it now only needs the fostering hand of the public, and this we feel convinced it cannot fail to obtain as soon as it becomes known and understood.

The Hospital is intended to contain one hundred beds, which it is calculated will provide for the reception of eight hundred children per annum. Its objects are:

1. To provide for the reception, maintenance, and medical treatment of the children of the poor during sickness, and to furnish those who cannot be admitted into the Hospital with advice and medicine.

2. To promote the advancement of medical science with reference to the diseases of childhood; and especially to provide for the more efficient instruction of students in this department of medical knowledge.

3. To diffuse among all classes, and especially among the poor, a better acquaintance with the management of children during illness, and to assist in the education and training of women as children's nurses.

It has been opened with accommodation for twenty or thirty patients, as well as for the relief of out-patients; but the heavy expenses of starting have nearly exhausted its resources.

Many presents of toys and books have been made to the Institution; and kindly were the feelings which dictated this. Few of us there are, but know what a sick child is, how helpless, how craving after constant change of amusement, especially during the early periods of con-

valescence ; how valuable then is any toy or gay picture, or coloured book, that charms away even a quarter of an hour ! We were sorry to learn from the matron, who most kindly showed us over the whole Institution, that very few of the children hitherto admitted could read well enough to amuse themselves that way, and that therefore gay picture-books were of most use there.

We have already spoken of two young ladies we saw there ; if we allude to them again, it is

with the view of inducing others to follow their example, to devote half an hour occasionally to the amusement of these little ones, to the dropping of instruction into their young minds in the guise of pleasant tales—who can tell what good fruit seed thus sown may bring forth ? Our Saviour said, “ Inasmuch as ye do good to one of these little ones, ye do it unto me.” What incitement will move us, if this do not ?

M. A. Y.

LA FUITE EN EGYPTE.

FRAGMENTS D'UN MYSTERE EN STYLE ANCIEN, POUR TENOR SOLO CHŒUR,
ET UN PETIT ORCHESTRE.

“ Some judge of authors' names, not works ; and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.”

Mon cher Ella,

Vous me demandez pourquoi le Mystère (la Fuite en Egypte) qui figure dans le catalogue de mes ouvrages que vous avez bien voulu imprimer, porte cette indication : “ *Attribué à Pierre Ducré, maître de chapelle imaginaire.* ”

C'est par suite d'une faute que j'ai commise, faute grave dont j'ai été sévèrement puni, et que je me reprocherai toujours. Voici le fait.

Je me trouvais un soir chez M. le Baron de M—, intelligent et sincère ami des arts, avec un de mes anciens con-disciples de l'Académie de Rome, le savant architecte Duc. Tout le monde jouait, qui à l'écarté, qui au whist, qui au brelan, excepté moi. Je déteste les cartes. A force de patience, et après trente ans d'efforts, je suis parvenu à ne savoir aucun jeu de cette espèce, afin de ne pouvoir en aucun cas être appréhendé au corps par les joueurs qui ont besoin d'un partenaire.

Je m'ennuyais donc d'une façon assez évidente, quand Duc, se tournant vers moi : “ Puisque tu ne fais rien, ” me dit-il, “ tu devrais écrire un morceau de musique pour mon album ! ” — “ Volontiers. ” Je prends un bout de papier, j'y trace quelques portées, sur lesquelles vient bientôt se poser un andantino à quatre parties pour l'orgue. Je crois y trouver un certain caractère de mysticité agreste et naïve, et l'idée me vient aussitôt d'y appliquer des paroles du même genre. Le morceau d'orgue disparaît, et devient le chœur des bergers de Bethléem adressant leurs adieux à l'enfant Jésus, au moment du départ de la Sainte Famille pour l'Egypte. On interrompt les parties de whist et de brelan pour entendre mon saint fabliau. On s'égayé autant du tour moyen-âge de mes vers que de celui de ma musique. “ Maintenant, ” dis-je la Duc, “ je vais mettre ton nom là-dessous, je veux te compromettre. ” — “ Quelle idée ! mes amis savent bien que j'ignore tout-à-fait la composition. ” — “ Voilà une belle raison, en vérité, pour ne pas composer ! mais puisque ta vanité se refuse à adopter mon morceau,

attends, je vais créer un nom dont le tien fera partie. Ce sera celui de Pierre Ducré, que j'institue maître de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris au dix septième siècle. Cela donnera à mon manuscrit tout le prix d'une curiosité archéologique. ” Ainsi fut fait. Mais je m'étais mis en train de faire le Chatterton. Quelques jours après, j'écrivis chez moi le morceau du *Repos de la Sainte Famille*, en commençant cette fois par les paroles, et une petite ouverture fuguée, pour un petit orchestre, dans un petit style innocent, en *fa dièze mineur sans note sensible* ; mode qui n'est plus de mode, qui ressemble au plain chant, et que les savants vous diront être un dérivé de quelque mode phrygien, ou dorien, ou mixto-lydien de l'ancienne Grèce, ce qui ne fait absolument rien à la chose, mais dans lequel réside évidemment le caractère mélancolique et un peu niais des vieilles complaints populaires.

Un mois plus tard je ne songeais plus à ma partition rétrospective, quand un chœur vint à manquer dans le programme d'un concert que j'avais à diriger. Il me parut plaisant de le remplacer par celui des Bergers de mon MYSTÈRE, que je laissai sous le nom de Pierre Ducré, maître de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris (1679). Les choristes, aux répétitions, s'éprirent tout d'abord d'une vive affection pour cette musique d'ancêtres. “ Mais où avez-vous déterré cela ? ” me dirent-ils. — “ Dèterrè est presque le mot, ” répondis-je sans hésiter ; “ on l'a trouvé dans une armoire murée en faisant la récente restauration de la Sainte Chapelle. Mais c'était écrit sur parchemin en vieille notation que j'ai eu beaucoup de peine à déchiffrer. ”

Le concert a lieu, le morceau de Pierre Ducré est très bien exécuté, encore mieux accueilli. Les critiques en font l'éloge le surlendemain en me félicitant de ma découverte. Un seul émet des doutes sur son authenticité et sur son âge. Ce qui prouve bien, quoique vous en disiez, Gallophobe que vous êtes, qu'il y a des gens d'esprit partout. Un autre critique s'atten-

drit sur le malheur de ce pauvre ancien maître dont l'inspiration musicale se révèle aux Parisiens après cent soixant-treize ans d'obscurité. "Car," dit-il, "aucun de nous n'avait encore entendu parler de lui, et le Dictionnaire Biographique des musiciens de M. Fétis, où se trouvent pourtant des choses si extraordinaires, n'en fait pas mention!"

Le dimanche suivant, Duc se trouvant chez une jeune et belle dame qui aime beaucoup l'ancienne musique, et professe un grand mépris pour les productions modernes quand leur date lui est connue, aborde ainsi la reine du salon: "Eh bien, madame, comment avez-vous trouvé notre dernier concert?" "Oh! fort mélangé comme toujours." "Et le morceau de Pierre Ducré?" "Parfait, délicieux! voilà de la musique! le temps ne lui a rien ôté de sa fraîcheur. C'est la vraie mélodie, dont les compositeurs contemporains nous font bien remarquer la rareté. Ce n'est pas votre M. Berlioz en tout cas que fera jamais rien de pareil." Duc à ces mots ne peut retenir un éclat de rire, et à l'imprudence de répliquer: "Hélas, madame, c'est pourtant mon M. Berlioz qui a fait l'adieu des Bergers, et qui l'a fait devant moi, un soir, sur le coin d'une table d'écarté." La belle dame se mord les lèvres, les roses du dépit viennent nuancer sa pâleur, et tournant le dos à Duc,

lui jette avec humeur cette cruelle phrase, "M. Berlioz est un impertinent!"

Vous jugez, mon cher Ella, de ma honte quand Duc vint me répéter l'apostrophe. Je me hâtai alors de faire amende honorable, en publiant humblement sous mon nom cette pauvre petite œuvre, mais en laissant toutefois subsister sur le titre les mots: "*Attribué, à Pierre Ducré, maître de chapelle imaginaire,*" pour me rappeler ainsi le souvenir de ma coupable supercherie.

Maintenant on dira ce qu'on voudra; ma conscience ne me reproche plus rien. Je ne suis plus exposé à voir, par ma faute, la sensibilité des hommes doux et bons s'épandre sur des malheurs fictifs à faire rougir les dames pâles, et à jeter des doutes dans l'esprit de certains critiques habitués à ne douter de rien. Je ne pêcherai plus. Adieu, mon cher Ella, que mon funeste exemple vous serve de leçon. Ne vous avisez jamais de prendre ainsi au trebuchet la religion musicale de vos abonnés. Craignez l'épithète que j'ai subie. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que d'être traité d'impertinent, surtout par une belle dame pâle.

Votre ami contrit,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Londres, 15 Mai, 1852.

—*Musical World.*

G O S S I P F R O M P A R I S .

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, May 21.

MY DEAR C—.

I must begin my epistle by giving you some account of the *fêtes*, which during the past week have occupied, literally day and night, the thoughts, time, and attention of all Paris, and which, with certain exceptions, have really been most brilliant. For a week or ten days preceding them the crowd of strangers and provincials was such that apartments were hardly to be obtained for love or money; during the latter days indeed the difficulty had increased to an impossibility, and it was only those who were happy enough to possess hospitably disposed friends in Paris, who could get lodged at all. The Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the *cafés* swarmed; English, German, Russian, Swedish—every dialect under the sun greeted your ears; costumes and faces more or less foreign met your eyes at every step, and the weather, happily relenting in its severity, and remembering that it was May and not February, smiled blandly on the motley multitudes. On Monday commenced the *fêtes* by the monster review. From daybreak the city was in motion, and soon the stream was directed to the Champ de Mars from every quarter of the town. None of those who had failed to engage carriages one, two, or even three days before, could succeed in obtaining them at any price; and in many in-

stances persons who jobbed carriages by the month, such as physicians, &c., were, when going about their daily avocations—for even on *fête* days people will be ill, and insist upon the doctor's diurnal visit—met with lamentable histories of horses suddenly fallen lame, carriages mysteriously broken, suffering coachmen, &c., &c., and compelled to pursue their courses on foot. You may imagine, therefore, the state of the thoroughfares leading to the scene of action. We left home at ten (the review was to commence at twelve, and the distance, on ordinary occasions, could easily be accomplished in a quarter of an hour's drive), and after having tried every possible route, being directed hither and thither, turned back at one street, forced on in another, we finally came to an inextricable crush in the Faubourg St. Germain, about a quarter of a mile from the Champ de Mars. Time pressed, so did the crowd, and we at last agreed it was far better to leave our dignity in the carriage, and make our way on foot, on pain of losing the sight we had gone through all this trouble to see; more especially, as having tickets for the *tribunes* or stands, we risked missing our places in them. Accordingly, after much manful struggling, we made our way to the long desired goal, just in time to witness the arrival of the President. A most magnificent sight the field certainly did present. Sixty thousand men, specimens of all the different bodies of troops in

France, were arrayed before us; a bright sun flashed on their uniforms, arms, and standards; horses neighed and pranced, and the *vivandières*, in their pretty *Bloomer* costumes, and their compact little figures, ran to and fro, or gossiped in knots, mingling the uniforms of their different regiments in most gay and picturesque groups. In the centre of the field was erected a pavilion, open at all sides, and magnificently decorated with hangings and canopies of crimson and gold; beneath which stood the altar, where the mass was to be performed, and the Archbishop of Paris was to accomplish the ceremony of blessing the standards, previous to their being distributed to the different regiments. At twelve the President and his suite arrived, and galloped up the line of infantry and down that of cavalry, followed by the Arab chiefs, as they are called, though why the natives of Algeria should bear that designation I am rather puzzled to know; this, however, *par parenthèse*. It is the fashion to call them very picturesque; but, I confess, to me, with the bernous, and their white hoods, they look more like very brown old women with their petticoats *retroussés* knee-high, than anything else. However, on this occasion they had put on their best attire, and looked like very smart old women indeed, galloping along on little short-paced horses, carrying their heads and necks stretched out in a line with their bodies, which gives them anything but a dignified appearance; in fact, were it permitted to a female pen to inscribe such a word, I should say these so-called Arabs were, in point of aspect, *humbugs*; and I could hardly help laughing at seeing the scrambling, clattering, galloping little horses, surmounted by a fluttering bundle of many coloured mantles, displaying no shape or outline of a human form beneath them. I was told on the spot a singular history, relating to one of the most brilliantly attired chiefs in the group. Some time since, this gentleman, holding but little to the civilized doctrines respecting the value of human life, in a fit of anger or vengeance, stabbed an enemy! he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death; but in consideration of his ignorance of European laws, and his savage creed as to justice and right, the sentence was commuted to the galleys for life; and there he was sent, and was expiating his crime at the time that the *fêtes* were about to commence. Among the Algerian chiefs to be present on the occasion, was the brother of the *condamné*, who seeing at such a moment a chance of relief for the unhappy culprit, contrived to obtain access to the President, and entreated his brother's release. A free pardon was the result of the application: the Bedouin was recalled from the *bagne*, and having no clothes but his prison dress, a friend of Horace Vernet, the painter—some of whose greatest works represent scenes of the Algerian war, and who possesses a splendid collection of dresses, arms, &c., brought from thence—learning the dilemma, procured from the artist the loan of one of his finest costumes for the par-

doned chief, who appeared conspicuous amongst the group of his compatriots in the field.

On the day following the review, the ball given by the army to the President took place. In the morning it was generally reported as a fact that a plot existed to set fire to the Ecole Militaire and assassinate the President; he was not to be present; but this, like a thousand other such rumours, proved false. The ball, at which were present fifteen thousand persons, was in all respects a most magnificent *fête*; and with a few trifling *désagremens*, passed off remarkably well. Of these the greatest was that the heat and vapour mounting, and finding no egress, caused the lights to burn with a reddish lurid glare, and so melted the *bougies* that not a guest escaped the shower of wax that fell from every chandelier, to the great discomfiture in particular of the ladies' toilettes and the officers' uniforms. On Thursday evening a display of fireworks at the Trocadéro took place; but, contrary to the usual custom in France, the show was a very poor one, and caused infinite disappointment to the thousands of persons who were half suffocated in the crowds assembled to behold the sight.

Great interest has been excited by the display of the collection of pictures of Marechal Soult, which is now put up for sale. It is said to be the finest gallery of Spanish paintings in existence; comprising fifteen of the best works of Murillo, which alone would make a splendid collection. This sale is an example of one of the evils resulting from the non-existence in France of the *droit d'aînesse*—forgive my using the French word, but it expresses more shortly than in English the rights of the eldest son. Here, when a man dies, his property—be it what it may—is sold, and the profits equally divided between all the children; so that unless one have the inclination and the means to buy up all, or that they unite to purchase the estate among them, it goes from the family for ever. Thus this unique collection, brought together at the expense of so much time, money, taste, and trouble, now at the end of a few years, is to be divided and scattered piece-meal throughout Europe. Doubtless many of the pictures will find their way into England; I believe the Emperor of Russia, also, is likely to secure some of them; they will go, I hear, at enormous prices. The present *emplacement* of these works of art is not without interest. They are placed for inspection in the gallery of the hôtel Lebrun, built by the husband of Mme. Lebrun, who, towards the end of the last century, was distinguished for her beauty, her genius as a portrait-painter, and the brilliant society her charms and talents brought about her in the magnificent hôtel, erected from the fruits of her labour. This house, once the abode of luxury and splendour, is now—like too many of the finest old mansions in Paris—stripped of all its glories; its noble apartments are converted into magazines of commerce, and the vestiges of its ancient magnificence, still visible amidst decay

and neglect, only render its present ruin more melancholy.

Paris is growing, as far as the society of the *grand monde* is concerned, very dull—the country claims all those who are able to go there; and after the crowds assembled for the *fêtes*, it is emptying rapidly, to such a degree that many persons have been compelled to bespeak places on the railroads a week before the period of their

departure. Before the entire break-up of the season, however, the marriage of M. de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, and the beautiful Mlle. de la Moskowa, grand-daughter of the Marechal Ney, is to be celebrated. And now I am come to the end of my gossip. Adieu, my dear C—. Wishing you a gay season and much enjoyment of it,
Yours ever,
P*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

THE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE SYSTEM OF INDIA.—Each village then is one community, composed of a number of families, claiming to be of the same brotherhood or clan; and generally most of the villages in the same part of the country are of one tribe or subdivision of a tribe. Yet others are intermixed; and it often happens that a village may be made up of two or three separate divisions of different tribes, castes, or even religions, yet uniting for certain purposes. These then form a community, who assume and possess the strongest proprietary rights in the soil, and are not to be, nor almost ever are, dispossessed by any native government. They are, in a perfect village, almost the only professional cultivators. If a shopkeeper or labourer has obtained land to cultivate, he is generally considered as holding only on sufferance. Yet sometimes, by long possession, and the dying out of the original owners, a few such may have acquired a full right, and be recognized as adopted members of the community. The Government officers do not interfere directly in village matters, so long as the proprietors agree among themselves, but invariably treat with the communities as a body corporate, and as such transact all business with them through their representatives. They have a machinery by which they distribute all burdens, and are enabled to make engagements in common. Yet they do by no means "enjoy to a great degree the community of goods" as Mill supposes. I never knew an instance in which the cultivation was carried on in common, or in which any of the private concerns of the villagers were in any way in common; and I very much doubt the existence of any such state of things. The whole land is the common property of all, and they have certain common responsibilities in return for common rights. But things are managed in this wise: every village is divided into a certain number of fixed portions called ploughs; but a plough is rather like an algebraical symbol to express a fixed share than a literal plough. The arable land then is divided into, say, for instance, sixty-four ploughs; a man may have one plough, or two ploughs, or a plough and a half, or three-quarters of a plough; all imposts, whether of government demand or of common expenses, are assessed at so much a plough, and each man pays accordingly. In the first instance, lands might be annually changed, after the fashion of the Germans, by way of guarding

against inequalities; but since the communities have settled down the holdings are fixed, and he who invests in wells, &c., cannot be dispossessed. So much of the common right remains that the members may claim periodical remeasurements and re-adjustment of holdings and payments, to rectify the inequalities and alteration of boundaries which may gradually arise. The grazing-ground of each village is common to all; but the division between the grazing-grounds of different villages is very jealously maintained, and any uncertain or undecided boundary leads to very bloody affrays. When these cases were decided, compensation was given to the heirs of those killed in the right, from the lands of those in the wrong. If fresh land is brought under cultivation, it may either be shared by all, the number of ploughs remaining the same; or, if all do not desire fresh land, certain members may by common consent be allowed to create fresh shares: say land equal to two ploughs is broken up, there are henceforth sixty-six ploughs, and the imposts per plough are lightened to all. But when the grazing-ground is no larger than sufficient to afford pasture to the village cattle, no one is permitted to break it up.—"*Modern India*," by George Campbell.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON.—At one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a crash and a tremulous motion. Thinking that we had run against a waggon, I kept my seat, but in a minute or two the driver turned towards the lamp a countenance on which terror was so legibly written, that I instantly opened the door and sprung out. "For God's sake, sir, take care," shouted the conductor, who, seated on the box beside the coachman, with one hand held the wheel-horses on their haunches, while with the other he firmly pressed the handle of the drag. It was a pitchy dark night, the sides of the road being invisible excepting where the lamps shone. Beside me the driver, his teeth chattering with fright, could say nothing but "Oh, mon Dieu!" I heard somewhere or other the roaring of a torrent, and on a tree near me a screech-owl added its shrill cry to the voices of the night. Several minutes elapsed before I could realize the awful nature of the peril which, thanks to the extraordinary presence of mind displayed by the conductor, we had almost miraculously escaped. Had he not left his usual

place to sit on the box, humanly speaking not one would have survived the hour to narrate the terrible catastrophe. A wooden suspension-bridge, seventy feet in height, and spanning a rapid river, had been swept away by a rise of waters, consequent on a thunder-storm in the mountains. On the brink of the precipice thus caused we stood, our leading horse having fallen over it and been instantaneously killed. Had his harness been of stout leather, no mortal power could have saved us; but providentially he had been attached to the vehicle only by two rope traces and a slight back-strap. The tremulous motion I had felt was the struggle between the wheel-horses pulled back by the heroic conductor (for the driver was powerless from terror), and this unfortunate animal, as it hung suspended in middle air over the roaring torrent. The crash was the recoil of the vehicle, when the traces broke, and the victim fell headlong into the abyss below. Cautiously approaching the brink of the chasm, we found the remains of the harness, and discovered the exact nature of our situation. I have travelled not a little both by land and sea, in all manner of conveyances, and on every kind of road; but such a scene as that I never expect to witness again, though I should spend the remainder of my years in wandering to and fro over the earth. The dread hour of midnight, the solitude of the Alps, the rushing of the river, the cries of the screech-owl, the chattering teeth of the poor driver, the sighing of the wind, the cold air from the glaciers, the terrible nature of the danger, the miraculous manner of escape, combined to fill my mind with an awe, which returns to produce a tremour even while I write. It was one of those awful scenes which solemnize the feelings of the most callous, and remain engraven on the memory while life itself endures. * * Had the conductor been inside, had the harness been of leather, had we attempted to cross when the bridge was sinking instead of after it had sunk, had the horses been at a gallop, our bodies might even now have been buried in some of those rocky caldrons from which the Rhone struggles to get free. * * The supports of the bridge were still standing, but the roadway had fallen in; so cross the vehicle could not. The stream was not only deep, but wide and rapid, besides having precipitous banks; so fording was out of the question. But fortunately for us, the conductor had proved himself a man equal to an emergency. As soon as we had recovered from the shock, the driver was sent with a lamp to scramble along the side-rails of the ruined bridge, and alarm a village about half a mile beyond. Wearily did the minutes pass away before, amid the darkness, we heard the cheering cry from the opposite bank, "Au secours! au secours!" In a very short time, the active peasants had laid planks along the ruins, on which, one by one, led by our intrepid conductor, we crossed the stream. Our trunks and bags succeeded, while the horses dragged back the diligence to the place from which they had started. Three hours of

darkness we spent in an empty room of the village tavern, until two *chairs-à-banc* arrived from the nearest post station of Tourtemagne, whither we proceeded. Similar vehicles conveyed us to Vierge, our baggage meanwhile following in a cart; where again we changed carriages, before traversing a desolate tract covered with stones, and the debris of mountain torrents, which in some places had obliterated all trace of the road. — "*The Tagus and the Tiber*," by William Edward Baxter.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN OF FASHION. — Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless; but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world; but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. — Lord Jeffrey.

A SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. PROCTOR, MINISTER OF GISSING, BY THE REV. MR. MOORE, OF BURSTON, IN NORFOLK.*

"Fight the good fight."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor: his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name also was Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burston Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss hundred; this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

* This sermon is reported to have been actually preached many years since, in the parish-church at Burston, a small village near Diss, in Norfolk. Most of the names mentioned are now standing in the register-books of the said parish. In 1750 it was printed in the "*British Magazine*" for November; and a manuscript copy was found in an old wall pulled down at Wisbeach, in 1823. It has lately been reprinted and sold at Diss, but it appears to us quaint and humorous enough to deserve a place in our columns.

He was a good husband, and she a good housewife, and they two got money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects: he was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tithes, and a good landlord to his tenants: there sits one, Mr. Spurgeon, can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him upon his death-bed, it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God: in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintances, for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him away; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his friends, relations, and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Gibbs' prayers he likewise devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man, Mr. Proctor, for all his friends, relations, and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to my prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this: there was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar-boy; he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow: it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow; no, beloved, it was a dun cow. Well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done, give him a

small alms and send him away, or chide him and make him a pass, and send him into his own country; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich; after his time was out he took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson here present, there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure: by her he had three daughters; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to a woman's estate, married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits; who gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember, some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, all which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues; but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is she was a good knitter, as any in the county of Norfolk: when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for to spare candle, she would stir up the coals with her knitting-pins; and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as many other women by daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit in the same manner; and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts too: for when I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack nor burning it; besides she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg and dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say that they were the best toasts that I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman; but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars; viz.—

1. His love to his neighbour. 2. His charity to the poor. 3. His favourableness in his tithes. 4. His goodness to his tenants. 5. His devotions in his prayers, in saying AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs, and myself.

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. After all, no romance in the world can interest one like a genuine piece of biography: and as the truest thing of the kind—making the largest allowance for one-sided views and partial extenuations—must be the autobiography of a sincere man, I hold that every one who has lived to three score, led an active life, and mixed among notabilities, might if it pleased him write a book well worth reading and preserving.

Fanny. My good cousin, *à propos* of what work is it that you are thus discoursing?

Mrs. Smith. Of the first volume of the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN*—a deeply-interesting book, I assure you.

Fanny. I should think so—for though the palmy days of Mr. Jerdan's influence and repute were before "my time," I have heard enough of his career to feel sure that his reminiscences must be most comprehensive and remarkable.

Mrs. Smith. My few years of seniority give me an advantage in this respect, and serve to indicate how great a charm the work must have to those who are yet older—to those who can remember the events which to us are history and tradition.

Fanny. There is always a dash of melancholy in the biography of an elderly person—by the common laws, in the common course of nature he must have outlived many friendships, and happy and joyous associations; fortunate if he have not also survived health and prosperity.

Mrs. Smith. There is, indeed, something more than a dash of this melancholy in the present work; something which makes a generous nature kindle to kindly sympathy, and a self-examiner drop gently the stone which the prosperous or the self-glorious had offered him to fling. The book shows what was pretty well known in a large circle before, that Mr. Jerdan, at seventy years of age, after a life devoted to literature as a profession, finds himself still in harness—still the worker for his daily bread. And remember, he was not an author of low or no repute, but forty years ago the editor of a clever political organ, the "Sun" newspaper; and afterwards for four-and-thirty years the sole conductor of the "Literary Gazette."

Fanny. I saw a notice of the book the other day, which was very severe on the "improvidence" which had left the author destitute of fortune in his old age.

Mrs. Smith. I was grieved to read it. Rather do I, from my own not very limited knowledge of authors, side with Mr. Jerdan, when he declares, that the choice of literature as a profession to live by is as "foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide"—at any rate it was so only a

very few years ago; and if authors, now-a-days something wiser by the experience of their predecessors, instead of writing their best for the eternal benefit of mankind, often do that which will bring the speediest and largest money return, I cannot see that the world is so great a gainer that it need raise a hymn of triumph on the occasion. Our greatest names in literature are either those of men who have been blessed with private means—pause a moment and consider how very many these have been!—or of those who have suffered bitterly from the pangs of penury: few indeed are they who have produced great works, and yet found literature immediately lucrative—so few that they are but the exceptions which prove the rule.

Fanny. I think so too. Great authors, possessing an independence, and holding a good position in society, may after a while derive considerable pecuniary benefit from their labours; but in many instances I cannot believe these works would have been written, had they had to struggle with the world at the outset.

Mrs. Smith. Exactly so. And, after all, what are these incomes, out of which literary people are expected to provide for old age? At best—with the rarest possible exceptions—the few hundreds a-year, which your successful lawyer or surgeon-apothecary would look down on with contempt. But indeed one might preach a homily on the sorrows of poor authors, from the days of Goldsmith and Johnson to our own.

Fanny. I suppose it is with the history of the "Literary Gazette" that Mr. Jerdan's name and fame will be most intimately associated.

Mrs. Smith. Perhaps so. And when we call to mind the low condition of journalism five-and-thirty years ago, we may partially estimate his services to literature and art. I say partially, for we can never really calculate our obligations to the pioneers in those new paths which lead to world-changing results. Such a pioneer was William Jerdan. While you were in your cradle, plenty of imitators were already following in his track; but it must not be forgotten that the "Literary Gazette" opened a new era in the periodical press—that it was the first weekly publication supported with talent and genius, and avowedly devoted to Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts—not in a party spirit, but with a generous candour and quick discernment that were ever able and ready to distinguish the claims of a new aspirant, and give that friendly encouragement to obscure merit, for the lack of which so many a spirit has faltered and fallen in the race. For my own part, I look with intense interest to the remainder of this interesting and instructive Autobiography, and heartily wish the author health and spirits to complete his task.

Fanny. To what period does this first volume come up?

Mrs. Smith. To the eventful year 1814, and

* Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., Paternoster Row.

Mr. Jerdan's memorable visit to Paris. From the earliest chapter it is full of interesting reminiscences of persons and things, which the present generation regard as past history. In my humble opinion it is a book of sterling value, to be kept for reference—not passed from hand to hand in the circulating-library fashion, and then forgotten. To some future Macaulay it will be invaluable.

Fanny. Here is a new posthumous work by poor Grace Aguilar.*

Mrs. Smith. And one of her very best. At the first glance many people will be inclined to think that the subject chosen—the strife between Edward Plantagenet and Robert Bruce—has been already exhausted by poets and novelists; but the present work forcibly proves the novelty which a fresh mind may infuse into an often-expounded theme.

Fanny. I am not surprised at your opinion. I think every one who knows the works of this lamented author must observe that she rises with her subjects. Her grave, even learned, theological works have masculine power in every page—and charming, pathetic, and always healthy as her purely domestic stories are, they do not, I think, approach either in interest or sustained power her historical ones. "The Vale of Cedars," for instance—that story of the persecution of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella—what a glowing picture of southern life does it present! and what an example of feminine devotion, purity, and fortitude is there enshrined!

Mrs. Smith. And you will think quite as highly of "The Days of Bruce." The author has thrown herself into the rugged life of the fourteenth century, has depicted the semi-civilization of the period in a manner that is quite marvellous in a young woman: while the skill she evinces in the delineation of the historical personages, and her individualisation of the imaginary ones, might alone entitle her to a high place among historical novelists. The story is extremely interesting, and is developed by those romantic incidents which were natural to the period. Grace Aguilar always excelled in her delineation of female characters, and as her bereaved mother truly says in the preface to this work, "In the high-minded Isabella of Buchan is traced the resignation of a heart wounded in its best affections, yet truthful amid accumulated misery. In Isoline may be seen the self-inflicted unhappiness of a too confident and self-reliant nature; while in Agnes is delineated the overwhelming of a mind too much akin to heaven in purity and innocence to battle with the stern and bitter sorrows with which her life is strewn." The fortunes of Agnes are indeed most pathetically told, from the opening chapter, telling of her happy love and hopeful girlhood, till her mind is wrecked by the tragedy of her noble

husband's ignominious death, which she is compelled to witness. The story ends with the triumph of Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn; but as a passage easily isolated, which yet may serve as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers, listen to this account of the coronation of Robert Bruce amid his partizans, in those times when allegiance to him was treason to King Edward. I should premise that the Countess of Buchan belongs to a family claiming the hereditary right to place the crown on the head of the Scottish king—but that her bad husband has proved traitor, and allied himself to the powerful Edward.

Upon the left of the king, and close beside his throne, stood the Countess of Buchan, attired in robes of the darkest crimson velvet, with a deep border of gold, which swept the ground, long falling sleeves with a broad fringe; a thick cord of gold and tassels confined the robe around the waist, and thence fell reaching to her feet, and well-nigh concealing the inner dress of white silk, which was worn to permit the robes falling easily on either side, and thus forming a long train behind. Neither gem nor gold adorned her beautiful hair: a veil was twisted in its luxuriant tresses, and served the purpose of the matron's coif. She was pale and calm, but such was the usual expression of her countenance, and perhaps accorded better with the dignified majesty of her commanding figure than a greater play of feature. It was not the calmness of insensibility, of vacancy; it was the still reflection of a controlled and chastened soul of one whose depth and might was known but to herself.

The pealing anthem for awhile had ceased, and it was as if that church was desolate—as if the very hearts that throbbed so quickly for their country and their king were hushed awhile and stilled, that every word which passed between the sovereign and the primate should be heard. Kneeling before him, his hands placed between those of the archbishop, the king, in a clear and manly voice, received as it were the kingdom from his hands, and swore to govern according to the laws of his ancestors; to defend the liberties of his people alike from the foreign and the civil foe; to dispense justice; to devote life itself to restoring Scotland to her former station in the scale of kingdoms. Solemnly, energetically he took the required vows: his cheek flushed, his eye glistened, and ere he rose he bent his brow upon his spread hands, as if his spirit supplicated strength; and the primate, standing over him, blessed him in a loud voice, in the name of Him whose lowly minister he was.

A few minutes, and the king was again seated on his throne, and from the hands of the Bishop of Glasgow the Countess of Buchan received the simple coronet of gold, which had been hastily made to supply the place of that which Edward had removed. It was a moment of intense interest: every eye was directed towards the king and the dauntless woman by his side, who, rather than the descendant of Malcolm Cean Mohr should demand in vain the service from the descendants of the brave Macduff, exposed herself to all the wrath of a fierce and cruel king, the fury of an incensed husband and brother, and in her own noble person represented that ancient and most loyal line. Were any other circumstance needed to enhance the excitement of the patriots of Scotland, they would have found it in this. As it was, a sudden irrepressible burst of applause broke from many eager voices, as the

* "THE DAYS OF BRUCE. A STORY FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY." By Grace Aguilar, author of "Home Influence," &c. &c.—(Groombridge and Sons.)

bishop placed the coronet in her hands, but one glance from those dark eloquent eyes sufficed to hush it on the instant into stillness.

Simultaneously all within the church stood up, and gracefully and steadily, with a hand which trembled not, even to the observant and anxious eyes of her son, Isabella of Buchan placed the sacred symbol of royalty on the head of Scotland's king; and then arose, as with one voice, the wild enthusiastic shout of loyalty, which, bursting from all within the church, was echoed again and again from without, almost drowning the triumphant anthem which at the same moment sent its rich hallowed tones through the building, and proclaimed Robert Bruce indeed a king.

Again and yet again the voice of triumph and of loyalty arose hundred-tongued, and sent its echo even to the English camp; and when it ceased, when slowly, and as it were reluctantly, it died away, it was a grand and glorious sight to see those stern and noble barons one by one approach their sovereign's throne and do him homage.

It was not always customary for the monarchs of those days to receive the feudal homage of their vassals the same hour of their coronation: it was, in general, a distinct and almost equally gorgeous ceremony; but in this case both the king and barons felt it better policy to unite them: the excitement attendant on the one ceremonial they felt would prevent the deficiency of numbers in the other being observed, and they acted wisely.

There was a dauntless firmness in each baron's look, in his manly carriage and unwavering step, as one by one he traversed the space between him and the throne, seeming to proclaim that in himself he held indeed a host. To adhere to the usual custom of paying homage to the suzerain barcheaded, barfooted, and unarmed, the embroidered slipper had been adopted by all instead of the iron boot; and as he knelt before the throne, the Earl of Lennox—for, first in rank, he first approached his sovereign—unbuckling his trusty sword, laid it, together with his dagger, at Robert's feet, and placing his clasped hands between those of the king, repeated, in a deep sonorous voice, the solemn vow to live and die with him against all manner of men. Athol, Fraser, Seaton, Douglas, Hay, gladly and willingly followed his example; and it was curious to mark the character of each man, proclaimed in his mien and hurried step.

Fanny. A most graphic description truly. But there is yet another book about which I should like your opinion. It is a tale for young people, called "Spencer's Cross Manor House."*

Mrs. Smith. A lively, and in many respects very able volume, written by a mother, and dedicated to her children. The story describes a large family circle, brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts, and relates their doings and sketches their characters, educing of course a satisfactory moral. One of the faults of the work, how-

ever—for you know a good and clever book may not be perfect—is a want of artistic treatment of the very abundant materials at the author's disposal. Writers of books of this description should never forget that a piece of narrative is not a story—and the very facts which are such excellent foundations for fiction require the artist's treatment before they can stand forth with that power of truth which only a certain idealization of fact can give. A block of marble is not a statue—but the statue lies there for the sculptor to dig out; and it often requires skill equal to the sculptor's to shape your piece of narrative into a coherent polished plot, fit to be placed on the pedestal of a bookshelf. Nevertheless this is a common fault; the true works of art are the exceptions, by no means illustrations of story-books in general, and Spencer's Cross Manor House deserves its season of popularity, and will doubtless entertain and instruct numerous juvenile circles. But come, Fanny, put on your bonnet, we must not lose this lovely morning in in-door gossip.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS—BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—(*Groombridge.*)—The excellent quality of a large proportion of our cheap literature is one of the marvels of the day; and these respective series of "Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights," and "Buds and Blossoms"—the costliest published at the price only of our smallest silver coin—forcibly illustrate how a large sale may compensate for a low price. These stories for children are admirable. Though appearing anonymously, they bear internal evidence of being the productions of accomplished authors, and have nothing of the apprentice-work of the amateur scribbler about them. "Home at the Haven" is a tale of which almost any author might be proud, teaching as it does the beauty of Truth and perfect sincerity, through the medium of an interesting and pathetic narrative. "The Searcher and the Finder" is a compressed, and yet clear and vigorous history of Columbus; and "The Story of a Daisy," replete as it is with beautiful fancies, is still simple enough to reach the heart and understanding of a little child. Oh that there had been such books for children thirty years ago!

THE EXHIBITION LAY.—(*Groombridge.*)—An anonymous poem of something more than average merit: and yet because the Great Exhibition was itself in some sort an acted poem, does it seem to us a subject most difficult to treat successfully in verse. Nevertheless there are some striking stanzas in the present production.

* "SPENCER'S CROSS MANOR HOUSE. A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE." By the author of "Belgravia," &c. &c.—(*Westerton.*)

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF
PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The veteran exhibitors this year retain the fame the public so long ago awarded them. The President, COPLEY FIELDING, shows no lack of industry, but sends his usual complement of mountain and lake scenery: he has given us also a fine specimen of his varied talent in the way he has produced the effect of a storm at sea. DAVID COX, with his broad, splashy pencil, makes the long grass of his lone grounds bend beneath the breeze which betokens the coming storm that lowers over the deep purple distance. "Besom-makers gathering heath," is one of his best productions. BENTLEY's South Foreland, near Dover, is a good and vigorous drawing. W. C. SMITH, a pupil of J. D. Harding's, improves every year; there is a truthfulness without mannerism in his style which is pleasant to behold. "Richmond in Yorkshire," is pure in tone and broad in detail. "The Town and Castle of Dieppe," by the hand of the same master, is equally well treated. CARL HAAG, lately admitted into the Society, fulfils the promise of excellence he then gave. "The return from the Campagna," is a glorious picture, with the golden sunlight streaming on the Italian peasant. Near this drawing is placed one of a totally opposite character, "The Frozen Ford," by C. BRANWHITE; every touch is a faithful transcript from nature; and we know not which to admire most, the branches of the trees laden with snow, the watery footmarks on the pathway, or the red glare of the setting sun falling on the ice-bound water: this is truly a winter scene, which one gets cool by looking at in a room where the thermometer stands at 80. FREDERICK TAYLER has many pieces, but only one large one, in which he has indulged his unique powers.

JENKINS and TOPHAM have some interesting subjects of homely life, which is ever sure to reach the heart. HUNT's fruit is always tempting; his "Pet of the Village," a little stupid lubberly girl, with clasped hands and an old bonnet, makes everybody convulsed with laughter.

BARTHOLOMEW's Flowers, in spite of the bad places in which they are hung, are as attractive as ever. There is no artist can equal the peculiar grace, thinness, and delicacy which he gives to the petals of his white blossoms, which look as pure and fresh as if they were just plucked from the garden; his "Varieties of Convolvulus" is exceedingly fine in tone and composition.

Some new names are this season enrolled amongst the contributors: Margaret Gillies, Gilbert, Bostock, &c., all showing themselves worthy of a place in this interesting Exhibition.

O. O. O.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOURS.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

E. WEHNERT has a powerfully-coloured drawing from that wonderful poem of "The Raven, by Edgar Poe;" but the etherial beings in the upper part of the picture, beaming among the spirit of "the lost Leonore," are too prominent, and distract the eye from the principal object. "Pallazza on the Lago Maggiore," J. L. ROWBOTHAM, jun., makes us long to have wings and fly away to such a sunny spot; the clearness of the sky and the transparency of the water are ably and poetically treated. Many smaller pieces, by the same artist, are equally good. COLLINGWOOD, D. K. M'KEWAN, CAMPION, and Mr. and Mrs. W. OLIVER, are all excellent in their faithful delineations of landscape scenery under different atmospheric effects.

W. H. KEARNY has some pleasing studies of Heads; among the best is, "She sleeps;" but the drapery is crude and cold.

Miss L. SETCHEL has only a portrait, a Reubens in point of rich transparent tone.

CHARLES MEIGALL has painted a subject from the Spectator, always a wide field to pick and cull from. The story is, "Will Honeycomb's description of how a lover made his passion known to his mistress." There is great drollery in the expression of the two ladies, who are silently watching the manœuvre; the shadow of the fan on the face of one of them is very effectively dashed in. "Fortune-telling," by L. HICKS, is a rich bit of colouring. "A Look at the Birds," LOUISA CORBEAU, is a spirited portrait of a cat; his large green eyes are dilated with the pleasing anticipation of a dainty meal. The birds are not in sight, but the artist has implied perfectly the thoughts of this noble specimen of Grimalkin. "Early Violets," JANE EGERTON, is sweetly handled: there is much earnestness and feeling in the head of the little rustic. Altogether the varied styles in this Gallery will make it an object of attraction to the lovers of fine art.

O. O. O.

J. M. W. TURNER.

(See Plate.)

The great Landscape Painter, like Maria Edgeworth, had an insurmountable aversion to sit for his portrait; consequently likenesses of him are extremely scarce, and we are therefore the more proud of presenting our readers with the accompanying engraving. We have too great a reverence for genius to attempt a criticism on so great a man; and were we to attempt anything like a dis-

course on the productions of Joseph Mallord William Turner, we should be led far beyond the limits of a magazine article. His name is world-famous; and painters, even more than the general public, know how much he has done to ennoble the school of English Art, and to open new veins of thought, which have enlightened and pushed forward an entire generation. Turner expired on the 19th of last December, at the age, it is said, of seventy-nine; but there seems to be an uncertainty about the dates of

his birth; and many of his acquaintances are of opinion that he was some years older. He was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side, as he desired to be, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He has bequeathed a large sum of money for the foundation of almshouses for unfortunate and meritorious artists; and left his pictures to the nation, on condition that within a given time a suitable place shall be provided for their deposit and exhibition—a wise, though reproachful proviso.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Though in consequence of the litigation about Mademoiselle Wagner the English public have apparently lost all opportunity of judging of the lady's merits, it is impossible not to applaud the spirit and determination with which Mr. Lumley has asserted his rights. May the circumstances which have occurred prove a salutary lesson to a class of persons—numbering, of course, many admirable individuals—but as the rule generally extravagant, and frequently perfectly unreasonable in their demands. May they learn to add to their accomplishments civility of speech, if they cannot command gratitude of heart; and endeavour to acquire a little of that English integrity of character which somehow or other we stupid islanders reverence even more than pretty faces and fine voices. The defection of Mademoiselle Wagner has been, we understand, a heavy pecuniary loss to Mr. Lumley, almost perilling, in fact, the continuance of his establishment; but certain liberal patrons have come to the rescue, and we still hope he may be carried through the season in triumph. For the last month Mademoiselle Cruvelli has been indefatigable, singing in "Norma," "Fidelio," "Ernani," &c., and proving herself alike the singer and actress of genius. But within the last week her labours have been somewhat lightened by the appearance and great success of Madame de la Grange, who made the most favourable impression on her *débüt* in *Lucia* on the 22nd ultimo. On this occasion, too, Signor Gardoni surpassed himself as *Edgardo*, and the opera was altogether produced with the greatest efficiency. Mr. Lumley has also secured two new dancers of great and original merit—Donna Pepita Oliver, and Mademoiselle Forli; the former a Spaniard, remarkable for grace and national characteristics.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"Il Flauto Magico," "Les Huguenots," and other great operas, have been given at this theatre during the past month, affording ample opportunity for the highest powers of Grisi, Mademoiselle Zerr, Mario, Madame Castellan, &c., to be displayed; but the chief event perhaps to record has been the production of Halevy's "La Juive," and the appearance in England of

M. Gueymard from the Grand Opera of Paris. This artist has sprung suddenly, yet deservedly, to fame. He was first noted for his singing the part of one of the Anabaptists in "Le Prophète;" but he has since played *Jean of Leyden* with the greatest success. In criticising the production of *La Juive*, a clever contemporary says—

"Without evincing any profound traits of passion and feeling, M. Gueymard's general conception of the character of Lazarus, the Jew, showed a thorough comprehension of the meaning of the author, while his acting and general deportment betrayed evidences of experience and a natural aptitude to the boards. That M. Gueymard is a good actor, and an excellent singer—one of the best of his school—is beyond a doubt; and there can be little question that he is destined to become a favourite with the English public. His style is French, his voice is French, and his manner is French; but this is by no means urged as an objection, since it merely proves that he belongs to a school which, in spite of its peculiarities, has produced some of the greatest of dramatic singers."

Madame Jullienne also greatly distinguished herself in the difficult part of *Rachel*, the Jewess; and the impersonation of the *Cardinal*, by Herr Formes, was a masterpiece.

THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Mark Lemon's capital new drama, "Mind your own business," has been played nearly every night during the month, and attracted crowded and fashionable audiences. The story is sufficiently simple; but the number of characters introduced, giving every member of this excellent company something to do, and that in his own best style, is of itself sufficient to ensure success. The dialogue is well written, with a good deal of point and humour, to which Buckstone, Kealey, and Rogers gave full effect; whilst Webster and Mrs. Stirling (the hero and heroine of the piece) acted their respective parts with a truth and feeling which were sometimes painfully real. But a sketch of the story will enable our readers to enter better into the merits of the performance. *Mr. Verdon* (Mr. Webster), a wealthy young country squire, has been brought up in intimate companionship with the two daughters of the village-curate, *Fanny Morrison* (Mrs. Stirling) and *Marian Morrison* (Miss Amelia Vining). From the

constant praises of *Marian* that he hears from her sister, he fancies himself deeply in love with her, and proposes to her father; when *Marian* avows that she is already attached to a young artist, *Arthur Mowbray*, and *Fanny* discovers that her affection is fixed on her sister's lover. *Verdon*, maddened by his rejection, and believing that he had been trifled with by *Marian*, rushes to London, and tries to drown in riot and gaiety the remembrance of his rejection. Meantime, *Marian* marries her lover, who is dependent on a fashionable *roué* cousin for support; and to add to her sister's income, *Fanny* takes a situation as companion with *Mrs. Smythe* (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), a very fine lady, who has married, for a "jinetur" (as her husband says), a *ci-devant* footman (*Keeley*), whose diction and manners shock his lady-wife; whilst her fashionable friends and would-be fashionable ways are equally an annoyance to him. At a party at *Mrs. Smythe's* house, *Fanny* sees *Verdon*, the slave of wine and dice, degraded almost past recognition, yet starting up to protect and vindicate the fair fame of her sister. In the hope of reclaiming him, she ventures to his home, with *Weazle*, his faithful servant (Mr. Rogers); and the scene that ensues, when the inebriated gambler is startled into sobriety by the apparition of his early playmate, is one of the finest pieces of acting we have ever seen. There was an expression on the features of *Verdon*—a gradual change from the merriment of drunkenness to the horror of conscious degradation—that literally entranced the audience; and people held their breath, and watched with the trembling fear with which one might follow the motions of a somnambulist, who has gained some fearful eminence, and whose next step threatens to dash him into eternity. It was a positive relief, after watching the anguished countenance through its alternations from the madness of drink to the madness of despair, to see reason and recollection return, and to hear him groan out rather than exclaim—"Yes, I know you!" The interview has the happiest effect on *Verdon*, who discovers, finally, that it was *Fanny* herself to whom he was really attached; and the story ends, as all stories ought to do, with the promise of a very happy marriage. The fun of the piece is kept up by *Keeley*, who appears among his wife's friends in full livery, and thereby gets rid of them all; and by *Mr. Oddiman* (Buckstone), a gentleman afflicted with a mania for attending to everybody's business but his own, who piques himself on his "diplomacy," which invariably results (like some other diplomacy we have known) in making a very great mess of what ought to have been a very plain matter. Even this propensity, however, is at last attended with benefit, as he discovers a deed which entitles *Marian's* husband to property, and brands the *roué*-cousin as a scoundrel. This last character, with its cool libertinism and consummate assurance, was admirably given by Mr. Leigh Murray; and of the minor characters all were played with the careful attention and perfect keeping for which this management is so famous.

Every one seemed convinced of the old saying that "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." But Mr. Webster's impersonation of the country gentleman, *Verdon*, is one of those performances which defy ordinary terms of praise—which are the attraction of the town for a time—and become a tradition ever afterwards. We have already had occasion to speak of the other pieces—"O, Gemini!" and "Your life's in danger"—which continue in prosperous career; and preparations for further novelties are, we understand, in hand by this energetic management.

THE ADELPHI.

"An Adelphi piece," in the very best sense of the phrase, was brought out a few days ago, and bids fair to be as popular as "The Green Bushes," which, if we remember rightly, attracted as large an audience on the hundredth night as it did on the first, and has been, from time to time, revived with equal success. The new piece, "Sea and Land," affords ample scope for the display of the comic peculiarities of those old Adelphi favourites, *Wright* and *Paul Bedford*; and *Miss Ellen Chaplin* and *Miss Fitzwilliam* enact their parts well and naturally, the latter singing a new song with the clear articulation and melodious voice she seems to inherit from her mother. But the heroine of the piece is *Mrs. Keeley*, who, as *Wild Meg*, has "created" a character which will in no small degree increase her artistic reputation; it is, in fact, in such characters that *Mrs. Keeley* shines pre-eminently: her humorous powers are indeed great, but she has yet higher qualities; and in such a character as the one now before us, she has abundant scope for their exercise. The instinctive filial affection which makes her cling to her brutal father, and the devotion to the villain who is the only person that has ever shown her kindness—her utter ignorance and innocence of evil, her quaint humour and pathos, were inimitable: but when, by the force of jealousy, her intellect and passion are aroused, and from the simple child she springs into the impassioned woman, the scene with her rival was conceived and delineated with the highest artistic skill, because with the most perfect resemblance of nature. It is a painful picture of womanhood, clinging still to its idol, even after the discovery of the base materials of which that idol is composed—spurned, scorned, hopeless, and loving still. Nothing could exceed the beauty of *Mrs. Keeley's* acting throughout this very difficult part; and the plaudits she received were most vociferous. Mr. O'Smith as *Mr. Crouch* (the villain of the piece, of course) acted with his usual discrimination. *Wright's* delicate position as the Cockney proprietor of a yacht, indulging in the vision of "a cruise of a mile or so and back again" some very fine day, carried out to sea against his will, made to aid a smuggler, and bent on correcting the sea phrases of his cook and housekeeper, *Mr. Tom Potts* (Paul Bedford), made the most of his part, and convulsed the audience with laughter. The graceful acting



of Miss Woolgar in "Mephistopheles" keeps the "Ambassador from Below" constantly on the boards, and is as greatly admired as ever. The farce, "Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?" has been revived, and is as popular as when it was first produced.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Those who love German literature will be interested by Mr. Mitchell's advertisement of twelve German dramatic representations, to be given at his theatre during the month of June. The plays selected are—Goethe's "Egmont" (with Beethoven's music), "Faut" (with the music by Prince Radzivil and Lindpainter), Schiller's "Robbers," "Cabal and Love," and "Don Carlos;" Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," Raupauch's "Death of Cromwell," some of Kotzebue's and other comedies, and Shakspeare's "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," in translation. The *troupe* is announced as sufficient, and the list includes the names of sundry artists well esteemed in Germany.

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.—MAY 5.

We have learned to consider Mr. Aguilar's annual concert as one of the great musical treats of the season. As a composer and performer he stands in the first rank, and the entertainment which he recently gave at the Hanover Square Rooms was as fine as money and skill could produce. One of the chief attractions was the full orchestra, which included upwards of forty of the most eminent artists, and which gave with uncommon effect and brilliance the following pieces:—Beethoven's Overture, "Men of Prometheus," Aguilar's latest production, the overture of "Alpheus," Auber's

overture, "Le Cheval de Bronze," and Mendelssohn's march, "Athalia." Mr. Aguilar's own compositions are characterized by singular vigour and completeness of conception, and exquisite neatness and finish of detail. While studying in the great school of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, he has ventured to think for himself, and the result which he has achieved is therefore expressive and original—never wearying, overstudied, or conventional. Signor Sivori played two pieces on the violin in his own rare and inimitable manner; and Herr Formes sang an air from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," and Schubert's "Wanderer," in that massive and thoughtful style for which he is so remarkable. Madame Clara Novello and Mademoiselle Jetty de Treffz were the other vocalists; and now that we have mentioned their names, our readers can understand how the assembly were fascinated. The room was crowded to overflowing, and many persons sought seats on the platform.

MUSIC.

LILY OF THE VALE. Song. The Poetry by W. Bartholomew, Esq.; the Music composed by H. Handel Gear.—(*Addison and Hollier*.)—It is long since we have met with so truly charming a ballad as this. The poetry, expressive of a pretty sentiment, is graceful and flowing, while the melody is of that taking character, which, once heard, is never to be forgotten. In the accompaniment, which without being difficult is highly effective, Mr. Handel Gear has shown the most musician-like skill. The "Lily of the Vale" is published in the key of E, and ranges within the compass of an ordinary voice: we believe, however, it has been sung by Miss Dolby somewhat higher.

THE TOILET.

C O S T U M E F O R J U N E .

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

Our last letter having given an account of the greatest novelties brought by the change of the seasons, there is not at present a great deal of novelty to describe. No doubt when the summer-heats set in, there will be various delicate contrivances adopted by *couturière*, *modiste*, and *lingère* to lighten their inconvenience; but as hitherto we have certainly had no grounds of complaint on *that* score, the style of dress prepared for Longchamps has as yet undergone few modifications; still, as nothing is more fertile or more active than the brains of the above-named ministers of fashion, there is always something new, something original—often something extraordinary and fantastic to be chronicled, and innovations, that a year ago would have been scouted as ridiculous—unwearable—absurd, are gradually looked at, tolerated, tried, and finally adopted. If, twelve months ago, we were to have told you that

you—not your children or grandchildren, but your own fair selves, still young and fresh and blooming, as you saw yourselves a year ago—were to behold yourselves, or at least your contemporaries, figuring to-day in a *robe empire*, now you would have laughed at us—would you not? And yet such an enormity exists! I do not say it is generally worn—many fair dames vow that nothing will induce them to adopt it; may be so, we shall see; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*; and though it would still require a considerable degree of courage to appear in public in the said attire, a year—a few months may (we do not say it *will*, for there are many obstacles to the adoption of the style—a perfect figure being *indispensable* to produce anything like a good effect) reconcile the most determined opposers to the adoption of the fashion. But let us give our readers a description of the dress in question, that

they may get somewhat used to the contemplation of the monster before they may be called upon to accept it.

Well then, the *robe empire*, be it known to you, fair dames, has (*as yet*) the waist where nature has placed it—rather higher than where, for the last few years, fashion has decreed it to be; but still not too short. The *corsage* is rounded, with or without a band; the skirt, without a great deal of fulness, is quite plain in front; and the sleeves—very short—are tight to the arm, but with puffings from the *epaulettes* to the bottom, which supply the requisite *ampleur*. Flounces to this dress are *à discretion*; but when adopted are very narrow, and placed quite low down. Although we do not think that any of our English readers are likely as yet to adopt this costume, a word of caution may still be not out of place to the more adventurous. The *robe empire* is merely an experiment—it has not yet received the seal of distinction; on the contrary, the first authorities in such matters look very coldly on it, and it is just as likely—perhaps more so—to fall into disrepute, and be pronounced vulgar and ridiculous, as to rise into favour and adoption. Such uncertainties always attend the fate of very *prononcés* changes, and it is never the really well-dressed and distinguished woman who hastens to adopt them; so much so that in Paris, to appear in the *extreme* of any fashion, is considered *mauvais genre*, and fit only *pour les lionnes et les merveilleuses*.

The light and pretty fashion of the last two summers, of white *corsages* with coloured skirts, is again to be universally adopted. It is a mode too cool, elegant, and convenient to be easily relinquished; and we hail its return with pleasure. In morning-dress, plain skirts are much more worn than in the winter, though flounces are still in favour. A sort of compromise between the two has appeared within the last month, consisting of one deep *volant*, placed a good deal above the knee, and trimmed at the top and bottom with a fringe, *ruche*, or any other *garniture*. The effect is rich and graceful; but care must be taken to make the flounce sufficiently deep, or it cuts the figure in two.

The unbecomingness of the *corsage à basquines* is getting so generally acknowledged, that it is falling quite out of favour; but the *basques* attached to the waist continue to be as much worn as ever. The tardiness of the summer prevents the entire abandonment of the *vestes* worn during the winter and spring, though of course the materials are changed from velvet or *cachemire* to *taffetas*. They are made in black or coloured silk, and are trimmed with broad ribbon in coloured *moiré* or *écossais* sewn on in an undulating or *festonné* pattern, with a narrow ribbon at each side of the broad one; a *gilet* to match, or better still, in *piqué*, accompanies these vests. As a general rule these trimmings of *moiré* ribbon are extremely *bien porté*, particularly on *mantelets* and scarfs.

In bonnets there is little novelty; they are all as light and *vaporeux* as possible: the simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the *bavolet*, and tied in a large *nœud* under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons,

the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form. Some of the fancy straw bonnets have trimmings so fantastic that they really can hardly be understood from description; imagine, fair readers, *volants*, *rosettes*, *fanchons*, ribbons, laces, all in *crin* embroidered and mingled with straw!

Morning caps are assuming forms if possible more singular than these bonnet trimmings: some are perfectly round, with a little border standing straight out, altogether very like in form to a tiny "wide awake" hat, or more like a soup plate, with the bottom rounded instead of flattened. Those for *négligé* are trimmed with a large *nœud* and long ends at each side, placed under the border; those for afternoon toilette have generally at one side a *touffe* of flowers, the foliage of which continues in half-wreath round the *calotte*, and at the other the *nœud*. We perfectly recollect that in our childhood our earliest attempt at cap-making, in the service of our dolls, was precisely the shape we have been endeavouring to describe—a piece of net or muslin, cut in a circular form, with a thread drawn round it, making at once crown and border. Such, *mes-dames*, are the caps the mode of the present day destined for your own particular wear! May you like it!

The *baréges* of this season are singularly beautiful; here are some of the newest:—A *barège*, *fond blanc*; flounces with *broché* spots, and bordered with garlands of coloured flowers—a *barège*, sky-blue, two deep flounces, with a *découpé* border of foliage *blanc satiné*—a *barège fond noir*, two deep flounces with borders *découpés* in foliage *satiné* of different colours. *Organdis*, with coloured patterns, are also coming in, and are likely to be much worn.

A very pretty style of *veste* is just appearing; it is made in white *piqué* and embroidered, and is worn with a coloured skirt; it is perhaps better suited to morning toilette than those in muslin and *jaconet*, &c. Morning dresses, entirely made of the same material, will also be worn; they are generally made quite high, and fastened with mother-o'-pearl buttons; the *basques* and sleeves embroidered, and an embroidery *en tablier* up the front of the skirt.

In *demi toilette* a charming novelty is being introduced; the *fichu à la Charlotte Corday*, in clear muslin, crossed on the bosom and tied behind; it is worn with a *corsage décolleté* and *froncé*, but with long sleeves; nothing can be more elegant or becoming than this fashion, as it gives fulness and roundness to the upper part of the bust, and *par consequence*, diminishes the waist.

Some beautiful wreaths, made for the late official balls and *fêtes*, have appeared. One of these, the *guirlande Hortense*, consists of little clusters of pink hydrangea, with heath foliage; another, the *guirlande Hébé*, is composed of *roses pompons*, with grasses and feather foliage; and a very pretty garland is made of iris, with exotic foliage, green tipped with pink. The *guirlande Galathée* is also very simple and fresh; it is of large *paperettes*, mixed with grasses, and the foliage of meadow plants.

THE GARDEN.—JUNE.

"The Summer came with the Summer's joy

* * * * *

On came she bounding in sunshine and rain,
Dancing in music o'er mountain and plain;
Blithe was her life, led in greenwoods and bowers,
Sweet was the music she drew from the flowers,
As she hung them and swung them on bending trees,
Homes for the insects and food for the bees;
Their petals were nourish'd with sunlight and dew
Till her love was return'd in the odours they threw;
She bath'd all their lips on the fading of light,
And tenderly folded them up for the night,
And watch o'er their pillows untiring she kept,
And kisses gave all till they slumber'd and slept."

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

PLANT-HOUSES.

Conservatory.—From frequent waterings, the earth about the surface of most plants kept in pots is liable to become consolidated; and if left long in that state, much injury will follow. The constitution of the plants is much weakened; and although it may sometimes cause them to flower in a most abundant manner, it is but too often the incipient stage of premature decay. In the case, therefore, of all plants kept in pots, which it is not desirable to throw into that state, it is necessary to go over them occasionally, and stir the surface. During the time plants are making growth, after being shifted, remove some of the old top soil, and replace it with fresh composts. This will be attended with very beneficial results; and in the case of large old plants standing in pots and tubs, and probably never destined to have another shift, this kind of top-dressing should be often repeated, as it will maintain their vitality and healthy appearance much longer than would be the case if it were neglected. It is natural to suppose that each successive watering should carry with it, in its descent, a portion of the constituent parts of the soil upon which the roots feed. It follows that plants with a goodly amount of foliage will soon exhaust a given portion of soil; and hence the necessity for frequent top-dressing, to supply the deficiency. The climbers in the Conservatory will now be growing fast, and should be kept carefully, but not too formally, trained out. *Kennedias* will soon be past flowering, and had better be well pruned in. Dress the roots with a little fresh compost, to assist the future growth. Give the permanent plants in this structure as much room as possible through the summer, to enable them to form a healthy growth. Such things as *Oranges*, *Rhododendrons*, and *Camellias* must be often well syringed, to wash off impurities arising from dust and insects. Let them have a dose of liquid manure at intervals, and keep all the vacant parts of the house well saturated with water at least twice a-day in bright weather. Shading must also be applied to plants in bloom.

Orchid House.—Most of these plants are now in a very active state of growth, and will require a corresponding degree of attention to keep up the heat to the maximum. Suspended baskets must not entirely be left to depend on syringing and the necessary moist atmosphere, but should be taken down at least once a week, and dipped in water of the same temperature as the house. Ply the syringe well and frequently, and neglect no means of keeping a moist atmosphere.

Dendrobiums, and others of the hardier sorts, may be removed for a short time to a sheltered part of the conservatory if required; but if not, let them be placed at the coolest end of the house, and where more air can be afforded them: this will preserve them longer in bloom. Watering at the roots must be constantly attended to; but in the case of plants with bulbs approaching maturity the quantity must be gradually lessened. Shading must be applied every day in bright sunshine.

Stove.—Here, too, the greatest activity of growth is going on, which must be assisted by a liberal application of root and air moisture. Keep the heat up to 60 degs. by night, and from 70 to 75 degs. by day, with a liberal admission of air. *Gardenias* in flower should be placed in the conservatory for a time. Growing plants of *Gloxinias* and *Geaneras* should be shifted as they require it. Attend to the potting off of seedlings of these plants. Apply support to such of the *Achimenes* as require it. Some of the stronger-growing sorts should be stopped, to induce a more bushy habit. Attend to the training of *Stephanotis* and other stove climbers; this should be done often, as they are liable to become entangled. Stove *Passifloras*, *Ipomæas*, and other strong and rapid-growing climbing plants should have some of the shoots removed occasionally. Continue the training out of specimen *Ixoras*, and encourage young plants in a brisk bottom-heat in a dung bed. Attend to the growth of spring-struck cuttings for autumn and winter blooming.

FORCING HOUSES.

Vineries.—The latest crops should have the assistance of a little fire-heat, which is quite as important to the perfection of the fruit bunches, and to assist them in setting, as it is in the autumn. For the ripening of the wood, the day temperature may generally be left to solar influences; but a little fire made up between five and six o'clock at night, and also in the morning, will answer every useful purpose. Let the mean night temperature range about 55 degs.

Peach House.—Trees now ripening the fruit should have no water applied to the roots after ripening commences. The young wood must be kept well tied-in, so as to expose the fruit to sun-light. The main crops will be about stoning: be cautious in the use of fire-heat and water, but when the swelling-off after stoning commences let them have a good supply to assist the swelling; and that, unless under very peculiar circumstances, will serve until the fruit is gathered. If any part of the border is at all contiguous

to the heating apparatus, and thereby liable to become unnaturally dry, it would of course form an exception to this rule with regard to watering at the roots.

Cherries in pots which have done bearing should be placed under a temporary protection for a time, and afterwards the pots plunged in the open quarters. Attend well to the permanent plants in this house by fumigation and frequent syringing, to keep down insects. Fire-heat had better be discontinued when the fruit is gathered, as the maturation of the wood may now be safely left to solar influences. Air freely night and day, but especially in warm bright weather.

Figs.—These will require a plentiful supply of water, and sometimes liquid manure, to assist the swelling of the fruit: beware, however, of too much when fruit is ripening, or the flavour will not be good. Keep the trees rather thin of wood, and persevere in stopping the young shoots. Fire-heat must be regulated by external circumstances: the plants will not require much in ordinarily fine weather; the mean night temperature, however, should not be far from 60°.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Showery weather has now brought out the slugs in great abundance, and, in consequence, advancing patches of annuals, and other choice plants liable to their depredations, will require to be often dressed. I use for this purpose dried powdered peat charcoal, which also proves a very excellent fertilizer. If it is

not at hand, soot and ashes must be substituted. Roses will now require particular attention, as they must not only be frequently well syringed for the destruction of the green fly (for which purpose clear lime water is the best), but must also be often gone over with the hand, to pick off, or otherwise destroy, the rose weevil, which appears to be unusually abundant this season. Let them have frequent supplies of strong liquid manure, and thin out the shoots where they have "broken" too plentifully. The hardiest sorts of bedding plants may now be safely planted out. Let them have a good soaking with water previous to turning out of the pots; and if any of the Verbenas have grown long, and are liable to be blown about by the wind, they should be pegged down at once.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

The first crops of Celery must now be got in immediately. Take care to keep the plants well supplied with liquid manure as soon as growth commences. Liquid manure must also be liberally given to Early Cauliflowers, of which take care to plant out a good supply of spring-grown plants for succession. Make another sowing of French Beans, and also Scarlet Runners, for a late crop. The ground intended for Broccoli may be sown with Peas at six feet apart: take care that it is well manured, and do not sow the Peas too thickly. Sow also Broad Beans. Transplant Bath Cos Lettuce, and make successional sowings. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REPOSITORY FOR THE SALE OF LADIES' FANCY WORK.—We have frequently been asked if there is any institution where ladies might deposit for sale their own productions, whether fancy-work, drawings, &c., and thus avoid the trouble and mortification of applying to shops. We are happy at length to be able to answer this inquiry in the affirmative. A Miss Taylor, who resides at No. 19, Upper Seymour-street, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, has most kindly and generously opened her drawing-rooms for the reception and sale of ladies' fancy-works. Each depositor fixes her own price on her articles, and is thus insured an adequate remuneration for her productions. An opportunity is also afforded to those who desire pupils to deposit specimens of the art they teach. This institution has only been established since June of last year; but already boasts of the patronage of the Duchess of Northumberland and of other ladies of distinction, and is becoming a place of increasing resort of those who desire to promote the objects in view. We need scarcely add that our best wishes attend Miss Taylor's benevolent undertaking.

EMILY.—Will find a Honiton collar in crochet in the "Ladies' Companion" for October, 1850, or the "New Monthly Belle Assemblée" for February, 1851.

BLANCHE.—We will not fail, next month, to give a specimen of the lace that our correspondent requires. We are sometimes compelled, by the size of our pages, to diminish designs; but every pattern that appears in this magazine can be obtained the full size, with materials for working it, of Mrs. Pullan, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

FINETTA may make her choice of the following *Cements for rock-work.*—1. Portland cement

mixed with sharp grit, such as is washed down in heavy rains from the hills; light colour. Proportions: two of sand and one of cement.—2. Roman cement mixed with sharp grit. Proportions: one and one. Colour: dark brown.—3. Roman mortar.—Take common lime, slack and run through a sieve into a hole in the garden; next day cover with earth, a foot or more; leave it for three months, then take out what is required, and cover over the remainder. It will last for years.—The stones should be soaked in water and thoroughly cleaned; and the work is better if done in the cool of the evening in summer, and about ten or so in the morning in winter, or in a dull showery day. Great care should be taken to keep the cements from the air.

ACCEPTED.—Liolett.

CLAUDIA.—Riding-habits are usually made of invisible green or dark blue cloth, very full in the skirt, and made with a deep jacket. The hat is black, rather broad in the brim, with a hemispherical crown and a feather.

A SUPPER FROM DENTAL QUACKERY, AN OLD LADY, A SUBSCRIBER, &c., &c.—In reply to these correspondents, we may mention that the address of Mr. Stokes, the eminent inventor of the new plan of fixing teeth, reviewed in our last number, is 65, Brook-street, Hanover-square. We do not know what his charges are, but believe they are moderate.

HORATIA and Others.—Mrs. Pullan (Alguillette) is at home every Wednesday from twelve to four, at her residence, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park, for the purpose of gratuitously instructing any ladies who may be desirous of working her patterns, except those in Point Lace, which she continues to teach on her usual terms. To prevent mistakes, she wishes to observe that her house is *not* a shop.



*Always Sincerely Yours
Julia A. Maynard*

THE
LADIES' COMPANION,
AND
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

JULY, 1852.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The claims of this lady to literary distinction were based on her letters published long after her death, and on a slight production entitled "Deux Chapitres dans le genre du Voyage Sentimental de Sterne," of some merit, also published since her decease. She, however, filled so marked a place in the literary society of her time was so much esteemed and beloved by many of the most remarkable women and men among her contemporaries, and her salon was so constantly frequented by them, as well as by foreigners of distinction, that a notice of her will not be misplaced among those of the women of her time.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was born at Lyons, in the year 1732, under circumstances so peculiar and unfortunate, as to have laid the foundation of the unhappiness that pursued her through life, and ultimately caused her death. The illegitimate daughter of a married woman, with a legal claim to the protection, and to a child's portion, of the fortune of the husband of her mother, she was disavowed by him, and exiled from his house. She was brought up in a convent in one of the provinces, where her subsistence was defrayed by her mother, who, when dying several years after, secured her a scanty provision*—all, however, that was in her power to leave. Possessed of talents that afterwards won her friends, and acquired her a certain degree of celebrity, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse learnt with remarkable facility whatever was taught her; but, unhappily for herself, an extreme sensibility, over which her reason never obtained a due control, sadly embittered her youth, and ceased not to exert an unhealthy influence over her through her life. Madame d'Albon, her mother, had another daughter, who married the Marquis de Vichy, the brother of the Marquise du Deffand; and to this half-sister's house Mademoiselle de Lespinasse removed, when, after her mother's death, she left her convent. Aware of the near relationship between them, but without feeling any of the affection it was calculated to excite, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was treated not as a sister, but as a governess, by the Marquis and Marquise de Vichy, who gladly availed themselves of her talents and in-

struction for the education of their children, without making any attempt to sweeten the bitter bread of dependence they bestowed on their unhappy young relative. Conscious that having been born in wedlock, she might at any time contest her rights, and so deprive them of a portion of the fortune derived from Mons. d'Albon, as also draw censure on the memory of her departed mother, they were anxious to retain her beneath their roof, and yet endeavoured not to render her sojourn with them less painful and humiliating. Such an existence, added to the bitter feelings which the knowledge of her own position excited in the breast of this unhappy young woman, increased her natural sensibility to a state of morbidness, that laid the foundation not only of present chagrin, but of future misery. Such was the position of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, when in 1752 the Marquise du Deffand arrived at Champrond, the seat of her brother, and soon took a lively interest in her. Previous to this event, the young lady, then in her twentieth year, had determined on leaving her sister, and on taking up her abode in a convent at Lyons, trusting wholly for support to the miserable pittance secured her by her mother. The Marquise du Deffand was requested by her brother and his wife to urge Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to abandon her project, and to continue with them, and used every argument in her power to persuade her—but in vain; and in the autumn she left Champrond for ever, and established herself at Lyons, to the great dissatisfaction of the Marquis and Marquise de Vichy, who feared that, once away from their control, she might be tempted to avow her birth and claim its privileges, and who also felt the loss of her tuition for their children.

The growing infirmity of Madame du Deffand's sight suggested to that lady the notion of securing for herself a companion with so cultivated a mind, and such agreeable manners as Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. She felt that the total blindness which soon followed was fast approaching, and determined to offer a home, and a stipend of four hundred livres a-year, to her new *protégée*. Before making this proposal, however, she entered into a correspondence with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the result of which was, a confirmation of the agreeable impression

* About 12*l.* a-year.

she had formed of her; and when, six months after, the Marquise left Champrond, and passed some days at Lyons, she communicated her plan to the young lady, who received the offer with pleasure and gratitude. Not such were the sentiments of the Marquis and Marquise de Vichy, when informed of this measure. They resented it as an injury inflicted on themselves; but as neither Madame du Deffand nor the young lady was disposed to be influenced by their anger, it made no difference in their plan; and in May, 1754, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse arrived at Paris, and took up her abode with the Marquise, in the convent of St. Joseph, in the Rue St. Dominique. The change from the seclusion of a conventual life at Lyons to the brilliant and intellectual society which assembled around Madame du Deffand, must have been very gratifying to her youthful friend; for nothing of monastic restraint attached to the portion of the establishment in which the Marquise du Deffand had fixed her abode. A separate entrance, and a complete separation between the part of the building occupied by the nuns, and that appropriated to the Marquise, gave to the latter as much freedom as could be enjoyed in any other house. Previous, however, to the arrival of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse at Paris, Madame du Deffand wrote her a letter, very characteristic of her, and which, though calculated to prevent any future misunderstanding with regard to the position of the young lady, it must be owned was by no means such a one as could satisfy a sensitive heart like that of the poor girl to whom it was addressed.

"I am* very glad, my queen," wrote the Marquise, "that you are content with my letters, and the part you have taken to induce M. D'Albon to a clear explanation. I am not, however, of your opinion as to the probable success that may be expected. I think he will decide on assuring you a pension; for if he does not, all the world will throw stones at him. I thus see that my projects are more distant from being realized; but in case he refuses, you will gain a perfect liberty to follow your own desires, and I hope that you have still the desire to live with me. But you must, my queen, well examine your own mind, and be quite sure that you will not repent. You wrote to me, in your last letter, the most flattering and tender things; but do you recollect that only two or three months ago you thought differently, and that you confessed to me that you were frightened at the *ennui* you foresaw, and that however you might accustom yourself to it, it would become more insupportable in the midst of the great world, than you found it in your solitude; that you might then perhaps fall into a state of discouragement, that by rendering you unbearable would inspire me with disgust and repentance? These were your expressions; and it was, as now appears, this fault that you wish me to pardon and forget. But, my queen, it is not a fault to speak one's thought, and to explain one's disposition; it is, on the contrary, the best thing one can do; therefore, far from reproaching you, I assure you that I am pleased by

your sincerity; and although it might make me abandon my *project*, I should not love you less tenderly. I repeat the same thing to you at present; reflect on the part you are to adopt. I have already told you the life you are to lead with me: I will now repeat it again, in order that you may not be in the least error. I will not announce your arrival to any one. I will tell those who see you, that you are a young lady from my country, who wishing to enter a convent, I offered a lodging to until you have found one to suit you. I will treat you not only with politeness, but even with respect before the world, to accustom society to the consideration that it ought to have for you. I shall confide my real intentions to only a few of my friends; and after three, four, or five months, we shall both know whether we agree together, and then we can conduct ourselves with less reserve. I will never manifest at any time a desire to introduce you. I wish you to be sought; and if you knew me well, you would not be at all uneasy about the manner in which I would satisfy your self-respect. But you must on this point refer to the knowledge of the world which I possess. If people believed at first that you were established with me, they would not know (even if I were a much greater lady) in what manner they should treat you. One portion of society would probably believe you to be my daughter, the other my toady, and would make impertinent comments. It is therefore necessary that your merits and your attractions should be known before anything else, which, aided by my attentions, and those of my friends, will soon be; but you must prepare yourself to support with patience the *ennui* of the first days. There is another point on which I must be explicit with you; it is, that the least artifice, even the very slightest art that you might use in your conduct with me, would be insupportable to me. I am naturally suspicious, and all those whom I believe to possess *finesse* become objects of suspicion to me, to such a degree that I can never more have any confidence in them. I have two intimate friends, Formont and D'Alembert; I love them passionately, less for their agreeability, and for their friendship for me, than for their perfect truth. I could add Devreux* (because real merit renders all equal); and that for this reason I attach more value to her than to all the sovereigns in the universe. You must therefore, my queen, determine to live with me on terms of the greatest truth and sincerity; never to use any insinuation nor exaggeration; in one word, never to lose sight nor to lose one of the greatest attractions of youth, which is simplicity. You have a good deal of wit, and of sprightliness: you are capable of sentiment. With these qualities you will be charming, as long as you abandon yourself to your natural character, and that you remain without protection or disguise. I do not in the least doubt your disinterestedness, and this is an additional reason for me to do all that is in my power for you. When you have seen M. D. you will inform me of the result of your conversation; until I know it, I have nothing more to say. Devreux has shown me the letters you wrote to her; she is full of friendship, but the quantity of mademoiselles you put in your letter somewhat cancels it. You will think me very *épiloqueuse*, but I swear to you that I am not so on any point except on that which touches sincerity; but on that article I am without pity. Adieu, my queen; you may show this letter

* Letters of the Marquise du Deffand, vol. i., page 82.

* Her maid.

to our friend,* I conceal nothing that I think from him."

There is a *brusquerie*, if not a hardness, in many of the passages in the letter we have cited, that could not have been otherwise than painful to so sensitive a person as she to whom it was addressed. In extenuation of this hardness, it is due to Madame du Deffand to add, that it probably originated in a desire on her part, that an implicit understanding or engagement should exist between her and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, that the latter should not take advantage of any acquaintance or friendship which she might form under the roof of her protectress, to urge her claim on the family of D'Albon, and by so doing expose Madame du Deffand to the animadversions of her brother and his wife, whose interests such a step would compromise, and who had, from the moment that Madame du Deffand had proposed taking her as a companion, anticipated that such would be the result.

The first years of their living together the presence of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse certainly contributed very much to the happiness of Madame du Deffand, whose total blindness rendered such a companionship not only most agreeable, but positively necessary. Letters exist to prove the mutual satisfaction of the parties on this point. It, however, occurred that as Mademoiselle de Lespinasse progressed in attracting the friendship of those who frequented the salon of her protectress, some jealousy and suspicion awoke in the breast of the latter. With more candour, Madame du Deffand might easily have imagined that there was nothing more likely and natural than that a young woman, with a very prepossessing appearance, considerable talents, a cultivated mind, and engaging manners, should win the regard of clever persons accustomed to spend some hours of almost every evening in her society, without her exercising any artifice to captivate their good will. The knowledge of the selfishness and exacting disposition of Madame du Deffand possessed by her friends, and the witnessing the patient endurance of it by the poor and dependant girl, must have increased the interest excited in her favour by adding pity to esteem. But this, natural as it was, her protectress could not comprehend; and when, after a residence of eleven years together, she discovered that her friends came an hour before she expected them in the evening, and devoted that hour (while she was performing the duties of her toilette) to the society of her *protégée*, her anger knew no bounds, and she accused her of artifice, dissimulation, and ingratitude, in terms of such violent reproach as drove Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to leave the Convent of St. Joseph, and seek a home elsewhere.

The only error on the part of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the receiving these stolen visits; which, though guiltless in themselves, she was aware would excite the indignation of

Madame du Deffand. On this step, and its result, turned the fate of this poor girl, while it embittered the life of her whose anger had occasioned it. Many—if not all—the friends of Madame du Deffand blamed her for the rupture, and adhered to the side of the person they considered to be aggrieved. The Duchesse de Luxembourg* presented her with the furniture of her new lodging in the Rue de Belle-Chasse; and her friends, through their influence with the Duc de Choiseul,† the minister, obtained for her a pension from the king, which placed her, if not in affluence, at least beyond want. Even the president, Hénault, one of the oldest and most attached friends of Madame du Deffand, declared in favour of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and, it was asserted, offered her his hand in this emergency; and so warmly did D'Alembert espouse her cause, that Madame du Deffand never saw him more, he having rejected the alternative proposed to him by her, of resigning all acquaintance with her enemy—as she termed Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—or with her.‡

The rupture between her and her *protégée*, which Madame du Deffand believed would deprive the latter of all her friends, was on the contrary the cause of drawing them more closely around her; and her society became so much sought after, that her circle soon rivalled that of her late protectress. Whatever might have been the nature of the sentiments of D'Alembert towards Mademoiselle de Lespinasse previous to her separation from Madame du Deffand, an event which occurred some time after greatly increased their tenderness. This event was his being attacked by a putrid fever, of so malignant a character as to alarm all his friends, not only for his safety, but their own. Change of air was commanded for him as the first and most essential remedy; and when removed to the hotel offered him by one of his friends, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, careless of what the world might say or think of such a measure—a measure requiring no less physical than moral courage—established herself by his pillow as his sick-nurse, and watched by him, night and day, until he was pronounced out of danger.

Gratitude now ripened friendship into love, in the breast of D'Alembert. He felt that the life which he believed she had saved ought to be henceforth devoted to her, and he engaged a lodging beneath the same roof. This step, though a very unusual one in Paris, where *les convenances* was much more respected than morality, drew no censure on the lady. Even the least indulgent of their friends respected this friendship, and the honour of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse escaped unscathed. Not so did the heart of D'Alembert. He became so deeply in love with his fair neighbour as to desire nothing on earth so ardently as to be her husband; while she, though entertaining for him the sincerest friendship, was by no means disposed to

* The Cardinal de Toniau, then at Lyons, where Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was residing, and who took an interest in her.

* "Œuvres Posthumes de Marmontel," tome ii., page 209.

† Idem.

‡ Idem.

change that sentiment for one of a more tender nature.

Inspired with a confidence in her own attractions by the distinguished circle which she saw that they drew around her, she entertained the notion that she might captivate some person in an elevated sphere in life, and by a marriage with him, attain the position she believed herself worthy of.* The first individual on whom she made an impression sufficiently deep and durable to hold out a hope of the realization of this ambitious project was the Marquis de Mora,† a Spaniard, of high birth, large fortune, and many years her junior. Unfortunately for both, the family of the Marquis no sooner discovered his passion for her than they recalled him to Spain, and such was the effect of the separation on the lovers that the peace of the lady and the health of the gentleman were destroyed.

It was during this trial that the extent and disinterestedness of D'Alembert's unrequited affection for her was manifested. He sought in person the letters of De Mora at the post, that she might receive them on awaking in the morning, and to gratify her by restoring her lover to France. The poor young man's family consented to the measure, and he was immediately removed from Spain; but he unhappily died on the road to France, leaving the object of his passion so overwhelmed by grief that her health and spirits never wholly recovered the shock. D'Alembert's attentions to her were unabated during the grief that rendered her insensible of or ungrateful for them. Her all-engrossing passion for another had never diminished his for her; although the daily witnessing the proofs of it must have inflicted great pain on him.

Perhaps D'Alembert had hoped ("for love will hope where reason would despair") that time might soften the regret of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse for the Marquis de Mora, and render her sensible of his own devotion to her. But even this hope was doomed to be defeated, for although time did sufficiently mitigate her sorrow to enable her to love another, that other was not D'Alembert; and he had the mortification to behold her plunged into a new passion, that promised her no less chagrin than the former. The Count de Guibert‡ was the object of this

* Marmontel's assertion on this point—see his "*Œuvres Posthumes*," tome ii., page 301—is contradicted by the Abbé Morellet, who says, "I must deny the imputation made by Marmontel against Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. He attributes to her an ambitious hope of seducing some one of her most distinguished friends to marry her. I believe that he was wholly deceived on this point. I do not think that there ever entered into the head of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse a project of this kind. She was always drawn on by a sentiment that had no other object than itself."—"Notes et Pièces Justificatives de *Memoirs de l'Abbé Morellet*," tome ii., page 275.

† Son of the Count de Fuentès, Ambassador from Spain.

‡ Jacques-Antoine-Hippolyte, Comte de Guibert, son of a General of that name, was born at Montauban, on the 12th of November, 1743. He dis-

tinguished himself while yet little more than a boy by his bravery in the field, and by the talent displayed in his observations on the manoeuvres of the troops with which he served. His conduct in the campaign of Corsica was rewarded by the cross of St. Louis, and his appointment to the rank of colonel of the Corsican Legion. In 1773 he published his "*Essai général de Tactique*," which obtained him a pressing invitation from Frederick the Great of Prussia, with whom he remained two years, when he was recalled to France, and filled various posts much to the service of his country and his own credit. He died on the 6th of May, 1790.

Great grief softens the heart; and as it is the nature of poor frail mortals, if not to seek consolation, at least to turn to it when it is offered, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, when thrown into the society of the Count de Guibert, and receiving from him those attentions which a clever man is prone to pay to a very highly-gifted and interesting woman, allowed her feelings to be more deeply engaged than she was at first aware, or than perhaps he who excited them wished them to be.* While De Guibert remained near her, the pleasure which his presence afforded her was often poisoned by the remorse she experienced at finding that another could awaken in her breast sentiments which she believed were for ever extinguished by the death of the Marquis de Mora, whose passion for her had led to this fatal event. But when, in 1773, he was called to Prussia by Frederick the Great, who wished to mark his esteem for a work lately published by the Count, entitled, "*Essai général de Tactique*," Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, no longer soothed by his society, abandoned herself to the mingled feelings of self-reproach for having yielded to a second attachment, and despair for the absence of its object. Her letters to him during the two years that he remained in Prussia cannot be penned without exciting the pity of the reader, and conveying the impression that the intensity of the passion expressed in them would inevitably lead to two results—that of fatiguing him to whom she wrote, and of abridging her own life. It does not appear that the Count de Guibert had ever entertained for her any sentiment warmer than admiration for her talents, and gratitude for her affection for him. These might have induced him to take a lively interest in her, which she perhaps at the commencement of their intimacy mistook for love, and which he had not the moral courage to undeceive her in; but his absence and his letters revealed to her the fact. On comparing these last with those of the Marquis de Mora, she became aware of the truth, and her letters were filled with complaints of the tortures she endured, mental and bodily;

tinguished himself while yet little more than a boy by his bravery in the field, and by the talent displayed in his observations on the manoeuvres of the troops with which he served. His conduct in the campaign of Corsica was rewarded by the cross of St. Louis, and his appointment to the rank of colonel of the Corsican Legion. In 1773 he published his "*Essai général de Tactique*," which obtained him a pressing invitation from Frederick the Great of Prussia, with whom he remained two years, when he was recalled to France, and filled various posts much to the service of his country and his own credit. He died on the 6th of May, 1790.

* Mademoiselle de Lespinasse being eleven years his senior renders this supposition probable.

the second greatly aggravated by her passionate indulgence of the first.

In one of her letters to Guibert, in answer to one from him, which it is evident had pained her, she writes :—"My God! and I could see you—could listen to you—could write to you again! Oh! how much one must have fallen, when one can bear the first remorse! Yes, I require to repeat to myself incessantly: I was beloved by M. de M. ;† that is to say, by the most elevated, the firmest soul—by the most perfect creature that ever lived. This thought supports my soul, reanimates my heart, and restores me enough pride to enable me to resist being destroyed!"

In another letter, when less dissatisfied with her lover, she writes: †—

"My friend! with these words you create in me a new soul; you fill it with an interest so lively, a sentiment so tender and profound, that I lose the faculty of remembering the past, or of anticipating the future. Yes, my friend, I live wholly in you: I exist because I love you; and this is so true, that it appears to me impossible not to die if I lost the hope of seeing you. The happiness of having seen you, the desire, the expectation of seeing you, helps me to sustain myself against my misery. Alas! what should I become if, instead of hope, I should only have the regret of not seeing you again? My friend, with you I could not die; without you I could not, would not live. Ah! if you knew what I suffer, how my heart is torn when I am abandoned to myself, when your presence or your thoughts no longer sustain me! Ah, it is then that the recollection of M. de M. § becomes so active, so penetrating, that my life and my sentiment inspire me with horror. I abhor the errors of the passion which caused me to disseminate such care and fear in a soul so sensitive, and that was so devoted to me.

"My friend, can you conceive to what a degree I love you? You withdrew me from the regret and remorse which tears my heart. Alas! they were sufficient to free me from a life that I detested: you only, and my grief, are all that remain to me in this world. I no longer have any interest, any ties, any friends: I do not require any. To love you, to see you, or to cease to live, are the last, the sole desire of my soul. Yours does not respond, I know; and I do not complain. By a strange sentiment which I feel, but am not able to explain to you, I am far from wishing to find in you all that I have lost. It would be too much. What creature has ever felt more than I have, all the value of life? Is it not enough to have blessed, to have cherished existence once? How many thousands have passed from earth without having cause to thank it! Oh, how well was I loved! A soul of fire, full of energy, that had judged everything, appreciated all; and that tired of, and disgusted with all, had abandoned itself to the want, to the pleasure of loving. Many years had flown by, filled with the charm and the pain inseparable from a passion as strong as profound, when you came to pour poison into my heart, to destroy my soul by care and remorse. My God! what have you not made me suffer? You tore me

from my former sentiment; yet I saw that you did not devote yourself to me. Can you comprehend the horror of such a situation? How can one live in the midst of so many evils? how still find enough softness to say, My friend, I love you, and with such truth and tenderness that it is not possible that your soul can remain cold when listening to me?—Adieu."*

The whole three volumes of the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse are filled with similar complaints and reflections, and continued to be so until the last. Little did her associates imagine that the witty, the clever person who, although in such delicate health as to alarm her friends, lent a peculiar charm to the circles she frequented, as well as to her own, by the good sense and intelligence that marked her conversation, was the wretched victim to an unrequited passion, that certainly tended to abridge her life by empoisoning it. D'Alembert alone was in the secret, and he suffered nearly as much in witnessing her unhappiness as she did in enduring it. His kindness, his patience were inexhaustible; and although often wounded to the soul by her indifference to his sufferings, nay, more, by her evident dislike to his presence, he never uttered a word of reproach. That he was well aware of the change in her friendship, there can be no doubt; and she herself admits the change; for, in a letter to the Count de Guibert, she writes:—"If I did not fear to appear ungrateful, I would tell you that I should see with a sort of pleasure M. d'Alembert leave me. His presence oppresses my soul: he makes me dissatisfied with myself; for I feel that I am unworthy of his friendship and of his virtues." In another of her letters she writes:—"I was in a fit of despair this morning: M. d'Alembert was greatly alarmed, and I had sufficient presence of mind to calm him. His deep interest tears my heart: he softened my soul, and made me melt into tears. I could not speak to him; but in my absence of mind he tells me I twice repeated, 'I die! go away!' These words upset him: he wept; he wished to go for my friends, and said, 'How unhappy I am that M. de Guibert is not here! He only could assuage your sufferings. Since his departure you have abandoned yourself to your unhappiness.' Oh, my friend, your name restored me to reason. I felt that I ought to be calm in order to bring back peace and life to this excellent man. I made an effort: I told him that an attack of the nerves had been added to my habitual pain: in truth, I had an arm and hand contracted. I took a calming draught: he sent for a physician to relieve me, and I, gathering all that remains of my strength and reason, shut myself up in my chamber until the arrival of the postman."

Strong indeed must have been the affection, and great the disinterestedness, of M. d'Alembert, to have withstood for so many years such repeated trials of both, inflicted by a woman to whom he was so wholly devoted.

It has been said, that in all attachments of a

* Lettres de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; tome iii., page 68.

† Marquis de Mora.

‡ Idem; tome i., page 150.

§ Marquis de Mora.

* Idem.

tender nature, the intensity of it in one of the parties is apt to weaken, if not to extinguish, the affection of the other : and we believe the assertion not to be unfounded. A perusal of the passionate letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to the Count de Guibert must lead to the conclusion that any commiseration which they may have produced in his heart must have originated rather in pity for her ruined health, which left her unable to control her passion, than for the passion itself. Never before did a woman's pen indite such wild, incoherent effusions of ungovernable passion as these letters contain : and the want of feminine modesty and reserve, in avowing the feelings which it is evident were not reciprocated by their object, destroys all sympathy with them. One can pity the grief of the Marquis de Mora, who loved Mademoiselle de Lespinasse as fondly as she did him, who died on being forced to leave her, and who would have been her husband had he lived to reach Paris : but the wild ravings of unrequited passion, addressed by a woman in a deep decline to a man who wished not to become her husband, inspire more pain than sympathy. The return of the Count de Guibert, after an absence of two years in Prussia, did not tend to restore the ruined peace and shattered health of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Her letters to him—and they were diurnal—continued to be filled with complaints of his temporary, though brief absences, and the miseries they occasioned ; until her weak frame, exhausted by the violence of her emotions, sank under them, and in 1776 she expired, deeply regretted by her friends, and deplored by D'Alembert with a grief as enduring as it was deep.

Marmontel relates, that when, one day, a long time after her death, D'Alembert was lamenting the loss he had sustained, and the mournful solitude into which it had plunged him, he ventured to remind him of the change in her manner towards him, of which D'Alembert had formerly spoken to him. "Yes," replied the latter ; "*she* was changed ; but *I* was not. *She* no longer lived for *me*, but *I* lived always for *her*. Ever since she has been no more, I know not why I live. Ah ! why have I no longer to support those moments of bitterness that she so well knew how to sweeten, and make me forget ? Do you remember the happy evenings we used

to pass together ? At present what remains to me ? When I enter my home, instead of her, I find only her shadow !"

In a prose composition, dedicated to the manes of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, on the 22nd of the July which followed her death, the grief of D'Alembert is expressed with a warmth that proves its sincerity. And in another, written on her tomb, on the 3rd of September of the same year, his sorrow is no less vividly painted. These productions were not written to meet the public eye, but were the spontaneous effusions of a heart filled with love and grief. They were not printed until they appeared in D'Alembert's posthumous works.

A similarity in their destinies may have first drawn these two remarkable persons towards each other, by exciting a mutual sympathy, which, though it never ripened into a warmer sentiment than friendship in the heart of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, created an affection in that of D'Alembert as remarkable for its devotion and disinterestedness as for its duration. However regardless of appearances both proved themselves to be, no stain of guilt ever sullied the attachment, nor did even an accusation of it proceed from the enemies of either ; while the friends most intimate with both were well convinced of its purity. Nor did the love entertained by Mademoiselle de Lespinasse for the Marquis de Mora, and subsequently for the Count de Guibert, passionate as it was in both instances, ever lead her to dishonour. The first was an honourable suitor for her hand ; and the second was the admirer of her mind, but not of her person. It is gratifying to know, that *one* at least of the remarkable women of her time was free from the frailty that stained so many : and when the natural disposition of the lady is taken into consideration, and the toleration accorded to those of her sex who were less scrupulous is reflected on, the greater is the satisfaction felt that one who was described, by a writer who knew her well, as possessing the liveliest head, the most ardent soul, and the most inflammable imagination that ever lived since Sappho, should, though unable to control her passions, have escaped the guilt that threw so dark a cloud over the lives of so many of her female contemporaries.

THE FAIRY COURTIER.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

I'm a merry little fairy, full of frolic, full of glee,
There's none in all Titania's land but envies little me.

I lounge on roses all day long ; but soon as shadows fall

I'm captain of a merry band, and merriest of all :
I'm a merry little fairy, full of frolic, full of glee ;
There's none in all Titania's land but envies little me.

Ha ! the Bee is hurrying homeward. Silly, silly little Bee !

I know, for all his honey there he envies little me—

He knows the busy life he leads unfit for better things—

Pray, if life's to be all labour, tell me where's the use of wings ?

Go to business ! go to business ! silly, silly little Bee—
Go to business, go to business—don't you envy little me ?

There's the Butterfly (a coxcomb !) passes by me every day,

Just fit to be the thing he is—pert, pretty, proud, and gay—

Without wit to follow mischief, without wisdom to be wise ;

Really, really now, that Butterfly I heartily despise.

You're a coxcomb, Mr. Butterfly, as every one
may see—
Yes, a coxcomb—yes, a coxcomb! Don't you envy
little me?
But, by Oberon! my message, little Ariel to invite
To the dance around the Fairy ring beneath the
moon to-night.
So long the shadow on the grass! I'm ruined if
I stay—
By oak of Herne I've wasted more than half a
summer day:
I'm an idle little fairy—shame the Butterfly and
Bee!
I'm away to little Ariel's dell. Now don't you
envy me?

CLOUDLAND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

How dazzling, how fair is the scene I survey!
The Cloudland is peopled with objects to-day:
Yon rose-covered cottage, how lovely a home!
Anon, the white waves overpread it with foam;—
A wedding procession, methinks, I can trace:
An army of soldiers succeeds in its place;
They pass in continued and varying crowds;
How stirring a pageant appears in the clouds!

Harsh cynic, you smile at the showers that descend,
And bring my gay visions at once to an end;
But have not *your* hopes to destruction been hurled?
Oh, have you not mixed in the mart of the world,
And striven the glittering shadows to claim
Of Wealth and of Honour, of Love and of Fame?
Now, dark disappointment your pathway enshrouds,
Your prospects have vanished—like mine—in the
clouds!

You "ring Fancy's knell," and lament you in vain,
I look for my cherished illusions again;
You talk of deception, of wrong, and of guile,
I gaze on the wreck of the past with a smile;
Since phantoms of beauty soon fade from the view,
I hold him most wise who *believes* them untrue,
Who seeks for the Real in life's active crowds,
And counts the Ideal—alone in the clouds!

HOPE ON!

Hope on! the soul is lovelier than the form,
And Fancy's dreams are brightest unfulfilled;
Flowers on a tomb, or fallen fruitage warm
With deepening blushes ere Decay hath filled
Its nectared pores, are like our hopes that hide
The sad sepulchral gloom enthroned beside!

Hope on! 'tis vain past memories to lament,
Or dress the future in a mournful pall;
Look not through clouds above for its descent
With stern and frowning brow and thunder's call,
In the low depths of thine own heart it lies,
And thence with shining plumage soon may rise.

Hope on! and let the stream of Fancy make
Its path of melody through thy sad heart,
'Twill cheer the solitude, and gently wake
The silver chimes of music that shall start
From forth their crystal springs, like some sweet
strain
Heard long ago, now murmured forth again.

Hope on! for Hope is like a garden fair
Set in Life's wilderness; a fragrance sweet
Floating through gloom; 'tis like the dews that bear
Coolness to parching flowers, or winds that beat
The air with unseen wings, come forth to fling
O'er dreary Earth the incense of the Spring!

Hope on! and forthwith on thy spirit build
The halls of Gladness lit with sparkling smiles;
What though it melt to nought, and all be filled
With Darkness yet again; are Ocean's isles
Less lovely for the setting of the Sun?—
'Twill soon return to bless; then still Hope on!
PERCIE.

THE LILY.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Hail! Flower so stately, fair and bright,
That sheddest from thy petals white
On our parterre such beams of light,
White Lily!

Emblem of purity and truth,
Thy snowy charms are fit, in sooth,
To deck the brow of Christian youth,
Fair Lily!

Thy upright bearing, stately crest,
And golden eye to Heaven addressed,
A native dignity attest,
Proud Lily!

Grateful thine odour on the air,
Like incense of the good man's prayer,
Which angels upward love to bear,
Sweet Lily!

By One all purity 'twas said,
That Solomon, with all the aid
Of pomp, was not like thee arrayed,
Gay Lily!

Gladly thy graceful form I greet
Upon my album's opening sheet,
Of its contents a presage meet,
Pure Lily!

For all the charms to thee assigned,
On my fair page I hope to find—
Truth, sweetness, purity, combined,
Dear Lily!

VATICINIUM.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The Poet and the Prophet are as one
To scan the coming future: at a glance
His mind forecasts what shortly shall be done:
For, the quick spirit, running in advance
Of creeping Fact and halting Circumstance,
With God's own Mind is tuned in unison;
And so, to Truth, by more than guess or chance,
Vibrates intuitive:—he sees, he knows
What all-evolving Time shall soon disclose,—
Fierce armies, full of hate and arrogance,
Poured on fair England by converging streams,
And, roused at length (too late for vigilance!),
Our peaceful people, startled from their dreams,
Grappling for life with tiger-bands from France!
Albury, April 28.

THE DOMESTIC WAR:

A TALE OF THE LOWER RHINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED KINKEL.

BY C. F. E.

PREFACE.

As Gottfried Kinkel occupies an uncontested and eminent place in the poetical literature of Germany, we thought it mere justice to bring a short specimen of his writings before the British public, to *whom* hitherto he has been principally made known as a revolutionist and a refugee. We have selected the following tale from the "Erzählungen von Gottfried und Johanna Kinkel. Zweite unveränderte Ausgabe. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1851. Cotta'scher Verlag," not only because it displays a scenery which, in the expression of the day, is a "household word" to almost every English reader, but still more for its high moral feelings and deep knowledge of the human heart.

We have so conscientiously endeavoured to keep close to the German, and to convey the poet's peculiar touch and hue into English, that our translation, perhaps, comes rather under a philological than a merely literary point of view.

Thus we bid the little book farewell, and recommend it to the reader's indulgence.

London, 1852.

Amity nourishes, enmity impoverishes.* This is a true old saying, but many people will not believe in it.

On the Lower Rhine is situated a small village, clean and handsome, and inhabited by well-to-do people, for its fields and meadows are *abundant*, and the men are laborious and orderly. But the wealthiest farmer of all was old Andrew, whose mansion† and premises were nearest to the river, where the towing-path winds by the village; and after his death all his goods went to two sons, the elder of whom was called Kaspar, the younger Sebulon.

Kaspar had been a hale and hearty fellow from a child, and at fifteen had led a plough and handled a scythe like a grown-up man, and on coming home at night had played as good a knife and fork upon potatoes and dumplings as the best ploughman. Sebulon, on the contrary, in his childhood had got the rickets, and during

* Friede ernährt, Unfriede verzehrt.

† We are fully aware of the impropriety of this word, in as far as it might induce the reader to a comparison with an English mansion. We have chosen it merely to distinguish the old hereditary family house [das Stammhaus] from the new one that Kaspar afterwards built, and to indicate the somewhat feudal character which in several parts of Germany is still adherent to the family houses of the peasantry.

three years had taken cod-liver oil instead of ale. Even all the other diseases of children embittered his life. Though after his fourteenth year he recovered himself, yet he still had crooked tottering legs, and a barber could never earn his living by him, as his beard did not grow.* He had no taste for cattle and ploughing tools, but rather enjoyed the bench behind the stove, played with the neighbours' children, who were much younger than himself, made them little toys and playthings and dolls' dresses, and mended the broken animals of Noah's ark with waxen heads and legs. Old Andrew perceived that he would not do for the fields, and bound him as an apprentice to a tailor, where indeed he turned out an excellent handicraftsman, and got into a good connexion even before his father's death. Only the girls did not care for him, not even those for whom he had formerly made dolls' dresses; they rallied at him, and teased him by the nickname of Master Bandilegs,† on account of his crooked scissor-like understandings. Thus he lost the very courage to fall in love, and his heart clung so much the closer to his brother Kaspar, who after the country people's good old fashion had early taken a wife, who very nicely every twelvemonth gave him a child.

Now, after old Andrew was dead and gone, the brothers divided his property quite in an easy and friendly way. Kaspar took the estate, Sebulon the mansion, with the large orchard and the meadows near it. He let the ground floor to his brother, and in return his sister-in-law gave him his board. He himself took the upper floor, where he had a large pleasant room, the windows of which looked across a small green towards the Rhine and the main street of the village. Here he sat upon his board and steadily plied his needle. He had an eye to everything that happened in the neighbourhood; he talked to every waterman laying his craft alongside the village, and asked him the news of Mentz and Emmeric. Thus he led a very cheerful life, and, without being aware of it, became an old bachelor.

Twenty livelong years these two brothers had dwelt together in unity. Best of all fared Kaspar's children, who loitered all day long in their uncle's room, hung on his large window, and during twilight had dolls and mice made of rags for them. But when they were old enough to go to school, they behaved rudely to uncle Sebulon, because they heard their schoolfellows

* As he got no beard.

† In German it is Master Scissorlegs.

mock at him. At that age each in his turn proved rebellious against Sebulon, till at last he would lay hold of the offender, and kick him down stairs. So he was wont to do with all his nephews and nieces.

But on a sudden the devil laid an egg in their household.* Kaspar had now twelve children, small ones and tall ones, like organ-pipes. As he had managed his property well, and enlarged it by purchasing new grounds, he was obliged to keep more servants than before, and so the ground-floor of the paternal mansion became too narrow for his wife. So she kept talking to her husband of building a new house close to the old one, and it should be built of brick instead of clay, and should even have a painted room in it. Kaspar resisted a long while; for, instead of a new house, he thought he might as well get a dozen of cows and an acre of ground; but his wife had taken a fancy to a neat house, and not to cows. Now, my dear reader, if you want cows, and your wife wants a new house, the cows, be sure, will not be bought, but the new house, of course, must be built.

But the lot? Why, that was to be given by brother Sebulon, as to him belonged the ground about the paternal mansion. He had got splendid vegetables in the garden and fine fruits in the meadows, which twice a week he sent down by the market-boat to Rees or Cleve; and many a dollar in specie he had earned by it, and invested in mortgage. He particularly enjoyed the garden; it did him good to rise from his shopboard to do such easy garden-work as sowing, planting, inoculating, and reaping.

Kaspar, to be sure, had plenty of ground in the fields; but near the village he owned nothing, except that narrow and slight slip of land situated between the mansion and the towing-path, which, in the division of the inheritance, his wife had reserved for herself, that she might tie her clothes-lines to the trees. It was a poor and sandy soil, so suddenly sloping down to the river, that it was inundated nearly every year.

The very best place for the house would have been Sebulon's orchard, which was high and dry, commanded a pleasant view of the river, and was well fitted for the foundation and the cellars. This, indeed, had been the woman's chosen spot from the beginning, and now she spoke her mind. Her husband scratched his head on hearing it, and advised her to talk herself to brother Sebulon on this subject.

That she did at the next supper, after grace had been said, and the children hurried to their beds. She spoke of it as a matter of course, and hoped Sebulon, as became a brother, would let them have the garden on right good terms. Sebulon made no reply, but he rose from his seat, offered Kaspar his snuff-box, as he did every night; and, on Kaspar sneezing, he said,

* Der Teufel legte ein Ei in die Wirthschaft. This somewhat vulgar phrase seems to be borrowed from the cuckoo, who lays her eggs in other birds' nests, and thus brings care and mischief into their little household.

"Proficiat and good night to you all!" After which he walked up stairs into his room.

But sleep he found none. During the first hour he thought about the fine peach and apricot trees upon the walls, which, after he had planted cuttings six times in vain, now for the last three years had begun to thrive. In the next hour the ranunculuses came up before him, to which he had assigned the best and sunniest bed in his garden: they were his pride, as none of his neighbours, not even any florist of the neighbouring towns, could equal the variety of his species. After midnight he remembered the neat, well-trimmed walks, the gravel for which, nearly two hundred wheelbarrows, he himself had dragged, toiling and moiling, from the bank of the Rhine; and the nice little roundlet in the middle, inlaid with small sea-shells, ordered "extra" for the purpose from Scheveningen. When the watchman sounded one o'clock, that fine, large asparagus, which he reaped yearly from the large bed near the hedge and sent to town, went through his soul; at two o'clock the substantial cabbage-heads; at three o'clock the beautiful peas; and about the morning all these thoughts of apricots and sea-shells, cabbages and ranunculuses, peas and asparagus, were swarming and humming in confusion in his brain. All this was now to be cut down and pulled up, merely for the purpose of building there a house, which might as well be placed anywhere else. Once more in his old age he was to lay out a garden, the fruits of which he might perhaps never enjoy.

In the morning he took courage, made up his mind, and went down to dinner composed and cheerful. His sister-in-law did not look on him so kindly as usual, for she was vexed that he had not immediately consented last night. But she restrained herself, as she was of opinion that he himself would begin to talk of the subject. He, however, did not. She became impatient, and at last bluntly asked him the question:—

"Well, brother, did you take advice of your pillow last night? What do you say about the garden?"

Sebulon first said, "Send away the children, that we may talk more freely."

After they were gone, he proceeded:—"The garden, dear sister, I cannot spare; I earn so much by it, that I cannot sell it as cheap as one would like to a brother. The soil of the meadow would not do for flowers and cabbages; therefore I cannot lay out another garden, and if I could it would be too long to wait for the fruit. To you it will be all the same whether the new house is built a few yards further to the right or to the left. You may choose out of the meadow building ground for the house as well as for a large courtyard; don't stint yourself—you may take half an acre without fear. All my property will go to your children, and I don't care about it; I make you a present of half an acre."

That was spoken like a brother, and Kaspar was just raising his hand to strike the bargain and to return him thanks in cheerful mood; but his wife did not agree with it, because she

would persist in her opinion. "No," said she, "I don't like to build in such a pond; I'd rather stay in the old mansion."

"As you like," replied Sebulon, "and bless the dinner." * Thus saying, he good humouredly left the room, and went up-stairs into his workshop.

Then the woman's anger burst forth. Had Sebulon answered her in a rough manner, she might have given vent to her passion, and after a hard quarrel both might have come to an agreement. Now her husband must smart for it.

"Why," she rated him, "you are no better than you ought to be to let me talk alone. Mustn't brother think me quite a shrew? Thus we poor wives fare; you husbands let the water have its course; and, if we think about our poor children's property, we must needs be scolds."

"Wife," replied Kaspar, "the meadow will do as well for a building ground as any other place, and we have it for nothing."

"But I don't like the meadow!" screamed she: "I would rather build on our own slip near the water, that crooked Bandilegs may swallow his disappointment in not seeing the Rhine any more, nor talking to the waterman, old woman as he is!"

"He must be a fool that would build on such a spot," said Kaspar, "where a house would not stand ten years on account of the bursting of the river. Now I must go into the fields." So he left the room.

In the meantime Sebulon sat upon his board making a jacket of rags, according to promise, for John Peter's (his youngest nephew) toy. Already three times the boy had asked for it; now it was to be ready at three o'clock, and John Peter was to come and fetch it at that time.

It struck three o'clock; the jacket was ready, but John Peter did not come. Master Sebulon began some other work: "I'm sure," thought he, "he is gone a-fishing." It struck four o'clock; still the boy did not come, nor did the others, who after school used to eat their slices of bread and cheese in his room. Sebulon said to himself, "Of course they have a fire in the field, where they roast their potatoes; or should they have had any accident?"

But when it struck five, he heard the little folks shouting and romping in the passage. He went to the staircase, and called out, "John Peter, bring up the toy; the jacket is ready."

"No, uncle," shouted the little boy, "I don't want the jacket."

Sebulon went to his shopboard, took the splendid spotted jacket, showed it to the children, and asked, "Who wants it now, as John Peter will not have it?"

Michael, the youngest boy but one, said, "Well, I do," and put his foot upon the first step of the staircase; when forward Ann, his

elder sister, ran up to him, took him by his arm, and pulled him down so violently, that he fell to the ground.

"Keep your jacket, uncle," cried Ann. "Mother says you are an ill-natured uncle, who do not wish well to your brother's children; and we don't want anything from you! Mother says, also, we must not go up-stairs into your room any more."

"Yes," screamed one of the little boys, "I won't come any more to see you, you Uncle Bandilegs! Hurrah! Uncle Bandilegs!"

And the whole of them, small ones and tall ones, including even Michael, shouted, "Hurrah! Uncle Bandilegs! Uncle Bandilegs!"

Sebulon became pale as death with anger, and thought of taking his yard-wand to beat the whole rabble; but he felt his legs totter, and went slowly back to his room. He tore the Punch-jacket to pieces, and threw it out of the window; then climbed upon his board, and began to work at a waistcoat, quite in a rage. When he had finished it, he found that he had put the sleeve in the wrong way: he threw it away, put on his coat, took his Spanish cane, and went out—to the public-house.

Kaspar also, having done his work in the fields, did not feel very comfortable. He did not like to go home, as he thought to himself, "As my wife has opened the business with brother Sebulon, she may now bring it to a close during supper. I shall go to the public-house."

Thus, because on this night each wished to avoid the other, they met so much the more; and, what was worse, in the presence of others.

When Kaspar entered the public-house, Sebulon was sitting in a corner, and reading in the "Lower Rhine Almanac for the People." He looked poorly indeed; and, contrary to his usual custom, took a pint of Ahrwein. Hitherto they had always drunk the same, and from the same bottle too; but this time Kaspar, on seeing his brother, began to take brandy. A dozen people of the village were seated around them.

"Well, Kaspar," said the Sheriff, "I understand you are about to build."

"Have you heard of it already?" was his reply. "Yes, I begin next spring, please God."

"On what site?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I've not yet come to terms with my neighbour."

Sebulon for a moment raised his eyes from the "People's Almanac," and the eyes of the brothers met.

"People are not always obliging," continued Kaspar.

Sebulon put the almanac away, took off his spectacles, but said not a word.

"I should suppose," replied the Sheriff, "your brother's meadow would be the most convenient?"

"Yes," answered Kaspar, "so I think it will be."

"What meadow are you speaking of?" asked Sebulon, across the table.

* In Germany it is usual for persons rising from table to wish one another a "blessed meal."

"Why yours, as we agreed upon to-day."

"I know nothing of any agreement," replied Sebulon. "Since five o'clock to-night I have made up my mind neither to sell nor to give a thumb's breadth or length of my meadow."

"Indeed!" said Kaspar; "I was not aware of that. I hope to-morrow, at dinner, we shall talk it over again."

"I shall not dine any more with you," replied Sebulon: "I shall board with the landlord here till next spring."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then I shall have a household of my own, and keep a cook: I shall live on the first floor, and the cook on the ground-floor."

"But we are living on the ground-floor," said Kaspar.

"No," answered Sebulon, "you will no longer live on the ground-floor, next spring. I have just now asked the Sheriff to give you notice for the middle of May."

"Sebulon!" exclaimed Kaspar, putting his fist upon the table, "shall I build upon your meadow, or shall I not?"

"No!"

"Or in your garden?"

"No!"

"And shall I live no longer in my father's mansion?"

"No!"

"Then if I don't build on the spot between the mansion and the Rhine, may this brandy turn to fire and flame in my stomach! Good night to you all!"

Saying this, he swallowed his brandy and hurried home.

Next morning the Sheriff really came and gave notice to Kaspar and his wife on Sebulon's account. The woman felt alarmed; and now the affair began to look serious, she would very willingly have accepted the lot on the meadow. She hinted that Kaspar had better go up-stairs and speak a kind word to his brother. But Kaspar now was obstinate, and too proud to be the first to speak. With his two eldest boys he went to the river, and immediately set about cutting down the trees which were standing there. Sebulon once put his head out of the window, with his nightcap on, and very calmly said, "Good morning, and good luck to you!"

It was a very wretched site indeed. Thrust between the mansion and the towing-path, it could contain only one row of rooms. "So much the better," thought Kaspar; "so I will build three stories, and take away the light and air from Sebulon." But there was also a strong brick wall to be erected against the river, which was no easy matter. So little room was left for the premises, that in the old lodging almost half a dozen more oxen could be stowed than in the new one. But Kaspar built the premises in such a way as to take away the view from Sebulon's window, which faced the village street. Thus he deprived him of the only entertainment he enjoyed while working.

Amidst annoyances and curses the house was roofed in before winter. The brothers did not

greet one another when they met; the village people laughed at them, and thus increased their obstinacy. When Kaspar wanted new clothes, he employed a tailor from the neighbouring village; and as to his children, they did their uncle all the harm they could, and no longer spared even the flowers and fruits in his garden.

Things went on a little better in spring, when Kaspar really removed to his new house; but only a little better. Even in town it is a hard thing to have an enemy; but in the country it is still more so: for in town you are able to avoid one another if you like; but in the country you meet almost every day, in the public-house, in the parish council, in business and pastime; especially if you are neighbours—and that takes away a man's appetite.

Kaspar had once told the landlord—"I have a very pretty house indeed; I have a fine view on every side, and can look straight down into your village; my wife, too, likes it very much, and enjoys the prospect." The landlord told this to Sebulon, and the very next day some workmen came and built upon Sebulon's ground, round three sides of Kaspar's house, two high walls, the top of which they covered with broken glass. Between these walls Sebulon with his own hands planted young poplars, which he watered every day, and gave the watchman a handsome fee to look at them every hour of the night, lest any harm should be done to them. Kaspar's boys got nothing but wounded hands and knees by the glazed walls, whilst the poplars were merrily growing, and as early as the ensuing spring darkened Kaspar's house so much, that at four o'clock in the afternoon candles had to be lighted. Thus, of course, Kaspar's wife was shut out from all her pretty views; and, what was still worse, the children were shut out from their former play-ground by the walls, and loitered all day near the water, away from which their mother could not keep them; and at high water she was in anxiety and alarm all day long. At last Kaspar was obliged to engage a nurse expressly to look after the children.

Once upon a time, in autumn, just after the second mowing, Sebulon was sitting at his work, when his brother's eldest boy entered the room without having knocked at the door, stepped up to his shopboard, and began to say, "Uncle Sebulon, father sends you word—"

"Take off your cap," said Sebulon, "whilst you are speaking to your father's brother!"

"My father did not tell me to do so," replied the fellow, and kept his cap upon his head. "He sends you word, that up the river, where your meadows begin, the dike will not do any longer. Father says that it is your business as well as his, and asks whether you will pay your share towards building a new stone dike, and planting willows upon it? He will then do his part."

Sebulon answered, "He wants it more than I do; when the high water comes in spring, if he does not raise a dike during autumn his house will go afloat. By-the-bye, tell your father

I should have helped him nevertheless, if he had not sent me a churl like you."

The fellow turned round and went away without a salute. When he delivered the message to his father, he said, "I shall not spend my money in order to shelter that niggard's meadows. Thank God, I'm pretty well off, and my fields lie high enough; if the house should be lost—well, I shall get over that."

Thus the dikes were not repaired at all. But even in the autumn the Rhine rose higher than usual; and, after it had subsided, Sebulon walked over his meadows in a very anxious mood. The remainder of the old dike was washed away, a large spot was stripped of its grass so that the bare soil lay open, and about an acre and a half was covered with barren gravel and sand. Sebulon easily calculated, that, including the raising of a new dike, he was a thousand dollars worse off. For the moment he was of opinion, that after all it would have been better if his brother had got half an acre of his meadow for his house, and he had saved that entire which was now spoiled. But he tried to forget it, when upon the wet towing-path he passed by his brother's house: for there all, children as well as adults, were engaged in carrying buckets of water out of the cellar; and his brother's wife stood wringing her hands, because the preserved vegetables in her casks had been spoiled. This sight was as soothing to Sebulon as a plaster upon a cantharide.

But soon a seton was to be laid under his skin. In that same autumn at church he heard announced from the pulpit the marriage of his eldest niece, Louisa, with a young farmer of the neighbourhood. Thus it had been agreed upon without the nearest relation being asked: thus the banns had been published from the pulpit before they had sent him word. Louisa was his godchild, and the one who had always been his especial favourite, for whom he had many years since laid aside a massive gold chain, with a handled ducat, that had come to him from his mother's property.

The wedding-day came on apace: he was not invited; but, as it was still fine warm autumn weather, the tables were placed in the street hard by his door. Sebulon beheld the merry-makings from above, and bolted his choler; but on seeing the bride herself in her beautiful wedding-dress, which he had neither cut nor sewn, and which in his opinion did not suit her at all, two big, bitter tears burst from his old eyes. He could not bear the joy that sounded up to him through the poplars: softly he dressed himself, put the gold chain formerly designed for Louisa, with its twinkling and jingling ducat, into his pocket, and went down stairs.

Had it not been for that spiteful wall he could have secretly stolen away by the back door near the river: now he must go out by the front, and right amongst the tables of the wedding guests. With noiseless steps and downcast eyes he walked on. Louisa saw him, and became red as scarlet; her mother saw him, and became pale as death: a malicious, sneering smile passed

over the guests' countenances at this sudden and unheard-of violation of all family manners and family feelings. Kaspar jumped up from his seat; he was about, I suppose, to hand the glass to his brother; and Sebulon, I suppose, would then have stayed, and the joy and merriment of the wedding might have healed their long woe. But the youngest of Kaspar's children just then called out to the great watch-dog under the table, which they had let loose in the general jubilation, "Tiras, Tiras, there's Uncle Hand-legs!" The dog was a very quiet animal indeed, that would do no harm even to a child; but the little rogues had several times, when he was chained, set him on their uncle to frighten him, and now the dog darted furiously at his legs. Sebulon, who had been prepared for the worst, gave him a heavy blow over his mouth with his Spanish cane, and at the same time Kaspar kicked him so vehemently in his side, that the beast tumbled back yelling under the table. Sebulon looked angrily at the family, and said, "As I am going away of my own free will, you need no dog to drive away your nearest relation from his niece's wedding." Quicker than before he stepped through the rows of the guests, and turned round the next corner.

Silently he walked through the stubble-fields and meadows to a goldsmith's in the neighbouring town, sold the chain, and carelessly put the louis-d'ors he got for it into the same breeches pocket where the chain had just been. He then turned into the market-place, to the house of the notary public, had an hour's interview with him, and invited him to his lodgings for the next morning. He afterwards went to the public-house, where he sat down with the other customers, and asked the barber and the farrier, because they were the two greatest gossips in the parish, also to his house, as witnesses, the next morning. He then treated them with the best wine, and played with them at *sibbeschroom** far into the night. In this way he got rid of the louis-d'ors he had received for the chain, and that was just what he wished to do. At midnight, after the mirth of the wedding was over, he returned home and popped his head under the bedclothes.

The notary came the next morning, and so did the witnesses. Sebulon had one more relative in the Oberland whom he did not like, because she had misbehaved herself when a girl, and had with great difficulty got married. To her and her children he now legally bequeathed his mansion and his landed property, as well as his goods and chattels, upon the condition that the possession of them should be forfeited if any heir should neglect the wall or the poplars, or if he should sell any part of the ground to Kaspar or his descendants. The notary got for his fee all that remained of the louis-d'ors, and Sebulon threw a shilling that was still left, on the following Sunday, into the plate. The witnesses he forbade, moreover, to talk of the matter, who of course directly stuck it to the

* A game at cards usual on the Lower Rhine.

great bell; and that self-same night twenty good friends and true in the public-house told Kaspar the pleasant story, under the rose.

Money is everywhere of great weight, but particularly so in the country, where a man is measured by what he possesses, and a girl sometimes the same. Kaspar learnt soon enough that now he was reckoned but half as rich as before. People knew very well that out of his garden, his beautiful meadows, and his tailoring, Sebulon made nearly as much money per annum as Kaspar by his large estate, and that, being without children, he did not spend one-tenth part of his income. Besides, he was the owner of the solid and well-built mansion, whilst Kaspar had only that unsafe and always damp new house near the water. As Kaspar had twelve children, a long sum must be worked with his property by the fourth rule, the quotient of which became very small indeed. This calculation was soon made by the old and young farmers of the neighbourhood roundabout. Forward Ann, Kaspar's second daughter (the same who formerly had pulled back Michael from the uncle's staircase), had been wooed a long time since by a mayor's son of a neighbouring farm, and at Louisa's wedding the match had been nearly settled between them; now it was broken off, and Ann looked not half so forward as before. Kaspar himself had entertained a hope of becoming Sheriff in place of the old one; but, when the election really took place at the village hall, all were of opinion that it would not do to have a Sheriff who was on bad terms with anybody in the village, and all the votes were given to a wealthier farmer, though instead of one he had half-a-dozen enemies. Even by his own family, as time went on, Kaspar became more annoyed from day to day. His wife reproached him that it had not been really her intention to build upon that poor lot, but that all was the fault of his own obstinacy. The children, in whose minds the poisonous seed of hatred had been early sown by their tricks to the uncle, which had always been connived at by their parents, had learned disrespect towards old age, and now paid it back in full measure to their father in his turn. The elder sons and daughters looked upon their parents as the cause of their losing the rich property of their uncle; and Ann, no more wooed by any wealthy lad, spoke not one kind word to her father or mother. The curse of hatred was on every brow, and Kaspar, walking lonely in the field behind his oxen, often thought, "I know what I should do if we were three years younger; but, as it has lasted three years, it shall be the same as long as I live." Thus saying, he struck the oxen so hard with his stick that they sprang up and the furrow went wrong.

A hard winter came on. All January and February the snow fell without ceasing. It froze by night, and the snow remained. With great anxiety the high water was expected on the Lower Rhine. Thus the weather continued till the middle of March, when the north wind shifted to the south-west, and in one day every-

where the black soil appeared through its covering of snow. The Rhine rose, and it would be tremendous if in the Oberland too the thaw should come on so suddenly. If the dike had but been properly repaired in autumn! Now it was too late, and they must make the best of it. Kaspar, in his agony for his hearth, his wife, and children, learned to bend his stubborn will. Without asking or waiting this time for his brother's help near the dike, he rammed a dozen of the stoutest fir trunks in a sloping row, to turn off gently the rush of the water, and fastened them together by a strong wickerwork. Thus he gained time to seek shelter for his best goods at least.

Higher and higher still rose the flood. Kaspar's wife and children had to be taken away in a boat. The water had reached his first floor. He himself still remained in the dangerous building, like a captain unwilling to leave a wreck until it sinks. He even succeeded, by the protection of the fir trunks, which made a stout resistance, in towing a large strong barn door, and fastening it by wickerwork to this entrenchment. By these means his house was still better sheltered. Indeed, as the whirlpools rushed on, the firs bowed and cracked, but by this very yielding they always rose again. Now, if the water should rise no more, as it really seemed to stop, his house would be saved.

But one evening the sky was darkened; the wind shifted suddenly to the west, and drove the roaring waves towards the village; a shower like the bursting of a cloud rushed down, the flood rose too feet every hour, and already was climbing up to Sebulon's mansion.

Sebulon had laid himself down in his clothes upon his bed in the upper room. Because his house had always been spared, he had neither fled nor even procured a boat; nor did he choose to ask for his brother's, who, like him, was beleaguered in his stronghold. Besides, he did not feel much alarmed, believing that he might depend upon the stability of his mansion. He had his lamp burning near him, and was reading in his prayer-book.

But on a sudden he saw the water bubbling from under the floor like a clear little forest fountain in spring. His hair stood on end: lo! there already it came merrily purling over the threshold. Up he sprang, and threw open the door: a full gush of water broke in upon him, and just as he had escaped to his shopboard the water reached the level of the windows. Now the most miserable death was before him: if the water should rise until it filled the windows, he would be crushed to death against the ceiling, or suffocated. He hurried to that window which faced the village and cried for help, but the loud roaring of the water and the shrill hissing of the wind took his voice away unheard from his lips, and the water was curling up to his breast. On this side there was no rescue, but on the river's side a slight hope was left. There stood close to his window one of those poplars which he had planted from hatred. He waded to his bedstead, tied together a woollen blanket that was

still dry, and fastened it round his neck. Then cautiously he climbed into the window. The poplar, indeed, was still standing, and just stretched a strong bough towards his hand; close behind it even the roof of his brother's house was still peeping out of the flood. He saw Kaspar with a lantern step out of the uppermost floor into his boat. He called to him, but hearing was impossible. Kaspar with all his might forced his boat towards the fir trunks at the dike. Sebulon in his turn climbed as high up the poplar as the boughs were strong enough to bear him, then seated himself, and waited for the day and help to come. Soon he was aware that the water was now falling as quickly as it had risen: already it had disappeared from the window out of which he had made his escape, and already he thought of returning there.

But just at the dawn of day the wind rose again with sharp and angry gusts. The water roared more wildly; the poplar waved more fearfully. Sebulon was just about to climb to his seat again, when suddenly at the dike he heard a tremendous crash: the roof before him sank into the water with a terrible roaring, and even the poplar was plunged into the rising whirlpool. Convulsively he clung to the large tree, which, whirled about by the waves, turned over and over, and Sebulon was obliged to dance with it; now he was a yard above, now a yard below, the surface of the water. He felt a sudden push, and the bough which he held threw him rudely off upon something firm. He felt the blood streaming from his nose, and perceived that he was fast drifting down together with what he was lying on; and then he lost his senses. When he slowly recovered himself, and touched and saw his couch, he found it to be a huge barn-door, and a man sitting at the other end of it: this man was his brother Kaspar!

By the rocking of his house Kaspar had perceived that he was no longer safe within it: so he got into his boat, but dared not go towards the village, where, in the black night, he might easily be dashed by the wild waves against the top of a tree and turned over; but he went along the more quiet road up to his entrenchment, the trunks of which, as late as yesterday, had stoutly stood their ground. Here he paused, sheltered from the gale and the current, and noticing the falling of the flood with as much pleasure as Sebulon. But the gusts that came with the morning drove the waves straight towards his place of shelter; four fir trunks at last gave way, and the rest in the same moment were broken to pieces. The huge barn door was within a little of falling upon Kaspar's head, and quite broke off the bow of his skiff. No choice was left him but to spring from his sinking craft upon the barn-door itself. The unchained floods rushed roaring upon his house, which he, as well as Sebulon, saw disappear; and barn door and poplar shot into the same whirlpool, which brought them close one to another, and deposited Sebulon on the better

life-boat. Kaspar's first intention on seeing a man thrown upon the door was to push him off, lest the load should become too heavy; but his good feeling spurned this thought. At the break dawn of day he recognized his hated brother, but contented himself with moving as far from him as he possibly could. Thus, the two brothers were sitting opposite one another, each on an edge of the door, which was rapidly drifted down.

At daybreak they had a disheartening prospect. The clouds parted, the storm ceased; but the dirty flood, washing down trees, furniture, and dead bodies of animals, stretched boundless before them. No boats ventured into the whirlpool; and if perchance the door darted nearer to the bank, where people might have seen them, yet they were too fearful or too much engaged in their own distress to think about helping their brethren. Every moment they were threatened with death, as their craft darted over the tops of trees or was pushed by the current against beams or timbers. Besides, the wind again shifted to the north, and blew cold through their wet garments. Sebulon, finding the blanket he had fastened round his neck rather dry, spread it, and wrapped it round him; but still his teeth chattered. Now, in the agony of his heart, sundry fine sentences about brotherly-love and forgiveness occurred to him and pressed heavily upon his conscience. But just as he was growing tender he purposely thought of the view taken away from his upper room, of his sister-in-law, and, more than all, of Louisa's wedding, and his heart became as cold as his hands.

Kaspar, in his turn, was in still greater trepidation, and kept repeating to himself the Lord's Prayer. He shivered more and more every moment. Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind, that before stepping into his boat he had pocketed a bottle of brandy: he sought for it, and lo! it was safe! He took a hearty draught, and his eyes began to look brighter.

On seeing this poor Sebulon's teeth chattered still worse. Kaspar saw it, and quite slowly, as if he would count the words, he uttered the question, "Sebulon, would you like a drop?"

This, like softening oil, spread over the tailor's face. Their distress was too great: his heart was broken. A low "Yes" trembled through his closed teeth.

Now Kaspar cautiously crept to the middle of the barn-door, and Sebulon as cautiously crept towards him, for they could not walk upright, or the door would have turned over. Kaspar gave the bottle: Sebulon took it, and drained a long draught.

But, together with the warmth that now ran through their veins, their obstinacy awoke anew. Sebulon, giving back the bottle, said, "Thank you," and turned his back on Kaspar to creep to his seat again.

They floated down for another hour; the sun rose brightly, and nature became more calm. Kaspar, worn out by the fatigues of the fore-

going days and nights, could no longer keep awake, and nodded backwards and forwards.

Sebulon saw his brother's danger, and now it was his turn to speak. "Kaspar," said he, "stretch yourself and sleep, or else you will be drowned. I will watch, and call you when help is at hand."

This Kaspar needed not twice telling, so fell forward upon his breast, laid his arms under his head, and began to snore. Sebulon silently stole up to him, took the woollen blanket, that was now quite dry, off his shoulders, and spread it gently over his brother.

Another hour passed away, when Sebulon thought they were going more slowly. He looked around him, and almost screamed aloud with inward joy; for he clearly saw the main current weltering down to their right, whilst they in more quiet water were drifting towards a black slip, which seemed to be a bank. After having looked at all this, he called Kaspar.

Kaspar got up, and, stretching himself, he said, "Yes, I know this neighbourhood! The black slip is a dike, near which the water will be quiet. If we reach it we may walk upon the dike to the upper land."

In their joy they drank again together, and Kaspar gave the blanket back to his brother. But all at once he called out, "How is it that we drift along so fast, if there be a dyke before us?"

He rose up and looked. "Now we are lost," he said in a low voice; "the dike is broken, and we are just in the current which leads to the gap. Look, how it whirls faster and faster! There the flood is breaking; we shall run against the dike and be gone!"

So it was. Quicker than a steam-boat the gate darted toward the narrow gap. "Five minutes more," said Kaspar, kneeling down like one sentenced to death under the executioner's axe; "now four—now not even three!"

Sebulon no longer looked at the gap in the dike, but at Kaspar, and said in a loud and distinct voice, "Brother, shall we go as enemies into the presence of God?"

Kaspar's heart broke, and, with the cry, "Brother, forgive me!" he sank into Sebulon's open arms. But Sebulon cried aloud, "Thus let us die!" It was the first time these four live-long years that either of them felt his blood roll warm through his veins, and felt tears of joy burst from his eyes. In the presence of death they were happier than ever, because each of them felt a loving heart beat strong against his own.

A violent swinging of the gate tore them asunder. Both looked for the dike, and expected death; but the dike was no more to be seen! Kaspar, amazed, looked back, and lo! the dike was already behind them. In the very moment of their reconciliation death had passed by them. Their craft, as if by a miracle, had darted through the middle of the gap without

running either against the right or the left side—they were saved! Before them was the upper country, towards which they were slowly drifting by the smoother waves. They embraced each other once more in their joy, and did not part until the gate was moored upon a soft ploughed field.

Arm-in-arm they went to the next village, where they dried their clothes and refreshed themselves with meat and drink. Willingly they would have rested there for the night; but they thought of the anxiety of Kaspar's wife and children. Kaspar sold his barn-door, Sebulon his woollen blanket; and, as each of them had a little money besides, they began their journey. All the roads being overflowed, they were obliged to seek by-paths over the mountains, and the same distance they had floated in eight hours now took them three days in walking. But these three days seemed shorter to them than the eight hours had been; for, during this time, which they enjoyed in pleasant loneliness, they exchanged all and everything they had experienced during four long years: their hearts again grew together as fast as formerly, and they planned new schemes how they would regulate their household for each other's happiness. In the next place to their own they went to the notary-public, and Sebulon cancelled his will which he had deposited there.

Thus they arrived, late in the third evening, at their village; and walked to their paternal farm. The water was subsiding; the poplars and the walls, as well as the new house—the very objects of their quarrel—had disappeared, without leaving any trace behind; only their paternal mansion stood firm and unshaken.

Kaspar kept a little in the rear; but Sebulon stole to a corner of the mansion, where he saw his sister-in-law with her children, sitting in despair on the very scene of her former haughtiness, which had just been restored to her by the flood. "Pray," said she to the little ones, "for your father, whom the flood carried away hence; and pray also," continued she, "for your mother, for she has killed your father and poor brother Sebulon too!"

"Not me!" cried Sebulon, stepping forth. The children, forgetting all their hatred, clung to him. "And because you, dear sister, feel repentance and sorrow, God bestows still more upon you; and because you remember Sebulon, he brings you back your husband!"

Then Kaspar came forward from behind the corner, and his wife embraced him with one arm and Sebulon with the other. And Sebulon said, "We have received a good lesson these four years, and had it lasted four years longer we might have been reduced to beggary. Now we may still get over it. To-morrow we will begin a new dike together. You don't want a new house: come to me again—my property is yours and your children's!"

THE WOMAN OF THE WRITERS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

No. IV.—CERVANTES.

We begin this paper by entreating our readers to bear with us herein, as they would bear with a lover's raptures about his mistress, for we confess ourselves deeply enamoured of Cervantes' women. They are at once the most romantic and the most real of women. They have all the charm of ideality, with all the genuineness of reality. You meet with them in the most picturesque of situations, and most poetical of adventures; while they are themselves truest flesh-and-blood women. They are no mere abstracts of womanhood—no goddesses—no idols—but breathing, living, feminine creatures. They are not remarkable for attainments, but they are no fools. They are intelligent rather than intellectual; women of good understanding rather than of cultivation. They are neither particularly well-read, nor accomplished; but they have clear faculties, and good sense. They are sweet-natured, active, prompt, energetic beings. They are full of generous emotions, of noble feeling, of right principle; and their actions are in consonance with their sentiments. They are beautiful in person; graceful in demeanour; and capable of the utmost warmth and tenderness of devotion. They are gentle, yet not feeble; soft and kindly of manner, yet spirited in conduct.

If we would see how entirely compatible with womanly grace and modesty a confirmed purpose in speech and opinion can be, let us turn to our author's delineation of the shepherdess Marcela. He has introduced her with artistic subtlety. Our curiosity and interest are first excited by hearing her history, told by one of the goatherds to Don Quixote. We hear of her surpassing beauty—of how it has bewitched all the youths in the neighbourhood—how they have all turned shepherd swains for her love—and how the most enamoured one amongst them, Chrysostom, has just died from the effects of his unsuccessful passion for her. This unhappy lover's merit forms a tacit testimony to hers; and we are told of him, in the simple but expressive language of the rustic narrator, that "he was a good fellow, charitable, and a friend of good folk; and *he had a face like a blessing*." Reluctant praise is in some instances strongest praise; and when the goatherd cannot help bearing witness that Marcela encourages none of her lovers, but plainly tells them she never intends to marry, we feel that he involuntarily (and the more forcibly, for its being unwillingly) acquits her of any share in Chrysostom's death, even while he accuses her of cruelty. The author has also contrived to put additional evidence of the same kind into the mouth of another swain, Ambrosio, the friend and fellow-sufferer of the dead shepherd, just before Marcela approaches. Her sudden entrance upon

the scene of the love-slain youth's funeral, and the description of the effect she produces upon those assembled, are strikingly fine. She abruptly appears "on the top of the rock, wherein they made the grave"—the spot where Chrysostom had first beheld her, and where he had desired them to bury him. She is described "so fair, that her beauty surpassed far the fame that was spread thereof; such as had not beheld her before, did look on her with admiration and silence; and those who were wont to view her, remained no less suspended than the others who had never seen her."

Her calm response to the indignant reproaches with which Ambrosio receives her, is in the genuine spirit of maidenly dignity. It is self-assertion tempered with mildness and modesty. She reasons no less quietly than sensibly; and her arguments are unanswerable, for they are based on truth and right. Her claim to freedom and exemption from loving against her will, her denial of being compelled to return liking for unsought and unsanctioned admiration, her vindication of her innocence from the charge of cruelty, and her title to live unblamed for the death of wooers whom she never encouraged, are all set forth with a simple earnestness the most irresistible; while the conclusion of her speech is no less gentle than steadfast. "If Chrysostom's impatience and headlong desire slew him, why should mine honest proceeding and care be inculpated therewithal? If I preserve mine integrity in the society of these trees, why should any desire me to lose it, seeing every one covets to have the like himself, to converse the better among men? I have, as you all know, riches enough of mine own, and therefore do not covet other men's. I have a free condition, and I do not please to subject me: neither do I love or hate any. I do not deceive this man, or solicit that other; nor do I jest with one, and pass the time with another. The honest conversation of the pastoras of these villages, and the care of my goats, do entertain me. My desires are limited by these mountains; and if they do issue from hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven—steps wherewithal the soul travels toward her first dwelling.' And ending here, without desiring to hear any answer, she turned her back, and entered into the thickest part of the wood that was there at hand, leaving all those that were present marvellously admired at her beauty and discretion." Marcela's sudden apparition, and as sudden vanishing, leave the reader with the effect of having seen a beautiful vision; but her feminine appeal, with its mingled sweetness and dignity, its blended serenity and decision, remains, an indelible impression of veritable womanly presence.

Lucinda's story is exquisitely told; her constancy, her beauty, Cardenio's passionate love for her, and hers for him, are all indicated to the reader in a manner as ingenious and interesting, as it is unbackneyed and natural; while it prepares him for the climax of her appearance and behaviour, in that crowning scene where they all meet at the inn. What taste there is in the description of her swooning condition; of her recognising her lover and husband, Cardenio; of her forgetting the presence of others in her joy at seeing him again! "And then Lucinda, first severing her eyelids, beheld Cardenio; and having first taken notice of him by his voice, and confirmed it again by her sight, like one quite distracted, without farther regarding modest respects, she cast both her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, said, 'Yea, thou indeed art my lord; thou the true owner of this poor captive, howsoever adverse fortune shall thwart it, or this life, which is only sustained and lives by thine, be ever so much threatened.'"

But the chief charmer of the book is Dorothea. She always takes range in our imagination with the women of Shakespeare. She might have been one of his. She has just that winning mixture of sprightliness and tenderness, sense and sensibility, susceptible heart and devoted nature, gaiety and feeling, simplicity and refinement, delicacy and warmth, which forms so conspicuous a combination in his heroines. The scene in which she is first introduced, disguised as a country swain, sitting under an ash-tree, and bathing her feet in a stream, is a picture that lives immortally among imaginative portraiture. It has furnished an inexhaustible subject to sculptors, painters, and poets. The way in which the author has not only conveyed the idea of her personal beauty, by instancing the whiteness and shapeliness of her hands and feet, and the luxuriance of her hair, but has made them the means of informing those who are gazing at her of the secret of her sex, notwithstanding her boy's attire, is very choice. Next, he prepossesses in her favour the reader, no less than those she meets in the book, by the sweet tone of her speaking-voice, the discretion of her words, and the charm of her manner. In the narrative she gives of her own previous history, her parentage, her girlhood, her peaceful country life, its domestic duties, the affection and confidence that subsisted between herself and her father and mother, are told with inimitable grace; and the mode in which she relates the story of the attachment between Fernando and herself, is supreme in gentle beauty. The artless tenderness, the inexperience, the trusting love, the too fond credence, the distressful fears, the passionate regrets, and the desperate resolve born of love and grief, which are made in turn to shine through this narration, prove Cervantes to be an adept in womanly analysis. The way in which Dorothea—gaining fresh hope from her meeting with Cardenio, and from what he tells her—enters with animation into the Curate's and Barber's scheme for re-

claiming the errant knight of La Mancha, shows her in a light as attractive for its vivacity and address, as the one where she appeared in her distress and dejection. Her sprightly invention, her courtesy of demeanour; the sportive gravity with which she supports the part of "Princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia;" the ready wit with which she sketches the history of her troubles from the "huge giant, lord of a great island, called 'Pandaflando of the dusky sight,' because of the squint with which he is in the habit of terrifying beholders;" the ingenuity with which she binds her devoted champion by a vow not to undertake any other adventure until hers shall have been prosperously achieved,—all endear her still farther to our fancy.

The more we know of Dorothea, the more we fall "fathoms deep in love" with her. In how winning an aspect she appears, when she addresses, with words of consolation and offers of aid, the muffled lady who arrives at the inn, in company with four masked cavaliers, and who appears to be in such deep affliction! and afterwards, towards the foreign lady-stranger, she is no less amiable and kindly attentive; and again, to poor little Donna Clara she exhibits a like compassionate disposition, and desire to afford comfort. There is a promptness, an aptitude in the courtesies which Dorothea proffers to her own sex apparently needing her sympathy, that is ineffably womanly and beautiful; and which, together with her other qualities, renders her one of the most captivating heroines in all fiction. The speech in which she pleads to Don Fernando her claims upon his heart and honour, is transcendent in modest affectionate eloquence, and forms the crowning beauty of her character. Kneeling at his feet, and weeping, she utters it; but though poured forth in that lowly attitude, there is nothing abject in its entreaty. It is full of humility, without a spark of spaniel servility. It is honest and upright, though meek; high-minded, though beseeching. It appeals by just and valid, yet touchingly-urged arguments, to his feeling and good faith. It is too long to quote entire; but we would ask the reader if such suing as this be not what we have described it—right womanly? After declaring herself to him, she says:—

"But yet for all this, I would not have you to imagine that I come here guided by dishonourable steps, being only hitherto conducted by the tracts of dolour and feeling, to see myself so forgotten by thee. It was thy will that I should be thine own, and thou didst desire it in such a manner, as although now thou wouldst not have it so, yet canst not thou possibly leave off to be mine. Know, my dear lord, that the matchless affections that I do bear towards thee, may recompense and be equivalent to her beauty and nobility for whom thou dost abandon me."

The conclusion is, to our thinking, consummate in delicacy and force:—

"That which I shall lastly say, is, that whether thou wilt or no, I am thy wife; *the witnesses are thine own words, which neither should nor ought*

to lie, if thou dost prize thyself of that for whose want thou despisest me."

This veiled but significant allusion to the honour of which he has robbed her, in her appeal to his, is conceived in the very perfection of high taste and sentiment. The irresistible effect produced upon Don Fernando by this supplication, is the subtlest tribute to the beauty and worth of its utterer. Its involuntary influence upon him, its power in subduing and winning him wholly to herself, is most skilfully depicted; while the noble candour and generosity of the response which he makes to it, when he at length raises her to his arms, is an earnest that the lover she has won is worthy even of herself—the incomparable Dorothea.

Then there is the Moorish lady, Zorayda; with her bewitching broken language, her romantic story, her instinctive piety, her confiding love, her filial tenderness, her rare beauty of person, and her cheerful spirit of endurance. The patience with which this daintily-nurtured lady bears the fatigues, inconveniences, and perils of travel, together with the hardships to which want of money exposes her during their voyage, awakens the reader's sympathy, while it heightens her lover's affection and esteem for her. Those letters she writes to the Spanish captive are replete with guileless charm; they are perfect samples of simplicity devoid of silliness. There is in them the high-hearted hope and trust of youth unclouded by a knowledge of treachery and disappointment. There is something of the transparent frankness, the "plain and holy innocence," of white-souled Miranda, in these words—"I have seen many Christians through this window, and none of them hath seemed to me a gentleman but thyself. I am very beautiful and young, and I have a great deal of riches to carry with me. See thou whether thou canst contrive the way how we may depart, and *thou shalt there be my husband, if thou pleasest*; and if thou wilt not, I do not greatly care, for Lela Marien [the Virgin Mary] will provide me of a husband." This last sentence, in its sudden reserve, and even in its touch of petulance, is exquisitely feminine.

Cervantes has admirably distinguished between the *native* simplicity of Zorayda, and the *girlish* simplicity of Donna Clara. The one is that of a pure-minded, unpractised creature, simply bold in her own strength of innocence. The latter is that of a petted, motherless, young girl of sixteen, trembling with the consciousness of her newly-learned, delicious secret; proud of her lover's devotion, yet dreading to proclaim it, or see it discovered; throwing herself entirely upon some lucky turn of fortune chancing in their favour; and contenting herself with ingenuously owning to Dorothea—"I do, nevertheless, love him so much, as without him I shall not be able to live."

Nothing can be more delightful than the way in which they all (that matchless company of gallant men and fair women) linger on at that equalid, way-side inn. They seem to have nothing else to do in the world than abide there.

And why should they? Has it not proved to them an enchanted castle of youth, and beauty, and love, and romance, and reconciling circumstances? We feel as if—should they stay there—every fresh hour would bring some wondrous fresh arrival of beauty, and grace, and happiness, and interesting event.

This is the same hostelry where Maritornes dwells; that marvellous sketch of coarse womanhood in the shape of an Asturian serving-wench. But Cervantes, who, like all masters in the philosophy of nature, knew that there are redeeming points at the core of the rudest and roughest-hewn blocks of humanity, has given us that gracious touch in Maritornes—her fetching draught of water for the panting, blanket-betossed Sancho; and drawing it fresh from the well that it might be the cooler; and even paying for wine for him out of her own scanty wage, when she finds that he disdains the simpler beverage. Quite in keeping, is this, with her good-naturedly holding the candle, and assisting, while they apply the plaisters to the hurts and bruises of the knight and his squire. In active kindness she is apt; but for any point of sentiment she is utterly to seek. Witness the scurvy trick she and the hoyden daughter of the house play Don Quixote; where they fasten his hand to the hay-loft, leaving him dangling there, the whole weight of his body dependent from his wrist, under pretence of engaging him in a love-adventure. A practical joke of this sort is precisely what such a girl as Maritornes would relish.

Of the Duchess we have not spoken. We are accustomed to see her, on the canvasses of our artists, a paragon of beauty and apparent high-breeding. But she herself is no less "a thing of naught" than her husband; whom Charles Lamb, with his usual profound truth of criticism, calls "that unworthy nobleman." In reading the singularly-inferior Second part of the book, we find ourselves wondering whether it can possibly be the same hand that drew those lovely creatures in the First, which afterwards condescended to become the limner of this injurious lady, who could consort with waiting-women and lackeys to mock and beguile the high-minded though wit-wandered knight; for Don Quixote is ever great in his ideas, though they want coherency. His views are always lofty, though they lack form. His tendency is to exalt base things, and to elevate commonplaces into his own region of poetical and chivalrous altitude. However his notions may deviate from the conventional track, they invariably reach upwards; and whatever his aberrations, they constantly point to high and worthy aims. Ramble he never so wide of the mark, the mark itself is a right one. His brains may go astray, but not his principles: they neither err nor swerve; but keep true to his own nature, which is of the finest quality. He is essentially the gentleman, though the madman—nay, when most mad, he most shows his "noble strain;" as if the more his spirit betrayed itself in its unveiled and unguided denotements, the more it declares itself

intrinsically pure and honourable. He is cast in the true heroic mould. What a tone of good-breeding there is throughout his conduct and mode of speech! With how becoming a fortitude he endures his bruises! There is that which commands our respect, as well as something pathetic, in the mild patience and composure with which he speaks of his hurts; as when—his ear being nearly sliced from his head by the Biscayan's sword—he bids his squire Sancho lay some plaister to the wound, saying, "for mine ear grieves me more than I could wish." And see with what true dignity he expresses himself on a question of moral excellence—"Mark, Sancho, there be two kinds of beauty: one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind doth march, and is seen in the understanding, in honesty, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well-bred; and all these

qualities are untamed, and may be in an ill-favoured man; and when the choice is set upon this beauty, and not upon that of the body, it causeth love with more force and advantage. I see, Sancho, that I am not lovely, and yet I know too that I am not deformed; and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloved, so I have the portions of the mind I have told thee of."

Well may Charles Lamb call him "the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote—the errant star of knighthood, made more tender by eclipse!"

To re-read this enchanting book is renewal of youth; revival of all fresh and gentle emotion; of those good, and hopeful, and gracious thoughts, which spring from romance and poesy, in the fervour of early enthusiasm, when we first savour their delights.

DREAM SPIRITS.

Midnight is o'er the Earth, and sleep is sealing
Lids that have only ope'd to joy's glad ray;
But o'er one pallid cheek the tears are stealing,
Checked in their course awhile by busy Day.

Low bowed in grief, a plaintive voice is breaking
Through the deep silence of a chamber's gloom,
And wild sobs, now the spirit's will forsaking,
Blend with that wail within the curtained room:

"Oh, I had thought, when Death's dark waves were
near me,
Ye would have closed, sweet ones! these eyes for
me,
And on yon Jordan's shores your love would cheer
me;
But I have lived to weep—to mourn for ye.

"Thou, my sweet boy! whose serious, gentle spirit
Seemed in its quiet beauty scarce of earth,
To our sad hearts did prophet-like inherit
Some silent dream of heaven from thy birth—

"Ye, whose light voices blithely in the wild wood
Rang in the laughter of life's early spring,
Bringing e'en memories of my own glad childhood
Around the world's hard ways a light to fling—

"My own fair daughter! for whose future dream-
ing,
We had forgot how fragile was the tie
That bindeth hopes, whose brightness is but seeming
And hath poor likeness to reality—

"Where are ye all? Our hearth, our home is
lonely;
The sun shines brightly on the window pane,
And childish voices seem to greet me, only
To leave my sad heart desolate again.

"Thou, thou, my little child—that seemed but
given
To bid me hope and live, and struggle on,
With loving eyes that stole thy blue from Heaven—
Heaven, where our lost 'jewel' now is gone!

"Thy fairy clasp upon my bosom lingers,
No longer in the mortal throes of pain,
But the fond pressure of thy eager fingers,
Full—full of buoyant health and love again."

One moment on th' unquiet couch reposes
The mourning mother: gently sleep doth press
The heavy eye until the worn lid closes,
Hushed for a while in deep forgetfulness.

Slowly there steals upon her tearful slumber
Soft whispered words, sweet as the wild breeze
brings
From the wind-harp, in low harmonious number,
Sighing at will among the quivering strings.

Light, as from some far star, hath shed around her
A radiance peerless than the day's first birth;
Yet with a mighty strength the spell hath bound her
Whose holy power hath no taint of earth.

She clasps her hands! for stealing on her vision
Through parting clouds her raptured eye can
trace
The treasured memories of her heart's elysium,
And the mist fades from each familiar face.

Gold flows the glossy hair, but oh! far brighter
Than the sweet locks her trembling fingers twined;
Gone are the mirthful smiles that could delight her,
To leave a chastened, holier joy behind.

Light floats the snowy robe; on each fair shoulder
Flutters the silver pinion; and a hand
Points to their distant home, as though they told
her
To seek the lost ones in their Father-land.

Two cherished ones bend tenderly above her,
As if to watch and guard her transient rest,
And one (she smiles as only smiles a mother)
Folds his sweet wings upon her throbbing breast.

No trace of pain, no shade of childish sorrow
Dims the celestial beauty of each brow,
And if those fair young heads one grace could
borrow,
'Tis in the pity that hath bent them now.

"Mourn not," they spake; "for He whose love did
give us
To thee awhile, a mother's joy to learn,
Had long prepared a kingdom to receive us,
And gently bade us to that home return."

"Mother beloved! holy is our mission,
To hover round thy path. How blessed will be
The task for us! how grateful the commission
For them thou watched o'er once, to watch o'er
thee!

"Peace! we are come from climes that know no
sorrow;
To soothe thy grief, to comfort thee we come,
That from our bliss thy stricken soul may borrow
A light to guide thee surely to our home.

"Oh, weep no more, sweet mother," spoke the lisper,
Nestling in love upon her beating heart;
The fond ear knows the low and bird-like whisper—
Forth from the pillow doth the mother start.

Faint in the eastern sky the light is dawning,
Soft through the casement breaks the struggling
Day;
The shadowy forms beneath the gleam of morning
Fade from the Dreamer's longing arms away.

Her eyes are raised on high, and prayer hath broken
From the pale trembling lips that softly move—
"My God! I thank thee for this gentle token,
The gracious witness of thy tender love.

"How I have loved the lost, Thou only knowest!
And how I mourn them, Thou alone canst tell!
Mysterious are the ways thy wisdom shewest;
Forgive the mother's heart that doth rebel.

"If we have murmured at our home deserted,
If we have mourned to lose the hopes of years,
Thou only, Lord, can raise the stricken-hearted,
Thou, only Thou, canst dry the mourner's
tears.

"Dark shadows crowd around our happy dwelling,
No sound of mirth our saddened life may cheer;
Yet not! when bitter thought my heart is swelling,
I'll think our angel-children may be near.

"Oh! give them sometimes to my restless slumbers;
Let my rapt ear but drink one blessed tone
Of those dear voices in their bird-like numbers,
Until I learn to say 'They will be done.'

"Come back, blest vision! for my heart will
never
Fear the sweet forms this aching bosom bore:
Who shall the mother from her children sever?
I know they are not lost, but 'gone before'."

A. S.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 302.)

CHAP. X.

"Duty, like a stern preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While thy brow youth's roses crown."
WORDSWORTH.

The winter passed over us calmly; Carola found herself occupation in studying German, and in painting from memory the various sketches she had made of highland scenes. In spring, to my great delight, her annuity was announced to her, and she now found herself rich beyond her desires. It was pretty to see her way of being extravagant. A large easy chair suddenly appeared for Mrs. Crosby; a treasure of a writing table for me—not uselessly fine in wood or carving, but furnished with an endless range of drawers, filled with papers and MS. books, all temptingly inscribed with my name, and suggestive of pleasant labours. If I was delighted with my new acquisition, how much more was Carola delighted with my delight! If the good old Mrs. Crosby sank back into the morocco depths of her *chaise longue* with a sigh of luxurious enjoyment, how much more luxury was in the smile with which the giver regarded her! "I never thought," said she, blushing and laughing at the same moment, "how very nice it was to be rich!"

The next display of wealth she made was a

dinner invitation to my kind friends, Mr. Jacob and Mrs. Kitty. They had frequently come to see us, the author's interest in his rescued water-waif not having diminished in the least. He took every opportunity of helping me. Limited as was his own interest, he stretched its scanty folds to include me also. He recommended me to various publishers and editors of journals and magazines. I soon had plenty of literary scrapwork: my labours were hardly more dignified than that of making a patchwork quilt; yet they were sensible, reasonable employments, and kept my head above water. In my leisure moments I still wrote poems, and Mr. Jacob and Carola agreed between them that some day, when I had enough to make a volume, they would indulge themselves in publishing them. The old poem, the great work, had been burned in disgrace; and petulant as was the deed, I was not sorry to "begin again from the beginning" in my poetical career.

It was a merry dinner-party, that of Carola's. Douglas Feversham was present; he happened to be in town. He was much amused by the oddities of Mr. Jacob, and much touched by the motherliness of Mrs. Kitty. She and Mrs. Crosby laid their wise heads together to make a match between him and Carola; but they soon saw it would not do. There was a disparity of character. Carola saw his intellectuality, but she also perceived his over-sensitiveness. Her own mind was too strong for such a combina-

tion. She required some one of greater force. He, too, was a little afraid of her; admired and respected her too much for love. Love is a more homely feeling than many sentimentalists believe—love, with all its humility, feels in itself a corresponding worthiness to the object loved. We love, because we are drawn together by common sympathy; not by a disproportioned excellence on one side. A too perfect person repels, instead of attracting: so does a too superior one. *Chacune à son semblable* is never truer than in this passion. Carola and Douglas were not *semblables*.

I suppose Mr. Jacob thought himself a fellow of mine; for he grew all of a sudden very much like a lover. Do not laugh, good readers: the last lovers I told you about were certainly very different. I know you think me by this time very antiquated and old-maidish. You imagine me thin, prim, and precise, with stiff braids, mittens, and a poke bonnet; and you are nodding your head sagaciously over this page, saying, "Well, what could she expect at her time of life but an old bachelor for an admirer?" Yes, Mr. Jacob was very different from the energetic Ernest, the elegant St. George: yet, let me tell you, supercilious reader, he was not a man to laugh at. Simple, generous, and unsuspecting, with a passionate romance worthy of twenty-five instead of sixty, I regarded him with veneration and esteem: but love! oh, I had vowed never to have anything to do with it or marriage. But you will like to hear how such an event came to pass as the proposal of Mr. Jacob.

Some days after the dinner party, he brought me a novel to review: it was in the moral style then fashionable; the story not unlike that of "Emilia Wyndham," so popular in your own day. The heroine loved a young man, was disappointed, went through many trials, married an "Auld Robin Gray" to preserve the honour of her family—at stake in the perils of commerce—and had a fearful struggle for virtue and happiness in the career thus almost forced on her.

I wrote my review, speaking well of the talent which the book displayed, but condemning the subject, dwelling at some length on the evil of such marriages of body without soul; and proving that, even when done in all sincerity of good purpose, they are founded on the quicksand of self-deception. Mr. Jacob came in as I finished my paper, and put it up for the printer. He asked to read it: I gave it to him. He went over it carefully, and sighed as he refolded it, and put it again into its envelope.

"You think then it is impossible for a young woman to love an old man?"

"I did not say so in that paper, I think," I hastily replied. "If you look again you will see that I say it is hardly possible for a young woman to do her duty to any husband, young or old, when her heart is still unweaned from a first and powerful passion."

"You mean that woman should only marry her first love?"

"Her first *real* love—a preference may be

mistaken for love, and the mistake, if marriage does not ensue, soon rectifies itself; but all of deep feeling and large heart love once *truly*, and such love is for eternity."

"And having thus loved, if marriage be impossible, from the servitude the human soul is under to society and circumstance, think you that woman errs in marrying for esteem?"

"I cannot dare to judge all women," I answered; "but I think with many whom I can imagine, such wedlock would be sin."

"Yourself, for instance?" said Mr. Jacob, fixing his keen but benevolent eyes on me.

"Myself certainly—in such circumstances," I said falteringly.

"Then farewell hope," said Mr. Jacob, "for I know, Laura Studleggh, that you have loved—I know it without assurance, without narration of the past. Love, *real* love, leaves its track of fire upon the character, and no caution of the owner can efface those hoof-marks of the battle-steed."

"I hope," said I, for I never thought of meanly denying his assertion; "I hope, if the effects be thus lasting, they are also beneficial."

"With you, yes, or I had never dared to ask thus much, Laura. I came to-day to tell you I had found out what might make life happy to me; I meant to try and make life happy to you. I have little to offer save endeavours, but I see you need not my support in your difficult course; you are sufficient in yourself, the absent or the dead fill up your heart, I dare not intrude on that sacred silence. Forgive me that I did for a moment think you might need me. Remember, if you ever do need me as a friend, I am ready."

"We shall always be friends," I replied, warmly grasping his hands; "but oh, dear Mr. Jacob, never speak to me of my marrying any one. In all else I have learned your lesson of content and resignation, but I dare not marry—I know I cannot without a lie."

He wrung the hand he held, turned abruptly round, and departed. But he did not cease to be my friend—my friend and Carola's.

A few months after this, in autumn, once more I was standing in the little garden training a China rose-bush against the wall: the little wicket opened and creaked on its hinges. I turned round suddenly at the sound, and my eyes swam with surprise and emotion when I beheld Millicent, and beside her St. George.

I think my first impulse was to run away; I must have shown so by my hasty movement, for St. George rapidly advanced, holding out his hand, and saying to me, in a tone of mingled pleasantry and emotion, "You need not fly from me again, Laura; I come as your brother: Millicent is my wife."

I looked bewildered from him to my sister. She leant faint and pale against the stone fence of the garden. "Oh, Laura," she exclaimed, "remember the favourite maxim of your childhood, 'Forgive and forget.'"

At the word I was in her arms. St. George clapped his hands, and took both *our* hands and kissed them. "This is all I wanted to be

quite happy," he cried; and never indeed did man look happier.

We went into the house, and I heard their story.

Soon after Sir Harriman's death, St. George returned from India, rather delicate, and fancying himself still more so. He remembered gratefully Millicent's sympathy and kindness to him in his distress: he went to see her, was surprised to find her free, and much prettier; and, in spite of black weeds, evidently less languid and desponding than of yore. She took so unaffected an interest in his health, her tastes and his so entirely coincided, her person was so attractive, that he found himself continually and involuntarily drawn to the house of the young widow. She was thirty, he was scarce ten years older, and seemed juvenile to the "relict" of the octogenarian Sir Harriman.

They did not take long to discover each other's sentiments; but decorum and her widow's weeds necessitated silence even from one to other. Meanwhile, St. George inquired for me. Millicent knew not what had become of me, save that my name frequently appeared to articles in magazines and journals. St. George, from motives of delicacy, did not like to press the question; and Millicent, as she ingenuously confessed to me, was afraid of being too successful in a search.

"I did not know," she said hesitatingly, "what effect the sight of you might have in reviving an old flame and quenching a new one. I saw St. George was inclined to like me—and here Millicent crimsoned to the temples—I, oh, Laura, I always liked him too well for my own happiness as a married woman."

I particularly beg you to observe that St. George had left us alone during this conference.

I covered my sister with kisses. I appreciated now all her interest in mine as well as St. George's happiness.

"When all was made sure," said Millicent, continuing, "when he told me how I had fully succeeded to you in his heart, and how completely his feelings had changed to fraternal ones as regarded you—then, Laura, I felt ashamed of my unkindness and neglect. St. George is so much nobler than I am; I only hope he will help me to become less selfish. We set about various inquiries, and at length, through Mr. Anson, we got your address yesterday—and so here we are. My year of widowhood was out a month ago, and St. George and I were married last Sunday. Oh, Laura, I am so happy; I do not deserve so much happiness. Do you know I feel ten years younger already."

For all reply I kissed her again, and then went for Carola. There was much astonishment in Millicent's face when she saw my orphan charge. She did not expect anything so graceful and ladylike. This was her own realm, and she understood and appreciated all belonging to it. On her side Carola was pleasantly disappointed. She had not looked for so much sensibility in a sister who had cast me off and neglected me for four years. She forgave her, because she saw

how happy I was in the reconciliation; and she liked St. George from the first, not knowing (for I kept Millicent's secret) that he was the lover I had run away from.

It was a great delight to us all. Family ties again wound round my heart, and I had Carola to show off and to be proud of. Millicent asked us both to dine with her the following week—"And, if you have no objection, I will ask Adelia: she wishes to meet you. Will you forgive all that happened long ago?"

"Yes. I will meet Adelia, if you promise me Celia also."

She promised, and I was overjoyed.

After she was gone, Carola danced about the room with all her old girlish ecstasy. Suddenly she stopped, her eyes filled, and she said in a low broken voice, "How glad Papa would have been at this: how much he would have rejoiced for you!"

"And does rejoice if he can still sympathize with us," I said. "If not, we shall have plenty of time to rejoice in heaven. Darling Carola, it is a comfort to count up pleasures which would have pleased the dead. We reserve them to be shared in eternity."

A few days after, Carola came to me with a mock importance in her air. "I am going to town with Mrs. Crosby," she said, "to buy our dresses for Wednesday. We must wear the same. I am in half-mourning, you know, and mean to buy those pretty grey satins we saw at Waterloo House the other morning, made up with black lace; you will look dowager-like as my chaperone ought to do, and I shall look, as I ought, not too gay for my—." And again she stopped, melted by sad memories.

She would not let me pay for the dress: no. "You got the *entrée* for me to this fine society; so you must take the dress as my ticket of admission."

I was a little uneasy on returning to that house (it was the widow's jointure-house), from which I had retired so ingloriously four years before: but I found to my great pleasure a set of new servants. With all my philosophy, I should not have relished an encounter with the insolent footman, or the impertinent soubrette who had sneered at my departure. In spite of our modest hack vehicle, the new attendants received us respectfully, and ushered us up the well-known staircase into the well-known drawing-room. It was empty: we had arrived too early. Carola, much delighted with the taste and splendour of the apartment, began to examine the pictures on the gilded walls. I cast my eyes on old remembered objects, and recalled the humiliating past. There stood the piano-forte, where Ernest surprised me singing his own song. How my heart beat as I went up to it, felt it like an old friend, ran over its ivory keys as you would the features of one long absent, but at length returned. There glittered the mirror in whose shining plate I had seen my pale form reflected on the evening of that too memorable ball. I was beginning to be too heartsick, when the door opened, and a party of laughing ladies en-

tered. Foremost came Millicent, dressed most becomingly, looking far younger than when I had last seen her in that room, her beautiful hair falling in showers round her happy face, and her form buoyant as that of eighteen. Then appeared Adelicia, in all the matronly glory of feathery flower and cloudy blonde, and her rich folds of satin rustling round her as she sailed majestically up the apartment. Lady Fitz-interest had evidently confessed to herself that her reign of youthful charms had expired; so she had adopted a new line, and now played the handsome chaperone: her dress and ornaments were of a kind which at once pointed her out as a mamma, a lady patroness, a leader of fashion. It was judicious; she seemed really more youthful in her sweeping trains than when flying through the dance in a tunic and flounces of airy crape. She was far too aristocratic to make a scene with me; she gave me her gloved hand, approached her marabouts to my cheek, and said, half satirically, half indifferently, "Well, Laura, welcome back from Grub Street—I declare you have spread into a grey moth after all!" Then, with a languid stare at Carola, she whispered, "Who is that you have picked up? a very pretty foundling! Did you compose her in one of your novels, and extract her from its pages as a companion? or is she flesh and blood?"

I answered by presenting Carola in person, adding, "She is my *tried* friend and my adopted daughter. Her father left her in my charge," I continued in a low voice, as Carola moved away with Millicent to examine some drawing of Italian scenery.

"And do you support her on steel pens and blotting-paper," laughed Adelicia with her old flippancy laugh, not one tone of which had learned a deeper meaning from passing years.

"No: government has given her a pension in consideration of her father's distinguished abilities and chemical discoveries."

"La, what long words, my dear Laura! You have consorted so long with authors, you speak like Dr. Johnson. Have pity on my ignorance, and talk to me as if you were limited for language to the Child's First Spelling-Book."

I knew Adelicia of old, so I was not offended at her ridicule; and the entrance of Celia completely turned my attention. The dear girl did not seem to know strangers had arrived. She came in at the back drawing-room, singing, in a voice like that of Grisi, a favourite opera *morceau*. She came on, warbling still, her eyes fixed on a letter she had in her hand, without perceiving any of us till she was in the middle of the room. Then she looked up, startled by our exclamations. She was even lovelier than I had expected—all the beauty of her elder sisters, joined to an intensity of expression quite her own: a skin like crystal clear; not blood, but soul beat under it. She saw me, she recognized me, she ran forward and clasped me round the neck. I burst into tears—tears of such rapture, such gratitude to heaven, as I have seldom shed.

"Oh, my lost Laura!" cried Celia, "you shall never go away from me again."

Her sweet caressing words soon soothed me, and I became composed, as my dear Carola shared my feelings, with her usual unselfish interest. Celia and she understood each other from the beginning.

More company began to assemble; the master of the house walked in with Lord Fitzinterest. Both welcomed me kindly; but I felt much more warmly to St. George, to whom I owed this day of reconciliations. We went down to dinner; we eat and drank from porcelain and Bohemian glass, lighted by or-molu chandeliers reflected in silver dishes. I looked at Carola; totally unaccustomed as she was to this style of living, she behaved with perfect ease. It was only by the glancing of her eyes, and the somewhat repressed motion of her lips, that I, who knew her so well, guessed how much she was amused by this new view of life.

After dinner, we three, Carola, Celia, and myself, had a charming chat in a corner. Celia poured out her innocent young heart unreservedly. She told us all she did, all she thought, all she hoped. It was like looking down a clear deep pool, and counting the shining pebbles at the bottom. She had no self-consciousness, Celia! Accustomed to perpetual admiration, she had never known the necessity of self-control, and her idea of life was pure enjoyment. Lavishly generous she was, but she had never thought of being self-denying. Her impulses were so usually good, that she had never been told to govern them. She was a genius in one art—music—and gave way to her enthusiasm with the same abandon as she did to her feelings. Adelicia had not contradicted her much; she had been so frequently told by gentlemen that the charm of Miss Studleggh's beauty was its unaffected grace and lovely naturalness, that even her artificial spirit saw the wisdom of not pruning a plant which grew so fascinatingly without her touch; and she calculated that Celia was more likely to *take* from being so perfectly unique. So the young girl sang, and talked, and laughed, and danced, at her own sweet will; and wherever she moved a train of admiring men followed her, while Adelicia sat nodding her plumes in her velvet chair, and reckoning the eligibles among the troop who crowded round the brilliant little beauty. She astonished me that she was still so unspoiled; her position had done negative evil—it had choked many seeds of good in that pure spirit, but it had not generated bad ones. The worst that could be said of Celia was that she was utterly without self-guidance. She dropped down the stream of life, never thinking how one day she must swim against its current. She told us whom her letter was from—

"Dear brother Frank. He is coming home soon; he is not very well: he finds the climate does not agree with him. He says to me, 'If you will return with me to India, I'll find you a rich husband;' and then Adelicia will be so angry, for she means me to marry a lord at home, as she herself did before me. But

I don't want to marry; I am too young—only seventeen, you know, sister Laura; is not that too young to marry? I should never know what to do with a great household, or how to order about powdered servants; I should be saying, 'If you please,' as I do to Adelia's footmen, which she says sounds so absurd. Then brides have always to wear the family diamonds; and I hate diamonds, they only do for dowagers—I am sure I should look forty in a set of diamonds."

All this egotism was not offensive; somehow it did not seem egotism in her: she was not naturally selfish, but always hearing herself praised and made a person of consequence, she talked about herself as about a creature sure to interest; and the perfect unaffectedness of tone and manner proved how little she meant to "show off."

When we went home, our cottage certainly looked very small and very plain. I caught Carola's eye measuring the little sitting-room: she burst out laughing. "Yes, it is very wee, as Menie Anson would say, but big enough for us, Laura; and oh, how much dearer! I would not invite your family to dinner, however, as I invited Mr. Jacob. I cannot afford champagne, nor gold wine-coolers; nor I—"

"And if you are happy, living modestly, darling Carola, I shall not repent having shown you the outside of that hollow splendour."

"It was funny," said Carola; "I thought myself rather overdressed to-night when we set out; our satin gowns seemed to reproach our quiet furniture here; but on those damask couches, among those gilded pictures, I felt any meaner stuff would have looked squalid. And what beautiful women! My dear Laura, I never before could believe your assertion, that you were the plain one of your family; but it is true, if beauty be separated from expression—if not, I keep to my former opinion, that your only rival is Celia, and she only when she sings."

"There is much in her, I am confident, which we shall draw forth with time and patience."

Celia took care the new footing of affairs should continue. She rode frequently to see us, sometimes remaining half the day: if I were too busy writing, she stayed singing with Carola. Millicent was very kind in asking us often to her house. I made a point of always going, for Carola's sake: she was much admired, and I thought she might now have a reasonable chance of marrying in her own sphere. But when the fashionable gentlemen who took a fancy to her inquired of her family, and learned she was an orphan, living in a quiet suburb, with an authoress for her guardian, they slackened in their attentions. Carola laughed at their pride, and returned it with interest.

"I am rich enough now to afford to be an old maid! What a luxury! Dearest Laura, I owe it to you and Mr. Anson that I need not sell myself for bread."

We were very happy in our little cottage, and Carola grew every day more beautiful, in the highest sense of the word—the beauty of health, happiness, and intelligent goodness, framed in a form of grace.

Summer came round again, and I was reading the papers one day to her, when I came on the following paragraph, dated Cape Town:—

"We regret to say that Ernest Marchmont, Esq., the much-esteemed governor of Graham's Town, passed through this place yesterday on his way to the 'Emigrant,' now in the Bay, bound for London. Mr. Marchmont's immediate cause of return to Britain is the alarming illness of his mother, to whom a sea voyage is prescribed by the medical authorities. Mr. Marchmont carries with him the admiration and regard of all classes, for his abilities and integrity in office, and his many excellent social qualities in private life. It is rumoured that government will acknowledge his services with a baronetcy."

I had no time just then to ponder on my own feelings on this unexpected announcement. The bell rung as I laid down the paper, and the postman left a note for me from an eminent publisher, requesting me to go down to Staffordshire to visit the Potteries there, and to compose an article for a cheap Cyclopædia on the manufacture of China ware. Such was a style of composition which now often fell in my way. I was obliged, therefore, to make immediate arrangements for leaving London. I hastened to my employer for the necessary directions and credentials, and by next morning all was ready for my departure. Carola wished much to have accompanied me; but Mrs. Crosby had a severe cold, and she would not leave our household friend. With some half-joking repinings, she bade me adieu. On my part I had a painful presentiment, not unlike that which possessed me previous to Mr. Morton's departure for Inverness. I had a sort of prescience that Ernest Marchmont might arrive in my absence. I did not like to say so, indeed Carola had never heard me speak of Ernest; and it was during her retirement in sorrow, after Mr. Morton's death, that the Ansons and I had so often conversed about him. Consequently, she would not have known what I meant, and I thought now of all times I would keep my own counsel: still, just as I stepped into the cab, I could not help saying, "I wonder if any one will be here before I return."

"Do you mean Celia? She certainly will: I wrote this morning a note to say how glad I should be to see her."

"No, not Celia—some one from far"—then hesitating at my own blundering stupidity, I murmured hastily, "You know Frank is expected very soon now from India—"

"Your brother Frank! Ah, Laura, I mean to fall in love with him—I know I shall lose my heart to him. Who knows but I may be wooed and married and a' by the time you come back."

"Who knows, indeed?" I said, smiling; and the cab drove off; but my heart fell heavily in me as I spoke, and I watched Carola standing at our little garden gate, and tried, as long as possible, to feel the distant light of her heart-warm smile, as if I *knew* as well as foreboded that I should never again have the first place in that generous and passionate bosom.

(To be continued.)

FEATHERTOP: A MORALIZED LEGEND.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET LETTER," &c., &c., &c.

CHAP. I.

"Dickon," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth, when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth; where, indeed, there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe, and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn-patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little, green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn, just peeping out of the soil: she was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby (as every body must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But, on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humour, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn-patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke. "I could do it if I pleased; but I'm tired of doing marvellous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of every-day business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 'tis true I'm a witch!"

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain

broomstick, on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail, which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby, before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world: the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding-stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe-handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the wood pile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind, were nothing better than a meal-bag, stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporeity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shrivelled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-coloured knob in the middle, to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow!"

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-coloured coat, of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flaps, and button-holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbours said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat, there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage, that had been as brightly golden as the maple-leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substances of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these small-clothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings, and put them on the figure's legs, where they shewed as unsub-

stantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage, and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at—that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by-the-bye, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe, the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizened with its tattered finery; and as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression, betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken than, just as before, there was a red glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff, and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine, which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavour her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be, or who brought the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

"That puppet, yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch-meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows, who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe, and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street-corner!" continued she. "Well; I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe; but a witch I am, and a witch I am likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth, and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin-visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head—as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can only bring ourselves to believe, that, as soon as the old dame bid him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye; and that you may take my word for!"

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on top of it, or in the pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke, extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed, and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapt her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork: she saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow; but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade, so coloured and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety; and, at least, if the above explanation do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good, stout

whiff, and let it be with might and main! Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it.

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture, that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the load-stone when it summons the iron. "Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered, and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks: but the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood and musty straw and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood—poor devil of a contrivance that it was!—with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance-writers (and myself no doubt among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry, and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom), at this pusillanimous behaviour of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness!—thou rag or two!—thou meal-bag!—thou pumpkin-head!—thou nothing!—where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth, and hurl thee where that red coal came from!"

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys

of tobacco-smoke, that the small cottage kitchen became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window-pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm a-kinbo, and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity, with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims, and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose; for, with each successive whiff, the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity, and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty, and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away. And, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last, the old witch clenched her fist, and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle—perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain—that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacra into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice, or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations, and the fierceness of her will, had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith), thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one!" answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest

like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night-fog, morning-mist, sea-foam, and chimney-smoke! But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say!"

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides, and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking! 'With all thy heart!' And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humour with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt of Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If the salt were not dissolved, and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing, of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token, by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighbouring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close

to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system, with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter! And hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea; a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing-master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!"

All this while, the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapoury fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded, as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair) were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion—"Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! Oh! Ah! Hem!"—and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent, on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by, and seen the scarecrow made, you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities; the more sagacious grew its expression; the more lifelike its gestures and movements; and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this wonderwork, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum, with painted bowl and amber mouth-piece.

It might be apprehended, however, that as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapour of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow, while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe, and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco-box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe."

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe-bowl; and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips, and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke) cry, sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and, 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks, and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother," said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke; "I will thrive if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said—'If an honest man and a gentleman may!' Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have,

against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take my staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop—so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him, until out of sight, and threw a witch-benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE FRENCH BEGGARS.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

"I'll clean your boots, sir, stand on my head, and sing you a French song for a halfpenny—only, please do, sir."

These words were addressed to a gentleman who was hastening past the railway station in Lime-street, Liverpool; and although every one in that great ante-room of England is always in a hurry to go somewhere or do something, the oddity of the different offers struck my friend, and positively arrested his steps.

The speaker was a young child, distinguishable from the other boys who invariably haunt these purlieus, by a more refined and far more desolate look. They were poverty-stricken enough, and their tattered clothes shook in the wind; but still they were hale, sturdy varlets, you could fancy that each had some cellar or garret to call a home, some rough mother to look after them and box their ears, some one to fly to in case of need. But this poor little petitioner had a hopeless, despondent expression—you could see his loneliness, and also that he was unused to and terrified by it. Dirty as he was, his skin looked as if it had once been washed; his hair had not the matted appearance which proclaimed it "unconscious of a comb;" and his poor thin blouse, torn as it was, was still drawn to meet his waist with a certain

air which distinguished it from his companions' ragged jackets. Companions! Alas! for him they were not companions, they were rivals—enemies who considered him a trespasser on their ground, and had therefore set aside their own private quarrels to make common cause against the foreigners; for the poor, young, and helpless child had another, yet weaker, dependent on him; and this feeling gave a sort of staid dignity to his manner, which would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances.

My friend did not require a second glance to reveal this to him; for a little girl, as woebegone as the boy, stood near him, carefully holding a blacking-bottle and a box or two of lucifer matches, evidently their stock in trade. Mr. Langton at once yielded up his foot; and the boy, first carefully turning up his customer's trousers far beyond the encroachments of the blacking, washing his brushes, he began his work most scientifically, while the girl joined her voice to his in the well-known strain, "Mourons pour la patrie." Their accent was undeniably Parisian, and their childish music seemed likely to attract the attention of others, when their competitors, apparently checking this "Free Trade" and appreciation of foreign goods, had recourse to a most cruel stratagem to drive them off the field. One of the other lads, pretending to be running heedlessly along, pushed against the girl, and knocked both the bottle and matches

out of her hands. This was total ruin to the poor little traders; the girl burst into bitter sobs, while her partner, in a fit of rage and indignation, forgot not only his customer, but the halfpenny he had so nearly earned, and boldly rushed on the aggressors. Shame to say, the others lost all thought of fair play, and would have fallen three or four to one on the Frenchman had not Mr. Langton interfered and quickly dispersed them. The girl's distress was extreme; fear for her protector, terror of their cowardly foes, and self-reproach for this, to them, irreparable loss, were united in almost heart-breaking agony. The sobs became hysterical, and could not be suppressed, even at the sight of a whole shilling, the gift of their munificent customer.

"Mais tais toi, Alice," cried the boy; "see, I am not hurt, and look at this, *c'est plus qu'une pièce de vingt sous*—I can buy some bread to-night."

"I am not hungry now, *mon frère*; but those wicked boys, oh! they will come again—*Monsieur* will not be there, and you will be killed like papa. We shall die—we shall die. Oh! let us go away, let us go back to Paris—*Mdlle*. Delaine will help us.

"Do not say that again, Alice; please do not; you know mamma made us promise we would come here—there, kiss me, do not cry so. See, *Monsieur* is waiting, and I have not stood on my head yet."

The next moment the active boy had performed the promised feat; but Mr. Langton felt so interested by the short dialogue he had overheard, and Alice's uncontrollable distress, that he could not leave them; so desiring them to follow him, he led the way to an humble eating-house adjoining the railway.

Both children were now sobbing loudly; for the boy, alarmed at his sister's state, and affected by Mr. Langton's kind voice and manner, could no longer restrain his own agitation. The courage which had hitherto sustained and enabled him to cheer his charge, gave way before a friendly tone; and now that he seemed to have found the protector so necessary to his age, he was again the trembling, timid child.

It was some time before the efforts of their new friend, seconded by those of a very kind-hearted landlady, at all restored them to calmness. "Poor dears, I'll be moidered with their booting—they're juist clemmed, I'm thinking, Must I give 'em some tea and a buttee bread and butter, sir?"

"Well, do my good woman; and if you could take them in for to-night, I should be very glad; here is something for their expenses. I will call to-morrow to see about them—here is my card. What could bring them here?"

"Thank'ee, sir, I'll be loike to know, too, what ails them. I wouldn't mind giving them a shake-down for a night or so; indeed, I'd be loike to do it, my master 'ud never forgive me if I went to turn 'em out at this time o'night; but I'll pop 'em into the pan-mug, to sunt 'em down fust—them furreners is so dirty."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, please, madame, will you let us wash? Will you wash Alice, madame? Nobody has washed her since mamma did. May we undress and be washed before we eat? Oh, sir, how good you are to us!—now you will see how gentille Alice is."

"Genteel—aye, indeed, poor dear, she's come o' decent folk. See, sir, these things were never made for a beggar's bairn."

Mrs. Davis was now more interested than ever in the strangers, for their unfeigned delight in their ablutions won her cleanly heart. The promised "buttee" was now sprinkled with sugar on Alice's especial behalf, and she volunteered to "wring out the boy's beat and the rest of their fal-lals, that they might be clean next morning."

Her services were now quite disinterested, without a thought of profit; none but those who go among the poor know how nobly generous they are to each other; had Mr. Langton withdrawn his promised aid, the children would still have found an active friend in this needy, hard-working woman. She knew not even their names; they were too exhausted to bear much questioning; it was sufficient for her to feel that they were motherless, and in want; and when, revelling in the unaccustomed luxuries of warmth and cleanliness, they fell asleep in her share of her hard and only bed, she never grudged them the night's rest she thus relinquished for their sake.

Mr. Langton called early next morning, accompanied by his sister; but, early as it was, the children were up and about, their clean clothes as neatly put on as rags could be, and their skins shining with soap and scrubbing.

"Well, sir, look at 'em now," cried Mrs. Davis; "if your misses could ha' seen 'em yesterday she wouldn't know 'em now; and such good little things, too: Alice would not touch her buttees till her brother had had some too; and as for the little chap, it's a pity he has such an outlandish name—why he went out and bought some blacking with the shilling as you give him, sir, and has been a cleaning of all our shoes, while Alice set herself down to my knitting just like a little woman. Poor lambs! they've been well cared for in their day; I hope they're not dark, coming from those benighted furren parts. They was saying some prayers, but I couldn't make out their language."

The children's simple story was now soon elicited. Their father, Sebastian Vernet, was, as his name denoted, a Frenchman; their mother, however, was English; she had gone over to Paris with the family with whom she was living as lady's maid. In the large Parisian houses or hotels, people of all ranks dwell; and while the *Milord Anglais* may be found on the first floors, workmen of all ranks occupy the higher stories and garrets. Thus the attics of a tall French house do the work of our back streets, and the poor are in some degree compensated for the toilsome labour of climbing five or six flights of stairs, by breathing a purer air, and being exempted from the noisome scenes of

an English alley. It so happened that Sebastian Vernet had a room in the same house with Alice Evans' master; and, as is not unfrequent, the servants of many of the families lodging there had no bedrooms on the same floors with their respective employers. In this manner Alice and Verney became near neighbours, and often met on the stairs. The young Englishwoman was pretty; the Frenchman smart, well-made, and quite disposed to make the most of any opportunity presented to him; he was enabled to render some trifling assistance to Alice; this brought on an acquaintance—his attentions redoubled, and in due course of time they married. It was not at all a bad match on either side: Sebastian Vernet was a good workman at a fancy trade, and in constant employ; while Alice Evans, who had but one relation in the world—an old aunt at Liverpool—had saved a little money, and was a neat, industrious, loving woman, a treasure to any man. Her master and mistress were very fond of her, and made her many presents when she left them; they, too, came from Liverpool, and they bade her, should she ever want assistance, to apply to them without scruple.

For many years this promise was merely recalled as a proof of honest service, of which she and her husband were deservedly proud. She heard once or twice from Mrs. Stubbs and the young ladies; but besides the fear of appearing intrusive, the trouble of writing a letter was naturally great to a nearly uneducated person. She was very happy, her husband was all she could desire, kind to her, affectionate to their two children. He was but seldom out of work, and they had already saved money; but little, it is true, still it was something; and she herself found time to teach the children, and keep up their English. The only cloud on her sunny life arose from her husband's political and religious feelings; the first, though he was an enthusiastic republican, would not have disturbed her much, but the other gave her great pain. What though her children were educated in her faith, Sebastian never thought of these things: he never accompanied them to their church; his voice never mingled in their devotions. This serious want of congeniality had not struck her during their courtship; but when her babes first lisped their innocent prayer, it was sad to the mother's mind to feel that they raised no responsive echo in their father's heart. This was the "one thing needful," without which "all was naught" to her.

Time, however, passed rapidly on, and Alice, even with this great drawback, was a happy woman, when the eventful February of 1848 arrived. Sebastian Vernet flew to arms, of course, with the rest of the workmen. His children at first clapped their hands for joy when they saw their father seize his arms, and don the smart uniform he wore when occasionally summoned to take his turn of duty as a National Guard; but their ecstasies ceased at the sight of their mother's tears; and when, after vainly trying to stop her husband, she

fainted on their little landing, they at once perceived that something awful was impending.

There is often such a false love of glory inculcated in the French heart from its earliest throb, that, terrified as they were, the children dried their tears on hearing the drums beat at a distance, and clambered to their window to be scared by the active change below. The street, lately so gay, though quiet, was now filled by a tremendous mob, whom Sebastien, distinguished by his uniform, was busily directing. Little Alice was the first to discover him. "See, mamma," she cried, "look at papa—what is he going to do? he is tearing up the paving stones."

"Maman, maman!" exclaimed her brother; "come here, it is so funny—papa has stopped an omnibus, and made everybody get out—there is an old woman is scolding so, but they all laugh at her; the conducteur is helping them—they have taken the horses out, and laid it across the street."

"See, now, mon frère," continued his sister, "they are cutting down the trees—oh! the poor trees. What is papa going to do?"

"Make a barricade, to be sure, Alice. A bas les tyrans! we shall all be free now. Vive la France! vive la liberté! Are you not glad?"

"Glad! Oh, heaven, Sebastian! my children—my poor precious children! There will be fighting—they will kill your father."

"No, no, mamma, those aristocrats will not kill him, they cannot—he is so brave, he will not let them; besides, I can fight too. Do not cry, dear mamma; do not cry, Alice—I will take care of you—I will fight for papa and La Patrie."

"There! papa sees us," cried the little girl, "he is smiling at us; oh! do look, mamma—do come, he beckons and nods."

It was his last look—they never again saw him alive.

Madame Vernet had hastened to the windows at her little girl's appeal, and well it was for them she did so. As she reached the balcony, she saw a troop of soldiers scouring along at the end of the street, and driving all before them. They were coming towards them, and the deep groan of execration from the insurgents assembled at the barricade beneath her, told of an approaching struggle. She had barely time to withdraw the children from their exposed situation, when shots were heard spattering in all directions. Some persons fired on the troops from the floor above the Vernets. A well-directed volley was returned—the mother and children crouched under the bed while the bullets whistled around.

There was a momentary cessation. Madened by suspense, the poor woman again ventured to the window, for her husband was among the combatants. She was seen—the soldiers were infuriated at the cowardly attacks made on them from the sheltering houses; her sex proved no protection to her—she was fired at, and fell back, mortally wounded.

The children, who had followed her, clinging to her gown, vainly strove to raise her, to

stanch the blood slowly trickling from the tiny wound below her bosom—strange that a parent's life should escape from so small an outlet! She knew her doom—she knew, too, the full extent of their misery; in that brief glance she had seen their father dragged from the fray, dying, if not already dead. She knew that she was a widow, that they were doubly orphaned. Their destitution raised her above grief—vanquished for a while even Death itself. She wasted no words in useless lamentation; and her calmness deceived, even while it awed, her children. "Listen to me, my darlings," she said, "you must not lose one word—I am afraid to speak: Sebastien, if I die, and your father does not return to you, you must go with your sister to England—to Liverpool, remember; you will find friends at these two addresses. You must not live here—there is no fighting in my country, and you are almost an Englishman, you know. Promise me you will do this—promise me you will not stay in Paris, where they have murdered your poor father and mother—promise me you will see your priest in England, and always do as he bids you—no church, no peace, no happiness. And you, Alice, you must do all your brother wishes: we have no relations here—no friends but in happy England. Go, go, my children, my blessed, darling children, go from this dreadful place. Love each other—love your God."

She sank back, but the mother could not die without a fierce struggle; again her will conquered nature, and retarded the fatal moment. The grey hue of death was fast creeping on her; her voice was choked with an inward hemorrhage, but she made them reiterate their promises; she told them where to find her ready money, and in what bank their little store was accumulating. The solemnity of the moment ripened their childish intellect, and the boy felt what he was saying when he pledged himself to his mother, and swore to be his sister's protector. He was barely ten, she three years younger; but the mother saw she could confide in them, and in their mutual love and obedience, and that conviction must have softened her last moments.

As our informants were these very children, and their knowledge of the leading events was naturally confused, exaggerated, and imperfect, we had some difficulty in understanding that part of the story to which they were not eye-witnesses.

Some days elapsed before they were assured of their father's fate; their rank was so very humble, they had no near relations, and their few friends were both powerless and engrossed by their own troubles. The revolution brought many evils to the working man, among which the failure of the Savings' Banks was not the least. Every one was busy, no one had time to sympathise with another, and beyond a few immediate offers of assistance nothing was done for the orphans. Their furniture was seized for rent, whether justly or not who can tell? When universal ruin strides along, few pause to be charitable. Their parents were buried; a very

small sum was placed in their hands by the concierge who had hitherto managed their affairs for them, and Sebastien was told it was all that was left for them. The kind priest who had been called in to visit them talked of placing them in some charitable establishment; but the boy remembered his mother's last words, he knew that open resistance was impossible at his age, so that same night he and Alice stole from their lodgings, and set out on foot for Havre. They contrived to make their way there; had they been older they would have been stopped for want of passports, but none could suspect such infants. At Havre their pitiful story and foreign, though good English, touched the heart of the sailors of a Newcastle collier, who gave them a free passage to Shields. It was no slight task for them to make their way southwards to Liverpool even now; but they effected it, though they had come to their last shilling ere they reached the town.

And there all their hopes were disappointed: on attempting to find their mother's aunt, there was not a vestige of her house left: the very street had been swept away, razed from the ground, to make room for a railroad. The children had but one more friend: with much difficulty they discovered Mr. Stubbs' address, and then were driven from his door—the servant who opened it was in a bad humour, and would give no encouragement to beggars, and truly their dirty haggard looks warranted his supposition. Even then the brave Sebastien did not despair, his sister was dependent on him. Combatting his hunger, and, what was even worse, Alice's, he laid out his last coin in procuring the scanty stock in trade with which he first attracted Mr. Langton's attention. But the business he attempted, though successful in Paris, was then unknown here; no one would patronize him, and he had also to endure the ill will of a crowd of idle boys. Still his sturdy spirit kept him up; he sang, he made Alice sing, sing for bread to save them from starvation, and had already gained a few pence when he met my friend.

There is but little to add: a reference to Mr. Stubbs proved the truth of a great part of their story; letters were exchanged with one or two persons in Paris, the Stubbs were generously active, nor was Mr. Langton behindhand. The missing aunt also was found; she was in comfortable circumstances for her station, and gladly took charge of her niece's orphans. Though so few years have elapsed, Sebastien is already earning a livelihood in a better business than that of shoeblack; while Alice, who was at once received by Mrs. Stubbs as playmate and companion to her little girl, that she might thus acquire a correct French accent, will shortly be placed in a good school, to enable her to support herself in time. The brother and sister are as fondly united as in their bitter adversity, and have never forgotten their mother's last words, "Love each other; trust in God, and He will protect you. He will be a father to the fatherless, a shield to the oppressed. Love Him; for He is merciful, He is Love."

THE WORK - TABLE.

GENTLEMAN'S WAISTCOAT,

IN APPLICATION.

MATERIALS:—Black Cloth sufficient for a Waistcoat; black Velvet, Albert Braid, and Gold Thread.

The design given is equally adapted for braiding and application. The latter term is applied (as most ladies are aware) to any sort of work in which the pattern is formed in one fabric, and laid on another, which is the ground. The edges are finished in various ways. When muslin and net are used, the edges are sewed or button-holed over; for velvet, cloth, and satin a braid of some sort is usually laid over the edge, and sewed over. The Albert braid, recently made in this country, is especially adapted for such a purpose; it looks much richer than the flat silk braidings; and when edged on each side with gold thread, it has a very rich effect.

To prepare the work, draw the pattern the full size, on bank-post paper, and mark all the outlines by pricking them, at equal distances, with a coarse needle. Place the pattern over the velvet, keeping it in its place by means of weights, and apply fine pounce all over the surface with a large flat stump. When the paper is removed, the design will be seen clearly marked on the velvet. By laying the paper on the other side, the other half of the waistcoat can be marked. As these outlines are, however, easily effaced, it will be necessary to mark them over again with a solution of flake-white and gum-water, applied with a fine sable brush.

As in all else, there is a great improvement in the mode of marking patterns of late years. These prepared patterns, with a powder which is very adhesive, and a large stump, made for the purpose, can be readily obtained. The composition of the powder is a secret; but where the work is to be either cut out (as in appliqué) or braided immediately afterwards, *this* powder is sufficiently adhesive to enable the worker to dispense with the second marking.

The velvet should be cut out very accurately, and with sharp fine scissors. Then fine size, made of the best glue, being slightly applied to the back, the velvet is laid on the cloth, in its proper place. When dry, the edges are to be finished first with Albert braid, then with a gold thread laid on at each side of it.

The scrolls are worked with the braid and

thread only, and the veinings of the leaves are done in the same way. The ends are to be drawn through the cloth, and fastened at the back.

If the waistcoat is to be braided only, without the application, a colour different from that of the material itself may be chosen for the braid.



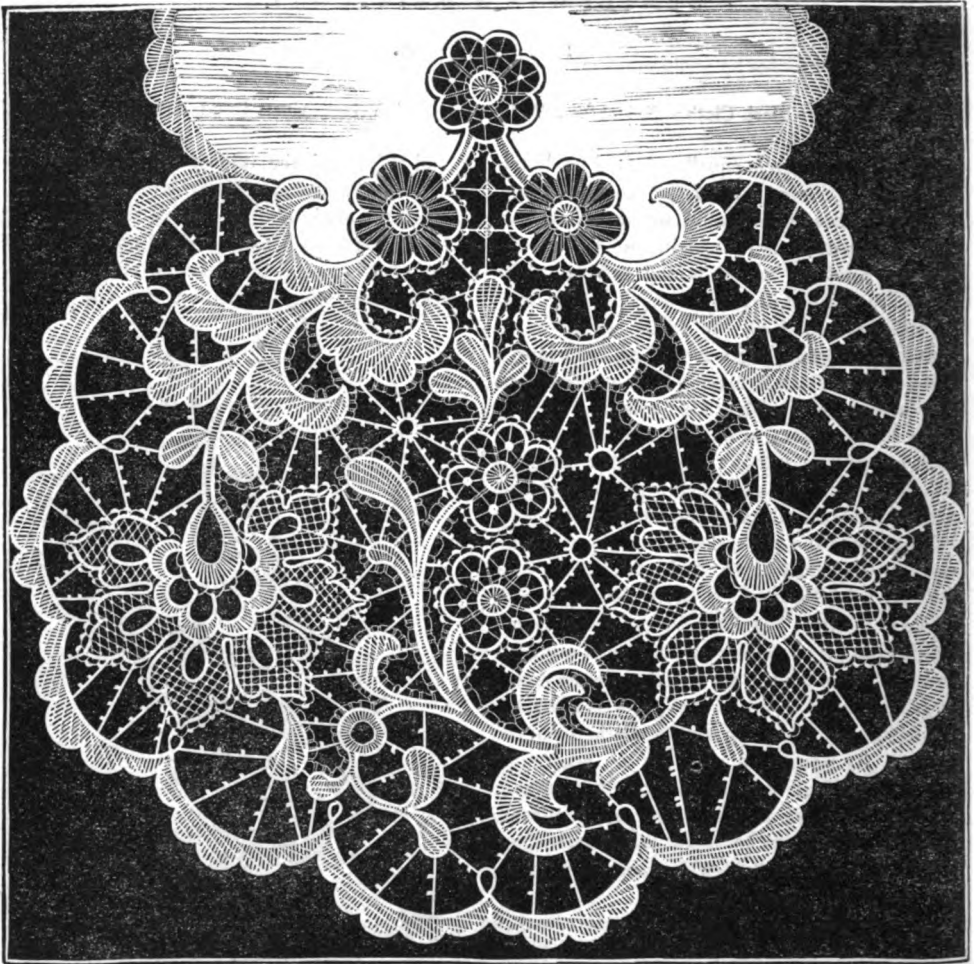
Narrow flat silk braid, commonly known as Russian or French braid, may also be substituted for the Albert; and the gold thread may be dispensed with. The design I have given is in the newest style; and the shape of the enlarged pattern is very good.

AIGUILLETTE.

D

POINT-LACE END OF NECK-TIE.

MATERIALS:—W. Evans and Co.'s Point-lace Cottons, with No. 1 Mecklenburgh Thread, and five-eighths of broad Satin Ribbon.



All the ladies' neckties we saw during a recent visit to Paris, were made of broad ribbon or gros-de-Naples, with a simple *nœud* and embroidered ends. The bracelets or glove bands harmonized with the necktie, or *cravat*, as it is usually called.

In next month's number we will give specimens of each, *appliqué*; the present engraving is in point lace, and is well suited for the purpose. The pattern is to be outlined with Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1; and all the thick parts are done in foundation stitch; that is, Brussels lace over a bar of thread, for which purpose

Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70, is to be used. The English lace must be done small and close, as seen in the engraving, with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 120. The Raleigh bars and wheels are done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120. All the edges are done with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

To join on the ribbon, lay it under the narrow end of the point; run the two together, button-hole them slightly, beyond the work, and cut out the superfluous ribbon underneath.

AIGUILLETTE.

CARD PURSE.

MATERIALS:—Two skeins of fine emerald-green Crochet Silk, and three skeins of fine Gold Thread. A handsome Tassel of green and gold, one yard of fine green cord, and two little bullion slides. Use a fine Crochet Hook.

Begin with the gold thread: make a chain of 11, close into a round, and work on it one round of s c.

2nd round. $\times 1$ s c, 1 ch, miss none, $\times 11$ times.

3rd. $\times 2$ s c on one, 1 ch, $\times 11$ times.

4th. 1 ch, $\times 2$ s c on the 2nd s c, 2 ch, $\times$ repeat; end with 2 ch.

5th. $\times$ s c on the 2nd s c, 2 s c on one ch, 2 ch, $\times 11$ times.

6th. 1 ch, $\times$ s c on the 2nd s c, s c on 3rd, s c on ch, 3 ch, $\times$ repeat; end with 3 ch; join on the green.

7th. $\times 2$ s c on the 2nd s c, s c on s c, s c on ch, 3 ch, $\times$ repeat.

8th. $\times 4$ s c, beginning on the 2nd s c, 4 ch, $\times$ repeat.

9th. $\times 3$ s c, beginning on 2nd s c, 2 s c on one ch, 4 ch, $\times$ repeat.

10th. $\times 5$ s c, beginning on the 2nd, 5 ch, $\times$ repeat.

11th. Like 10th.

Join on the gold, and do five rounds with it, like the 10th.

17th. (Green.) 5 s c, 5 ch, miss 5 ch; repeat 11 times.

18th. S c with green. Join on the gold without fastening off the green.

19th. $\times 1$ s c with green, 1 with gold, $\times$ repeat.

20th. All gold. S c.

21st and 22nd. S c with green.

23rd. $\times 3$ green, 1 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

24th. $\times 2$ green, 2 gold, 1 green, 3 gold, 2 green, $\times 11$ times.

25th. $\times 2$ green, 6 gold, 1 green, 1 gold, $\times 11$ times.

26th. $\times 1$ gold, 2 green, 4 gold, 3 green, $\times 11$ times.

27th. 1 gold, 3 green, 5 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

28th. $\times 4$ gold, 2 green, 3 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

29th. $\times 4$ green, 1 gold, 4 green, 1 gold, $\times 11$ times.

30th. $\times 1$ green, 3 gold, 1 green, 4 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

31st. $\times 4$ gold, 1 green, 1 gold, 3 green, 1 gold, $\times 11$ times.

32nd. $\times 2$ gold, 3 green, 1 gold, 2 green, 2 gold, $\times 11$ times.

33rd. $\times 3$ gold, 1 green, 1 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, $\times 11$ times.

34th. $\times 3$ gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

35th. $\times 1$ green, 3 gold, 4 green, 1 gold, 1 green, $\times 11$ times.

Do two rounds of s c with green only; then one of gold; the next with the stitches alternately gold and green; then a round of green.

Join on the gold, and do 5 rounds like the 10th. Do the same number with green, then 5 more with gold, and 5 with green.

After this 8 rounds with green are to be done thus: $\times 1$ ch, 1 ch, miss 1, $\times$ repeat. Always make the d c stitch of one row under the chain stitch of the preceding.



For the small frill, which is to be done entirely in gold thread, work on the third open round from the top; $\times 5$ d c under one ch. miss 1, $\times$ repeat.

2nd row. S c on every stitch.

3rd. $\times 5$ d c over the centre of 5 ch, $\times$ repeat.

4th. Like 2nd.

Above this frill run in the cords, the knots of which are to be concealed by bullion slides.

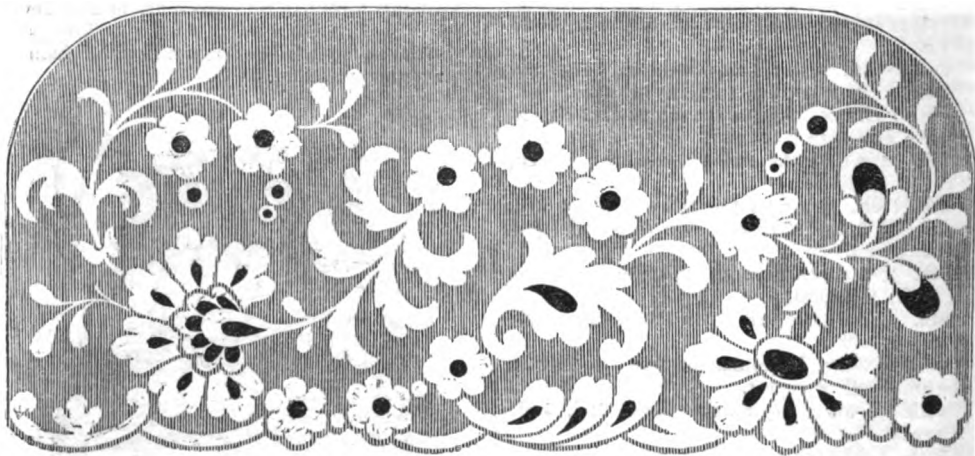
Add a handsome tassel at the end.

AIGUILLETTE.

SWISS LACE;

OR, MUSLIN APPLIQUE ON NET.

MATERIALS:—Fine book-muslin, Brussels Net, W. Evans and EmCo's. broderie Cotton, No. 60, and Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 50.



In compliance with the wishes of several of our friends, we now give a specimen of the work termed Swiss Lace. The whole ground is net of the best quality; while all the parts that in the engraving are represented white, are worked in the finest book-muslin.

Prepare a pounced pattern, as for the waistcoat, drawing several repetitions of the design, to save the trouble of frequently shifting the paper. To mark it, mix a little ultra-marine powder with flake-white, and mark it with the stuff commonly called blue-reviver. Lay the muslin over the net; tack them together, trace all the outlines with the embroidery-cotton, and

sew them over with the Boar's Head sewing-cotton. The edge must be finished with very neat button-hole stitch, worked on two outline threads. The open spaces in the flowers may be filled with Point Lace stitches. The muslin must be very carefully cut away from the ground.

The edge we have given is suitable in its present dimensions for the frill of the new Bishop-sleeve. Enlarged to twice the size, it would be extremely handsome for the border of a veil. We should advise cambric to be substituted for muslin for the latter purpose.

AIGUILLETTE.

A FAREWELL LETTER.

In the official journal of Copenhagen a letter has recently appeared, said to be taken from the secret archives of the State, and now published for the first time: it was from the unhappy Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, to her brother, our George the Third. It has revived an interest in the sad incidents of her brief life, to which we turn with mournful pity. Imagination can scarcely picture a more affecting scene than the parting of a betrothed Princess from her home and family for a strange land and an unknown husband. It was on the morning of the second of October, 1766, that Caroline Matilda wept her fond adieu on the bosom of the mother from whom she had never been separated, and whom she was never to see again. The feelings of the mother may be conceived in parting with a child on whom she doted. Young as she was—for she was but fifteen—her attainments already made her a delightful companion. Her endearing qualities, and the tender-

ness felt for the one born after the death of her father, made her an object of the fondest affection; the very charms of her childishness—the credulity, guilelessness and openness of this period of her life, made the mother tremble for the happiness of one so ill calculated for the dangers and artifices of a foreign Court.

Crowds had assembled to see the young Princess take her departure for Denmark; and though the loveliness of youth was shaded by melancholy, and her tears fell fast, she had never seemed fairer in the eyes of the loyal people among whom she had been born and bred; deep sympathy in her natural regret pervaded all, and blessings were showered on her as she passed on. Preparations on the most magnificent scale had been made for her reception in the dominions of the King of Denmark: the bridge of Altona, where she landed, was covered with the richest scarlet cloth; a deep phalanx of ladies on one side, and gentlemen on the other,

lined the way through which she had to pass. The waving of handkerchiefs and loud acclamations proclaimed her approach. Young girls, dressed all in white, strewed the choicest flowers before her—unmeet emblem of the thorny path she was yet to tread! The dignity and sweetness of her looks and deportment interested all who saw her; the ladies took lessons in taste, from the elegant simplicity in which her bloom-coloured dress, embossed with its white flowers, was fashioned. She made her public *entrée* into Copenhagen on the 8th, and was attended by a vast retinue; the procession moved slowly through the streets, to give the crowds who thronged the way an opportunity of seeing their young Queen: she was greeted by all with the most joyous welcome. The youthful King, but two years older than his bride, waited at the door of the antechamber to welcome her; indeed, all within and without the palace vied with each other in giving her a rapturous reception. The royal family, and a large company of the nobility and officers of state, were present at the marriage ceremony and the magnificent entertainment in the evening. Nothing was heard of, throughout the kingdom, but illuminations, festivities, and rejoicings. Among those who had been most warm in their expressions of devotion and joy, no one had been so warm as the King's step-mother, the Queen-dowager—she lavished the fondest caresses on her. The apparent kindness found its way at once to the confiding heart of the young girl; it was gratifying to her to think, that though far away from her early home, still she would be loved and cherished. In winning her easy way to that innocent heart, the Queen-dowager had a deep game to play: it was her ambition to see her own son, the hereditary Prince of Denmark, on the throne, and she resolved to separate the young couple. In looking over the chronicles of the times, it is evident that if no cruel machinations had been resorted to, they would have been eminently happy; affectionate feelings can be traced in various incidental records. We read, that in the year following their union, the Queen determined to commemorate the event by a grant of a marriage portion to twenty-five young women, to be paid on their wedding-day, which she fixed should be *the birth-day of the king*. She seems to have devoted herself with great tenderness to her husband. The following paragraph is taken from one of the public journals:—“His Danish Majesty was taken ill of a scarlet fever, which was thought infectious; notwithstanding which the Queen most assiduously attended him; nor would she leave him day or night till his life was out of danger.”

We find scattered through the publications of the day, proofs of the partiality evinced by the King for England—no doubt rendered dear to him for her sake who was the partner of his throne: His visit to England; the interest which he took in the country, and its noble institutions; his founding some, similar to those which had struck him most, on his return home. “The young noblemen,” it is thus

written in one of the journals, “by the king's desire, are to learn the copious and energetic English language—a circumstance very agreeable to the Queen.” The Queen-dowager, wearing the most disengaged air, seemed to think of nothing but the Queen's amusement. Under her direction, the court became a scene of endless dissipation; the Queen entered with the spirits natural to her time of life into the court gaities, little suspecting that they had been contrived to entrap her. The refinement of her taste improved the tone of society, and set an example of unaffected simplicity. Her conversation was sought, from her intellectual acquirements, by men of talent; indeed they were extraordinary in one so young, and proved that she must from her earliest days have had a thirst for mental improvement. She was perfect mistress of the Italian, French, German, and Danish languages; her reading was extensive, and she was skilled in those elegant accomplishments suited to a Court. She danced with such infinite grace as to excite universal admiration. The King, from his youth, and from a deficiency of strength of mind, was easily led; and of this the most cruel advantage was taken: his step-mother placed her emissaries about him, not only to watch his movements, but to lead him into excesses: and then would artfully insinuate to the Queen what was to his disadvantage. She took the opportunity more especially when he was absent in England and Paris, to disturb the Queen's mind with constant stories of his misconduct, and with advice that she should immediately separate from him. The Queen, with that openness, which is a delightful characteristic of a generous mind, resolved at once to expostulate with the King: the gentleness with which she remonstrated with him, and perhaps the explanations which he may have been able to give, produced the happiest effects: the birth of a son too, in some time, united them more dearly than ever. The young prince was born just two hours before the anniversary of his father's birth: the King was in a transport of delight, and it was truly gratifying to him and to the Queen to see their people thoroughly participating in their joy; but there was one to whom all this delight and joy was bitter agony. The throne, to which the Queen-dowager had hoped to see her son elevated, was receding further and further beyond their reach, and the young prince and his mother were hateful in her eyes; and she even took a malicious pleasure in coming across the happiness which prevailed. She artfully contrived to prevent the Queen's performing the first maternal duty by her son: the Queen had been determined to suckle him herself, but a thousand objections were made, and she had the mortification of seeing the office of nurse conceded to another: this, however, did not prevent the young mother from watching over him with the tenderest and most judicious care: she insisted on his being loosely clad, that the action of his limbs might not be impeded, and that his appetite should not on any account be pampered, but that his

food should be simple and light, as suited to infant digestion. From the moment he was capable of understanding, she repressed to the utmost of her power every selfish feeling, and would allow of no haughty airs, assumption of power, or pride: all her wishes were to form a character which would deserve the love of the good. She knew that it is not by set lessons that the mind receives its bent, and that the most necessary, far the most necessary, part of education is the cultivation of the affections and the practice of self-denial, which can relinquish enjoyments for the gratification of others; but this must be induced as a habit, and not enforced as a lesson. The Queen at length perceiving the acts of the Queen-dowager, determined to take on herself the management of such public matters as were of right her province, and which had been assumed by the queen-dowager. Shortly after there was a change of ministry, and Struensee—a man of ability, and in great favour with the King—and his friend Brandt were raised to the highest offices. The discarded ministers, enraged at losing office, were ready to join the Queen-dowager, to whom they had always been subservient in any plot which would be likely to reinstate them. As she had failed in persuading the Queen to separate from the king, she resolved to make the King separate from her: she had now a powerful coadjutor in Moltke, one of the dismissed ministers: they watched her narrowly, and her most innocent actions were misconstrued: at the court balls the King was her first partner, and she afterwards danced with Count Struensee—he and Count Brandt were especial favourites with the King, and paid great court to the queen, who countenanced them in many measures of reform, which she thought would be for the benefit of the country and conducive to its national character.

The Queen gave birth to a daughter, and was not prevented from discharging the duty of a mother: the little creature was nurtured in her own bosom, and not consigned to a stranger. In the meantime plots were thickening for her ruin. The Queen-dowager, having announced that she was come to see the infant and to congratulate the Queen, was shown into her chamber. When the child was brought over to her, she looked at her for an instant, and then with a malicious smile hastily turned away and left the apartment, declaring that the infant was the very image of Struensee: this soon became the talk of the public, and every act of the unsuspecting Queen was construed into a proof of guilt: her speaking frequently to Count Struensee in public; her dancing with him; her approval of measures about to be adopted by the ministry: all were commented on. Some of the most unpopular of the measures, particularly the proposed incorporation of the King's guards into other regiments, was said to have been secretly suggested to the king by his artful step-mother, and urged by him on his ministers—the mental debility into which he was gradually sinking made the plot which was con-

cocted the less difficult. On the 16th of January 1772, a masked ball was given at the palace; the Queen, after dancing with the King, gave her hand to Count Struensee: she retired at about two o'clock; some time after, Struensee and Brandt left the ball-room. Some of the queen-dowager's abettors in the infamous plot drew back from participating in the scene which was about to take place; the utter falsehood of the accusation about to be made, rendered the undertaking in their opinion unlikely to meet with success; and its failure might involve great trouble. But the increasing weakness of the king's mind made those who had resolved to run the risk very sanguine in their hopes of carrying out the design. The Queen-dowager, accompanied by her son, Prince Frederic, who it may be supposed was the dupe of her artifices, and by Count Rantzan and Eichstedt, rushed into the King's bed-chamber at about four o'clock: he was asleep. They ordered the *valet de chambre* to waken him immediately. Surprised and alarmed by the sudden intrusion, he listened in great dismay and agitation to the invented story: they assured him that the Queen, eager to establish a regency, was at that very moment with Struensee and his brother, drawing up a formal act of renunciation of the crown, which they would directly bring to him and force him to sign: they urged him, as the only way by which he could avert the danger, to sign an order, which they had brought ready drawn up, for the instant arrest of the Queen and her accomplices. Count Brandt was included, as being deeply implicated in the conspiracy. The King refused to comply; but at length, acted on by fears and even threats, he suffered the pen to be put into his hand, and signed the fatal document.

At that unseasonable hour, Count Rantzan and three officers broke into the Queen's apartment and arrested her. Almost distracted by the insult, she turned to Rantzan with the utmost indignation, and told him that his head should be the forfeit for the outrage. She then endeavoured to force her way to the King's apartment, declaring that she must and would see him; but she was never to see him again: the last looks they ever exchanged were amidst merry dancers and the lively airs of the court musicians. At the break of day she was placed in one of the King's carriages, and, escorted by a party of dragoons, was conveyed to the castle of Cronenburgh, which was to be her prison. The only companions of her sad and sudden flight were the infant princess and Lady Mostyn. The Prince was put under the care of the Queen-dowager, as it was determined that he and his mother should never meet again. The Counts Struensee and Brandt, with the younger Struensee, were arrested and imprisoned in the citadel. They were accused not only of having plotted the deposition of the King, but of having, with the Queen, aimed at his life. So much had the populace been exasperated against these unfortunate men, that the bridges of the citadel had to be drawn up while the examina-

tions were going on, to save them from popular fury. It however found vent in the ballads, which were heard in every street, and the caricatures which filled the windows of the print-shops. The fears entertained for the King's safety had risen to such a pitch, that it was found necessary to appease them, by his being driven slowly through the streets, accompanied by his brother. The town was illuminated at night, as if some terrible danger had been averted: thanksgiving sermons were preached in the churches on the following Sunday, and a regular form of prayer returning thanks for the King's escape from the hands of his enemies was prepared. Struensee, who had but the day before at levee been surrounded by groups eager to obtain his slightest notice, and thinking themselves but too happy if their adulation was repaid by a hurried word or a passing bow, had now to enter a dark dungeon, amidst the execrations of an assembled multitude—even those who had been the most eager to win the slightest mark of his favour joined in the popular outcry.

Under pretence of preventing the unfortunate men from committing suicide, they were removed from the walls and chained down in the centre of their respective dungeons. Even the flute, with which Brandt meant to solace himself, was taken from him, lest he should choke himself with it. They underwent seven examinations, but persisted in asserting their innocence of the heavy charges brought against them. Accusers were not wanting, and they were condemned to die: the king signed the sentence, and afterwards went to the opera! When the sentence was brought to the prison and shown to Struensee, he read it with perfect composure. Not satisfied with the lives of their victims, the cruel conspirators determined that the Queen and Struensee should criminate themselves. Instruments of torture were exhibited to Struensee, and he was desired to prepare instantly for their infliction; at the same time it was intimated to him, that if he signed a confession of the subsistence of a criminal connexion between him and the Queen, that not only should he be saved from the torture, but that his life should be spared. He who had read the sentence of his death with unshaken fortitude, quailed at the thought of undergoing the torture, and his courage and integrity failing, he signed the confession; but false to the last, the wicked contrivers of the plot had no idea of sparing his life. Schack was despatched to Cronenburgh to interrogate the Queen. When he alluded to her connexion with Struensee, she repelled the charge with all the indignation of conscious innocence. The confession, with Struensee's signature, was shown to her; but she refused to affix hers: "Then you will have to answer for the death of Struensee: his blood will be on your head!" "Would it indeed save the unhappy man's life, were I to sign?" Being assured that it would, she took the pen, but had written but the beginning of her name, when the paper fell from her hand, and she

fainted away: the unfinished name was filled up by the wretch who had undertaken the infamous mission. In a few days after, Struensee and his unfortunate companion were executed. It was said that the senate, in the transport of their fury, had resolved on the death of the Queen; for they had, without allowing her to enter into a defence, or any form of trial, declared her guilty of adultery, and of poisoning her husband: but Colonel Keith, the British Minister at the court of Copenhagen, with all the spirit of a true-born Englishman, and a thorough conviction of the innocence of the injured lady, hastened to the senate-house, and urged her innocence in the strongest manner, pointing out the glaring improbability of the accusation which had been brought against her, and entering his solemn protest against any act of violence towards her, declaring that, if such took place, it would bring down the vengeance of the British nation, and the terrors of an English fleet on the senate and people of Denmark—that no act of injustice or violence should be committed with impunity against a daughter of Britain, and the sister of his sovereign.

The Queen, during her imprisonment at Cronenburgh, inhabited the governor's apartments, and had permission to walk on the leads of the tower. She was one day, while in uncertainty of what her fate might be, though she could "guess and fear," taking her accustomed melancholy walk, when she was summoned to attend a gentleman who waited for her within—it was her gallant countryman, Colonel Keith, who had so spiritedly espoused her cause, that he had brought an order for her release. Overcome by the unexpected intelligence, she burst into tears, and embracing him, called him her deliverer. After a few words, he told her that a vessel waited to convey her from a country in which she had suffered so much, to Zell, a town belonging to the house of Hanover, whose castle was prepared for her reception by order of her brother the King of England, who had conceded it for her residence. He proposed that she should embark immediately; but when she found that there was a peremptory order for the detention of the infant princess, and that already a lady had been appointed to take charge of her to the royal palace of Copenhagen, her joy was turned into an agony of grief. The child was only now recovering from the measles, and she had watched over her in sickness night and day; and mothers can best tell how this endears; and she had been her constant companion in her hours of affliction, and soothed by her engaging little ways the misery which she could not understand. The mother could not endure the thoughts of parting with her child, and to take a *last* leave of the little creature who was scarcely ever out of her arms. She caressed her little darling again and again, and wept over her in an agony of despair. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was prevailed on to tear herself away: she remained on deck, gazing on the castle where she had left the child, till the darkness of night shut it out from her view.

The vessel made but little way during the night, and the first dawn of day revealed the castle once more to her sight: she remained gazing on its battlements till the faint outlines were lost in the distance.

On the Queen's arrival in Zell, she was waited on by all the nobility and persons of consequence residing there, and was received with every mark of distinction and respect. She soon endeared herself to all those who formed her little court—divested now of the retinue and all the pageantry of royalty; she found in the exercise of kindness what was much more congenial to her taste, and she became equally beloved by rich and poor. Though a settled melancholy shaded her countenance, it took nothing from its sweetness. When in company, she tried to disguise her sadness, that it might not pain others, but in solitude she gave way to her feelings; and then in that retirement which she loved, she would utter her lamentations, and weep unseen. It was not the splendour of a throne that she regretted, but what came nearer to her heart—it was the separation from her children—it was the heart-yearnings after her little darlings which robbed her of repose. Great part of her income was expended in acts of benevolence and generosity—it amounted to 5,000*l.* from Denmark, and 8,000*l.* per annum from England. A visit from her sister, the Princess of Brunswick, for a few days, came like a gleam of sunshine to her stricken heart. What tears of tender sympathy and fond recollection were shed in each other's arms! In the mean time there appears evidence, in the severe acts of the government of Denmark, that the tide of public opinion was turning, and that fears were entertained by the actors in the late conspiracy, that a party might be formed in favour of the exiled queen. The people were interdicted from holding meetings—a German printer at Altona was arrested and thrown into prison, and all his property was seized, for having published in a newspaper a plain relation of the revolution which had taken place, copied from the English press. The *Sieur Thura* was taken up for having written a piece entitled "*The Prognosticators*," which reflected severely on the authors of the late revolution, and was condemned to suffer the same punishment which *Struensee* and *Brandt* had already undergone. Though it must have been grateful to the feelings of the Queen to see that there was a growing impression of her innocence of the crimes laid to her charge, still there was but one consideration on earth which could make her feel a desire to return to the scene of her wrongs; but that was sufficient, for she longed to be with her children once more—a desert with them, she felt, would be a paradise to her. A few months before her death, she showed, with great transports of joy, to *Madame d'O.*, her first lady of the bedchamber, a little portrait of the Prince Royal, her son, which she had just received. A few days after, she entered the Queen's apartment unobserved, and wondered to hear her speaking, though she was

quite alone. The Queen turned, and perceiving her astonishment, said, with a sweet mournful smile, "What must you think to hear me talking, though I am by myself? But it was to this dear image that I spoke; and what do you think I said to it? I repeated the same lines, with very little alteration, which you sent not long ago to a child, sensible to the happiness of having found her father—"

'Eh! qui donc, comme moi, goûterait la douceur
De t'appeller mon fils, d'être chère à ton cœur
Toi qu'en arrache aux bras d'une mère sensible.
Qui ne pleure que toi, dans ce destin terrible.'

Madame d'O. could not speak; she burst into tears, and retired from the royal presence.

Music, in which the Queen had always taken especial delight, proved a solace in her days of sorrow: she would sometimes sit for hours at the instrument; and many a fond recollection may have been awakened by the airs which she had heard in happier days—thoughts that may have winged their way to the home where she had never been suspected, to hearts that had never doubted.

When her last and mortal disorder attacked her, the consternation which prevailed in every rank is indescribable. She was truly loved, and from her unremitting kindness she was well deserving of the love of every one about her; the fever increased every moment, and the symptoms became alarming. *Leyson*, the physician who attended her all through her illness, feared the result from its commencement: she perceived it, and seemed herself impressed with a like foreboding. "Since the month of October," said she to him, "you have twice restored me from my dangerous illnesses; but this baffles all your skill—I know I am beyond the power of medicine." The celebrated *Zimmerman* was called in, but he could do nothing in a case so desperate: her pulse, which had beaten a hundred and thirty-one strokes in a minute at the beginning of her illness—which was malignant spotted fever—increased most rapidly, and now beat so fast, that it could not be counted. She bore her sufferings with great patience; and all through she showed a tender consideration for the ladies who were in attendance on her, she preserved her recollection and faculties unimpaired to the last moment. A very short time before that arrived, she expressed her entire forgiveness of all those enemies who had persecuted and calumniated her. On the 10th of May, 1775, soon after this Christian declaration, she was released from her sufferings, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. A troubled mind probably induced that predisposition to illness, which is marked by her having had two dangerous and one fatal illness within a few months. As she was borne to her last resting-place, crowds thronged the streets and the great church—drawn together to pay the last tribute of respect to their benefactress. All were in tears during the funeral sermon, and returned sorrowfully to their homes, feeling that they had indeed lost a friend. The letter alluded to in



*Miss Mary Annabella Bicknell
 Born in London, and in the Spring of 1811*

Portrait by J. G. Thompson

the beginning of this paper is an affecting finale to a tale so sad : it was written on the morning of her death, addressed to her brother, the King of England : it runs thus—

“SIRE,—In the solemn hour of death, I address myself to you, my royal brother, in order to manifest to you my feelings of gratitude for the kindness you have shown me during my life, and particularly during my long misfortunes. I die willingly, for there is nothing to bind me to this world—neither my youth, nor the enjoyments which might, sooner or later, be my portion. Besides, can life have any charms for a woman who is removed from all those whom she loves and cherishes—her husband, her children, her brothers and sisters? I, who am a Queen, and the issue of a royal race, I have led the most wretched life; and I furnish to the world a fresh example, that a crown and a sceptre cannot protect those who wear them from the greatest misfortunes. I declare that I am innocent; and this declaration I write with a trembling hand, bathed with the cold sweat of death. I am innocent: the God whom I invoke, who created me, and who will soon judge me, is a witness of my innocence. I humbly implore him that he will, after my death, convince the world that I have never merited any of

the terrible accusations by which my cowardly enemies have sought to blacken my character, tarnish my reputation, and trample under foot my royal dignity. Sire, believe your dying sister, a Queen, and what is still more, a Christian, who with fear and horror would turn her eyes towards the next world if her last confession were a falsehood. Be assured I die with pleasure, for the wretched regard death as a blessing. But what is more painful to me, even than the agonies of death, is that none of the persons whom I love are near my death-bed to give me a last adieu—to console me by a look of compassion, and to close my eyes. Nevertheless, I am not alone: God, the only witness of my innocence, sees me at this moment, when lying on my solitary couch. I am a prey to the most excruciating agonies; my guardian angel watches over me; he will soon conduct me where I may in quiet pray for my well beloved, and even for my executioner. Adieu, my royal brother; may heaven load you with its blessings, as well as my husband, my children, England, Denmark, and the whole world. I supplicate you to allow my body to be laid in the tomb of my ancestors; and now receive the last adieu of your unfortunate sister,

“CAROLINE MATILDA.”

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(See Plate.)

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD! The words have a household sound, fraught with pleasant memories of the fire-side corner, the window-seat, and the yet more congenial out-of-door reading—when the quivering shadows of our leafy shelter danced upon her page, and the soft breeze played lazily with the leaves we were turning. Old and young, rich and poor—all those acquainted with the history of English Literature, and cognizant of the obligations of the English people to it, must remember that to Miss Mitford belongs the rare merit of writing naturally, healthily, truthfully, at a period when false sentiment, unreal incidents, and exaggerations of character, were the predominant ingredients of the ordinary novel or story; when with the exception of one or two great names—Edgeworth and Scott for instance—novelists depicted humanity as if—one might fancy—from the theatrical representations of life; its fashion from the so called “genteel,” but in reality excessively vulgar and coarse comedy; its rurality from pasteboard scenery and a tinsel moon; its tragedy from the rant and ravings of mock heroics. Why those old-fashioned five-volume marble-cover novels of forty years ago actually smell of the foot-lamps; and foot-lamps in the days when Shakspeare was degraded by “happy endings,” and as much of the divinity removed from even his masterpieces as it was possible for self-confident stupidity to exclude.

Just think, kind reader, what the production of “Our Village” must have been succeeding Minerva-Press trash, and marble-covered monstrosities! For, unless the reminiscences of

elderly ladies are at fault, such volumes used to be read by stealth, pushed under sofa cushions, and into table drawers (one of the uses perhaps of that obsolete convenience), as if there were a shame in story reading. Surely Miss Mitford’s tales must have burst upon the public like a gleam of sunshine after clouds and darkness; like newly-mown hay, or roses with the dew on them, flung by some beneficent fairy into a smoke-begrimed haunt—like any pure, fresh, beautiful thing you choose to imagine alighting upon the dismal places of falsehood and artificiality. Everybody knows these stories, or if there should be any youthful reader who says “their rage was before my time,” and “they are not in our library,” I beseech them to rectify the omission at the first opportunity, and make quick acquaintance with volumes that include the most choice examples of simple natural pathos, not unallied to genial humour, which the English language can boast. Miss Mitford has been called the “Gainsborough” of writers, and they who know the peculiar merits of that thoroughly English painter will perceive the applicability of the epithet.

But the author of “Our Village” and of “Belford Regis” has proved herself equal to the highest order of dramatic writing. Her tragedies of Rienzi, Julien, and Foscari, show the true poet, are full of powerful and yet subtle delineations of character, and are exemplars of artistic construction. If their production on the stage be any test of their merit, it is to be remembered that they were performed some years ago—great actors, Macready, Young, and

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Charles Kemble, appearing in them—with the most complete success. Englishwomen may indeed be proud to rank Miss Mitford of their "order." And this not only on account of her genius—for there are higher qualities of humanity than the most commanding talents—but because her whole life has been like a beautiful poem exemplifying what Women can and should be. Living in seclusion, filling her existence with the fulfilment of Duties, and the performance of kindly acts and friendly offices, she has shunned notoriety, to find world-wide Fame seeking her out. Drawing towards herself as by a magnetic force the good and the great of all lands, her friends and her correspondents comprise some of the noblest natures, and the most truly great men and women both in Europe and America. Something of this fact may be divined from those charming volumes, called the "Recollections of a Literary Life," which were noticed in these columns a few months ago, pages full of graphic descriptions, piquant anecdotes, and fine criticism; and withal containing as much of Miss Mitford's private biography as the world has yet received. Enough to enable the careful reader to fully appreciate the inestimable advantages which surrounded the only child of highly-informed and cultivated parents; and the early associations of true refinement, and intercourse with intellectual companions. Thus was the rare seed of natural genius fostered and cherished. Miss Mitford calls herself an "old woman"—and is in fact about sixty-five years of age; but those who know her best, can testify how warmly her heart still beats, how true it is in friendship, how open and quick to receive all beautiful influences. May she belong—long spared to the wide circle which holds her so dear!

Our readers will, we think, take an interest not devoid of pathos in contemplating the "child picture" of Mary Russell Mitford, a picture which we are very proud of having been permitted to engrave, pointing as it does even by the costume represented to more than sixty years ago.

There is a passage in her recollections so *à propos* of that time, that we are tempted to extract it. Speaking of herself, Miss Mitford says—

"In common with many only children, especially where the mother is of a grave and home-loving nature, I learned to read at a very early age. Before I was three years old my father would perch me on the breakfast-table to exhibit my one accomplishment to some admiring guest, who admired all the more, because, a small puny child, looking far younger than I really was, nicely dressed, as only children generally are, and gifted with an affluence of curls, I might have passed for the twin sister of my own great doll. On the table was I perched to read some Foxite newspaper, *Courier*, or *Morning Chronicle*, the Whiggish oracles of the day, and as my delight in the high-seasoned politics of sixty years ago was naturally less than that of my hearers, this display of precocious acquirement was commonly rewarded, not by cakes or sugar-plums, too plentiful in my case to be very greatly cared for, but by a sort

of payment in kind. I read leading articles to please the company; and my dear mother recited the 'Children in the Wood' to please me. This was my reward; and I looked for my favourite ballad after every performance, just as the piping bullfinch that hung in the window looked for his lump of sugar after going through 'God save the King.' The two cases were exactly parallel."

Ay, and most surely the fond mother and doting father dreamed dreams for the future of that blue-eyed, broad-browed little maiden; dreams which Time, that perfects as well as destroys, has amply fulfilled.

Some little time since there appeared a clever anonymous poem called "Verdicts," a production part satire, and part genuine homage to genius—and the author introducing Miss Mitford's name has the following happy lines in allusion to her writings:—

"What across every ocean, to English-sprung eyes
Can so bid the dear life of the old country rise?
Bustling town, lonely hall, leafy lane, quiet farm,
Gorse-flushed heath, ferny park, woodlands bright
with the charm

Of spring or of autumn—the haw-crimsoned thicket,
Prinrosed dells, firelit parlours, loud skittles, or
cricket,

The red-coated hunt the bright morn sweeping
through,

The greyhounds the hare tracking down through the
dew,

The keeper's hushed watch, and the poacher's dark
round,

The step whose quick sound makes the hearer's heart
bound—

Whether that of the village-belle or the queen

Of the ball where but high county-beauties are
seen—

All the life of the farmhouse, the cottage, the hall,
Would the dwellers in cities before his thought call
In the town she shall raise up the green homes afar,
Through the light of her genius more fair than they
are."

A just tribute this from one who has no mercy for affectation, and no pity for pretension. If, however, we were to chronicle the laudations of the critics on Miss Mitford's writings we should quickly fill a volume, and we have but space for the apt rejoinder of a young poetess to a very prosaic question.

C. C.

UPON BEING ASKED IF MISS MITFORD WERE
NOT OLD.

Ye would not ask it of the sun, that shines upon
us daily;

Nor of the fleecy painted clouds, that float above
us gaily;

Nor of the Spring-returning flowers; nor of the
dew their petals lading;

Nor of the Heaven-besprinkling stars, when morn
their gold is fading;

Nor of the crested billows, when upon the shore
they're casting

Their flashing sprays of diamond;—for ye know
them everlasting,

Till their Ruler's might shall gather them within
His wondrous holding,

For which we look half fearfully, frail creatures of
His moulding.

The Beautiful is never old. Our minds are still
 extending,
 And new emotions in the soul are with each moment
 blending;
 And so her spirit seems to me—an ever-rising
 mountain
 Upon whose glorious side still plays the famed
 Castalian fountain;
 Or as an oak, whose green boughs spread and throw
 luxuriantly
 A shelter o'er small birds of song, scarce worthy
 there to be;

But verdure rests upon her leaves, they dread no
 frost's decaying,
 Her charm upon the landscape cast will ever there
 be straying;
 As 'mid her own dear village haunts my gauntlet
 down I'm flinging,
 The very birds that flutter round are blythe my
 measure singing:
 "She is not old!—the spirit's youth will but to
 Heaven be winging!"

M. A. C. E. PARRY.

Reading, May 1852.

CLARA COTTERILL.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

(A Song of Summer.)

The summer dew was falling fast
 On meads and leafy bowers;
 The grass like gems—like diadems
 Of glory shone the flowers.
 The grass might grow, the flowers might blow,
 And sweetest dews might fall,
 But gentle Clara Cotterill
 Was sweeter than them all;
 And oh for Clara Cotterill,
 I'd give my life, my all.

The morning's early dawn was dear,
 Day's prime was dearer still;
 But dearest was the gloaming grey,
 Beside the whispering rill.
 Beside the rill above the mill,
 Beneath the birchen tree,
 Where charming Clara Cotterill
 Gave hand and heart to me,
 And oh to Clara Cotterill
 I'll never faithless be.

I ever love the summer time,
 In forest, glen, or grove,
 For sunny summer brought to me
 A summer tide of love.
 And now, when autumn's ripened fruit
 Hangs heavy on the bough,
 My darling Clara Cotterill,
 Life's sweetest fruit art thou;
 My own, my Clara Cotterill,
 My wife—my life art thou.

SOLAMEN.

The real life of earth is Love;
 And poor's the tenement and dead
 Which owns no radiance from above
 To light the paths we tread.

The house is but in structure plain,
 And unadorned the sacred room
 In which to us love lapsed through pain
 To glory, clad in gloom;

The gloom of grief, which April-wise
 Well to the heart in fruitful dew,
 Scattered in joy from bow-arched skies
 To leave the brighter view;

Thence unto us it will retain
 Sense beatific—which hath kept
 The sun-light glancing through the rain
 Of the full grief we wept.

And ever doth one being give
 A calm sweet gladness to the place,
 No sad eidolon—but to live
 A spirit ripe in grace;

Unto our hearts it will be long
 The shrine of memories rich and deep,
 Which wake the old love fresh and strong,
 The new one from its sleep:

The old, with all its base of joy,
 From whence the new, of higher hope,
 Pain-purified, from life's alloy
 Soars to a loftier scope.

And of our memories do we rear,
 As Jacob with the wayside stone,
 Pillowed repose—by which we near
 The joy through grief upthrown;

While, with that spirit-life above
 In thought communing, to and fro,
 Upon the ladder of our love,
 God's angels come and go.

FREDERICK ENOCH.

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

"All the hedges are in bloom,
 And the warm west wind is blowing;
 Let me leave this stifled room—
 Let me go where flowers are growing.

"Look! my cheek is thin and pale,
 And my pulse is very low;
 Ere my sight begins to fail
 Take my hand, and let us go.

"Was not that the robin's song,
 Piping through the casement wide?
 I shall not be listening long;
 Take me to the meadow side.

"Bear me to the willow brook;
 Let me hear the merry mill;
 On the orchard I must look
 Ere my beating heart is still.

"Faint and fainter grows my breath—
 Lead me quickly down the lane:
 Mother dear! this chill is death,
 I shall never speak again!"

Still the hedges are in bloom,
 And the warm west wind is blowing;
 Still we sit in silent gloom—
 O'er his grave the grass is growing.

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GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, June 21.

MY DEAR C—,

There is but little in the way of news to give you just now; all the entertainments are over, and Paris is almost empty. At present the question of the Empire is less talked of; nothing has in fact yet happened to effect this transformation, which the President in his discourse presented as the necessary reply to any opposition that might be attempted. Perhaps also the Prince President thinks that there would be found few voices in France to change, by a new title, a position which has no need of being strengthened.

There has been a rumour of a change of Ministers, and of M. M. de Morny, Rouher and Fould being re-called; but this is very improbable, not to say impossible. These men quitted the Cabinet on the occasion of the decrees respecting the Orleans property; and on the subject of these decrees the resolution of the President is unchangeable. It is therefore unreasonable to imagine that he would think, at the very moment when he is pursuing the execution of these measures, of having recourse to those Ministers who separated themselves from him when he first announced his intentions on the subject. At the same time the reports have a certain influence on people's minds; in announcing the Ministers as threatened with being replaced, they inspire the belief of a change in politics, and doubts on the ideas of the head of the Government. The moment a change of Government is represented as imminent, and announced with a certain degree of assurance, however slight may be the foundation of the report, it is not unusual to see the Ambassadors and *Prefets* hesitate to follow the ideas and direction of the Minister in office who is represented to them as differing from the *chef de l'Etat*, and they seek in another direction a new point of support under a future administration, for which they thus prepare the way beforehand.

There are rumours—not without foundation—of secret societies in the south of France. On this matter opinions are various. Many maintain that their influence is more surely and completely destroyed by leaving them at liberty than in seeking to repress them.

The President shows a great interest in the public works—more particularly those of the Louvre. There have been various reports afloat respecting the concession of the Palais de Crystal in the Champs Elysées. The President has decided that it shall be put in adjudication.

France has lost one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of her sculptors, Pradier, who was acknowledged as being at the head of his art. As if actuated by a presentiment of his approaching fate, he had remarked not long ago that there existed no bust of himself; he accordingly

executed one, and it was only a short time before his death that this most interesting work was completed. He has left a number of beautiful specimens of his talent unfinished. After his funeral the *Directeur des Musées* had a black veil thrown over the exquisite statue of Sappho, by Pradier, in the Exhibition of this year. The Government has allotted a sum of money to be employed in the education of his son.

I am afraid that we must place some belief in the French superstition which pretends that if rain falls on the St. Medard, that it will rain for forty-eight days after. It rained on that day—and ever since, almost incessantly. The country is looking beautiful; the luxuriance of vegetation is such as we rarely see; we have, however, had more than enough of rain. There has been a flower and fruit exhibition in the Champs Elysées, which was well worth seeing.

I heard the other day of an instance of eccentricity sufficiently amusing. The gentleman of whom it is related is a celebrated original, and his son is the *ami intime* of the person who related the anecdote to me. These two young men were in the habit of passing a great portion of their time together, their evenings almost always: on one occasion, however, the son of our original came to my friend to say that he must leave him for that evening, as he was going to accompany his father on an expedition; the next evening and the next there was the same story, and so on for nearly a month. This, as you may imagine, piqued my friend's curiosity, but in vain did he question and try to discover the meaning of these mysterious absences. One evening, going to pay a visit at the house, he saw, on entering the court-yard, their carriage at the door, with post horses. Approaching the postillion, and slipping a piece of five francs into his hand, he asked him to tell him where he was going to drive the gentlemen, and where they usually went in the evening? "*Ma foi*," said he, "I will tell *Monsieur* all I know, but that is not much: every evening I drive *ces Messieurs* along the road, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; they tell me every now and then to stop, generally in the vicinity of ditches, and they get out and appear to be searching for something: they never go out till dark." All this seemed more and more mysterious; but in vain did he try to fathom the secret, till some time after, on being invited to a *fête* at their house in the country, the son, taking him into the garden, which was illuminated by thousands of glow-worms, revealed to him that they were the result of the evening expeditions of his father and himself.

Here is another story for you, but you must prepare your mind for something rather terrific. Have you heard of the frequency of midnight assassinations in Paris? In certain parts these

things are by no means rare, and prudent people avoid these quarters after dark ; those, however, who are so unfortunate as to live in them, or who are forced to pass through them at late hours, have no choice. This is the position of an acquaintance of mine, who, returning home at nearly one o'clock in the morning, was startled by hearing the most awful groans, accompanied by a noise of heavy blows, proceeding from a house he was passing. He was quite alone, and the neighbourhood a very bad one; but he determined, with more generosity than prudence, to interpose in favour of the unfortunate being whose groans reached his ears : he knocked at the door, and the noise ceased for a little time ; but on his turning to pursue his route, the blows and terrible half-suppressed groans were renewed : he knocked again loudly, exclaiming, " I will enter—I must save the person you are murdering." Then a voice from within answered, " Go on, *Imbecile*, we are bakers, and we are kneading our bread." Such was, indeed, the case ; the heavy blows were bestowed on the dough, and each blow was accompanied by a groan from the kneader ! My friend quietly proceeded home, glad that no poor victim was being murdered, but rather ashamed of his heroism in defence of the dough, and of being called *Imbecile* by the supposed assassins.

There is a new piece at the Porte St. Martin, a melodrame, by M. Marc Fournier ; it is full of horrors, relieved by some comic scenes : the *artistes* acquitted themselves very well, and the decorations are extremely fine altogether. "*Les Nuits de la Seine*," which is the name of the piece, has been successful, and promises to have a long run.

The Hippodrome is crowded. Lions, tigers,

hyenas, and panthers, are at present the great attraction : the courage and calmness which M. Herbert, their trainer, displays is extraordinary, particularly as the panther are dreadfully fierce. The other day it destroyed an unlucky wolf, which was put into the cage with it ; and this feat, which it performed a short time before the exhibiting hour, proves there is no truth in what some persons pretend, namely, that all these animals have been rendered incapable of doing any mischief. *Apropos* of animals : there was here not long ago a gentleman who warmly advocated the cause of ill-used horses ; whenever he went out, he provided himself with a certain number of letters to the following effect : " Sir, I have just seen your servant beating and ill-treating your horse," &c. And when he saw a groom exercising cruelty towards one, he very politely gave him one of these epistles, requesting him to deliver it to his master, which the other unsuspectingly did, probably receiving his discharge as the answer.

Madame Laffarge is released from prison. Many persons believe in her innocence ; but be that as it may, she has, if guilty, severely expiated her crime. Her health has suffered much from this long confinement, but the powers of her mind, which are very great, are unimpaired ; her letters, some of which I have seen, are *chef d'œuvres* ; the devotion shown by her cousin, who has persisted in sharing her imprisonment from the commencement till the present time, is worthy of admiration.

I think my stock of news is now quite exhausted, so adieu, or rather *au revoir*, my dear C.

Ever yours,

P.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

A VISIT TO SOME PARSEE LADIES.—We were shown into a long room principally furnished with couches, upon which were seated five or six females, surrounded by children and their attendants ; the entire party, even to the baby in arms, covered with the most amazing quantity of jewels. The eldest lady of the party occupied the centre couch, and acted as spokeswoman for the remainder, who were unable to converse in any other language than the Guzerattee, an unknown tongue to us ; but we made our way tolerably well in Hindostanee, and in a few minutes were quite on an easy footing with them all, learnt the different degrees of relationship subsisting between the parties, and examined with deep interest and curiosity the costly gems with which they were decorated. Strings of large diamonds, emeralds, and pearls hung from the neck to the waist ; whilst the arms were almost hidden from above the elbow to the wrist, by the numerous bangles or bracelets, composed of valuable jewels ; but to my taste quite thrown away by the frightful setting and tasteless arrangements, * * * One

of them asked me " if all English women spoil their faces as we did, by showing the hair, and wearing no nose-jewels ?" adding that " without the latter ornaments it was impossible for any countenance to be expressive." * * * I asked her how the hair was disposed of with them ? Whereupon, laughing merrily, she threw back her saree, and the disfiguring kind of bandage which concealed the forehead and head, and shaking down a quantity of black silky hair, her eyes sparkling with animation, she really looked so beautiful, that I could not refrain from loudly exclaiming against the barbarous style of costume which thus transformed a perfect houri into a bandaged Egyptian mummy. Another personal disfigurement they very ingeniously contrive, by perforating completely their small delicately-formed ears all round, inserting such heavy jewelled pendants that the shape becomes distorted with increasing years, and the appearance of the feature is so unnatural that I was glad to see the saree drawn over it. All these ladies were of small stature, with slight and graceful figures, regular features, and a pale

olive complexion, which in their estimation is the highest attribute of beauty. My sociable friend pointed out to me a little girl of about nine years of age, who, she said, was so strikingly fair that her hand had been eagerly sought in marriage by several before she attained her fourth year. She had been now for some time betrothed to the son of a wealthy Parsee; and when of sufficient age to be separated from her mother, she was to take up her abode in the family of her future husband. She was a sweet gentle little creature, with an expression of melancholy in her soft gazelle-like eyes; and judging from the mother's constant caresses and looks of love bestowed upon her child, I could well imagine how heavily the thought of approaching separation must press on both their hearts. I was delighted to see some specimens of needlework strewed about the room, such as canvas-work and embroidery; and upon inquiring how they had learnt these arts, I was informed that an English missionary lady had lately given them some instruction in the use of the needle; and that the father was so astonished at their progress, that he talked of allowing them to learn the pianoforte, and had actually provided a magnificent instrument in anticipation. I begged to see it, and never shall I forget their delight as I ran my fingers over the notes. The entire female household, including the servants, gathered round me, clapping their hands, as I played a few lively airs; and when at length I rose to depart, they all loudly entreated me to come soon again, and stay the whole day with them. * * * Their only recreation appeared to consist in giving occasional parties to the ladies of their acquaintance, and making a grand exhibition of silken sarees and costly jewels. I was greatly amused to hear that of late it is considered an essential mark of style and fashion to wear English silk stockings beneath their embroidered slippers on a party-night, though the usual custom is to have the feet and ankles uncovered, with the exception of the handsome jewelled ornaments called anklets, which are clasped round them.—“*Life in Bombay*.” by Peter Cunningham.

VARIETY.—What inextricable confusion must the world for ever have been in, but for the variety which we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the handwritings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light—his voice in the dark—and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance? or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?—*Horne*.

YANKEE BORROWING.—One of the drollest instances of Yankee borrowing we have ever heard of, is told by Mrs. Moody, in her new

work, entitled “*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada*.” A maid-servant asked her mistress to go out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party of friends, and wanted the loan of the drawing-room!

ANECDOTES OF CHARLES II.—The elder Richardson was fond of telling a characteristic story of the King and kingly honour. A cut-purse, or pickpocket, with as much effrontery of face as dexterity of finger, had got into the drawing-room on the King's birthday, dressed like a gentleman, and was detected by the King himself taking a gold snuff-box out of a certain Earl's pocket. The rogue, who saw his sovereign's eye upon him, put his finger to his nose, and made a sign to the King with a wink to say nothing. Charles took the hint, and, watching the Earl, enjoyed his feeling first in one pocket and then in another for his missing box. The King now called the nobleman to him: “You need not give yourself,” he said, “any more trouble about it, my Lord—your box is gone; I am myself an accomplice: I could not help it—I was made a confidant.” * * * When told that the Emperor of Morocco had made him a present of two lions and thirty ostriches, he laughed and said, “I know nothing more proper to send by way of return than a flock of geese.” * * * Of Harrow church, standing on a hill and visible for many miles round, he is said to have remarked, that it was the only *visible* church he knew; and when taken to see a fellow climb up the outside of a church to its very pinnacle and there stand on his head, he offered him, on coming down, a patent to prevent any one doing it but himself. * * * When he was on his death-bed the Queen sent him a message that she was too unwell to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwillingly have given. “She ask my pardon, poor woman!” cried Charles. “I ask hers with all my heart.” * * * In almost his last moments he apologized to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble he had caused. “I have been,” he said, “a most unconscionable time dying; but I hope they will excuse it.” * * * When he called Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, in his own hearing, “the greatest rogue in England,” the reply was, “Of a subject, Sir, perhaps I am.” * * * Not less witty was the sarcastic answer of the Lord Dorset, to whom I have already introduced the reader, as a lover of Nell Gwyn. The Earl had come to court on Queen Elizabeth's birthday, long kept as a holiday in London and elsewhere, and still, I believe, observed by the benchers of Gray's Inn. The King, forgetting the day, asked “What are the bells ringing for?” The answer given, the King asked further, “How comes it to pass that her birthday is still kept, while those of my father and grandfather are no more thought of than William the Conqueror's?” “Because,” said the frank Peer to the frank King, “she being a woman chose men for her counsellors, and men when they reign usually choose women.”

CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

—Space and wildness are the proper praises of American scenery. The American in Europe, with the blood of a new race and the hope of a proportioned future tingling in his veins, with a profound conviction that Niagara annihilates all other scenery in the world, and with a decided disposition to assert that Niagara is the type of the country, proclaims the extent of that country as the final argument in the discussion of scenery; and bears down with inland seas and the father of waters, and primeval forests and prairies and Andes, to conclude his triumph. In the general vague vastness of the impression produced, this is a genuine triumph. But it is a superiority which appeals more to the mind than to the eye. The moment you travel in America the victory of Europe is sure. For purposes of practical pleasure we have no mountains of an Alpine sublimity, no lakes of the natural and artificial loveliness of the European, although one of ours may be large enough to supply all the European lakes. We have few rivers of any romantic associations, no quaint cities, no picturesque costumes and customs, no pictures or buildings. We have none of the charms that follow long history. We have only vast and unimproved extent, and the interest with which the possible grandeur of a mysterious future may invest it. One would be loath to exhort a European to visit America for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo-hunting. We have nothing so grand and accessible as Switzerland, nothing so beautiful as Italy, nothing so civilized as Paris, nothing so comfortable as England. * * Then we have no coast scenery. The Mediterranean coast has a character which is unequalled. The sea loves Italy and laves it with beauty. It has an eternal feud with us. Our shores stretch, shrinking in long, low flats, to the ocean, or recoil in bare, grey, melancholy rocks. Our coast is monotonous and tame in form, and sandy and dreary in substance. Trees refuse to grow; fruit yearns for the interior; a sad dry moss smooths the rocks, and solitary spires of grass shiver in the wind. But the Italian sea is mountain shored; and all over the mountain sides the oranges grow, and the tropical cactus and vines wave, and a various foliage fringes the sea. You float at morning and evening on the Gulf of Salerno or the Bay of Naples and breathe an orange-odoured air. The vesper-bell of the convent on the steep sides of the Salerno mountains showers with pious sound the mariners below. They watch the campanile as they sail, and a sweetness of which their own gardens make part, follows their flight. You can fancy nothing more alluring than these coasts, and nothing more mysterious and imposing than the mountains of Granada looming large through the luminous mist of the Spanish shore. This last is the scenery of Ossian. All this implies one of the grandest and most beautiful natural imitations, and one of which our own sea-coast is a sad substitute. And it is only an illustration of the absolute superiority of European scenery, in very various ways. The tendency of American

artists towards Europe as a residence, is based not only upon the desire of breathing a social atmosphere, in which Art is valued, or of beholding the galleries of fame, but also upon the positive want of the picturesque in American scenery and life. Water and woods and sky are not necessarily picturesque in form, or combination, or colour; and here again there must be beautiful details, and the human impress of Art upon them, to satisfy the sense that craves the picturesque.—“*Lotos Eating* :” by G. W. Curtis.

AN AMERICAN MUNCHAUSEN.—According to his own account, he had been everywhere from Chillicothe to China—doubled both the Capes a dozen times at least—crossed various deserts (more, we suppose, than were on the maps), and stood on his head on the peaks of more mountains than, put close beside each other, would create a moderate-sized continent. He thought nothing of breakfasting in Nubia on a lion's back, lunching with a brown bear on the Rocky Mountains, and then, by way of exercise, taking a facetious turn-about in the Maelstrom, or playing “hop, skip, and jump” among the glaciers of Mont Blanc, where the air was most rarefied, as the case might be. He was the only American friend the Governor of Japan ever recognized, and he had repeatedly advised him in the sending out of savage fleets for the subjugation of neighbouring nations. The glittering icebergs of the Polar seas he knew by heart. He insisted on having had confidential chats through the chinks of the Pyramids with mummies that had been dead four thousand years; and as to the mystery of the Sphinx, the riddle was as plain to him as the nose on his face, if he only choose to tell it.—From “*Yankee Stories*,” by Howard Paul.

EARLY CAREER OF JUNG BAHADOOR, “THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.”—It was perhaps the near relationship of Jung to the Prime Minister that brought upon him the ill-will of the Prince, who treated him with the most unmitigated animosity, and used every means in his power surreptitiously to destroy him. On one occasion he ordered him to cross a flooded mountain-torrent on horseback, and when he had reached the middle of the current, which was so furiously rapid that his horse could with difficulty keep his footing, the young Prince suddenly called him back, hoping that, in the act of turning, the force of the stream would overpower both horse and rider. This danger Jung escaped, owing to his great nerve and presence of mind. In relating this anecdote he seemed to think that his life had been in more imminent peril than on any other occasion; though the following struck me as being a much more hazardous exploit: After the affair of the torrent the Prince was no longer at any pains to conceal his designs upon the life of the young adventurer, and that life being of no particular value to any one but Jung himself, it was a matter of perfect indifference to anybody and everybody whether the Prince amused himself by sacrificing Jung to his own dislikes or not. It is by no

means an uncommon mode of execution in Nepal to throw the unfortunate victim down a well: Jung had often thought that it was entirely the fault of the aforesaid victim if he did not come up again alive and unhurt. In order to prove the matter satisfactorily, and also be prepared for any case of future emergency, he practised the art of jumping down wells, and finally perfected himself therein. When, therefore, he heard that it was the intention of the Prince to throw him down a well, he was in no way dismayed, and only made one last request, in a very desponding tone, which was, that an exception might be made in his favour as regarded the being cast down, and that he might be permitted to throw himself down. This was so reasonable a request that it was at once granted; and, surrounded by a large concourse of people—the Prince himself being present by way of a morning's recreation—Jung repaired to the well, where, divesting himself of all superfluous articles of clothing, and looking very much as if he were bidding adieu for ever to the happy valley of Nepal, he crossed his legs, and, jumping boldly down, was lost to the view of the Prince and nobles, a dull splash alone testifying to his arrival at the bottom. Fortunately for Jung there was plenty of water—a fact of which most probably he was well aware—and there were, moreover, many chinks and crannies in the porous stone of which the well was built; so, having learnt his lesson, Jung clung dexterously to the side of the well until midnight, when his friends, who had been previously apprised of the part they were to perform, came and rescued him from his uncomfortable position, and secreted him until affairs took such a turn as rendered it safe for Jung Bahadoor to resuscitate himself.—*Laurence Oliphant.*

A LESSON FOR EMPTY HEADS.—“Why do you not hold up your head as I do?” inquired

an aristocratic lawyer of a neighbouring farmer—“Look at that field of grain,” was the reply; “all the valuable heads hang down like mine while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours.”

POLITENESS TO STRANGERS.—Lord Bacon beautifully said, “If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.”

AN AMERICAN POET TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

The seed that wasteful Autumn cast
To waver on its stormy blast,
Long o'er the wintry desert tost
Its living germ has never lost;
Dropped by the weary tempest's wing
It feels the kindling ray of spring,
And starting from its dream of death
Pours on the air its perfumed breath.

So, parted by the rolling flood,
The love that springs from common blood
Needs but a single sunlit hour
Of mingling smiles to bud and flower;
Unharm'd its alumbering life has flown
From shore to shore, from zone to zone,
Where summer's falling roses stain
The tepid waves of Pontchartrain,
Or where the lichen creeps below
Katahdin's wreaths of whirling snow!

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold
May warp the fair ancestral mould,
No winter-chills, no summer drains
The life-blood drawn from English veins—
Still bearing, wheresoe'er it flows,
The love that with its fountain rose,
Unchanged by space, unwronged by time,
From age to age, from clime to clime!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Boston, U. S.

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Fanny. I want you to tell me something about Mrs. Crosland's new book, “*Lydia*.”*

Mrs. Smith. For certain reasons of my own I would rather not express an opinion on the merits or demerits of the work; but, if you like, I will tell you the substance of the story, and the evident aims of the author.

Fanny. Pray do. You will smile at one inducement I have to read it, namely, its moderate length, for I confess to a prejudice against the orthodox “novel” quantity, some of my great favourites in modern fiction being one-volume stories. But why is “*Lydia*” called “*A Woman's Book*?”

Mrs. Smith. Referring to the second title of the work, the author says in her preface—

“It is simply meant to indicate that the phases of Life which I have endeavoured to depict are regarded from the Woman's point of view; and that in the execution of my plan, I have chiefly depended upon the approval and sympathy of my own sex.

“Few persons now-a-days consider that there is to be provided for women a literature different from that offered to men; but probably as long as the world lasts, each sex will have its separate sphere of trials and temptations, so that many of the lessons of life must be more appropriate to the one than the other.”

Now one of the lessons of life inculcated in this story, is the tragic result which is likely to arise from what may be called a misplaced constancy—an attempt is made to show that though an unwise attachment may be an error and a sorrow, there is no need for it to remain a life-long

* “*LYDIA: A WOMAN'S BOOK.*” By Mrs. Newton Crosland, author of “*Partners for Life*,” “*Toil and Trial*,” &c. &c.—(London: Groombridge and Sons.)

misery instead of a passing anguish, as is so often the case with our sex. On this subject I will, however, presently read to you the author's own words. Lydia Bowring is by no means a model heroine; she is evidently not set up for admiration or imitation, rather I should say for pity, and as a warning. Yet I take her to be an average type of the feminine character when it has been warped and weakened by circumstances which in a greater or less degree are terribly rife in the world. She loves unworthily, but clings to the object of her love until, through gradations of evil doing, he is on the brink of murderous crime.

Fanny. Some one was saying that her lover, Charlton Ridley, is represented as too completely a villain for probability.

Mrs. Smith. I think it must have been either a cold-hearted, hard-headed man who said that, or a very inexperienced woman. If the latter, I tremble for the suffering through which she may come to a deeper knowledge; if it was a man who said so, this is but confirmation of a sad sign I have often noticed. The very men who, in their relations of husband and lover, or even of father and brother, behave the worst, treading down human destinies, and crushing natures much finer than their own—as remorselessly as the traveller treads down the fresh grass or the way-side flower—these men are the very ones who seem most blind to the enormity of the wrong they are committing, and most insensible to the existence of the sufferings they occasion. And when they see a career of the same class as their own, differing only in details, reflected in the mirror of fiction, they deny the life-likeness, and demur at the probability of the creation. Of course there are thousands of men of the Charlton Ridley calibre, who escape the peculiar temptations, which lead him from vices to crimes; but that is no reason why his career should be called improbable; and the lessons which this “Woman’s Book” is intended to teach would be shorn of their force, if Lydia were sooner wise and resolute, and Charlton were stayed in his evil course.

Fanny. Life is so much stranger than fiction, that I hesitate to call any book improbable.

Mrs. Smith. And you may well do so. It seems to me that certain people pass through life with hardly any knowledge of what is going on around them—they repel confidence, while others seem to attract it—seem destined always to hear of, or to have part in strange histories: and such people—may I say you and I are of the number?—feel and know how far indeed the invention of the novelist lags after the broad facts of social life. However, to return to “Lydia:” if the author has depicted a bad man, she has also given us her idea of a good one. And if she has proved something of a champion for her own sex, she has also acknowledged their weaknesses, and shown a most detestable character in the mother of Charlton Ridley, who is thus introduced in the early pages of the book, while the personages of the story are as

yet children. She is visiting the nursery of Lydia and her half-brother,

“Opening wide the door to admit her portly person. Portly, for, though neither remarkably tall nor stout, there was a certain air about her which seemed to demand space: she always walked and sat so terribly upright, that she was a visible reproach to the unfortunates who had frailer and less arrowy spines. Though scarcely more than thirty, she seemed to have left all traces of her youth far behind; or rather she awakened a sort of vague wonder, which made one curious to know how she could have looked when a girl. She had horrible taste in dress; her wiry dark hair was surmounted by a dowdy matronly cap, and she always chose her dresses of those dull brown, or dusty drab shades, which look old when new, and never in any condition present either refreshment or repose to the eye. The lover of beautiful forms and rich colours longed to pull her dresses into shape and fit, and to relieve their colourless mass by some one hue caught pure from the rainbow—Nature’s palette whence she paints the flowers. Not that the lady would have permitted such an operation; for she piqued herself on her strength of mind, and despised everything so weakly feminine as care for dress.

“Even Mrs. Ridley’s eyes had a sickly lustre. They were not black or brown, or blue, or grey, or green; though they had been mistaken for each. Her complexion was sallow—her teeth, though even, were not white—her lips were pale: in short, to use an imperfect simile, there was nothing to relieve the monotony of her appearance. There seemed some discord wanting that might be resolved into harmony. And yet so regular were her features, that some people considered her handsome.”

Fanny. A hopeful introduction, certainly.

Mrs. Smith. This Mrs. Ridley is a worldly, cold-hearted woman, loving nothing on earth but her handsome unprincipled son, for whom she plots and intrigues. For my own part I think there is scarcely any type of womanhood so abhorrent as that of the woman who for the sake of the advancement of a male friend or relative is false to the interests of another woman.

Fanny. And yet it is shockingly common. How often are the son’s or the brother’s errors connived at, and his faults glossed over, for the sake of leading some well-dowered acquaintance to love and to wed him.

Mrs. Smith. True; and it will always be so until women are from their childhood taught self-respect, and instructed, not in the details of human conduct, which must ever tend to mere seeming and got-by-rote morality, but in the beautiful, grand, and simple principles of Truth and Justice. However, I promised to read you some extracts. I will not tell you the actual plot of the story, which is intricate enough to comprise several characters. The following is in the way of advice to young ladies, and whether you need it or not, you shall have the benefit of the author’s opinion. It is *à propos* of Charlton Ridley’s successful wooing.

“Charlton Ridley had all the dreadful advantages of a man of the world. Though still in the hey-day of youthful manhood, he had exhausted so much of Life that it had few novelties in store for

him; for the things he had not tasted—heart-love and pure pleasures—were cut off from him by a brazen barrier, guarded by those spirit “dwellers on the threshold,” which his own base and selfish passions had evoked. Oh, if the young girl could but know, what too often the woman of thirty has proved, how many a life would flow forth like a flower-bordered river reflecting all the lights of heaven—that, instead, gurgles on in darkness, a troubled turbid stream, its freshness gone, its treasures sunk and wasted! Oh that the young girl would take on faith what only bitter experience can make her know, that the captivating lover so winning in his wiles, so ready in his speech, so bold in his looks, who plans to “come, and see, and conquer,” and meets too often with a Caesar-like success, has purchased his power by the sacrifice of every attribute that would have been a fair barter for her love; that his ease and self-possession are the proof that he is acting an often rehearsed part; that he can no more respond to her gushing tenderness, her perfect faith, and her elysium dreams, than a tree whose roots have been charred by a forest fire, can send forth fresh green leaves and balmy blossoms!

“Oh that she would believe that the soul’s modesty is not confined to one sex: and that it is most frequently the bashful lover, who stammers forth his love, who has no eloquent phrases in which to express it, whose cheek changes, and whose tones fall as much as do her own, who has for her the heart’s wealth of a pure unsullied passion, and the tideless tenderness which alone can satisfy her heart’s vague aspirations!”

And now for one more extract when about three years are supposed to have elapsed.

“Neither has time dealt quite gently with Lydia. She is scarcely more than five or six and twenty—that age when, if there be a full fine mind, and a soul radiant with happiness to light up the outer shrine, a woman’s beauty seems only bursting into fuller richness; but if heart-ache, self-reproach, or even worldly care has been a dweller there, we may be sure a tribute has been paid; for tears wash away bloom, and delve the channel for wrinkles. Grief is the most inexorable tax-gatherer from beauty; and happiness had been to Lydia Bowring, at most, a three days’ guest, coming to her at long intervals. ‘Woman’s love’ has been alternately so be-rhymed and ridiculed, so truly glorified in the realities of life, so grandly idealized on the poet’s page, and so dragged in the mire of bathos by rapid writers of the intense school, that it is almost daring to say another word on the worn subject. And yet, in this ‘Woman’s Book,’ I cannot forbear.

“I say, it is a fearful thing for woman to be taught—as is she not?—that love must be a greater and more ruling circumstance in her life than in the life of man; I say such teaching brings about—as many a prophecy has done—the dark fulfilment of the oracle: it weakens all the supports of character, and inclines her over the precipice, from which she might have recoiled, or whose brink even she might have skirted unharmed. Constancy is very generally esteemed a virtue; but is it not sometimes a vice? Is there any virtue in a woman clinging—while happily they have not yet been made one—to a man after she has discovered that his moral nature is lower than her own? In the end she must sink to his level—for the weak cannot lift the strong;

and every hour that she does not strive to loosen her bonds, they grow the tighter, dragging her earthward. Women, in the mass, are dreadful cowards—in all but their own silent bravery of endurance; but they are cowards only, because, from a matchless and persevering system they are taught from the cradle to be such. Their will, instead of being strengthened and nobly directed, is continually being bent and broken; they are perpetually taught to yield blindly, and submit meekly; to lean on others for opinions, and hardly exercise the noble faculty of decision in a graver matter than the choice of a ribbon. Thus, how can they be expected to have the will, the decision, the courage—to tear themselves from an unworthy support, and, by inflicting a sharp, present pang, make possible a happy or a peaceful future! O Love, Love! the dream of youth, the one reality of existence; when it rises on the horizon of life, it should be but the glittering portal to the holier, grander, dearer, temple of which it forms a part—domestic happiness! A portal which man and woman should pass together in equal purity—in equal earnestness—in equal faith—in equal affection—in mutual dependence; and then the temple that they enter would indeed prove one whence the holy worship of a generous, useful life would henceforth ascend. They who would still keep woman as the supplementary half of human nature, little know the dragon’s teeth of error and misery they are sowing.

“Briefly as I can make them, let these truths apply to Lydia Bowring. She had loved, she did love, her cousin Charlton Ridley, with the deep sole devotion of an ardent nature. Her love—not devoid of that passionate intensity which Shakspeare has, of all poets, the most perfectly portrayed as allied to womanly purity—was as a high tide that had flooded her soul; but in that flood, so unresisted by her will, it had brought sharp agonies. Once her heart had demanded that she should be loved, even with truth and fervour, and tenderness like to the elements of her own passion: but as the conviction had grown upon her that Charlton was incapable of such devotion that eager demand had faded to wild wishes—the wishes to vague hope; the hope to a dull, resigned content that he should love her at all—should tolerate her affection. Cruelly well the heartless man knew his dreadful influence! And he looked on in the same spirit as that of a stern anatomist who watches some torturing vivisection, to observe the phenomena. By turns half indifferent, and when the shadow of an opportunity occurred, absurdly jealous; always exacting. Sometimes by the easy trick of flattery and protestation, playing the ardent lover, and reserving for rare and chief occasions the master *coup* of soft ineffable tenderness—he was the veriest tyrant to whom a hapless girl ever bent her neck for the yoke.

“It would be terrible to relate the mental struggles of Lydia Bowring. She knew—and what is more in her inner heart, she felt, that the alienation of her brother from his father’s house, and the usurpation of his rights, was a wrong in the sight of God; she had interceded—she had argued—not, be it remembered, with her father, but with Charlton Ridley—and always convinced, as it were, against her will, had yielded. She would not have dared to say a word to her own father that Charlton would have disapproved; and this he knew. So cunningly had he worked on her by reproaches—regrets—blandishments!”

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

A LITTLE EARNEST BOOK UPON A GREAT OLD SUBJECT. By William Wilson, Author of "A Home for Shakspeare," &c., &c. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. Second Edition. (Darton and Co.)

It is our duty to notice that this pleasant book has reached a second edition—a fact on which we congratulate the public as well as the author, since it shows that a hearty enthusiasm on the "great old subject" of poets and poesy finds a response and an appreciation in this very matter-of-fact world. Mr. Wilson is we believe a very young author, but he has already so philosophic a spirit, sympathies so genially directed, so clear an eye for the picturesque in scenery, and for the romantic in life, and the command of so easy and graceful a style in composition that we look to him as one certain to win for himself a high place in the republic of letters.

THE RAILWAY LIBRARY: ZINGRA, THE GIPSY. By Annette Marie Maillard. (Routledge and Co.)

The Railway Library comprises for the most part reprints of standard works; but now and then the spirited publishers of the series give the public a new and original novel, and this is a case in point. "Zingra" is a romance displaying considerable invention and imagination, and is written throughout with grace and fluency. Our space forbids us to sketch the plot; but the book is likely to make yet shorter many a rapid railway journey, and to be honourably installed on a favourite book-shelf afterwards.

1. THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. Part 6.

2. STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS: "THE POACHER'S FAMILY."

3. BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: "ROVER AND HIS FRIENDS."

4. BREN TANGE, OR MERCANTILE MYSTERIES; BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. Edited by Argus Lynx. Part 1. (Groombridge and Sons.)

The three first of these works have already been mentioned with deserved commendation in these pages. Dr. Spencer Thomson's excellent Dictionary proceeds with the comprehensive care and in the same lucid style which made the earlier numbers so valuable. When complete it will be a work to be desired in every household, and especially to be recommended to country residents and emigrants. "The Poacher's

Family" is a charming addition to the series of cheap juvenile works to which it belongs; and "Rover and his Friends" is a child's story of that best sort which teaches the head by melting the heart. Withal it is true as a matter of fact, the sagacity of the sheep-dog almost defying exaggeration. Only the first part of "Bren Tange" is yet before us; but it promises to be something more than a merely entertaining serial.

THE BARONET'S FAMILY: a Novel. By Miss Beale, Author of "The Vale of the Towey." 3 Vols. (Newby.)—Miss Beale improves greatly in the construction as well as in the elaboration of her stories. The present is exceedingly well arranged, spirited in dialogue, abundant in incident, yet sufficiently probable in detail. It is a happy union—this, when the circumstances depicted are natural enough to have actually happened, at the same time that there is a proper proportion of the striking and uncommon to engage interest and rivet attention; in a word, when the tale told is indeed "a romance of real life." There is a good deal of pathos in several passages of this novel, some genuine humour, and an appreciation very eloquently set forth of the "beautiful" and the "elevated." Essentially the production of a genuine mind, it is more—that of one endowed with the rare and happy qualification of finding, like Shakespeare's noble wanderer in the forest of Arden,

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Not that there is anything like an approach to sermonizing; all this peeps out insensibly rather than as a lecture, which most of us agree (with a few rare exceptions) is, despite the fashionable moral tales of the day, the very worst anomaly when draped in the flowing garments and emulating the general lineaments of a novel. "The Baronet's Family" is likely to prove a most interesting one to all who make its acquaintance.

MUSIC.

"I MEET HER ON MY MOUNTAIN-WAY." Song, written by Frederick Enoch; music by Stephen Glover. (May.)

Frederick Enoch is a young poet fast rising into note, and this song is likely to add to his repute. The music is gay and appropriate, altogether suggestive of the Alps and their romance, with a ringing melody that haunts the ear. "I meet her on my mountain-way" deserves far more than a season's popularity.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

HAYMARKET.

Two new pieces have been brought out at this theatre during the last month. "The Foundlings," a comic drama, in five acts, by Mr. Buckstone; and a ludicrous extravaganza, entitled, "Keeley worried by Buckstone," in which those very amusing actors come out as

themselves, in a manner that keeps the audience in a continual roar of laughter.

"The Foundlings" is an adaptation from one of Scribe's popular vaudevilles; and he, in his turn, was indebted for the plot to our own Marryat, whose "Japhet in search of a father" furnished the idea which, with many modifications, has thus been doubly dramatised. Mr. Buck-

stone, however, has added so many characters, as well as an entire and distinct plot, that he may almost claim the credit of having originated the piece.

Two boys are found in one basket at the door of a governor of the Foundling Hospital, and consigned to the walls of that charitable institution. When they grow up, Edward Jackson, by dint of toil and perseverance, achieves distinction at the bar; while Timothy, idle and reckless for himself, persuaded that his friend is of noble birth, endeavours, in a variety of absurd ways, to discover the noble parents of Edward, quite satisfied to leave his own in obscurity. It turns out, however, that Timothy is himself the lost heir to an earldom, and Edward the deserted child of "The Putney Pet." In the *denouement*, Mr. Keeley, as *Moleskin*, a convict turned Methodist, comes out in his most racy style; Mrs. Fitzwilliam, too, as *Pamela Pattens*, a very brusque and independent needlewoman, a diamond of the most unpolished description, adds greatly to the interest of the piece; and all the other actors contribute their utmost to the decided success of the "Foundlings."

It was produced for Mr. Buckstone's benefit, and is likely to be played for a considerable time.

In "Keeley worried by Buckstone," the former is supposed to have retired from the stage in a fit of pique, and to be fairly worried into a return to it by his friend Buckstone. It may be supposed that in such hands there is ample scope for fun.

Her Majesty has honoured the Haymarket with her presence several times during the month. It is said that the perfect propriety and decorum manifested by the excellent manager, contribute, no less than the admirable acting, to make this theatre a favourite with the Queen. It is, indeed, worthy both of note and of notice, that every person whose presence could offend is rigidly excluded from the Haymarket; and as this regulation involves an immense yearly loss to the management, we think the sacrifice to decorum should be known and appreciated.

THE ADELPHI.

The Adelphi pieces continue nearly the same as they were last month, "Paul Pry" being occasionally brought forward as an afterpiece, and rendered as popular as ever by Mr. Wright. "Land and Sea" continues its triumphant career, and bids fair to be as attractive as any piece ever produced at the Adelphi. M. M.

PRINCESS'S.

Mr. Lovell's new play—"The Trial of Love"—was produced at this theatre on the 5th ult., with the most triumphant success. It has added fresh leaves to the laurels both of author and actors. The *Athenæum* describes the plot so tersely and clearly that we cannot do better than extract from its columns:—

"The action is supposed to take place during the Siege of Newark by the Parliamentary troops in 1644. A carrier-pigeon is shot, bearing a treasona-

ble letter; suspicion is fixed by Col. Boswell, Lieut.-Governor of Newark (Mr. Ryder), on Sir Herbert Tyrrel (Mr. C. Kean). Sir Herbert is at present an invalid in the house of Sir William Grey (Mr. Graham), having been wounded in defence of the latter's daughter *Isabel* (Mrs. C. Kean). Out of this arises the distress of the scene. Tyrrel regards his honour from so delicate a point of view, that, after the accusation he resolves on not re-entering the house of his generous host. But strong love, and the ministry of the lady's Abigail, *Margaretta* (Miss Marshall), lead him not only into the house, but into the private apartment of Sir William, which is crowded with astronomical instruments. The *soubrette* herself is so little accustomed to enter this *sanctum* that she examines the furniture with wonder, and in so doing upsets a cabinet which opens and distributes Sir William's correspondence on the floor. Among the letters is one in the same handwriting as that treasonable epistle which suspicion had attributed to Sir Herbert—and this he naturally secures for his own defence. But then comes the question—is Sir William the guilty party? A subsequent interview leaves this in doubt, though it increases the probability of his being so; but the arrest of Sir Herbert with the letter in his possession prevents the solution, and confirms the previous suspicion against himself. In the fourth act, the plot thickens, and Col. Boswell begins to reveal himself in his real character. For the hand of Isabel, he proposes to set Sir Herbert free. The situation affords scope for some powerful acting on the parts of both Mr. and Mrs. Kean. There is much struggle of emotion and storm of passion—but at last the lovers submit to a compromise, and Sir Herbert is set free, being charged by Sir William with a letter to Prince Rupert. A further trial awaits Isabel; whose agony overflows at Boswell's announcement that the Prince will not visit Newark for three days—she, by the terms of contract being pledged, unless saved by events, to become Boswell's bride by the next day at noon. Meanwhile, her lover speeds well on his errand—and re-appears on the scene to announce the arrival of Rupert, who enters with his train just in the nick of time to prevent Sir Herbert from being shot in revenge by the orders of Boswell. The innocence of Sir William Grey is made clear, at the expense of a *Martin Shirley* (Mr. Meadows), a miserly rascal who, accepting bribes from both parties, had intercepted the treasonable correspondence which was deposited with Sir William, the real traitor being no other than Boswell himself. Unaffected and familiar as these incidents and characters are, such was the skilful working-up of the situations, and such the even excellence of the acting in all its parts, that the success of the piece was of the most unequivocal kind. From the popular nature of its interest, it is likely to have a long run. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, as well as the author, were summoned at the conclusion of the performance to acknowledge the congratulations of the audience on the triumph of the evening."

We extract the following as a specimen of the poetry to be found in this finely-constructed play:—

Isabel. But what has life of worth, but as a casket

In which to store up honour?

Tyrrel. Isabel,

I have read that page more thoughtfully, and found Life has far hollier purposes. There is not



The meanest thing that breathes, but bears existence
Charged with some duty, wherein oft its uses
Show richest by abasement. Cateacts
That scatter showers of diamonds to the sun
Play over barren rocks, and leave them so;
But the still pool that sinks into the plain,
Where not a ray pierces its matted banks,
In its own loss breeds life in all around.
The lying world calls this abasement—I,
Honour beyond a crown!

* * * * *
Boswell. What can be the value
Of a few minutes?

Isabel. Tell him, father, much—
That a few minutes—ay, one minute, may
Suffice to do an act will lose a soul
Through an eternity. A single minute
May drag down prosperous vice from its high seat,
And lay it in the dust. A minute may
Relieve the wretch prepared for execution,
And bid him live for years. Ay—or a minute
May break a heart worn out with too much care,
And bid it rest for ever. What's a minute?
Minutes are Heaven's ages, which can work
In one, what man conceives in centuries—
O! cling to every minute!

THE GERMAN COMPANY.

The performances of this Company at the St.
James's Theatre have formed one of the great
†

attractions of the season. To discuss their merits critically, however, would lead us far beyond the limits of these columns; and after all, we should but echo the popular opinion, which is unanimous as to their great and original merit. A contemporary who is a high authority says, speaking of these German actors:—

“We look for much benefit to be derived from the example that will be set by these performers. They are nearly all handsome, graceful men—evidently intelligent; all such good elocutionists, that the nicest ear fails to detect any material difference in their pronunciation and delivery; in their respective ways, evidently artists in their action—well practised, well made-up, and appropriately as well as magnificently costumed. They impressed us with the opinion that the German actors are to tragedy what the French are to comedy—nearly perfect, because intentionally natural. Here were no violent distortions—no tricks for the sake of effect—no starts nor struts—but intelligent and intelligible readings of a difficult and complex text, gradually warming into emotion, and expressing themselves in cautiously-guarded and prudently-regulated gestures. Not to ‘o’erstep the modesty of nature’ was evidently the rule. It would be curious to inquire how much Goëthe had to do with this result on the German stage during his management of the Ducal Theatre at Weimar.”

THE TOILET.

C O S T U M E F O R J U L Y .

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

As the world of fashion has definitively changed its quarters from Paris to the various *campagnes* and *châteaux* of the provinces, and the summer modes (we wish we could say the summer weather) are already established, we have but little to communicate to our readers on the subject of dress beyond a few general remarks, and descriptions of some of the toilettes commanded for the country by certain *élégantes*, who dress there as smartly, though in a different style, as they would for the *salons* of Paris, or the promenades of the Champs Elysées. The favourite materials for dresses are *barège*, *jaconas à disposition*, which are really beautiful, with a sprigged *fond*, and wreathes for the trimming in the same colours as the sprigs—or, newer still, a *fond* of pink, blue, lilac, or *abricot*, with the borders of coloured flowers on a white ground. *Piqué blanc*, *batiste de Lille*, and a new *tissu* called *gaze-papeline*, which is generally made with a *fond uni*, or sprigged, and flounces bordered with undulating wreathes of richly tinted roses, *bleuets*, or other flowers. Most of these thin materials are made with a *corsage froncé en gerbe* up to the throat, or open *en cœur*; and invariably accompanied with a band and buckle.

White dresses are confined at the shoulders with bands of embroidery, and have a *ceinture* to correspond, which is lined with a coloured ribbon, the ends of which fall in front; this is generally accompanied by a *mante Marion Delorme* in black taffetas, something resembling in shape the Talma, being round and ample, with or without a hood, and trimmed with three rows of *noiré*-ribbon and a deep fringe, and a bonnet of *paille de fantaisie*, decorated

simply with a broad rich *chiné* or *ombré*-ribbon, or a wreath of *paquerettes* or other wild-flowers.

For fuller dress *mantelets* in lace are the style preferred, though hitherto the weather has hardly allowed their possessors to display them on more than two or three occasions. For dinner and *demi-toilette* the pretty white *veste*, with *volants*, and the *Canezou fichu*, are the favourite mode, together with the *fichu Charlotte Corday* described in our last, which is remarkably becoming, but requires great care and skill to be well put on. It is worn with a *corsage décolleté*.

A new and beautiful material is the *gaze-cristallisée*. It consists of two gauzes, laid one over the other, the upper being white, the under pink, blue, or any other delicate colour; the effect is singularly beautiful, the shades varying and changing in the light in a manner quite indescribable. The *gaze-cristallisée* is not a *disposition*, but is generally trimmed with *ruban écossais*—which, *par parenthèse*, is the favourite garniture for *étoffes unies*.

Here, Mesdames, is the description of a *robe empire*, made by one of the first houses in Paris. It consists of pink taffetas; very low on the skirt is a double row of *crevés* of the same material, and above each is a *guirlanda* of roses-pompon; the *corsage* tight, and round at the waist, is also decorated with roses-pompon; and the sleeves, short and tight, have *crevés* like those on the skirts, with *guirlandas* to match. A hint, *en passant*, to our fair readers: nothing makes a flounced skirt of light materials sit so well as a petticoat of thin *jaconas*, somewhat narrow at the top, and with three *volants* moderately starched.

A very light and pretty *mantelet echarpe* is made of black net, with two *volants*, trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet; it is particularly suited for young ladies, for whom the lace *mantelets*, so much in vogue for married ones, are too dressed.

The *fichu gilet*, without altogether replacing the ordinary waistcoat, is principally worn as the season advances; it is generally, though not always, *montant*, and fastened with jewelled or enamelled buttons.

Bonnets are, if possible, lighter and more *vaporeux* than ever; a very pretty style of *capote* to wear with an embroidered muslin dress, consists of

volants of embroidered muslin, united with *bouillonées* of taffeta, and trimmed with light and simple flowers, such as *jacinthes*, *perennées*, *paquerettes*, &c. The *chapeaux en crin blanc, à jour*, are much in favour. We saw one a few days since, lined with *bleu de ciel*, and trimmed in the interior with blonde and sky-blue hyacinths; at each side on the exterior, was a tuft of sky-blue feathers, curled; the effect was extremely light and elegant. Evening dresses are made of the lightest materials possible, and trimmed with profusions of flowers and verdure, mixed with *bouillonées*, *volants*, *crevés*, &c., of tulle, gaze, organdie, and tarlatane, with *coiffures* of course to match.

THE GARDEN.—JULY.

"Happy the fertile land
Bathed in bright sunshine all the summer day!"

C. H. HITCHINGS.

PLANT HOUSES.

Conservatory.—In addition to the general syringings in this house, which are so necessary for the health and cleanliness of the plants, it will be found of great benefit to go over such things as Camellias, Oranges, Ficus elastica, Rhododendrons, and other thick-leaved plants, and wash off with a sponge and water the impurities arising from dust and other causes, which are sure to become encrusted on the leaves. It is astonishing how this will improve them both in health and general appearance. A continuance of such weather as we have lately experienced will be a good time to attend to these things. Let the operator be instructed to be careful of the young growth, as it will not bear washing at this time. Attend constantly to the necessary fumigations for the destruction of insects, which appear this year to be more than usually numerous; and the best directions as well as the best exertions are entirely nugatory if their destruction is not attended to in every department of plant-growing.

Greenhouse.—As the early Pelargoniums go out of flower, let them be placed out of doors on coal ashes, in a sheltered place, but exposed to the sun, in order to ripen and mature the wood. Calceolarias are now going out of flower, and as they become unsightly, should be removed to a situation under a north wall. Unless required for seed, let the flower stems be removed immediately, and be very careful that they do not become saturated with water. This remark will apply to all plants now standing out of doors in pots, as irreparable injury is often done for want of attention to this. The best plan is to turn on their side all those most likely to suffer, but by all means endeavour to give the choicest and best plants the protection of a cold pit, under glass. Balsams and other conservatory annuals should now be advancing in bloom to take the place of the calceolarias. Fuchsias also will now be coming in very useful, and must be kept neatly trained out, and encouraged to bloom fine. Too much pot-room is not desirable, as if the roots are rather cramped than otherwise it will induce a flowering habit; and occasional supplies of liquid manure will keep the blooms well up in size and brilliancy of colour. See that the plants of Cam-

panula pyramidalis are not suffering for want of pot-room and nourishment—they will be invaluable in a month or so. Put in cuttings of the same, or young offsets, for another season's blooming. Train out the branches of the Coral Tree, Erythrina crista galli, and let them have free exposure in fine weather, but shelter from drenching rains. Scarlet Geraniums, Petunias, Tropæolum Lobbianum, &c., for late blooming, should have a final shift, and be kept growing freely. Keep them in a cold pit near the glass, with a very free circulation of air. See that the potted Chrysanthemum cuttings get a very free circulation of air, and dust them with sulphur. If this cloudy, sunless weather should bring on mildew, keep them also well stopped for the next three weeks, after which it is not safe to do so.

FORCING HOUSES.

The last three weeks have been very unfavourable for operations in this department. In the Pinerias, if this weather continue, be careful of using too much water, and also to moderate the fire heat, for too much stimulation, under such unfavourable circumstances, will cause a weakly, elongated growth; but if bright and powerful sun should come on, let them have full advantage of it; still, for a few days it may be necessary to apply a slight shading during the period of its greatest power, say from twelve to three o'clock. The cold, sunless weather has had a bad effect on grapes about colouring. The interior should be kept dry, and a temperature ranging about 75 deg. kept up, so as to allow of a free circulation of air. Later houses, with the fruit swelling off, must have less water thrown about the house, until more favourable weather. Look out for mildew, which is not unlikely to be induced by such a long continuance of dull, damp days, and dust with sulphur as soon as perceived; if it appears on a large scale, by all means use Epps' large sulphurator, one of which should be kept in every garden, as it is useful for the application of sulphur to more than mildewed vines; for peaches and other trees on walls it is most excellent, also for roses.

FLOWER GARDEN.

The lamentations with regard to the continued rain and absence of sun are no where more severely

felt than in this department, as it is next to impossible to maintain a thorough neatness. Weeds are springing up by thousands, and the ground cannot be effectually moved to destroy them. However, no exertions must be spared when the ground is dry to keep the surface soil in the borders generally, as well as amongst the bedded-out plants, very often stirred about. At present budding plants have made very poor progress—a week or two of warm weather will be quite necessary before we can expect much display from them. Keep them nicely trained out and pegged down, to guard against high winds. In the herbaceous garden a great amount of labour will be necessary to keep all neat. The foliage of the bulbous kinds must be removed as it decays, and if any large vacancies are produced, they may be filled up with *Asters*, *African* and *French Marigolds*, *Zinnias*, and also with some of the spare bedding-plants, such as *Cupheas*, dwarf *Scarlet Geraniums*, *Heliotropes*, *Verbenas*. Take care also to distribute plenty of the different varieties of *Salvias* all through the mixed flower garden; they will make a glorious display in the autumn. Look out for cuttings of the choice varieties of herbaceous *Phlox*, as the present is a good time for putting them in. Take care that roses are properly secured from the winds, and that they are not overloaded with wood; thin out the blooms of such as are required extra fine. Budding may be commenced immediately on such stocks as have acquired sufficient consistency to bear the knife.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Let there be no delay in getting in the main crops of celery immediately, and plant a row of *Bath Cos* or other sorts of *Lettuce* down the middle, between each row of celery—they will be off long before the celery will require earthing up. Strew salt over *Sea Kale* and *Asparagus* beds in wet weather, so that the rain may carry the salt down to the roots. Plant out successional crops of *Cape Broccoli*, *Cauliflower*; also, for later crops of winter greens of all sorts. See also that a sufficient stock of hardy *Broccoli* for spring use are planted out. Plant a good breadth of *Cabbage* for autumn use; and in dry weather keep the ground well stirred amongst advancing crops of all descriptions. Keep up successional sowings of *Lettuces*, *Radishes*, *Salading*, *Turnips*, and *Spinach*. Make a sowing of green and white curled and *Batavian Endive*. Keep *Tomatoes* well nailed up, as they are very liable to be injured by the wind.—C.

NEW AND RARE PLANTS.



Saxifraga flagillaris.

SAXIFRAGA FLAGILLARIS (Willd.)—*Saxifragaceæ*.—(*Bot. Mag.*, Dec., 1851.)—A pretty herba-

ceous plant growing about six inches high, having densely rosulate, spatulate, small leaves at the base of the stem, which is also studded with others much smaller in size, and all of them ciliated at the margins. The flowers, which are produced at the summit of the stem, are of a rich yellow colour, and from an inch to an inch and a-quarter in diameter. Sent in a flowering state from Cornwallis Island, by Captain N. Penny, to the Royal Gardens, Kew, in 1851. Flowers in October. This, it is feared, though a desirable and curious species, will not be easily preserved in this country, where the climate is so unlike that of its native arctic regions. (Syn.—*S. aspera*, Bieb: *S. setigera*, Pursh.)



(*Grindelia grandiflora.*)

GRINDELIA GRANDIFLORA (Hook.—*Compositæ*.—*Bot. Mag.*, Jan. 1852.)—A handsome hardy annual or biennial plant, growing to about four feet high, with erect branchy leafy stems, especially near the summit; and alternate, sessile, cordato-semi-amplexicaul, lanceolate leaves, gradually tapering to a point. Flowers (capitula), from two to two and a half inches in diameter, deep orange yellow. Involucre hemispherical, glutinous; scales subulate, spreading. Raised from seeds sent by Dr. Wright from Texas. Flowers in autumn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SELINA.—The following is the French revolutionary calendar, and the corresponding months of our system : commencing—

September 22nd....	Vendimiaire
October	Brumaire.
November	Frimaire.
December	Nivose.
January	Ventose.
February	Pluviose.
March	Germinal.
April	Floreal.
May	Prairial.
June	Messidor.
July	Thermidor.
August	Fructidor.

C. J. H. . . . T.—We regret that we cannot number you among our contributors. In reply to your inquiry we may observe, that any one desirous of becoming a subscriber can easily obtain our magazine by ordering it through a bookseller.

A SINCERE WELL-WISHER has our best thanks, and we are sorry that we cannot avail ourselves of her offered contribution.

AN AMERICAN ADMIRER's request shall be complied with in due course.

INDOLENTIA.—Certainly not.

ANNA MARIA.—The communication referred to was received, but is unsuitable.

SYLVESTER.—The mistake was ours. Arsenic cannot be extracted from the stomach by boiling in water merely. The water must be mixed with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). Animal charcoal is an antidote to most poisons, when taken into the stomach. It should be used in all filters, as it entirely frees water from the lead with which it is apt to become impregnated in cisterns.

IS IT TRUE?—The fact occurred on the 3rd of January, 1804. Francis Smith, an Excise officer, was tried for the crime of murder, in shooting, at Hammersmith, a man who personated a ghost, and actually convicted. The personation of a ghost is merely a misdemeanor, and no one has a right to shoot such an object. In the case before us the sentence of death was commuted to one year's imprisonment.

DECLINED, with thanks, "The Strange Lady;" also the contribution of L. K., who is advised to wait a few years: the "teens" form the period of life that should be devoted to study, not outpouring.

ATALANTA.—This Correspondent will be glad to hear that the promoters of the OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE have every hope of success. A memorial, signed by 60,000 Women, is about to be presented to her Majesty; and a distinguished Member of Parliament has undertaken to bring forward the measure in the House of Commons. When we reflect on the humanizing influence of the British Penny Postage, and the blessings which have flowed from

it, only common-sense arguments are necessary to point out all the advantages of extending the scheme to America and the Colonies. Careful calculations prove that the increase of letters would make the undertaking pay; for be it remembered that by Ocean Penny Postage is meant a plan to establish one penny charge on half-ounce letters, in addition to the inland postage. The following statistics are taken from an authentic report, published by that enthusiastic reformer, Elihu Burritt:—"Suppose the French receive 5d. for their inland charge on a letter; then 10d. is demanded for getting it from Boulogne to London, or *ninepence* for its mere transportation across the Channel! Is there any postal charge in the civilized world to compare with this for aggravated exorbitancy! Let us contrast it with a few of the rates adopted in different countries. From the Channel Islands to the remotest of the Shetland group, changing from steamer to railway, and from railway to steamer, for nearly 1,000 miles, 1d. From the western frontiers of Russia and Turkey to the eastern boundary of Belgium, or from Trieste to Hamburg, or from Dantzic to Aix-la-Chapelle, 3d. From the Rio Grande, or the eastern boundary of Mexico, to the north-eastern boundary of the American Union, a distance of 3,000 miles, 1½d. From Folkestone to Boulogne, a distance of thirty miles, on the twelve hours' route between the two greatest capitals in the world, 9d. What reason is there to wonder at the fertile and furtive expedients adopted by thousands to evade this most disproportionate charge? What wonder that so many passengers are importuned in a half whisper, not only by personal acquaintances, but by utter strangers, 'just to drop this letter in any office on the other side!' The conveyance of a dozen letters, weighing in all six ounces, costs as much as the fare of a man, weighing 200lbs., in the first cabin, including the steward's fee, between Folkestone and Boulogne. One could hardly conceive of a greater temptation than is pressed upon thousands, to evade this most exorbitant and unreasonable charge, by seeking some private mode of conveyance for their letters. A reduction of the Channel rate to 1d. would break up this contraband system, and bring into the bags of the Post Office the letters now conveyed in the pockets of passengers, and in other ways. Then, the reduction would impart a powerful and immediate stimulus to all the correspondence between the two countries, and constitute another great source of increase. The whole expense of a letter, weighing under a quarter of an ounce, from any town in Great Britain to any town in France, is 10d. The French inland postage is 2½d., leaving 7½d. for the Channel and British inland services. Under a Channel Penny Postage, the whole charge on a letter from London to Boulogne would be 2d. Then it would be necessary to *triple* the present number of letters, in order to effect this reduction without loss to the revenue. Now, is there not every reason to believe, that this amount of increase would be realized from the sources we have mentioned, and from other auxiliaries?"



Joanna Smith

London, Published by R. Johnson & Thosford, 241 Strand, 1831.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

AUGUST, 1852.

A CHAPTER ON RINGS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

It is astonishing how much of interest lies within the circumference of a Ring, with what a variety of events its use is blended, and how many important ones it has figured in. Old as the oldest records of human history, we find it used amongst the Egyptians, as a type of trust and badge of power, at the period when the shepherd sons of Jacob sold their brother. Even previous to that great epoch in the life of the wise and well-favoured Joseph, when Pharaoh, investing him with a rank only second to his own, bestowed as the sign of it the *ring* that was on his finger, we find the *signet* mentioned; so that in all probability the inventor of the fashion of wearing them, who Pliny tells us is unknown, may have been that primal artificer in brass and iron, old Tubal Cain himself.

The signet rings worn by the Israelites, and other Eastern nations, appear to have borne inscriptions and devices like our own; for in the description of the breast-plate of the high priest, it is distinctly stated that the twelve precious stones with which it was set were inscribed with the names of the children of Israel, "like the *engravings of a signet*, every one with his name according to the twelve tribes."

Very tragic in Scripture are the occasions on which we usually find the signet referred to: Jezebel seals the warrant for the death of Naboth, with her husband's, the king's; and the decree for the massacre of the Jews, which the beauty and policy of Esther prevented, was sealed with the ring of Ahasuerus.

From an expression of the prophet Jeremiah's, we find that the Jews wore their signets on the right hand; and the importance in which they were held may be gathered from the same passage.*

But besides the Hebrews and Egyptians, the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Persians are known at a very early period to have made use of the signet. The despatches which Alexander sent into Europe he sealed (according to Quintus Curtius) with his own ring, but those which he wrote into Asia bore the signet of Darius.

Pliny imagines, from their not having been mentioned by Homer, that the Greeks were ignorant of the use of the ring, until the time of

the Trojan war; after which period they wore them, as English wives do, on the third finger of the left hand, and gave the same reason, namely, that this finger communicates by a small nerve with the heart, which was presumed by sympathy to act upon it, and prevent the hand lending itself to any dishonourable action.

From the Greeks the Sabines are supposed to have borrowed the custom of wearing rings, which they did as early as the time of Romulus; but a long period seems to have elapsed before the Romans adopted them, and no traces of their official use, as an appendage to the statutes of their kings, is to be found before the reigns of Numa and Servius Tullius.

Pliny, who has left us much interesting information on this subject, tells us that the ancient Romans made use of gold, silver, and iron rings, as distinguishing marks of the condition or quality of the wearers; and that all were originally worn on the little finger.

Marius, in his third Consulate (650 of the Roman year), is said to have been the first who wore a golden ring. And we also learn that not even a senator was allowed to wear this precious circlet, unless he had been ambassador at a foreign court, nor could he then (if given him in public) except upon public occasions.

Subsequently the gold ring became the badge of a knight; but in progress of time these primitive distinctions, which limited the people to the wearing of silver ones, and bound the slave's finger with iron, became lost, and we find the gold annulus of the patrician girdling the broad fingers of the *plebs*, and even granted by Severus as a privilege of the common soldiers; nor could the edict issued by Nero, forbidding their use, recall them afterwards to their several orders.

Originally only one ring had been worn, but as the love of ornament grew stronger, the Roman beaux adorned each finger with them, and shortly extended this display to one on every joint. Then it became the fashion to wear several; and Aristophanes tells us that their foppery grew to such a pitch that they had their *weekly* rings; while Juvenal, in his "Satires," mentions rings for summer and winter; but the Emperor Heliogabalus went farther, for he never chose to wear the same ring twice.

* Jeremiah xxii. 24.

When, however, it became the mode to adorn them with precious stones, the fashion of wearing rings on either hand, and every finger, was abandoned; and no Pelham of the period would have adventured to defy the ordonnance of fashion which limited the display of them to the left hand.

Some ancient Roman finger-rings may be seen in the bronze room of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum. And in the Egyptian Gallery of the same Institution is a very interesting one of gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of the deities Serapis, Isis, and Horus. Here are also several signets set with amulets or scarabæi (the sacred beetle), and others bearing the prenomens of Thothmes III., and Rameses VII. or IX., with iron ones of the Greek period.

The *barrows* of our Saxon forefathers, like the mummy cases of the East, have kept strange record for the living, of the manners and customs of the dead, and afford indubitable proof of the early use of this trinket in the British Islands. The Romans tell us, that at the period of their invasions they found the inhabitants of Gaul and Britain wearing them on the fourth finger; and opaque rings of glass, with a thick border (commonly called *adder stones*), are still frequently found in the neighbourhood of ancient funeral monuments.

Rings were early worn as a part of the pontifical apparatus; and in the fourth Council of Toledo, held in 633, it was ordained that a Bishop, condemned by one Council, and found afterwards innocent by a second, should be restored by having the ring and staff returned to him. The ring being the symbol of the spiritual union subsisting between the Bishop and the Church.

From these functionaries, the custom passed to those *hinges* of the Papal government as the name implies, the Cardinals,* who wear it with the same significance.

The superb pontifical dresses displayed in the recent Exhibition exhibited these rings on the gloved hands of the effigies of these ecclesiastics.

Kings were likewise invested with a ring at their coronations; and in the *Liber Regalis* preserved at Westminster, we find a form for hallowing the ring, before the Archbishop presented it to the Monarch, who was bidden to accept it as a sign of faith and sincerity in his desire for the welfare of the church, kingdom, &c.

Bishops were buried with a ring; and Mathew Paris, in describing the obsequies of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us that they clothed him in his robes, with his face uncovered, his mitre on his head, gloves on his hand, and a ring on his finger, with all the other ornaments belonging to his office.

Not that this rich toilet for the tomb was proper to Pontiffs only. Princes and other great men were arrayed with corresponding splen-

dour; and we find King Richard the Second commanding the dead body of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to be clad in princely garments, and to have a chain of gold, and rich rings put on his fingers.* The royal ring (like the pontifical one) was undoubtedly mythical of the relation henceforth subsisting between the monarch and the kingdom, a solemn sign of espousal, possibly as old as Christianity itself.

Tertullian informs us, that the wedding ring, the "*Annuli Sponsatili*" of the Romans, was early introduced amongst the primitive Christians; and in certain pictures unburied at Pompeii, after an inhumation of 1760 years, the female figures were depicted wearing intagli or camei in rings of the Roman fashion, upon what is now called the wedding finger.

We have no data as to the precise period when the custom was introduced amongst ourselves. Strutt tells us he finds no mention of the marriage ring in the Saxon era, except in the *Polychronicon* translated by Trevisa, who tells a story of a young man at Rome (in the time of Edward the Confessor), who being at play on his wedding day, "dyde place his spousyng rynge on the fynger of an ymage" of Venus, and could by no manner of means get it off; nay at night the statue claimed him for her spouse; and the whole story is full of stony horror and absurdity, yet interesting as showing the superstitious charm supposed to reside in this sacred fileet.

From this belief in the binding nature of golden rings, we may trace their use as love-gifts, and the solemn breaking of them between contracted parties when forced to separate for any time; a custom frequently alluded to in ancient ballads, and which was supposed to act as a constraining talisman, bringing together again the faithful keepers of the severed portions. Could some such faith have dictated the giving away of rings, on the occasion of a death, to the particular friends of the deceased—a fashion of a very ancient date amongst us?

Shakspeare bequeaths to his *fellows*, John Henninge, Richard Burbage (the original Richard III.), and Henry Condell, "twenty-six shillings eight-pence a-piece to buy them rings."

But these mystical ornaments have had other uses amongst us than at weddings and funerals; they were of force in magic, and of strange potency as healthful charms. According to Hospinian, the Kings of England had anciently a custom of hallowing rings with much ceremony on Good Friday, the wearers of which, he informs us, were preserved from the falling sickness: he adds, that the custom took its rise from a ring which had long been preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, and was supposed to be efficacious against cramp and epilepsy, when touched by those afflicted with them. This ring, which had been brought home from Jerusalem to King Edward, was one which he himself had long before given privately in alms to a poor person who had asked charity of him for the love he bore to St. John

* From *Cardo*, a *hinge*.

* *Graton*.

the Evangelist, a circumstance which implies whence its miraculous power was supposed to be derived.

Blessed rings, like blessed roses, were sometimes bestowed by the Roman Pontiffs, and were thought to be endowed with peculiar virtues for the wearers of them: thus William the Conqueror landed on our coast, wearing a ring hallowed by Pope Hildebrand, solemnly as his banners had been. And the gold ring presented to Sebastiano Ziani, on his defeat of the ships of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, by Pope Alexander, is said to have originated the singular custom and beautiful pageant of the wedding of the Doge of Venice to the Adriatic.

The Pope, on the return of the victors to Lido, hastened in person to receive his benefactor, and acknowledge his debt of gratitude; and as soon as Ziani touched the shore, he placed on his hand a ring of gold (the antique Roman badge of power), exclaiming, "Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." And annually, on Ascension Day, through the long course of six hundred years, as long indeed as the republic existed, the Venetians witnessed the figurative nuptials of the Doge with the mystic bride.

It is said that when Julius II. inquired of the Venetian ambassador where this grant of Pope Alexander was to be found, he was directed to look for it on the back of the donation of Constantine; but Marco Foscarini finds traces of the espousals of the Adriatic in Dandolo's Chronicle of the Dogeship of Pietro Ursuolo II., towards the close of the tenth century. The description of the ceremony is so picturesque, that we cannot help repeating it:—"The Doge and his *Clariissimi*" "having heard mass in the church of San Nicolo, embarked on board the gorgeous Bucentaur, a state galley, blazoned with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric, as could be obtained by perpetual repairs, without total reconstruction." Gliding through the still canals of the singular and beautiful city, between palaces hung with tapestry and garlanded with flowers, amid festive shouts and triumphal music—silver trumpets and embroidered banners evidencing on all occasions the presence of the Doge—"the superb pageant passed onward to the shores of Lido, near the mouth of the harbour, and then the princely bridegroom, dropping a gold ring into the bosom of his betrothed, espoused her with this brief but significant greeting—"We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty!"

"Alas for time, still more alas for change!"

The magnificent edifices of Venice still rise above the lagoons, and mirror their stateliness in these sleepy shallows; but the greatness vaunting of perpetuity, through dust and ashes, to the ever-moving sea, is as a dream—the

very name of Doge a word of the past, and the once powerful republic a figment of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom!

But to return to our subject: the last of the tribunes, Rienzi Gabrini, caused himself to be presented with a hallowed ring by one of the Cardinals, in imitation of the ancient senators of Rome, and also perhaps with a superstitious belief that it would strengthen his alliance with the imperial city.

In the history of our own country, from the miraculous ring of Edward the Confessor, to comparatively modern times, this trinket in the hands of royalty has exercised strange power—now sanctioning dark deeds—now becoming a passport of safety, like that of Henry the Eighth, in the hands of Bishop Cranmer.

Nor must we forget the tragedy clinging to the ring which his daughter Elizabeth bestowed on Essex, as a warranty that in his utmost need he should have favour from her. This token of her tenderness, the Earl, in his extremity, after his trial and condemnation, commissioned the wife of his worst enemy, the Countess of Nottingham, to deliver to the Queen; but she, persuaded by her husband, retained it; and Elizabeth, exasperated by what she thought the contumacy of her favourite, signed his death-warrant; nor knew of the effort he had made to claim her mercy, till the Countess, on her death-bed, revealed it to her. It is recorded that Elizabeth, in the violence of her passion, shook the dying lady, exclaiming, "that God might forgive her, but that she never would." And as she herself henceforth refused all sustenance, and fell into the profoundest melancholy, this ring may indirectly be regarded as the instrument of her death.

Long previous to this reign, seal rings appear to have been in general use. Falstaff, at the Tavern in Eastcheap, affects to lose one which he says had belonged to his grandfather, and had cost forty marks.*

It was also customary to grave mottoes within such as were given as souvenirs of love or friendship. Shakspeare alludes more than once to these posies, as they were called, and which (according to the apologetic expression he puts into the lips of Gratiano, on the loss of Nerissa's ring,) it must have been the fashion to engrave on other articles also. "About a hoop of gold," exclaims the delinquent, "a paltry ring—

"That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like *Cutler's poetry*
Upon a knife, 'love me and leave me not.'†

Jacques, too, in "As You like it," observes to Orlando—

"You are full of pretty answers:
Have you not been acquainted with
Goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?"

The singular mode of distinguishing Alder-

* Merry Wives of Windsor.

† Merchant of Venice.

men by a ring on the thumb had not exploded in these days—

"When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not
An eagle's talon in the waist;
I could have crept into any Alderman's thumb-
ring!"

exclaims the fat Knight, when railed at by the Prince on his personal appearance.

The serpent ring, which we frequently meet with in our own days, appears to have been one of the favourite forms of this ornament in antique times: we meet with it amongst the Egyptians and Romans, and it was also found on the hand of a skeleton at Pompeii, a relic of jewellery nearly two thousand years old. Porcelain and glass rings appear to have been greatly used by the poorer classes in Egypt; but even these are inscribed with hieroglyphics, and possibly answered the purpose of amulets; but gold, silver, bronze, iron, jasper, and cornelian, were in constant use.

We noticed, amongst the collection of Egyptian finger rings in the Museum, one of the Roman period, set with a negro's head, excellently executed, and two of cornelian, with the sacred *frog* in alto-relievo on the tablet.

Shakspeare talks of a death's head in a ring; an unpleasant device, to say the least of it, though rings have sometimes been made the vehicles, as well as symbols, of this consummation.

Hannibal, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebault's "Original Anecdotes of Frederic II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows:—While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the Court of Berlin with the grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin. The lot of presenting him at Court, &c., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous. The ring alluded to was of great beauty, and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner; and while he was stooping

down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained into his eyes. The latter laughed, rallied her with great good nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them) discharged its contents again in his face. The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed, "These kind of jokes, Madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a *lady*; but, Madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me: I have, Madam, the honour to give you proper notice." But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and holding up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the Ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing, "I had given you notice, Madam." The Russian husband took his share of the adventure by declaring that M. de Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it; and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves. It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me as a *great secret*, on the evening of the day on which it happened.

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction. One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be concealed in a ring as water, and especially the subtle poisons of antiquity and the East; the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands. Of late years the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanized, and affirm their conviction of being benefited thereby.

We could adduce much more to prove the interest attached to our subject; but enough has been said to show how many elements of moral feeling are blended with the history of rings, and how, from the earliest ages, religion, power, fear, hope, love, friendship, have made these mystic circles their interpreters.

WEALTH FOR THE WINNING.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

There is wealth for the winning, for rich and for poor,

In our own shady vales, on our own bonny hills,
On the wild desert tracts of the heath and the moor,
In the clear sunny flow of our own native rills.

There are scents in the wild flower and tints in the sky,

Gentle buds for the bosom, fresh gales for the health;

And the glow on the cheek, and light in the eye,
Are the choicest of blessings, the sweetest of wealth.

There is wealth for the winning, brave wealth for the mind,

Where the temple of knowledge spreads open its door;

Where the simplest of seekers some treasure may find,

And, in spirit at least, be no longer the poor.

There is wealth for the winning, wherever the page

Of the wise and the thoughtful lies free to the view,
Where the sages of old shed their worth on the age,
And enrich us with stores of the gentle and true.

There is wealth for the winning! Each day that we live

Sends some new freight of knowledge afloat on the stream

Every wave of whose current an impulse may give

To the bark as it toils on in search of the beam.

And as long as the spirit is fervent and true

To its own simple child-faith in wisdom and worth,

Shift the winds as they may, show the skies dark or blue,

There is wealth for the winning all over the earth.
1849.

VIBRATIONS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

I will not love thee—no, I will not love thee;

And yet between me and the summer skies
There comes the light of thy blue loving eyes,
And all my soul's resolves in their soft languor dies.

I will not love thee—no, I will not love thee;

But then I hear a voice above mine own,
Whisp'ring remembrances of days long gone,
And my heart fails me—for it hath thy tone.

I say I will not love thee, then I ask

How I shall tear thee from me—how forget
My days of laughing youth, when first we met,
And the fair round of joy in which thy love was set.

I will not love thee—no, I will not love thee;

Why should one heart keep record of the past,
And *thine* be all forgetful? There is cast
Within my soul, as in the rose's core,* steel'd
drops at last.

I will not love thee—no, I will not love thee;

But when I say so most, kind look and tone,
Some fond word uttered in the fair days gone,
Come back again, beloved, and I am all *thine* own.

* The stem of the rose-tree is found to contain particles of iron.

THE MAIDEN WITH A DOWRY.

(A Page from a Young Man's Note-Book.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

I covet not a blooming fair,
With form of graceful lightness,
Soft smiling lips, luxuriant hair,
And eyes of dazzling brightness:
In dulcet tones she need not speak,
Nor utter phrases flowery:
I only prize, I only seek
A Maiden with a Dowry!

I do not wish that she should sing
Italian airs divinely—
Strike the guitar's melodious string—
Dance the Mazurka finely;
Nor sketch with pencil bold and free
Scenes picturesque and bowery:
To please my taste, she need but be
A Maiden with a Dowry!

There is a fact that all allow—
A cut-and-dried expression—
"It is but up-hill work, just now,
To rise in a profession!"
Yet Life's most rugged ways, I think,
Might soon grow smooth and flowery,
If to my fortunes I could link
A Maiden with a Dowry!

Beauty not long the eye contents;
Wit is a treacherous bubble;
Good dividends, and well-paid rents
Are lasting balms for trouble:
And though Love's sky may oft be known
To look o'ercast and showery,
No matter, so I call my own
A Maiden with a Dowry!

AFFECTION'S GIFTS.

Gifts of affection are like flowers
That in the spring have birth;
Blooming, while wintry storms and showers
Yet desolate the earth.

Fair blossoms! few but feel and know
A charm within them lies,
Waking the soul with genial glow,
While sweet emotions rise.

They are as links, that seem so slight,
But woven, form a chain
That, grateful, lasting, strong, yet light,
Will precious things retain.

We do not prize the gifts alone
(Though valued they may be):
With them kind looks, and words, and tone,
Are stored in memory.

Affection, like the Sun's bright beams,
Will answering warmth impart;
Than gold or gems more precious seem,
And dearer to the heart.

Scatter and take these simple flowers—
Extend this golden chain;
For other's weal exert thy powers;
It will be *thine* again.

N. E.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Concluded from page 24.)

CHAP. XI.

"The old wound, when smitten, is the sorest;
The old hope is hardest to be lost."

MRS. BROWNING.

Why, now that I approach this part of my story, do I tremble and shiver and pause ere I enter on it? Why have I laid down my pen twenty times this half-hour, and looked out through the old-fashioned window on the summer landscape? It is just such a summer day as that on which I returned to Dulwich and Carola: there is just such a scent of new-mown hay in the air—just such a rustling of leafy boughs in the wind. I can hear running water, and see the little children wading bare-legged in the shady pool. I am all alone. The deep boom of the bell from that antique tower among the trees is my only companion in my solitude: it is ringing for a death—the death of that aged white-locked woman who used to come up every Saturday to sell me her knitted stockings—children's socks they were indeed, and I have no children, no husband—I might almost say no home; for home means a band that holds loving hearts together; and all those whom I love, love some one else better than they love me. Ah! I am very ungrateful; I ought to be happy, for I have many duties; and he who has a duty, and tries to perform it, is the only one who may be said strictly to live. So let me live, and in this my story let me warn the young and romantic against placing their happiness on a dream.

I found much to occupy me in Staffordshire—so much to see, so much to learn precisely, to note down accurately—I had hardly any time to write to Carola. Then I was begged by my employers to go to Ashbourne to give an account of its lace-making: I did so. This was not in the chart I had drawn out for Carola's information before I left London, consequently I missed her letters. I lingered longer than I had intended. Ashbourne is not far from Dove Dale, and to Dove Dale I went: its extreme quiet pleased me. I was tempted on to Matlock, and returned by Derby, and then retraced my steps to Stafford, to finish my observations there. I found two letters awaiting me from Carola: the first, written in high spirits, was full of a party at Millicent's house—everything painted *couleur de rose*. This was hardly Carola's predominant mood: she was generally more keen-eyed: she seldom praised indiscriminately. Moreover, there was a sort of merry mystifica-

tion in the whole epistle, as if the writer was struggling with a pleasant secret which she was resolved not to tell: it ended with saying, "Do come back as quick as you can, I want to introduce you to some charming new acquaintances."

Before I opened the next letter in her writing, I determined to read one from Millicent, which had come by the same post. It began with informing me that Frank had arrived from India—

"In company with our old acquaintance, Mr. Marchmont, who joined the vessel at the Cape. Poor Mrs. Marchmont, the old lady died on the passage; she had been long ill, and died very calmly, Frank tells me. He is quite *engoué* about Mr. Marchmont who is certainly a very rising man, and has already been promised a first-rate political appointment in town, and a baronetcy is talked of at the next brevet. Do you know, my dear Laura, I should think him a good match for Celia, did I not see, as every one else does, that he has no eyes except for your pretty *protégée*, Miss Morton: and that will please you, I am sure, quite as well, as I remember you had always a high opinion of the gentleman. They say he had excellent salaries at the Cape, and lived so quietly that he must have saved money. I am really glad for your charge that so capital a prospect has opened for her. St. George is doing all he can to further it; he is so fond of Miss Morton that I am half inclined to be jealous! Good bye, I must go out driving. Be sure you dine here the first evening after your return, and I will have Mr. Marchmont to meet you. Ever yours,

M. ELPHINSTONE.

I laid down the letter—I did not dare to open Carola's. I pressed my hands on my eyes as if to shut out all thought; I tried not to think, but my brain would work. Come back! come back! after all my hopes deferred—my heart-sick waiting—my obstinate remembrances! Come back, but not to me! Then I recalled the death-bed of the orphan's father; how he had solemnly confided his child to my trust; how he had placed utter faith in me to work out her happiness as far as God's Providence might allow. I recalled my own promise and vow in return: I went over it word for word: I weighed it as we weigh a marriage vow, a vow of adult baptism, any holy and irrevocable oath. I strengthened my heart with the religion of my duty. Once before I had been tried, and had risen impiously against the trial; now, all I could say in meekness was, "Grant me to do thy will, oh God." And uttering fervently that prayer, I was able to open Carola's letter.

It was what might have been expected; the witchery of love was over her. I saw it in every

written word; but she who wrote was yet in blessed ignorance. She no more knew the cause of her unusual gaiety and rejoicing than a child leaping in the sunshine knows that the free healthful air is the cause of its redundant vitality.

"Your brother is here" (she wrote) "looking for you impatiently. How long you are—what is detaining you? Are you studying that exquisite design, the 'willow pattern?' I will commission a whole set of plum-pudding trees and flying-fish from you for my wedding breakfast." Your brother is very agreeable, Laura. Remember my threat; come back if you don't want to see it realized. I like your friend, Mr. Marchmont. Why did you never tell me he was your friend? He says he knew you well, long ago, in his boyish days, and he praises you so highly it does my heart good to listen. Pray come back, and join our pleasant party. The cottage is looking lovely this bright July weather. The roses are all out, and the jasmine, and I think my annuals never flourished so well before; and, as you know, my 'fuschia fulgens' has one darling bud just out; and I think it will be a most glorious flower when full blown. Celia has brought me some *calceolarias* too from Lady Fitz-interest's conservatory. Everybody is so kind. I cannot imagine how it is I meet so many friends in my daily walk. I ought to be very grateful, and indeed, dearest Laura, I am, and often fancy my dear father looking down from Heaven, and rejoicing in the blessings bestowed upon his orphan. Now good-bye; here are Celia, your brother Frank, and Mr. Marchmont. They want me to show them the *Murillos*. Ever your own friend,

CAROLA MORTON.

To me, who knew Carola so intimately, this letter was conclusive. Why should I break in on their enjoyment with my ill-omened presence? Even if Ernest had indeed blotted out all old feelings from his heart, the sight of me would remind him that "such things were," and the memory of a destroyed love would poison the sweetness of his new emotions. And could I bear to see the wooing; to reckon up the signs of unexpressed sympathies; to watch furtive smiles; to catch involuntary sighs; to read love in those deep dark eyes in which once I had garnered my fate, and to know that love was for another?

No, Carola, dearly as I cherished you, I could not see your courtship. I resolved to wait a little longer: it must soon be over; everything is prosperous; there is not a rock ahead; a favourite breeze is blowing: the vessel must soon float into harbour. Then, not till then, can I look calmly on that beloved face.

It was easy to frame excuses, to find employment for a little space; occupation tarries not when called for. I made myself busy; I insisted on doing instead of thinking. It was often very hard; in the middle of some dry treatise, in the centre of a buzzing crowd, the truth, the bitter truth would rush on me in a whirlwind of passion, and I had to hasten out from the sight of men that I might lift up my voice and cry aloud. After a few days I grew impatient: I wanted to know the worst: my sick soul loathed

all around me. I must go home, and judge for myself of Ernest's heart.

I set off, and reached the metropolis on a beautiful afternoon: I got into an omnibus, and proceeded towards Dulwich: a little after passing Camberwell I alighted, and walked with palpitating heart towards our cottage. I never trembled more violently than when trying to push open the little garden gate: I could not summon strength sufficient. Mrs. Crosby saw me from the window and came out to me.

"Well, my dear, I am glad to see you home again. You will find us very gay. The neighbours have settled it all to their satisfaction already. The milkwoman told me this morning that the affair is quite arranged among them, but I suspect they are going too fast. Not but that *something* is coming on: I hope, for darling Carola's sake, it may not be long delayed. They have just gone to the gallery, my dear. Carola is copying one of the *Murillos*, and Mr. Marchmont takes a wonderful interest in her progress: he goes and chooses her colours himself at Ackermann's, and gives her directions as good, she says, as any artist's."

"Give me a glass of port wine," I said. "I am rather tired with my journey."

"You are very pale, certainly," said my kind friend, much chagrined. "You do not look half so well as when you left us a month ago, a whole month: you never were so long absent from this house."

"I have been very busy," I answered.

"Too busy, I should say, my dear. You have been writing far too much. You have written away all your plumpness."

"Yes, I am horridly thin," I replied, looking into the mirror; and I was more than ever struck with my own plainness. I was looking positively ugly, and worse than that, positively old. Twenty-seven does sometimes contrive to look girlish, but my twenty-seven years had been too stormy to admit of any delusion in the beholder; except, indeed, that to see me many would have guessed me thirty, and a withered thirty—a dry, sapless, worn out creature. The last fortnight had aged me some years: lines on my forehead, wrinkles round my eyes, hollow cheek, and attenuated form, were the traces of my fierce self-combat. It was certainly a pleasant prospect, the astonishment of my old lover on seeing how dreadfully I had fallen off!

I put on my bonnet, my dusty, shabby travelling bonnet, with a sort of pettish defiance of my mortified vanity. I am past the help of dress; no pink veil and flowers can make me look summer-like; better show myself in my true ugliness. So I tied the strings very tight, and tried to persuade myself it was that which made the choking in my throat. I strode on with masculine energy to the door of the picture-room. That pretty, old-fashioned, darling Dulwich! How often had I leaned musing over its paling, wondering at its quaint brick ornaments, and sensible-eyed windows, and drinking in the religious calm of its collegiate lawn and peaceful shrubberies. I did not stop

to muse now; I pushed through the little den where the meek porter collects parasols and walking-sticks, and entered the first room. Now the "Spanish Flower-girl," the picture of Murillo's which Carola had obtained leave to copy, hangs in the second room—in a corner: those that stand looking at it face also the entrance, and can be seen from the first room without themselves perceiving their beholders. So it happened that, myself unseen, I could distinctly view the pair I had come to meet. Carola was sitting painting, her sweet face lighted up with joy and artistic enthusiasm: while she painted, Ernest leant over her, following every touch of her brush, and counselling her in a low tone. I could not hear his words, but I could see the expression of his eyes, the varying colour on his cheeks, the movement of his finely cut lips. I did not need to know the words; I had treasured too well the language of his features to require any explanation now. He was altered certainly; he was older looking, more manly, more weighty in individuality of character. His brow had gathered thought, his eyes were more serious, his complexion much bronzed by southern residence. Yet, altogether, he was improved: he had never been handsome, but now he was very striking; the impress of intellectual fire was distinctly visible, and a man endowed with mere beauty would have looked insignificant beside him. While I was gazing at them unperceived, something he said made her look up quickly in his face. Their eyes met, they both coloured simultaneously; they understood each other, and I could not face them then. I turned sadly homeward, angry with myself that I could be sad when my darling Carola's happiness seemed so near. But we are selfish beings, and it cost me two hours of prayer and struggling with my worse nature ere I could brace myself for the interview.

And lo, when I descended to the drawing-room, Carola was there alone, very restless, very fidgety; evidently burdened with a secret, but a very sweet one. All April was in her face as she kissed me and consoled over my paleness and thinness, and insisted on it I wanted nursing and idleness, and I must give myself up entirely to her, and do all her bidding, and she would soon get me back to health.

"Ah, Carola," I said gently, "if report speaks true, you have pleasanter work in hand."

She blushed, and tried to pass it off gaily. "The Murillo, you mean; but though that picture is delicious to copy, I shall find nursing you pleasanter still, my own love-mamma," as she often playfully called me.

The word *mamma* reminded me that indeed I had a mother's part laid on me in this, and I went on more boldly—"Nay, nay, not the Murillo, my child; not the painting, but the teacher of painting."

Carola stood irresolute, twisting a jasmine sprig in her hand; the deep colour gradually mounting up to the very summit of her lofty brow. At last, after some minutes' breathless silence, she looked up in my anxious eyes, and

said slowly, "I ought to have all confidence in you, dearest Laura, kindest friend. I feel it is not want of trust which makes me so awkward now, but really —." Then, suddenly breaking off, she flung her arms round my neck, and in a flood of tears, sobs, and sighing smiles, told me all her heart's story.

I did not think it would have been so difficult to say, "Laura, I am loved."

"That, darling, I have heard before; the novelty and the difficulty lies in the confession that you love: and you love Ernest Marchmont."

A kiss was her affirmative, followed by an exclamation, "How cold your cheek is, Laura, surely you are ill."

"Only a little chill I caught at Stafford: never mind me. I will warm myself in your sunshine, my darling."

"Only to-day have I learned it fully," continued Carola. "Before to-day, in the gallery, I only hoped it."

Ah, how thankful I was that I had not interrupted them! I should have been to Ernest at that moment like an accusing angel!

"I have so wished for your advice, Laura, your sympathy; I was so uncertain how to act. I wish you had been with me through it all."

"Better far that you were alone," I responded, stifling an involuntary sigh. "I have often seen friends, even the truest friends, do mischief from too much zeal. No bias should be given to the soul in those important hours. Love is like religion; we may transfer the responsibility, we cannot transfer the consequences. I should not like, darling, to have meddled—with however good intentions—in any decision on which hangs the happiness of your whole after-life."

"Ah, I have no fears," said Carola, looking up in my face with her very brightest smile; "I have no fears of *him*—only of myself, lest I should fall short of a wife's requisite perfections. He is so clever, Laura, so high-minded: he judges in such a large spirit, so much charity blends with all his opinions; so much wisdom dignifies even his mirth. Then he is a poet, like yourself, carina, and writes such beautiful love poems: he gave me one to-day. I would show it to you, only it seems like sacrilege even to you. You will not be jealous, my own friend?" She said this coaxingly, yet a little tremor mingled in her tones.

"My Carola, you judge delicately in not rubbing the bloom off your lover's vows. Never should those fairy blossoms be hackneyed from hand to hand. Do not fear to make me jealous; I trust I am not so mean. I always was your friend, I am so still. I never could be your lover, you know!"

"Indeed," laughed Carola, "till very lately, I thought the place too well filled by you ever to need the real owner. I never expected to meet with him; and even now it is like a beautiful dream. I have trembled to look into my last few weeks too closely, lest I should destroy the illusion. I had a sort of superstitious fancy that I was bewitched in your ab-

sence, and that your appearance would be like the cock crowing to scare away the night's happy dream. Yet you came only to confirm it for ever; for your arrival brought me luck, dearest, and made all safe. I can hardly believe that the night before last I found out my own heart; and oh, Laura, I began to fear I had been too rash, had flung myself away without knowing whither; and now I am so happy." And in her overflowing happiness she embraced myself and Mrs. Crosby again and again. Hers was truly the heart

"Enlarged by its new sympathy with one
Grown bountiful to all."

At last she fell asleep, with her lover's verses folded over her bosom, and I knelt by her unconscious beauty, and never went prayer from wretched creature to heavenly Father more full of humility, of self-terror, of shame.

Sweet Carola, you smiled in your sleep, murmuring first the name of Ernest, then my own. Surely you forgave, without knowing it, that I was in heaviness of soul for that which made you joyful.

In the morning I made up my mind to see Ernest alone before he saw Carola. It was my obligation as well as right to see and confer with the future husband of my charge. I owed it to her dead father to have everything explicitly arranged for her interest. Besides this, I felt that only in this maternal capacity could I dare to meet Ernest; I must show him as soon as possible that I considered myself, in relation to him, simply as the guardian of his betrothed. And the quieter this first meeting could be got over the better for my suffering heart.

Accordingly, having dressed Carola in a white gown with pink ribbons, emblem of her affianced state, and the *coulour de rose* which tinged her spirit, I hastened down stairs at the sound of Ernest's tread. I had put on my most matronly gown, a dark silk, and a plain lace cap; I wished to look like a guardian. I could scarcely open the door for trembling, but forcing my self-command into action, I entered. He was bending over a copy of his own poems, which the night before I had given to Carola: her name was written in the fly-leaf, and the date; she had written it herself, and wished to add mine as the giver, but I had restrained her hand.

He looked up at the sound of the door opening: he started, came forward, and held out his hand. All he said was, "How changed!"

The sound of his voice had nearly overcome me, but I was firmly strung. I would not give way. "Yes, changed indeed," I said; "but as much your friend as ever, and come to offer you my earnest congratulations. You know, I suppose, that I am the guardian of Carola Morton, appointed so by her father on his death-bed. In the name of the dead then, I hasten to give my cordial approbation to her choice. You cannot think how much it has relieved me from anxiety about her. I always looked forward with dread to her marrying; Mr. Morton left so heavy a responsibility in my hands. I did not

think how completely my mind would be set at ease by her fixing on one whom I have so much reason to admire and esteem."

I cannot tell how Ernest looked as I went on with this *prepared* address. I dared not confront his gaze. I kept turning over and over the glazed frame in which was set the Government grant of annuity to Carola, which I had brought down to show him.

"My ward," I continued, "does not go penniless or unhonoured into any family. See here how distinguished her father was, and how royalty acknowledged his merits. Carola has £200 a year of her own for life."

"I did not know it," interrupted my hearer with warmth. "I did not care to inquire. I have enough for one whose tastes are evidently simple as my own. I hope too to increase my means honourably by my own industry. I am promised a sufficiently good place in Downing-street, which is no sinecure I am proud to say. Like yourself, Miss Studleggh, I despise the bread of idleness."

"Carola is not likely to discourage you in aiming after worthy objects," I said: "she sympathized full ardently in her father's noble labours. He has left her a glorious heritage, the example of a life devoted to his fellow creatures."

"I trust I shall be enabled to share that heritage with her," said Ernest in a softened voice. "Till then we may hand these matters over to the lawyers. Carola's money shall be settled on herself, besides a fitting provision in case of my death. And now, having got business over, let me ask after yourself, Miss Studleggh. I see you have lost none of your old enthusiasm for the great and good; tell me how you have fared in your progress to attain them."

I tell him of myself! I enter on my past to him! How glad I was at that moment to hear Carola's bounding step, and to see her burst into the room with her white robes fluttering round her, like a ship in full sail for the happy land. I was very well content to leave them together; and indeed, during the interval before their marriage I took care to see as little as possible of their graceful joy. I felt very malignant whenever forced to be present. Carola was so thoroughly self-forgetting that she was more demonstrative in affection than if she had been conceited enough to be coy. Where she confided she knew no reserve. When we three were alone, the lovers were too truly lovers for me not to compare myself to Satan in his cormorant shape envying the happiness of Adam and Eve.

So I hurried over all preliminaries, even though my apparent disinterestedness exposed me to passionate effusions of gratitude from Ernest. I myself superintended the settlements, the *trousseau*, the wedding paraphernalia, the breakfast, even to the favours and the knots for the four grey horses' heads.

Millicent would have had Carola married from her splendid house and St. George's, Hanover-square, amid crowds of fashionable spectators;

but Carola declared for the little parish church of Dulwich, for our own humble cottage; and Ernest supported her in her preference. Mrs. Crosby was wild with joy, so was Celia at acting bridesmaid. St. George gave Carola away; I stood behind her as mother.

Carola was all happiness. She had no parents to break away from; she was to continue to live near me; she knew I thoroughly approved her choice, that my opinion of her husband was as favourable as her own: she had not a regret save that her beloved father could not share her joy, and that memory of the dead, that remembrancer of heaven sanctified with deeper fervour the vows in which she gave herself to the living, and to the duties of earthly life.

There was a small but select party at breakfast in our little cottage. Carola's health was drunk with all possible compliments and good wishes by St. George and Frank: Ernest acknowledged it in brief but eloquent terms. The carriage rolled up, the bride changed her white lace robe for one of blue silk, and an orange-flowered bonnet, and away they drove.

Millicent pressed me to return to her house for the evening, but I said honestly that I was too worn out with fatigue and excitement, and that I needed to be alone. So the wedding guests departed their several ways, and after bidding adieu to the last, I came back into the banquet-room, and found Mrs. Crosby sitting crying among the empty wine-glasses and fragments of bridal cake. I was very thankful to be able at last to sit down and cry too. I did not fear misconception from one who herself was weeping for the loss of Carola.

Does the reader wish to know how I spent that evening? Well, I will be open once again; it is the last time you shall hear of my unhappy love; only I must needs say that in these verses I set my hand and seal to what is the lifelong feeling of my heart. Such as I was, when I wrote them that dreary lonely night, such am I this day and for ever.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Long and truly didst thou love me—
Love another now!
By the heaven that spreads above me
Faith to her I vow.
Yea, I will not try to swerve thee,
Honestly in this I'll serve thee,
True to her as true to thee
In your wedded unity.

But the shadow, which between us
Evil fortunes cast,
Each from each must ever screen us
Until death be past.
In this sensuous world of marriage
My poor heart's mysterious carriage
Must not solve what thee perplexed,
Nor reveal the pains annexed.

I had hoped to make thee know me,
Hoped to clear away
All the thorny scoffs which show me
Thou believ'st I could betray.

Now the grave my faults must cover,
Yet I blame thee not, lost lover!
Who wert never disabused—
In whose eyes I stand accused.

She who slander's shaft repels not,
Must accept a wounded name;
And my silent patience tells not
Of my anguish in that shame.
While your marriage bells are pealing
I shrink back, in tears concealing
All the uncomprehended truth
Of my mist-environed youth.

I can see thy smile sarcastic
When thou wouldst confide
In that nature soft and plastic
Thou hast chosen bride.
If my name should, peradventure,
In those gay communions enter,
Let no injuries befall
The pure ermine of my soul.

Yet I'd pray (such words forgiving),
Prayers which must be heard by none;
Thou alone, of all men living,
Com'st between me and the sun.
Thee alone my spirit heareth
When the mercy seat it neareth,
And a voice from happier days
"Plead for me too!" softly says.

As the wires of ore magnetic,
Join but at opposing poles,
We, perchance, too sympathetic,
Could not blend our kindred souls,
Bend thy new love to thy wishes;
Pliant she as osier swishes;
Like thyself was I, too strong
For the woman's undersong.

Long and truly didst thou love me,
Still do I love thee;
By yon sky that hangs above me!
Purer cannot be.
As a sister, at the altar
Where her brother weds, will falter
Blessings in a choking tide;
So I bless thee—bless thy bride!

CHAP. XII.

"All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best or worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

ROBERT BROWNING.

I have little more to tell of myself—and yet my life has been a busy one. But I ceased to live *individually* after Carola's marriage. I buried my poor *me* in the signature wherewith I witnessed that Ernest Marchmont was a husband. The poor "*me*," how it had suffered, how long it had hoped, how effectually it was disappointed! It was only fit to be interred in a parish-register. Sometimes I go to that little church and ask for that big, brass-clamped book, on pretence of wishing to make an entry

from its lists; and I read over those three or four names, and you cannot think what a good influence that reading has in calling proper feelings into action—in subduing useless regrets—in kindling divine hopes for the unmarried friendships of heaven.

I remained with Mrs. Crosby till her death, some years subsequently to her darling's departure. She had the happiness of receiving into her arms the little red bundle which the doctor called Carola's first-born. I never saw such an ugly, shapeless bit of raw beefsteak; but I had no experience in babies. Mrs. Crosby and the doctor both declared it to be a "splendid boy—the image of its papa." I could not help asking myself "Is it possible that thoughtful man could ever have been such a horrid little animal as this?" Possible enough, for the creature I so despised grew rapidly into a really lovely child, and now is certainly a youthful picture of what that father was when I first met him in the Irish Channel.

Mrs. Crosby constituted herself head-nurse, and I never saw anything more touching than her devotion to the little squaller. My own secret opinion is that her death was attributable to sitting up at nights, nursing him in his teething feverishness. But as she, good old lady, persisted in calling her ailment "influenza," and as her other friends concurred in her view of the case, I of course helped to bring in that verdict, when the cough and debility proved too much for the sufferer's constitution. Baby—about whom she had worried and over-exerted herself—came triumphantly out of the affair with his eye-teeth and a grinder; while the affectionate nurse was laid in Dulwich church-yard, close to the place where Carola had trod in her white shoes and flowing veil, the morning of her marriage.

I was pressed by Carola to live with her; but it was impossible. I parried her affectionate insistence by hiring an elderly, ugly maid—a perfect she-dragon, whom I afterwards made to follow me on all occasions. I still lived on in our Dulwich cottage. Ernest established himself at Sydenham; he took a pretty, small house, and furnished it very tastefully. There he assembled a very fascinating society—the *crème de la crème*—the best of every class; the most wise, the most witty, the most worthy. He was esteemed among his fellows, and they delighted to do him honour. I enjoyed seeing Carola surrounded by such acquaintances. The contact of fine minds brought out the finer qualities of her own. Her power of appreciating genius was better to her than genius would have been. The poet, the artist, the critic, felt themselves congenially responded to. She was, as I have before said, a remarkably good listener, and this is an inappreciable gift in a hostess. Every one who left her drawing-room went away persuaded that she was a superior woman; not from her clever remarks, but from her eloquent and sympathising silence. With her husband she was chatty enough. Lively good-natured wit, pungent satire (never undeserved), a true

perception of character, and an unbounded capacity for admiration, constituted a charming companion, and Ernest was indeed delighted to find his wife's good qualities grow on him day by day.

She was fitted too to be a statesman's wife. Her utter contempt for paltry motives or sordid interests lifted up her husband into a pure and clear atmosphere. She did not cloud his duties to him; she was a help-meet, she made light of all obstacles save moral ones. There was but one impossibility in her creed—the impossibility of doing wrong. Conscience was to her an adamant wall. Happy was Ernest in such a firm upholder! There are times when the spirit of the strongest man flags; when the world presses heavily, and the chains of circumstance coil round him! Then, most of all, he needs the noble daring, the uncompromising honesty of a truly righteous woman; for when woman is reared up in her own native generosity—when there are no worldly mothers and mercenary papas to corrupt and sully the natural tendency all women have to the spiritual and the ideal—you will find in the female heart your truest guide in difficulty. It is she, who, spurning away the thousand selfish embarrassments, will ask only, "How readest thou? What is God's command? What is the good and right way?"

I think I mentioned that Ernest had received a diplomatic appointment. He was elected for Parliament by the help of some rich relations whose politics agreed with his own. His writings also assisted his means, and his industry was indefatigable. About a year after his marriage, Government brought forward a very doubtful measure; opinions were likely to be adverse, every supporter was precious. Ernest and Ernest's family were of the Government-party. A person high in office and of great political weight condescended to come to Ernest with a detail of the cabinet-plans, and a list of those whose assistance was to be acknowledged by honorary rewards. It was proposed to make him a peer. His parliamentary reputation was almost as great as his literary one. They wanted the speaker as well as the pamphleteer.

They who sent this envoy-extraordinary were as astonished as himself at the result of his mission. No fustian-patriotism did Ernest utter to conceal intended disintegrity. With manly straightforwardness he declined the honours proposed in declining explicitly to vote for the government-measure.

"But Annerwick is a ministerial burgh," said the bewildered messenger; "and your cousin, Mr. Hoyle, who is lord of the manor, coincides entirely in our views. He gave us to understand—"

"He could not understand my opinions on this subject," interrupted Ernest, haughtily; "I have never broached it in his hearing. My vote is my own, to be given conscientiously, and I have every reason to believe that my constituents think like myself as regards the bill."

His tone was so firm that the peerage-profferer retired discomfited and rather abashed at his

non-success in bribery. Ernest lost his place, and offended his cousin Mr. Hoyle so much, that the latter sent a plain message to the member of Parliament that he required his seat in the house.

Loud was the outcry against Ernest for his folly, his imprudence, his patriotism. Mr. Hoyle took care to spread news of the splendid offer rejected by his kinsman, secretly not a little proud of being connected with one to whom cabinet ministers went begging with patents of a barony. At the same time he inveighed loudly against his conduct, and bemoaned him as already in the Queen's Bench and his wife starving. My family swelled the tide of lamentations.

"Why do you not speak to your husband, dear Carola," said Millicent; "he will certainly ruin business with these poetic eccentricities. Do go and try your influence."

"I have used it," replied Carola, calmly.

"Well, where you have failed, none need try," said my sister, sighing. "He is certainly infatuated."

"I tell you," continued Carola, with flashing eyes, "I have used my influence, and have succeeded—if indeed such a mind as Ernest's needed help from such as mine. I have told him to remember conscience—to remember patriotism, his country's weal, and his own honour; and he has acted as I wished, and as I expected."

"O dear!" cried Millicent, "you are as mad as he, my pretty Carola. You will never grow rich between you."

"O yes we shall," was Carola's gay answer; "I am a rare miser. We have put down our carriage already, and mean to give no dinner-parties this season."

Millicent lifted up her hands at this new mode of gathering wealth. Meanwhile the bill came on, was fiercely contested, raised a hideous hullabaloo throughout the kingdom (it meddled with religious opinion), set all households, and taverns, and coffee-rooms, and clubs into a wild uproar, called up the whole art and cunning of the government whippers-in, and was finally thrown out at the first reading.

The government party were so sorely beaten, that they had to resign, and a new cabinet was formed of the most powerful members of the opposition. Ernest, who had distinguished himself by a brilliant speech, and an acutely sarcastic pamphlet against the Bill, was offered a most honourable place in the new ministry, and re-elected with acclamation by the voters of Annerwick, who had been most bitter against the Bill, and had concocted a petition with 500 signatures from their own little town. Immediately arose a counter-cry among our private circle: "Oh, after all, Mr. Marchmont knew how to play his cards"—"He had kept his own foresight very quiet. Doubtless he knew which way the vane pointed, though it was above the sight of common men."

These praises irritated Ernest to madness. He had sat very patiently to be blamed for im-

prudence and folly, but he writhed and fidgetted like a stung child, under the commendations of his sagacity and wisdom. In his indignation and disgust, he wanted to throw up his place, to prove how little his own interest had guided his conduct. His wife brought calmer counsels. "Dearest, you have never acted to please the world; you have never studied its frowns or smiles. Why then be scared from your onward path by a misconception? I grant you, if our own fame were all we worked for, that you have much to annoy you in being thus classed among the selfish, when you were actuated by so much higher motives. But knowing yourself innocent of all mercenary stain, why throw up your merited income, and opportunities of benefiting others by your talents, frightened like a babe at the mere shadow of a cloud?"

He took her advice, smiled down the slander, and went on in his own straight track.

All my share in this business was a warning to Carola. "Remember, darling, your part is as much to follow your own advice as to give it. You must go on as you have begun, however your temper may be tried."

And it was tried in its most vulnerable corner—her pride in her husband. Often have I seen her restlessly changing colour at Adelia's insinuations, meant to be praise, but which to Carola's ears sounded the foulest calumny. I have seen her with kindling eyes start from her seat, ready to defend him whom her soul honoured, but a glance from me would restrain her; she would vent her feelings in a long-drawn sigh, and only say, sinking back on Lady Fitzinterest's luxurious ottoman, "Ah, Adelia, you little know Ernest if you suspect him of underhand doings to further his fortune."

But if in public she held her peace, though it was pain and grief to her, with those who like Celia, sympathized in and appreciated her worldly sentiments, she was eloquent in her scorn and satire.

Celia was strongly attracted by both of the Marchmonts. She had a glowing spirit, whose fires had long lay smothered under the follies and frivolities of fashionable life. In the ball-room, Celia appeared only a beautiful, light-hearted girl; in private society she threw out the fervent flames of her highly excitable spirit. I always trembled for her. She was enthusiastic, almost to a fault; ready to undertake any self-sacrifice, but alas! never counting the cost. Willing, for any one she loved, to encounter poverty and privation, of which she actually knew not one little penalty. Reared in affluence, of a fragile frame and sensitive temperament, she was by nature and education very unfitted to cope with trials; and my heart ached to hear her eloquent enthusiasm, for I foresaw how unable she was to act up to it. Her inclination to the romantic was fostered by the society of Douglas Feversham, who was a frequent visitor both at my house and at the Marchmont's. He was now in orders, a zealous priest, and a cultivated man. He was an artist, also, and painted with great talent—nay, in

many of his conceptions there was decided genius. I said before that he had in him many ingredients of the poetical character, and to this I attribute the spirituality of his conceptions, compared with his crude colouring and faulty drawing. He had not time to study the art sufficiently, therefore he multiplied sketches wonderfully suggestive, highly imaginative, strikingly poetical, yet always disappointing. His aims were ever above his reach.

Celia thought them perfectly attained. She sat and drank in his words when he conversed in rich language, with earnest feeling on the subject of Art. He had lately returned from Italy, whither he had escorted a doltish lordling to read Horace on the Alban Hills, and Virgil in Mantua. A more complete waste of time and money than this journey proved to the young peer, could not be; but the tutor gained what the pupil threw away: and though his teaching and conversation was lost on a youth who preferred a hunt on the Campagna to all its toms, and a race-course at the Ponte Molle to all its historic associations; yet the glories of Venice and Florence were not all displayed in vain.

Ernest was the first to perceive the rapt attention which Celia gave to the discussions on Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the furtive haste in which she treasured up a scrap of paper on which perhaps Douglas had sketched a head from Luini's Herodias, or a Virgin from a fresco by Ghirlandajo.

He said to his wife, "Look after that girl's heart, she knows not how it is slipping from her."

But it was too late. Well meant interference only aroused the unconscious lovers to a knowledge of their own passion. Douglas adored the beautiful girl who, from the triumphs of the most brilliant societies, came meekly to listen at his side. He saw the power he had gained over her, and he prized it too highly to relinquish it. Celia, on her part, was ready to give up all to follow him. He had nothing but a curacy of £100 a-year; she had £500. A pretty match it promised to be. It exploded like the crash of a thunderbolt. Both the haughty English uncle of Douglas, and the penurious proud Scottish aunt, cried out against a penniless bride.

Adelicia again was furious at the very idea of the beauty of Almack's, the amateur rival of Pasta, flinging herself away on a country curate. The war of reproaches and recriminations ran high, insulting letters were exchanged by the relatives of these headstrong young people, who, wrapt up in their delight at discovering their mutual affection, never dreamed of the storm they had raised.

They were rudely shaken from their elysium. Douglas was obliged to go back to his curacy; and there he received a letter, purporting to be from Celia, renouncing him for ever.

Meanwhile Adelicia set hard to work to get her married and safe. After all her expectations, she acknowledged herself to be dreadfully disappointed; but she tried to hush up the matter, spoke of the affection as entirely on the

gentleman's side, railed at his impertinence, and praised Celia's tender heart, that felt so much the pain of refusing a lover—in a vain hope, I suppose, to account for the poor girl's red eyelids and depressed spirits.

At length a suitor appeared—rich, well-born, well spoken of in Adelicia's world. True he was ugly, true he was stupid, and very much given to the turf; but he belonged to one of England's proudest families. He proposed to Celia's relations—not to herself. They accepted. She indignantly refused to confirm their assent. They informed the aspirant that "she was coy"—"a little spoiled by so much adulation—she was not to be gained in an hour, like ordinary girls." He accordingly did not withdraw his claims to her hand. She was driven almost distracted by the importunities and carking complaints with which she was surrounded. Her reasons were laughed at, her love decried as a disgraceful self-abandonment. Her heart was wrung in every way. She, the merry favourite, met everywhere with flatteries and smiles, who had scarcely ever been thwarted in her life, who had heard that all she did was well done she could not comprehend this actual eclipse of her happiness and her popularity—it drove her desperate.

One evening, late at night, as I was sitting reading by my fire, I heard a tapping at the cottage-door. I felt rather nervous about opening to the unseasonable visitor. The neighbourhood of London has a bad name for robberies, and I went first to reconnoitre. Then I heard a voice which I knew at once, saying, "Open, sister, open the door—I am half dead with fatigue." I recognised in amazement the silvery tones of Celia's voice. It was she, huddled up in a large plaid cloak, who had come to take shelter under my roof. I hastened to admit her.

"Oh, Celia!" I exclaimed, "have you quarrelled with Adelicia?"

"Yes—yes, broken off for ever! I did not expect her to be so unsisterly. I have left her house, and come to you for a few days. Yes, do not look so astonished, in a few days I shall be the wife of Douglas Feversham. He knows by this time that I was to take shelter here from all the cruel persecutions I have undergone. Oh, Laura, you cannot fancy what I have borne!" and the poor child sobbed hysterically.

Soothing her as best I could, I tried to reason with her against the rash step of marrying immediately on such limited means.

She would not hear any remonstrances.

"I do exactly what you did, Laura; you fled from persecution and riches to freedom and poverty."

"But, dearest," I urged, unwilling to wound her, for how different had been our antecedents; hers all pampering and luxury, mine all neglect. "But, dearest, I did not plunge into matrimony—I risked no one's fate except my own; you can wait—both Douglas and yourself are young, a few years' delay will only endear you by your mutual patience and faith."

"Ah!" said Celia, shaking her head, "patience is all very well, but Douglas and I both feel that if we wait we shall be as much worried as ever. Do you think Adelia will leave me here in peace; or that his stingy old aunt and ambitious uncle will not do all they can to persuade him off the engagement? Oh! it would be a wretched prospect—all the world against us, and we separated! I cannot fight alone, I should lie down and die; but with Douglas, and for Douglas, I am sure I could bear anything. And when once we are married, our relations will be obliged to make the best of it for their own credit."

The old argument of over rash youth! What could I do? I had no authority over Celia beyond that of sisterly warning, and to it her passionate love made her insensible. Douglas came—I tried to induce him to postpone the marriage, but was equally unsuccessful.

"Your sister," said he, "has honoured me by placing her happiness in my hands, and I cannot be so unmanly as to repudiate the charge. It was my fault for first wooing her, but now I am only too grateful for the precious heart I have won. I cannot leave her to the unkindness of her family; you, who are the only one likely to treat her kindly, are weak against the rest. Her brothers may at any time interfere. The sooner she is mine, the better for all parties."

I sighed, but was overpowered. A few days after, they were married in Dulwich Church—a very different wedding from Carola's three years before. I prevailed on Carola to prevail on Ernest to give her away. He shook his head gravely, said it was a rash act, but was much affected by the unbounded trust and love of the young couple. Frank, the only one of our brothers who was likely to have considered it a venial crime to commit a lovematch, was again in India. So we three were the only spectators of Celia's marriage. Bless them! how perfectly happy they were—like children, rejoicing in the present, and looking not beyond the morrow.

Their disinterestedness was fully tried. Miss Chisholm declared, "the limmer that could gae marrying yon gate was a saucy sinner, and should never see the colour of her money."

So she went on scraping and screwing for no apparent end. Douglas was her only remaining relative, except Menie Fraser. Yet she could not help saving, though she said, "Menie diana want it, and Douglas shanna hae it. I'll just mak a mortification of it for the building a new Kirk, where nae crastianism shall hae part, but the Word shall be rightly preached unto edification."

And to build her church she left her sister's heir to pine in poverty.

"Eh, mem!" said she to Menie, who expostulated with her one day on finding the snow outside the house and a bare grate inside, while the miserable old lady sat muffled up in plaids and catskin furs by the chilly ingle. "Eh, mem, it's nae for want o' the siller; I hae

plenty of siller if I had the heart to spend it, but Lord keep me, I hae na!"

Can you imagine a more touching example of a victim of avarice?

The Earl was as indignant as the Spinster at Douglas's foolish marriage, tying himself down for life at twenty-five; but being more good-natured, he procured him a better vicarage, of some £200 per annum, and in giving it, distinctly stated that he should give no more.

And with the exception of myself, Celia's family cast her off for ever. She felt it painfully, but it made her only more anxious to show her devotion to her husband. With feminine delicacy she dreaded his imagining that she pined after the love and the splendour she had renounced for his sake.

She did her best to be a thrifty housewife: she *slaved* in his service; but alas! inexperience is often worse than ill will in its effects. Brought up extravagantly, and perfectly ignorant of the real value of money, she could not manage to arrange her disbursements judiciously—her little means did not go so far as it ought. She was always in arrear, always harassed and pressed for ready money. Douglas left it all to her care, he did not see how much of a burden it was to her. I helped her as much as possible, but the mischief was generally done ere I heard of the dilemma, for the living of Castle Deane was in Leicestershire, and as yet there was no post of penny stamps and little note-sheets—postage was an item in the week's account which my poor Celia could not always make room for. With all this, her love, her adoration for her husband increased more and more. One could have thought that she had a foreboding of the short time allotted for its indulgence. She put away all cares when he appeared: she was never too tired to sing his favourite songs—never too sleepy to sit up for him, after a long day's round among his poor parishioners. Whatever dinner she might have had in his absence, there was always his chop or steak, his glass of port wine, to refresh his weary body.

Although soon to become a mother, she spared no exertions to keep his home comfortable, to make everything look pleasing in his eyes.

Poor girl! she had not counted the cost. Her spirits went far beyond her strength—her health gave way. Her child was born prematurely; and in its birth brought the summons for her departure to a land of rest and love.

I had been attending Carola, who had just ushered her first girl into the world (I was a sort of general *Howdie* among my lady friends), when an express arrived from Castle Deane, telling me of Celia's imminent danger.

I hurried down as fast as post horses could go. It was too true; the loving, devoted wife was passing away like a mist at early dawn. She never rallied after the baby's birth. Painlessly and uncomplainingly she floated down to the dark valley. I shall never forget her white, beautiful face, as she lay there—nothing of

colour about her, save her glorious eyes, rendered larger by illness. She looked from her husband to her child, but spoke not. Douglas leaned against the bed-head, speechless with grief. He could not believe that his beloved and loving one was going from him. She turned feebly round to me, as I bent over her, raised her emaciated hand, and said, "*You see.*" Her voice, low and weak as it was, had all its own old melody. The strong man broke out weeping, and was obliged to quit the room. Then, asking the nurse for some stimulant, that she might have strength for the necessary words, my poor Celia gathered her thoughts for her last request. It was, that I would take charge of her child, her little daughter, her sweet Celia; "for," she said, with eyes sparkling with grateful love, "Douglas would call her by my name. Laura, bring her up worthy of her father; let her see him as often as he wishes, but do you take off his hands all the anxieties and pains of rearing a young child. Let him have all the joy and none of the sorrow. Bring her up, as he would wish, a Christian in every sense, and sometimes speak to her of me. Do not weep, my sister, I have had a very happy life—I have been thinking these few last days how many, many blessings I had had—and the trials of the last year have been sweetened by so much love! I would not have had another lot, could I have chosen it. Thank Adelia and Millicent for all their kindness in my girlhood—tell them how much I loved them when I was dying. And Carola, dear, dear Carola, and yourself, Laura, I need not say—" Here she sank back on her pillows, exhausted and faint. The nurse quickly brought a cordial. She opened her eyes, and saw Douglas, who had calmed himself, and now stood there composed, but pale as her own bloodless cheek. She lifted her hand and said, "Pray." We all knelt involuntarily, and Douglas, with a low, but clear voice, read the Church's beautiful prayer for the sick unto death.

We uttered Amen at its close—a sound of *Amen* came from the bed, as soft and sweet as an angel's whisper. We started up and looked at her. She lay on her side, her face turned towards her husband, her eyes smiling tenderly and cheerfully upon him; but though the expression lingered still in those once brilliant orbs, they could never recognise him again. She was dead—her spirit had gone forth on that meek Amen.

I fulfilled her wishes; I took unto me the little baby. I fostered her into a vigorous childhood from a weak and pining infancy. To be near her father I removed my residence to the village of Castle Deane: it is a pretty quiet place, and suits me exactly; I have never left it, though Douglas has been dead these ten years. He over-wrought his constitution in his clerical and artistic zeal: he had no pleasure save in active exertion, and he soon wore out his frame. After having achieved some master-pieces of etching and cartoons, after having preached hundreds of powerful sermons, and tended hundreds of

sick beds and death beds, he gave up the unequal struggle and yielded unrepiningly to the vanquisher of mortal men, the death who had already seized his dearest wife: they lie side by side in that sunny corner of the churchyard: there are plenty of primroses and violets there in spring, and trailing convolvuli in summer. Celia and I go very often; and in her childhood her most sacred office was to take her little hoe and weed out the unsightly plants that intruded on her mother's grave. She is now eighteen years old, very handsome, thoughtful, and reserved, except with me: yet she cannot have been reserved with all, for Ernest the second, Carola's tall, soldierly first-born, has found the secret passage into that close-barred heart; and soon, very soon, I must lose my foundling, my adopted child, my heart's treasure.

She is not a tocherless lassie either. Old Aunt Chisholm repented when too late of her stinginess: the money she had squeezed out of candle-ends might have spared Celia much of the over-fatigue which brought her to an untimely end. When the old lady died, it was found she had left the bulk of her property, yielding a land mortgage, and other thrifty debentures, an income of £2,000 a year to the only child of Douglas Feversham and Celia Studleggh, on condition that whoever married the young lady should add the name of Chisholm to his family title: so Celia's husband will be Sir Ernest Marchmont Chisholm, for his father is a baronet now, and Carola is my lady. Aunt Chisholm also, in consideration of my care of her heiress, left me £500 a year as guardian, to continue during my life, and to found and endow a kirk after my death.

And I have given up writing papers for the magazines, and only scribble poetry for my own gratification whenever the fit is on me; and considering my fifty years, that is pretty often. You will ask am I happy? I hardly know how to answer. I have so many dead memories, that I am often sad; so many failed hopes, that I am often humiliated. I have many friends, but to none am I first; and mine is a jealous heart, it is grateful for what it receives but not satisfied. At times, too, this uneasy feeling amounts unto craving, and jaundices all my present blessings. I justify not this morbid sensitiveness, I, of all women, should not upbraid my fate; I have had more than I deserved; but such is human nature. Negative happiness is very insipid; and when my Celia leaves me I shall have that negative boast that I have not a care in the world, not a fold in my rose-leaf couch; but the Sybarite yawned even when the rose-leaves were smoothed, and my heart yawns too in its soporific calm.

Ernest is changed—ever estimable, ever loveable, but not what I loved, not what I devoted my life's dream to. I must be changed, likewise; grey in my hair, and prolix in my discourse, and the tip of my nose is positively red, and would fain tell lies about my daily glass of sherry. Carola is the same as ever, only plumper, and a very fine woman of her years;

her smile has all its old freshness; her heart will never grow old. Now, with all Ernest's kind feelings, I fancy—it may be only fancy—that politics absorb him more and more. He is talked of for the Cabinet when the present Home Secretary retires; and he has not long returned from high diplomatic office in Germany—not at any of your Pumpnickel courts, but a royal city. Since then he has grown very metaphysical, and is translating some wonderful treatises on myths, which Carola honestly confesses she cannot understand.

I am not so great a favourite with him now as I was at the time of the marriage. His secret feeling of inconstancy urged him to repay lost love with new friendship. When the first burst of excitement was over, it is possible that some

restless self-reproach made my presence a burden to him. Perhaps these are only my own morbid imaginations. Who can read the human heart? Our friend's bosom, and our own? Not I—which will account for the imperfections of this autobiography as a self-analysis. There are many deeps unsounded, many gaps unbridged: much that to the reader will appear inconsistent and out of character. I can only say it may be a bad picture but a good likeness—a faithful portrait of one with little beauty outside or in, but who has at least led a life different from that of most single women.

So good-bye, pleasant companion of many solitary hours: none will feel in reading, half the interest which I have felt in writing you.

GIVE ME THY HAND.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN, ESQ.

Give me thy hand! thy truth is tried;
Our hands shall bind us friends for ever,
In bonds, whatever may betide,
No chance of fortune ere shall sever!
Did I thy faith or thee mistrust,
I did not either understand;
I find thee noble, true, and just—
My friend, give me thy hand!

Give me thy hand! I know the while,
Could I thy thoughts and bosom sift,
There's not a stain would e'er defile,
Or pulse belie so great a gift!
I did thee wrong to alight thy word,
And doubt what truth thy speech did blend:
Forgive me now; I own I've err'd—
Give me thy hand, my friend!

Give me thy hand! thy faith is tried,
And with thy friendship will endure.
You spurned me not, when by your side
I spoke my doubts too premature.
I know thee now, and we must part
In kindness where now we stand:
I feel thou hast a noble heart—
My friend, give me thy hand!

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

No inward pang, no yearning love,
Is borne in vain by human hearts;
No anguish which the weary prove,
When fancy fades and hope departs.
The griefs which here our bosoms wring,
Are melted by a Power divine;
And angels waft the good they bring
With fostering care to God's own shrine.
Within the dim and silent room,
Unseen a bright host stand around,
In darkest days of fear and gloom,
And hours of agony profound.
To turn to balm the cup of woe,
Those guardian seraphs watch and wait;
Unwearying travellers to and fro,
Twixt earth and the Eternal gate.

Through the still night so drear and long,
When all the world is hushed in dreams,
And the far waters 'plain in song,
And heaven is rich with starry beams—
Beside the couch of pain and care
Their vigils pure they duly keep,
And note each faint and faltering prayer
Of those who wake to mourn and weep.
Though dear ones, weary of earth's strife,
May sink at length to toil-spent rest,
And we in the rough path of life
Are left in solitude unblest,
Yet *they*, with ministering zeal,
To raise the drooping mourner's head,
By many a silent sign reveal
Love hath not died, nor Mercy fled.
Then let us gaze where light should glow,
Though not a beam the clouds divide,
Content in all our griefs to know
God's holy angels on our side;
Not loathing life, nor fearing death,
But using so each trying hour,
That when we yield our fleeting breath
The saint's blest crown may be our dower.

Ramsgate, May 4, 1852.

ELLA'S ROSES.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Venus, unto thee, the rose,
Pride of summer, told her woes—
Told how she, the queen of flowers,
Loved of all the lingering hours,
Glory of the radiant day,
Only came to pass away,
Beauty of celestial birth.
Fading with the things of earth,
Meanest things of mortal breath,
Poorest things but worthy death;

Then, foam-browed, thy laughing look
For a moment mirth forsook—
For a moment, till thy thought
Gave the boon thy favourite sought,
All thy darling dared to seek—
Changeless life, in Ella's cheek.

W O O D L A N D T A L K.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PUTLITZ.)

BY MRS. GILLESPIE SMYTH.

THE POPPIES.

We are in error, when we imagine that the flowers are only capable of budding and blooming, perfuming the air, and withering away. This opinion, widely spread as it may be, has been forced on us by our own egotism, ever willing to believe that everything in Nature was formed for us alone; and that because we can only take cognizance of the outward existence of the children of Flora, an inner life is therefore denied them. As has been already asserted, however, the case is not so; and as each flower possesses a special character, the one being modest and retiring, the other proud or vain, this gay and brilliant, that dark and inconspicuous, or rather the expression of these qualities being confined to such outward manifestations of habit and colour, so likewise has each its individual wishes and aspirations, its loves and joys and sorrows; while all boast in common a prevailing patriotism, that is to say, not merely an attachment to their country, but to the spot in which they grew up, so strong, as to forbid their existence apart from it—a feeling in which, in these modern days, mankind seems too often deficient. But the flowers lack not even an organ of mutual communication; and to the ear of one fortunate enough to understand their language, could they whisper many a lay and many a tale, beguiling the short summer's night (for that, as we shall presently see, is the special time for their intercourse) passed on their balmy couch: while the succession of gay fairy images thus brought before him, would shape themselves in one bright, beautiful poetic vision. Thus was it with the narrator of the following legends, as he lay once, during a lovely moonlight night, on the flower-enamelled carpet of the woods, and listened (or dreamt, as by many may be deemed more probable) and heard, as it were, at once, a thousand tiny voices rising from the flowers around. Apparently some friendly elf, to whom he must have rendered unconscious service, had lent him, for the nonce, his "fine ear's" gift of hearing. Sadly murmured the Reed a long, melancholy dirge in the ear of its neighbour, who listened sadly and silently in return. But it was interrupted by the clack of the Coquelicot, the scandalous chronicle of the flowers, and representative among them of gossiping literature. Hard by might be heard, tittering among themselves, the slender Harebells, telling and hearing, no doubt, some right merry story. The tall Bell-flower again maintained a dignified silence, lending, however, occasional assent to the sayings of his neighbours, by significant nods to the right and left. Not so the quaking Grass, which, by perpetual shakes of the head,

resolutely testified that, of all it heard, it did not believe one word.

Whether it happened that just then the flowers became aware of the listener's presence, and according to the proverb, determined he should "hear no good of himself," or whether, as is likely, it formed a favourite subject of floral conversation, it turned on this occasion chiefly on the injustice and unkindness with which mankind behaved towards them.

"Alas!" exclaimed reproachfully a bunch of flowering Thyme, "there lie again some of our sweetest sisterhood, crushed beneath the reckless foot of man!"

"Aye, they heed us little, and respect us less;" said a Lychnis, ever in quest of admiration, and stretching herself proudly on her long stalk: "let us bend before them as humbly, and cling to them as tenderly as we may. That they should crush us in their path, were we all noxious to them as the Hemlock, were very natural; but nothing is harder to put up with than contempt, and they do not think us worth stepping out of their way to preserve!"

"Nay!" whispered the Violet, in a deprecating tone: "to hear you talk, one would fancy mankind unjust indeed towards us; yet 'tis easy to disprove your reproaches. Do we not form the most highly-prized ornaments of their festive occasions, and do they not select us as the heralds of their holiest sentiment—even their love?"

"Those times are long gone by," said the Wood-sorrel, with acrimony. "Do men not take upon them, in their senseless pride, to meddle with, nay, to mend their Maker's handiwork, by imitating, and, as they think, improving on us, by pitiful bits of painted paper? And is it with us that they now deck themselves, or with these contemptible shams? And do they ever now take us for love-letters, in lands where they can use any others? Or have they not long since laughed out of fashion the language of flowers, by calling it sentimental, and making it ridiculous?"

"I could put up with all this," remarked the Lily; "for how should men respect our feelings on points upon which they are unaware of them? But they should not deny us them when palpably expressed before their eyes. You all know that, when night is over, and we gaze around us, as the morning light comes in, there is always one or other of our dear playfellows missing, whose leaves have either softly closed for ever, in the twilight, or have been strewn on the breeze, by the rude night-blast. Over these we grieve, and tears bedew our eyelids. Men see this, but without taking the trouble to understand it; and falsely assert that these tributes

to our feelings and our sorrows are but the dew-drops scattered over us by the morning cloud."

This instance of human ingratitude and injustice must have proved very striking, as for awhile no one had a word to say, either to palliate or heighten it; meanwhile I had been remarking, at some little distance, a group of bright tall Poppies, whose heads I had observed were busily laid together; while in the previous talk, so little flattering to its human auditor, they had taken no share. The pause which had ensued was broken by the Cowslip, shouting, as it shook its tiny bells—"Hush! hush! sisters; the Poppy is going to tell us something!"

"The Poppy's story—hush! hush!" was echoed by all; the very reeds having finished at length their endless ditty.

The Poppy erected herself on her slight stem, and looking round, made sundry bows to her courteous listeners. I had expected that she would take a deal of pressing, plead hoarseness, or at least resort to a variety of excuses. But such, it would appear, is not the custom among flowers; for the Poppy, without further preface than, "So you are ready to listen!" dashed into her narrative at once. "Well, then, I will tell you how, according to old traditions, which have taken root from generation to generation among our race, we Poppies first came into existence. For you cannot suppose that, at the creation, the earth was all at once adorned with all its flowers: no, they came forth one by one, as we still see them do in spring."

"And what happens, then, in spring?" asked the inquisitive Autumn Crocus?"

"You can inquire by-and-bye of the Daisy, for she is always early in the field," said the Poppy; "but pray don't disturb me just now in my story."

The Daisy, rather despised by most, and by many people regarded as somewhat simple—because her cousins, the Auriculas, having enjoyed more education, are much more highly thought of—felt at once pleased and ashamed that she should be thus called on to speak; and a slight blush flitted over her white petals, as every one must have remarked to be often the case with her. So she turned her head up gratefully towards her taller patroness, and said her say without waiting for further question.

"What we have to suffer from the Winter, who is so cruel to us poor flowers, it were hard to tell, and opinions differ on it. This only is certain—that he cannot abide us, and never rests till he has levelled us all with the ground. His reign, however, does not last for ever; and after him comes our best friend, the Spring. She, again, looks quite grieved, when of all the blooming children whom she gave, so bright and gay, into the Summer's keeping, not one remains alive; and she is forced to hide her locks with a grey dusky veil, having neither flower nor leaf left her to wreath herself a garland. But she glides with kindly, warm hand, lightly over the earth, and calls to her beloved ones; not one of whom, for awhile, dares raise up its head, so sore are they afraid—so shy has the rough, rude

Winter made them. And, indeed, too good cause have they for affright; as Winter has been known, after he had been long gone, to come suddenly back, and knock all the poor flowers on the head. Some, however, there are, of a more kindly, or less timid nature, who would not keep the friendly Spring waiting, but come forth betimes, like the sweet Violet. But even she, when she looks about her, and sees all so cold, and how few among the sisters are yet awake, gets frightened too, and hides her little head snugly among the leaves. Men call this modesty, but it is partly fear; and then there awakes in the Violet that earnest longing after companionship, which breathes itself forth in that delightful perfume. Poor, poor Violet! Her longings remain ungratified; for when the others come forth, her time is long gone by. But so strongly is she attracted towards the rest of our sisterhood, that she often peeps back in autumn, and attains for awhile her wish; though for that very reason she never smells quite so sweet then as when first seen in spring."

"So now you see what then takes place," said the Poppy, resuming its narration; "and thus it befel, in some degree, at first. But at the time to which my story reaches, nearly all the flowers were assembled; and it was beautiful upon the earth, for everywhere reigned joy and unity; men and animals dwelt amicably together, and from morn to eve there was nought but rejoicing. One being alone—one, in the wide, wide creation, did not share the general bliss, and wandered sadly over the youthful world; and that was Night. And why, you will ask, was she sad? She was alone, you see, in the world, where every other creature had its mate; and can there exist a happiness unshared with another? So it came to pass that Night felt more and more, what she would gladly have hidden from herself—that she was the only creature to which no other could be found to take kindly. For, let her light up as freely as she might her innumerable lamps, still she was forced to conceal from man and beast the beauties of the earth; and that set every one against her. Not that they ever complained of it to her face; but the sounds of jubilee with which, in the morning, the Sun was hailed, too truly made her aware how little in comparison Night was esteemed. This naturally grieved her, for she was good and friendly, and she hid her head still deeper in her veil, to weep out her bitter sorrows. It moved the compassionate hearts of the flowers to see her suffer, when all thus turned away from her: and little as it was, we did our best to alleviate her sufferings and cheer her up, as far as our strength permitted. We had nothing, to be sure, to offer her but tints and scents; and in colours, it is well-known, Night can find little satisfaction. So we reserved for her our choicest perfumes; one in particular—the Night Violet—would give out none by day, that she might keep it in full strength for Night's benefit—a custom, as all are aware, which she has never laid aside. All this, however, failed to console the mourner, and

she threw herself in her anguish before the Creator's throne.

"Thou seest, Almighty Father, how happy is thy universal creation; while I only glide joyless, alone, and unbeloved over the earth, and have no being who sympathizes with me in my sorrow. Day flies from me, however lovingly I seek after him; and, like him, every other creature turns its back upon me. Wherefore, O Father of the universe, take pity on me, and give me a companion."

"The Creator smiled in compassion on the prayer of Night, called into existence Sleep, and gave him to her for a glad some guest. Well may men know that he is Pity's offspring, and born beneath the Almighty's smile; for is he not beloved of all—still dealing out to all blessing and joy and comfort? Night opened her arms to her new friend, and all thenceforth went very differently with her. Not only was she no longer solitary, but hearts were softened towards her, since Sleep, the darling of all living, came along with her, as soon as Day forsook awhile the earth. Ere long, other friendly beings followed in their train, viz., Dreams, the children of Night and Sleep. These flitted, with their parents, over the world, and speedily struck up friendships with men; who at that time were still at heart but children. But alas! matters soon changed for the worse. Passions awoke in human breasts, and darker and darker grew the atmosphere within them. Children soon deteriorate in evil company; and so it befel that from consorting with men, some dreams became like them—vain, deceitful, and unkindly. Sleep marked this alteration in his offspring, and would have banished the erring from his society, had not their brethren interceded for them, saying, 'Leave us our brothers: they are not so bad as they appear; and we promise to exert ourselves to the utmost to put all right, when they, in their recklessness, have done mischief.' Their father granted the request of his worthier children; so that though evil dreams are not wholly banished from sleep, yet, as experience has fully shown, they are chiefly drawn, by some wonderful affinity, towards evil doers among mankind.

"With these it went worse and worse. And once there lay a man, in a lovely night, on a flowery meadow, and both Sleep and Dreams were disposed to visit him; but Sin would not yield to them its dominion over him, for in his soul there rose an appalling thought—the thought of a brother's murder. In vain did Sleep shed from his magic wand composing dews on the cruel one's head; in vain did Dreams display, to beguile his mood, their brightest pageantry before him: more and more did he withdraw himself from their soothing influences, till Slumber called his sons, and said 'Let us flee hence: this man is unworthy of our gifts!' And straightway they took their flight.

When they had gained some distance, Sleep once more grasped his wand; and vexed that it should, for once, have proved powerless, stuck

it, half angrily, into the ground. On its summit (hung there in sport by the Dreams) glowed those gay, playful, airy images with which it had been their wish to brighten the hours of Slumber. Night observed this, and breathed life into the wand, so that it struck roots in the ground, put forth leaves, and ere long, drawing to itself once more the dews which Night is wont to summon, the dream-gifts expanded themselves into bright, soft, tremulous petals; and thus we Poppies came into the world."

The tale was told, and on all sides the grateful flowers bent in acknowledgment to the narratress. Meantime day dawned, and just at morning light the scattered petals of a hundred-leaved Rose came fluttering through the grove, halting beside each flower, and passing, as if to whisper to all a sad farewell—and tears hung glistening on them in reply.

THE PINE TREE.

"Why did the Pine-tree crack?" asked the Lime of its neighbours, "when the Daisy said Winter was cruel, and could not abide the flowers?"

"Because it was angry," replied the Oak. "It always cracks when displeased. Have you never observed that when the wind comes rushing through the forest, calling to us trees 'Bow yourselves,' the Pine-tree says 'Stand fast;' and if, from fear or civility, we pay the wind the compliment, the Pine-tree not only keeps bolt upright, but draws himself indignantly up, and groans to show his displeasure?"

"But what has this to do with the Winter and the Daisy?" inquired the Lime.

"Ask him, just ask him!" chattered the Poplar, "and you'll hear what he has to say. He can give right sharp answers."

But the Lime's curiosity still prevailed, and who can wonder? If one remains, year after year, on the self-same spot, it is not the fear of a sharp answer that will make one forego a story. If sharper than is agreeable, we shake it aside, and so do the trees of the wood. The Lime, however, was prudent, and bethought herself of a plausible opening. "Pine-tree," quoth she, "how happens it that you always wear the same clothing summer and winter, in storm and in sunshine?"

"Because I am neither vain, nor always bent on novelty, like yourself," was the reply.

"You've caught it, as I told you," cried the Poplar.

But the Pine-tree was wrong, and did not give the true reason, which was just that he could not act contrary to his nature. And mankind are no better, for they are continually boasting, as of singular virtues, of the dispositions implanted in theirs. The despiser of taste in dress inveighs against the vain; nay, there are even folks who, denied all feeling for poetry, disdain it; and these are further wrong yet than the Pine-tree. The Lime had well nigh resented the answer, and meddled with him

no more; but curiosity got the better, and it was well; for in the first place, sulking does no good, and in the next she would have lost the "Winter's Tale," and so should we. So she mumbled something inaudibly to herself, and turning once more to her uncourteous neighbour, said, "You could tell us something worth hearing about Winter, for you are acquainted with him, and, it would appear, are his friend. As for us again, we know nothing of him or his ways, because, when he comes we are asleep; while you are wide awake, and have time for a very long talk with him."

The Pine-tree kept silence for a while, and all the trees listened eagerly for what might be coming; the Willow alone whispered to the Lime, "Courage, neighbour; at him again!"

At length the Pine-tree said haughtily, "Leave me alone; and if you wish to know about Winter, keep awake yourself. 'To sleep away your time is not the way to know anything.'"

The conversation must now have come to a stand-still but for the interference of the Oak, who commanded great respect among the trees, both as the oldest and strongest. How much of this respect would have been paid to the former quality, if unsupported by the latter, it would hardly be fair to inquire.

"Pine-tree," said the Oak, "you do your best to seem unneighbourly, but you are not so bad as you would appear, and always turn your roughest side outwards. I know you better, having seen you when scarce a year old, and when you had only a tiny green shoot above ground. But why should you be so cross to your comrades? Did we not all spring from the same earth? and do not our roots embrace each other in its depths, as our boughs do in the sky above? And are we not exposed to the same perils, which alone we can do nothing to resist? It is not good to separate oneself, and still less for mere trifles. And because your brethren adorn themselves with leaves, while you prefer sporting needles, and you wear a rugged bark, while the Beech's is smooth and silvery, is that a reason for standing aloof, and showing yourself harsh and unfriendly, which you are not? Nay, nay, tell your story, and enjoy yourself with your neighbours while sunny weather lasts, that you may be better able to bide the blast together."

These were earnest words, and the Pine-tree laid them to heart, as it were well some did among ourselves. After musing a little, he began to narrate as follows:—

"You would fain hear something about Winter? But before I begin you must lay aside your prejudices, for well I know you cannot endure him. And don't suppose I show partiality because he is my friend, when I am only telling the truth about one I know well. But to the point. When the Almighty had created the world, and bidden the flowers crown the fields with beauty, and the trees wave their heads in the forest, he called unto him the Seasons, and said to them, 'Behold my world, how fair it is: to you I give it over: divide its bloom and

beauty among you, but love and cherish it ever!' For a time the Seasons were enchanted, and lived happily in the common enjoyment of Nature's offspring; but ere long, discord crept in among them. The venturesome and fickle Spring would get out of patience with the tedious lingering Winter, while glowing Summer complained of dull, phlegmatic Autumn; and Autumn taunted Spring with luring the flowers out to their destruction. The strife, in short, waxed hotter and hotter, to the great detriment of flower and tree, when Autumn's maturer counsels prevailed, who, saying, 'This, joint possessors, can go on no longer,' proposed an amicable division: it took place, and the Seasons parted out the earth among them. Winter erected his mansion at either Pole; Summer girdled the globe at its centre, and Spring and Autumn chose their realms between. That this partition did not hold good altogether we shall see by-and-bye. However, in the main it stands, and Winter dwells still in his ancient abode."

"And how come you to know this?" asked the Lime-tree.

"My cousin told me, who once paid him a visit."

"Hear how he tries to humbug us!" whispered the Poplar to his next neighbour.

"But how could your cousin go to visit him?" persisted the Linden. "Was he not made fast by the leg, like ourselves?"

"It happened thus," replied the Pine-tree.

"There came bold enterprising men, seeking timber to build a ship; my cousin, a straight, tall Pine, stood proudly conspicuous above all the trees in the wood, and no sooner had they spied him than they felled him, and made him into a mast. Before they put to sea, the sailors gave him a huge sheet in charge, and bade him 'Hold fast!' and on his head they planted a bright, widely fluttering flag. My cousin enjoyed his voyage immensely, and did his duty nobly; for when the wind came, and tried to carry off his sheet, he held it stoutly, and never bent to the blast, so that the sailors honoured him above all the timbers in the vessel. Their course lay ever towards the north, till at length they arrived at the abode of Winter—rude and monotonous enough, yet majestic withal; and when the vessel dropped anchor, out came Winter himself, not a little astonished at the unwonted visit. Bethinking himself how often on his own arrival his reception was anything but friendly, he by no means felt himself bound to hospitality; and shook his hoary head so that the white locks fell all around. But when he perceived my cousin—having always been on the friendliest terms with our family—he became civil at once, and they had a long talk together. Winter inquired particularly after every member of it; and when the Mast had told him all about them, then Winter in turn began to tell many wonderful tales of himself. These were so endless, and the old gentleman so happy in his old reminiscences, that he could not think of letting the ship go, and held it fast in his icy embrace. My cousin can never say enough of the beauty

of these northern regions; but the better it fared with him, it went the worse with the people on board. One morning he heard them say among themselves, 'Our fuel is all consumed, our provisions drawing to a close, and if the ice does not soon give way, we must perish. Let us cut down the Mast and burn it; it will at least keep awhile in life.'

"When my cousin heard this, he besought Winter to release the ship. And to spare his favourite tree, the old fellow granted what he would not have done to save the lives of the men: he bade the ice give way, and the vessel and her crew came happily back into port."

"That was a good thing!" cried the Trees, all in a breath.

"But, to come back from my digression," said the Pine-tree, "the Earth, as I said, was partitioned, and the Seasons had each their separate kingdom. And so it would have remained, if Spring, in her headlong folly, had not desired another change. She could not bear, fickle silly thing, to stay always on a spot; so she called the Seasons together, and made them the following proposal: 'Let us make a new division,' said she, 'and, since the earth belongs to us in common, not be always tied to one place. Let each of us have a set time, during which the whole world shall be ours, to rule over with undivided sway.'

"I am content," quoth Summer, 'so that I still retain the centre of the globe.'

"And I keep possession of my Poles," said Winter.

"The thoughtless Spring assented to anything to gain her immediate object, and Autumn hoped to indemnify herself at her expense. So the argument was concluded. Spring wanted to enter at once upon her reign. But sage Winter put in his word, and said, 'As it would not be fair for any one to monopolize all Earth's beautiful things, let us divide them too.'—'Well,' cried Spring, 'I choose the buds for myself.'—'And I,' said Summer, 'claim the flowers.'—'Fruits for me,' said the greedy Autumn; 'and let Winter take the leaves off the Trees.'

"Winter had no objection to his ample share. The covenant was ratified, and Spring began her reign. She kissed forth the buds from flower and tree, and all smiled on her in return. No sooner, however, had the buds burst, and thousand hues adorned the mead and grove, than Summer mounted her more brilliant throne. But soon its sceptre began to show symptoms of wavering; for Autumn, ever bent upon the main chance, had drawn up a strange bargain with her predecessor. Summer was taken bound to leave her successor flowers, receiving fruits in return; but, cunning ever, Autumn, it is said, gave only short-lived, perishable ones away, reserving all the best and most valuable for herself. And these, when her time came, she grasped together with both hands, as indeed she had the right to do.

"But something in the meantime had happened, by which poor Winter was made to come off second-best. You remember that in the

division the leaves of the trees had fallen to his share. In the glowing season of love, however, when Leaves hung thickly on high, and on the bright carpet beneath the Flowers coquettishly displayed their thousand hues, love passages had begun to take place between them. These commenced, as is usually the case, with mutual trickeries. When the sun would shine out bright and warm upon the Flowers, in popped the Leaves to intercept his beams; but before the Flowers knew what they were about, lo! the Leaves turned aside, and the rays struck directly down, blinding the little winking ones below; and while they were fain to shut their eyes, the roguish Leaves kept tittering at them on their boughs aloft; or when reviving rains came, the Leaves would hoard up drops, and when the Flowers thought it all over, would shower them down, and force the terrified Flowers to shake their heads.

"But what began in roguishness soon became real kindness; for the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the poor tender Flowers would all have withered, had not the Leaves interposed, and caught the flaming rays upon their friendly shield. Their joint regard now became too serious for coquetry, and both sought a medium for more earnest intercourse. But alas! the Leaves still glittered in the air above, and Flowers bloomed amid the grass below. Love, however, is never at a loss for expedients; and ere long a messenger was found, who might bear between Leaf and Flower their mutual vows and good wishes, in the convenient, serviceable Ivy. Born beneath, among the blossoms, he yet stretched up his verdant garlands to the Trees' topmost bough, embracing twig and leaf—a ladder for fond vows, love's silent, yet living bond. Who but has recognized at the first glance this friendly mission, or failed to see, in the evergreen emissary, the changeless bearer of love's youthful vow? So Leaf and Flower rejoiced over this new-formed fellowship, and prized its verdant messenger.

"Meantime drew Autumn's reign nearly to an end; and, covetous still, she would have borne away the latest of the Flowers. The Leaves gazed sorrowfully downward, beseeching Autumn just to let them down for once, to take leave of their beloved and departing ones. And she granted their petition, though she had no right to do so, as it was Winter's affair, to whom belonged dominion over the leaves. But she shook the Trees, and down came the freed Leaves, showering on the ground; and then began a right mad love-chase on its surface. Autumn, enjoying the sport, set the wild game on foot, the Leaves spinning in fantastic mazes round the Flowers, till, wearied and dizzy, they sunk their heads; and amid Autumn's hoarse latest dirges the Leaves, too, laid them down in endless slumber.

"Thus was poor Winter defrauded. Waste, and dreary, and cold, stretched out before him plain and grove. Nought welcomed him with life, save we poor Pine-trees, with whose sharp needles no flower had deigned to exchange love

tokens; and the Ivy, which now threw itself from tree to tree, as if to rear triumphal arches for the new monarch, and from branch to branch, as if to conceal the Leaves' treachery, and lend the trees a substitute for their lost and withered foliage. Winter beheld and was moved; and while stripping in his wrath the lingering Leaves which, few and far between, still hung disconsolately on their isolated twigs, hurling them rudely to the ground, and chasing them remorselessly over the ice and snow, he thus approvingly addressed the Ivy leaves:— 'You will I guard and recompense for the kindly office you have chosen. Be ever, as you have been, love's messengers, and bear reciprocal greetings between leaf and flower, from Spring time even to Autumn. Cast still your enduring bridge from season to season—your vocation to embrace and to unite; and be it yours alone, perennial memorial of brighter days, to bear the resistless power of Winter.'

"So spake Winter to the Ivy. Yet it has been on one of the Pine-tribe that he has bestowed his warmest favour, and prepared for us honours in which you other Trees can claim no share."

"And what are these?" inquired the listeners of the forest.

"Winter," pursued the Pine, "is the season of the heart; and men know it, for at no time do they cling closer together than in its very depth. It brings with it then the holy, hearty, happy Christmas; and in its train that friendliest of guests—the Christmas child. Men say the Christmas child is but another name for the love of parents and of friends—but 'tis not so. Were he to withhold his spells, these would lose half their power. Day and night, during early winter, the mother plans her gifts; but 'tis the Christmas child whose whispered counsels guide her choice. And if whoever goes abroad on Christmas Eve to purchase presents, brings always home more than he thought, and finds his purse lighter than he meant it should be, 'tis not because allured by hosts of gay attractions, but that the ever-busy Christmas child suggests and prompts within the heart, till the hand opens wider and wider, and crowns the Christmas board with richer and richer gifts.

"We Pine-trees know this well, for some of us are ever in the midst of it. We are the privileged Christmas Trees, and owe our presence in the joyous group to the kind Christmas child. From cot or palace we are never absent; and poor as may be the parents, nowhere fail upon our verdant boughs the little twinkling tapers for the happy children. And gold and silver may hang from our lower branches, and dazzling fruits adorn our topmost bough; and at sight of us many a little hand be clapped in ecstasy. But however fair may all be that surrounds us, in their eyes still the Christmas Tree

is fairest, for on it the Christmas child has breathed his deepest and most potent spell. Perhaps the children love the Christmas Tree so dearly, because of its likeness to the overflowing childish heart. On its green twigs of Hope hang glittering images, and rich and golden does it stand, fraught with fond secrets, and with treasures unexplored. But one by one falls off each shining image—gold turns to tinsel, hopes wither, and secrets are disclosed; till with the last spangle shaken off by some rude hand, the marvel vanishes, and nought remains but a dead, withering Fir Tree! So in the heart of childhood, fade one by one its golden dreams—so are its fond images one by one laid open; and in what, after all, does life differ from, when it lay, yet undeveloped, in childhood's heart?"

"And is your reign quite ended when the last spangle falls?" inquired the Aspen.

"Nay, then the Christmas Tree is put into the chimney," replied the Pine, "and hears there many a pretty tale which men tell round while sitting in the cheerful blaze. To these it listens willingly; but when aught is said of which it disapproves, it cracks, and sends sparks flying out among the speakers, which make them shrink covering round the hearth. Meantime, the children—their last golden apple plucked and gone—gaze sorrowfully from their corner, as the relics of the Christmas Tree burn slowly and silently away."

So now you have the Pine Tree's "Winter's Tale." Some day, perhaps, I may (for men, too, know strange tales) relate you one overheard by a Christmas Tree; but that must stand over for another time.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG QUEEN.

Look on her! there she stands, the world's prime wonder,

The great Queen of Song! Ye 'rapt musicians,
Touch your golden wires, for now ye prelude strains
To mortal ears unwonted. Hark! she sings.

Yon pearly gates their magic waves unloose,
And all the liberal air rains melody
Around. O night, O time, delay, delay!
Pause here, entranced. Ye evening winds, come
near,

But whisper not; and you, ye flowers, fresh culled
From odorous nooks, where silvery rivulets run,
Breathe silent incense still.

Hail, matchless Queen!

Thou, like the high white Alps, canst hear, unspoiled,
The world's artillery (thundering praises) pass,
And keep serene and safe thy spotless fame!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

It has been remarked by an elegant and accomplished female writer* of our own time, that "the Thirty Years' War had been caused principally by the influence of a woman—an amiable and conscientious woman, who could she have foreseen the consequences of her fatal advice—could she have looked into futurity, and beheld the torrents of blood poured forth like water—the millions of lives sacrificed—the burnings and massacrings of Tilly and his fierce soldiery—the desolation of her people—the flames of her own palace (that palace into which she had been led in triumph a beloved and honoured bride!), and herself a wandering beggar from city to city—she would have died with horror on the spot."

Fatally blended with the Thirty Years' War as were the fortunes of Elizabeth Stuart, we cannot think that that part of the world's history, in which this war occupies so prominent a place, would have been substantially different from what it now is, if Elizabeth's fair head had never bent beneath the crown of Bohemia, or indeed if she had never existed at all. Her influence on the fierce contention in the midst of which she was plunged, could have been but faint and limited. Her husband, whose fortunes so long as he lived included hers, was but as a straw in that religious and political maelstrom whirled by the torrent to the surface, and then vanishing, crushed and broken, overridden by the waters. Neither is it probable that the origin of the war can be traced to any act of hers, or of any one person, man or woman. It grew out of the Reformation; but the ramifications of its roots are too numerous and complicated for it to be possible to fix on any one particular act as the individual seed from which the whole germinated. It may briefly be said to have originated in the religious and political confusion in the German States, arising out of the Reformation; to have been at the commencement a religious war, and to have been subsequently fostered and prolonged by the political ambition of the contending parties.

But though Elizabeth has no just claim to the *ec cl* of having caused this world-famous struggle, her history may be found to possess other points of interest. When we regard her as the head and foundress of the Royal Family of England, the record of her adventures at once becomes important and interesting to British readers.

Elizabeth Stuart, eldest daughter of James the Sixth, King of Scotland, and of Anne of Denmark, was born in the palace of Falkland, on the 19th of August, 1596, not quite seven years before her father's accession to the crown of England under the title of James I.

At a very early period means were taken, by

surrounding her with none but Protestant associates and attendants, to secure her attachment to the new faith. And throughout her chequered life, in weal and in woe, her enthusiastic adhesion to the Protestant cause remained unshaken.

In the beginning of her eighth year, the care of her person and education was entrusted to Sir John Harrington, a cousin of the famous wit, the well known translator of Ariosto, who bore the same name. Both Sir John and his wife were in every way fitted to fulfil the charge imposed on them. The dignity and sterling worth of her guardian's character won the respect and affection of Elizabeth; while the courtly graces and noble virtues of Lady Harrington were well calculated to have a beneficial influence on the youthful mind of her royal charge. They resided principally at their estate of Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire, and presented themselves at Court as seldom as possible. Here the young Princess was surrounded by all the insignia of her rank. On her first arrival, when only eight years old, we find all arrangements made for the reception of her retinue and establishment. And here she may be said to have played at Royalty in perfect safety, free from the burden of its cares and dangers which pressed so heavily on her in after years, delighting in the grandeur of its forms and ceremonies with the gaiety of heart natural to her age and her character. An account is still extant in the corporation register of Coventry, of a state visit she paid to that city from Combe Abbey when only eight years old, in which the sedate and decorous demeanour of the little Princess is made honourable mention of. One can hardly forbear smiling at the thought of the grave old burghers of Coventry marching in grand ceremonial procession to kiss the little hand of a child of eight, who went through all the forms necessary on the occasion not only correctly, but *con amore*. A few months later we find the same loyal town presenting her with a pair of "fat oxen" by way of a delicate new year's offering.

Nearly nine years of a happy girlhood were spent by Elizabeth in the well-regulated family of her guardian, which was remarkable for the refinement and propriety of character of some, and for the intellectual cultivation of others of its members. In those days, when the morals and manners of the country were no longer characterized by the stiff and straight-laced propriety—the counterfeit of true refinement, and in its absence surely a better thing than its opposite—that marked the reign of the Maiden Queen, it may be counted among the few "felicities" of her life, that the years in which the tastes and sentiments of a young girl are first forming, were passed beyond the reach of the coarsening influence of her father's court, to which the vanity and frivolity of her mother, the

* Mrs. Jameson's "Lives of Illustrious French sovereigns—Christina."

heartless and childish Anne of Denmark, added yet another demoralizing element. To her mother, whose whole soul was absorbed in the Terpsichorean art, Elizabeth seems to have been indebted for little more than a pretty delicate complexion, and a certain airiness and lightness of motion.

Severe female learning was not so fashionable at the Court of James I. as it had been in the preceding century, in which the tragic fate of Lady Jane Grey was scarcely rendered more touching by the feminine graces and accomplishments than by the rare classical attainments that adorned her tender youth; and in which Queen Elizabeth's hard study had imparted to her naturally powerful mind the strength and clearness that helped to make her one of England's wisest rulers. These, and other high examples of female cultivation, and the chivalrous spirit of the Elizabethan era, could not fail in producing an age of women remarkable for their learning and their highmindedness. But the era of buffoons that succeeded was soon to level female delicacy and elevation with the frivolity and grossness that characterized everything belonging to it. At Combe Abbey, Elizabeth lived in the now declining light of the love of learning that was fast sinking below the new horizon; and though she never distinguished herself by any great literary performance, yet a love of letters and a respect for learning always remained with her, and produced their usual refining effects upon her character. Sir John Harrington's son and daughter were both distinguished by their love of letters. The former was about sixteen when Elizabeth was first taken to Combe Abbey. A strong attachment subsisted between him and Elizabeth's brother, Henry Prince of Wales. Young Harrington was probably the superior of the two lads. Both died in the flower of their youth. Unlike his father, the Prince was brave, and more fond of war than of flatterers. He had no liking for books, and gloried in bearing no resemblance to his father, either in mind or person. He has been highly extolled as a boy of prodigious promise. Historians have probably greatly overrated his merits, as they are apt to do those of princes who die too early to have done any mischief. Though he differed from his father in being no coward, he seems to have displayed his levity and inconsistency. The best thing recorded of him is his saying of Sir Walter Raleigh, that no other king but his father would keep such a bird in a cage. Whatever his merits were, Elizabeth seems to have had a stronger affection for him than for any one in the world, regarding him with the most enthusiastic admiration, which the youth received with the utmost coolness, only occasionally deigning a reply to her fond and voluminous letters. If many of them were in the same strain as the one from which we subjoin a passage, older and subtler heads than Henry's might have been puzzled to find suitable answers to them, and, like him, have taken refuge in silence. She tells him in one of her letters from

Combe Abbey, probably when she was about thirteen, "that her mind continually dwells upon his divine perfections, and that such is the love which is seated in her heart, that a million of streams would not suffice to exhaust the source." In another she says, "I beseech you to believe that these lines with which I trouble you, and which, *prima facie*, might be stigmatized for idle babble, are but so many streams flowing from the great ocean of my affections, and the pledges of that obedience which I am ready to yield to your mandates."

Lucia Harrington, several years older than Elizabeth, was still in her father's house when the little Princess became its inmate. She, like her brother, was devoted to literature, but, unlike him, she lived to be famous for her mental powers and rare attainments. Who has not heard of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, celebrated by Ben Jonson, Daniell, Donne, and all the poets of the time, as a muse and a grace? She married Edward, third Earl of Bedford. Dr. Donne, in one of the many poems he addressed to her, says, with his usual grace of expression—

"There's nothing but your worth which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you."

And Leigh Hunt, in our own time, in his mellifluous gossip about all sorts of people, past and present, remarks, quoting the expression from Shelley, that Lucy Countess of Bedford must have been "one of Shakspeare's women, implying by that all that can be suggested of grace and sweetness."

In the happy household of Lady Harrington, Elizabeth must have acquired much of that elasticity and cheerfulness of heart that in after-life sustained her, and bore her above her troubles, which but for this heaven's gift might have dragged her almost below pity. From the trials that crowded upon her married life with almost overwhelming force, but in the midst of which she always stood erect, with strength that must not be confounded with insensibility, we can fancy her casting many a loving thought back to the peaceful days of her Combe Abbey life.

Her education appears to have been carefully conducted. Although female learning was not in repute at Court, we are told she pursued her classical studies with diligence. French she soon spoke and wrote with perfect ease. Like all good Protestants, she was indoctrinated with a reasonable amount of the current theology of the time. Her zeal for the Protestant cause, and her hatred of Popery—both fostered by her brother—had already made her the hope and darling of the Puritans. Her abilities seem to have been average. Her intellect was quick and lively, rather than sound or capacious; whilst she possessed a steadiness of purpose and a strength of mind that made her an object of respect in all positions. The great charm of her character, which was so touchingly manifested under the cruellest trials, was the ineffable sweetness and indomitable cheerfulness that

played like heaven's own sunlight over her whole being, and tinged her most prosaic and common-place qualities with beauty. In her adversity, it was a priceless treasure to herself and all connected with her, lightening many a heavy hour, and endearing her to all who came within its influence.

In 1609 she visited London with the Harringtons, occupying with them apartments in the Palace, and joining in the Court amusements. We find her name, and that of her ill-fated cousin, the Lady Arabella Stuart, included by Stowe in the list of royal personages who visited the Tower in that year to witness the conflict of a lion with a bear and four dogs. What impression was produced on the minds of the two young ladies by this interesting spectacle, we are not informed. It is probable the thoughts of the Lady Arabella were more occupied with a certain Mr. William Seymour, to whom ere many months had elapsed she was secretly married, than with the exploits of the lion, which the chronicler tells us was sulky. This lady's high birth—her near relationship to the reigning family being the source of all her troubles—and her luckless marriage have made her history one of the saddest on record.

The next three years of Elizabeth's life passed without the occurrence of any event worth recording. The even tenor of her way appears to have been unbroken by aught more important than occasional visits to London, from which she always returned to the quiet shades of Combe Abbey, with undiminished affection for it and its inmates.

Before she was sixteen several proposals of marriage had been made and rejected; but at last came one which it was deemed advisable to accept. The young Elector Palatine, Frederick V., was the successful candidate for Elizabeth's hand.

In these days, when the Palatinate has no longer a place in the map of Germany, it may be necessary to say a few words about what and where it was in times of yore. The Palatinate comprehended two German States, the Upper and Lower Palatinate, that were till 1620 united under the sovereignty of the Electors Palatine. The Upper Palatinate since that date, when the Elector, after his defeat at the battle of Prague, was deprived of his dominions, and declared under the ban of the empire, has belonged to Bavaria. Its chief wealth consisted in mines and quarries. The country was hilly and barren, and did not produce corn enough for the consumption of its inhabitants. The capital was Amberg. The Lower Palatinate, situated on both sides of the Rhine, was long a bone of contention between its own Palatine Princes and Bavaria, sometimes being in possession of the one and sometimes of the other, till 1819, when the territory on the left bank of the Rhine was allotted to Bavaria, and the remainder to Hesse Darmstadt and Prussia. It was one of the most fertile and flourishing countries in Germany, covering an area of 1,600 square miles. The chief towns were Manheim, and Heidelberg, the

seat of government. We will not weary our readers with the family particulars of the long line of the Palatine Princes. Spanheim says, it would argue extreme ignorance of history not to know that the Palatine House is one of the most honourable and ancient in Europe. No one after this would question the antiquity of the race of the Palatine Princes. Suffice it to say, they trace their origin to the ninth century, and that their princes appear to have been a very respectable set of rulers, fighting and eating like good knights and hungry Germans as they were. One Elector founded the University of Heidelberg in the fourteenth century; and in the fifteenth another ascended the Imperial throne.

Amidst the revolutions produced in Germany by the Reformation, the Palatinate, though it had early adopted the reformed religion, remained quiet and undisturbed. This was mainly owing to the moderation of its sovereigns, which was appreciated and respected by the Emperor Charles V. The Elector Frederick V., the husband of the subject of the present sketch, born 1595, was the son of the Elector Frederick IV., and of Juliana, daughter of the heroic and chivalrous Protestant leader, William Prince of Orange, and of Charlotte de Montpensier, a Princess of the House of Bourbon. His mother, Juliana, who to great good sense and an understanding of a very superior order united refinement of mind and delicacy of taste greatly in advance of her age and country, had early exerted her influence to secure her son a more polished education than he could have received at the Electoral Court, where the predominant national vice of intemperance was but too active. By her desire he was sent to the Court of her brother-in-law, the Duke de Bouillon, sovereign of the petty independent State of Sedan. The Duke was one of the ablest soldiers bred in the school of Henry IV., a great scholar and a great statesman. His Court of Sedan was the resort of the flower of the youth of the Protestant party. Here it was thought the accomplishments necessary to form the statesman, gentleman, or soldier, were acquired in greatest perfection. We must not forget that this school a few years later produced the great Turenne, one of the ablest soldiers of any age, who was the Duke de Bouillon's second son. And here, under the especial attention of the Duke himself, whose keen eye had already fixed on the Palatinate as the probable centre of the German Revolution that he saw must ere long declare itself, the youthful Frederick received his education, and acquired those polite and scholarly accomplishments that in quiet and peaceful times would have graced and dignified his high station, but which, in the stormy age in which he was to play his part, were of little use to him. They were but as flowers hung round the neck of the sacrificial victim. A rougher training would perhaps have hardened his too facile nature, though it could not have endowed him with decision of mind and promptitude of action, qualities in which his character was entirely wanting. But ere these deficiencies be-

came known, Frederick appeared all that could gratify a mother's heart. His father died in 1610, and two years later the young Elector was a suitor for the hand of the Princess Royal of England.

Nothing could have been more acceptable to the English people than that their favourite should be united to a Protestant Prince, and still more welcome to them was one who from his education, connexions, and position in the German empire might be expected to play a prominent part in the vindication of Protestantism. The Queen alone was openly opposed to the match. No marriage that did not place a regal crown on the head of her daughter would have satisfied her. Elizabeth herself was contented with her prospects. It was in vain that her mother tried to excite her contempt for the rank of Electress by scornfully addressing her as "Goody Palsgrave." Elizabeth, though by no means indifferent to pomp and splendour, was firm in her principles, and replied she would rather be the wife of a Protestant Count than of a Catholic Emperor.

In October, 1612, the Elector arrived in London and was presented to the Royal Family—probably not without trepidation as to the result of his first interview of inspection. But his graceful deportment and winning manners satisfied the most critical of his judges. The ladies of the court were unanimous in their approbation; and Elizabeth soon had the happiness of finding that she could give her heart where the state had given her hand. And Frederick too, was as properly in love with his fair bride-elect as if the union had been formed in no court but Cupid's. Nothing went forward but gaiety and amusements, which, however, were soon brought to a brief stop by the death of the Prince of Wales, who died on the 6th of November. The affectionate sympathy manifested by the Elector in the grief of the Royal Family at this time made its way to the heart of every member of it. Even the Queen was touched by the genuine feeling he showed, and her objection to her Palsgrave son-in-law was for a time silenced. And James, two days after Henry's death, declared publicly that he should consider Frederick sent by God to console him for the son he had lost; and that he wished him in future to be lodged, like his two surviving children, within the walls of his own palace. There was probably more policy than real cordiality in this attention on the part of the King, for rumours were afloat that he had begun to look coldly on the marriage. Notwithstanding the appearance of enthusiasm with which the union had been received in England, there was an under current of deep dissatisfaction on the subject. To the Catholic party it was anything but acceptable. The alliance of the King of Great Britain with one of the Protestant leaders was naturally regarded as a formidable addition to the strength of the Reformers, which the Emperor and the King of Spain could not but view with discontent. And James had his own reasons for wishing to stand well with Spain. His

brain was occupied with hopeful visions of an Infanta daughter-in-law; and this awkward Protestant alliance was but too likely to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his wishes. The hearts of his subjects were, however, so set upon it, that he felt it would be the height of imprudence to manifest any lukewarmness on the matter. So, with the best grace he could, he prepared to show all due honour to Frederick.

The court mourning for Henry was of brief duration. To quote the words of an old writer, "the tears for the death of Prince Henry were overflowed by the excess of joy for their marriage." A portion of the enthusiastic affection with which the nation had regarded the deceased Prince was transferred to the Palsgrave; and for Elizabeth's sake he, though a stranger, was taken to their hearts, and cherished as one of their own princes. The King had promised that the marriage should be solemnized as soon as the Elector had made himself master of as much English as would carry him with propriety through the ceremony. On the 27th the royal pair were publicly betrothed. Whatever tendency there may have been in some members of the Court to despise the dignity and rank of the German Elector, the right royal style in which he lavished his presents as soon as this ceremony was over, told of resources that were by no means contemptible. To Elizabeth alone he presented jewels that were valued at £35,000. And her favourite attendants and friends were all most liberally remembered. The exchange of presents in the German fashion, masques, and pageants, filled up the time till the marriage day, which was fixed for the 14th of February, 1613. By which time it would appear that the Elector, with Elizabeth's help, had progressed so far in the study of the language as to be able to promise and vow all the necessary things in intelligible English. The display of costly magnificence that accompanied this marriage, "the pageants and other gaieties upon the Thames, in the City, and Inns of Court, far exceeded any before seen in England," says the writer just quoted from. We are told that £140,000 were expended upon this bridal. "It were no end," says Chamberlayne, "to write of the curiosities and excess of bravery, both of men and women, with the extreme daubings on of the cost. Lady Wotton had a gown that cost fifty pounds a yard the embroidery. The Lord Montague bestowed fifteen hundred pounds in apparel upon his two daughters. The Prince Charles, the Bridegroom, and the Princess, dined in a room built on purpose for the marriage. The Spaniard was, or affected to be sick; the Archduke's Ambassador made an excuse."

The marriage was no sooner over than the King, either getting frightened at his exhausted treasury, or tired of the part he was playing, withdrew his favour from the young pair, who before their departure had to endure various slights and indignities. A hollow show of cordiality was, however, kept up till the last, the King and Queen accompanying them to Rochester, where they separated, with natural grief

and tenderness on the daughter's part, and with little show of affection on that of the parents. Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., was the last of the family to lose sight of the new-made bride; he stayed with them as long as it was necessary for them to remain at Rochester, and then departed. Elizabeth never saw father, mother, or brother again. A girl of a less hopeful nature than the young Electress might have regarded her parent's coldness as ominous of future woe; but Elizabeth never met troubles half-way, contenting herself with trying to surmount those that were real and present. She solaced herself for her father's unkindness in the love of her husband, and of her old friends the Harringtons, who, with their niece, Anne Dudley, who had been her close companion

and friend from childhood, formed part of her suite. After being detained at Margate for more than a week by contrary winds, they reached Flushing on the 27th of April, where they were warmly received by Maurice of Nassau, the Elector's uncle. Here in the Republic of Holland a most cordial reception awaited her, though she was not greeted with pageants and masques, for here the camp was properly the Court. Luxury and gaiety were as foreign to the tastes of the people as they were to those of their ruler. It was this Maurice of Nassau who invited the luxurious Lord Hay to dine upon two dishes, of which one was a boiled, the other a roasted pig.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FEATHERTOP: A MORALIZED LEGEND.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET LETTER," &c., &c., &c.

(Concluded from page 29.)

CHAP. II.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighbouring town was just at its acmé of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the side-walk. His port, as well as his garments, betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered plum-coloured coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace, peculiar to the fine gentleman of the period; and to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they have half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutrement of this brilliant personage, that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely painted bowl, and an amber mouth-piece. This he applied to his lips, as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all a-stir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the town's people. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay; it is too bright to be seen," said

another. "Yes; he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But, by what conveyance, think you, can his lordship have voyaged or travelled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your high Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and jerk—but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the department of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French Ambassador, come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion. Or, most likely, he is from the Havanna, or from some port on the Spanish Main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our Governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beau-

tiful man!—so tall, so slender!—such a fine, noble face, with so well-shaped a nose, and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me, how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames!”

“So do your eyes, fair lady,” said the stranger with a bow, and a flourish of his pipe; for he was just passing at the instant. “Upon my honour, they have quite dazzled me!”

“Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?” murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance, there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur, which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs, and skulked into its master's back-yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissident was a young child, who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs, and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop, meanwhile, pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and, now and then, a slight inclination of the head, in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence, than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamour around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion-house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim, before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

“What did he say, in that sharp voice?” inquired one of the spectators.

“Nay, I know not,” answered his friend. “But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks, all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?”

“The wonder is,” said the other, “that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! Dim and faded, did you call him! Why, as he turns about, the star on his breast is all a blaze.”

“It is, indeed,” said his companion; “and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window.”

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body, like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile, if it might not better be called a grin or grimace, upon his visage; but of all the throng that beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illu-

sive character of the stranger, except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair rosy face, which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger, while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlour, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass, and practising pretty airs—now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former—kissing her hand, likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan; while, within the mirror, an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture, and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability, rather than her will, if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and, when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlour-door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright, and innocently began warbling a song.

“Polly! daughter Polly!” cried the old merchant. “Come hither, child.”

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

“This gentleman,” continued he, presenting the stranger, “is the Chevalier Feathertop—nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop—who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child; and honour him as his quality deserves.”

After these few words of introduction, the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But, even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father, instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl; at the same time shaking his fist, and stamping his gouty foot—an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been, that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears, than on his good-will. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely, he be-

came convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand-in-hand, with gestures of diabolical merriment, round the circumference of the pipe-bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage, from his private-room to the parlour, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marvelled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed, in his secret soul, the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners, as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapour of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street. But there was a constraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an early period of life, had given some pledge or other to the Evil Principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlour-door was partly of glass, shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop, that after quitting the room, he could by no means refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain.

But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen; nothing—except the trifles previously noticed—to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl, without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind; could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop came in its proper place; nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance, and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of any thing completely and consummately artificial, in human shape, that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room—Feathertop with his dainty stride, and no less dainty

grimace; the girl with a native maidenly grace, just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner, which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until, within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch), she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry; the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent, that it melted her with its own warmth, as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was heroic to her eye. And, by this time, it is to be supposed, there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance; while the star kept coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered, with more frantic merriment than ever, about the circumference of his pipe-bowl. Oh, pretty Polly Gookin, why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow! Is it so unusual a misfortune?—so rare a triumph?

By-and-by Feathertop paused, and throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure, and resist him longer, if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles, glowed at that instant with unutterable splendour; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of colouring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence, betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes, and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have, side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance towards the full-length looking-glass, in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye, than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop likewise had looked towards the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him! He threw up his arms with an expression of despair, that went farther than any of his previous manifestations, towards vindicating his claims to be reckoned human. For perchance the only time, since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth, in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human

footsteps, as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage-door. It was Feathertop! His pipe was still a-light; the star still flamed upon his breast; the embroidery still glowed upon his garments; nor had he lost, in any degree or manner that could be estimated, the aspect that assimilated him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us, when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch; "did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torment him, till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop, despondingly, "it was not that!"

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet; "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence, she shall not be worth thy having!"

"Let her alone, mother!" answered poor Feathertop; "the girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human! But," he added, after a brief pause, and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!"

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it

with all his might against the chimney, and, at the same instant, sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap, and a shrivelled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lustreless; but the rudely-carved gap, that just before had been a mouth, still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance; "my poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of cormorants and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are! And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself, and perish for it!"

While thus muttering, the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued, "I could easily give him another chance, and send him forth again to-morrow. But, no! his feelings are too tender; his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage, in such an empty and heartless world. Well, well! I'll make a scarecrow of him, after all. 'Tis an innocent and a useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he!"

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. "Dickon!" cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

THE LADY BLANCHE AND SARAH JANE.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

The Lady Blanche was a very pretty elegant child, about seven years of age, with large blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets. In summer she was always dressed in white muslin; and when the Earl and Countess, her papa and mamma, were in town, she was accustomed to take an airing in Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park every fine day in her own little carriage, drawn by her own footman, a trusty servant, named Simmons; while beside her walked her fashionable and accomplished governess, Mrs. Belton.

But Lady Blanche, notwithstanding the luxury and ease in which she lived, and the anxious and tender cares that surrounded her—for she was an only child—was far from happy. She would often fret and cry, and turn away from all her beautiful books and playthings with a weariness that the little shabby children who sometimes intruded into the aristocratic square in which she lived, had never felt in their whole lives.

The truth was, that Lady Blanche was tired of being pleased, of having all her wishes anticipated, of not being able to do a single action or take a single step without being watched and praised, blamed, or corrected, as the case might be. Lady Blanche, without knowing it, sighed for nature, for freedom.

One day she was seated at a window of the large handsome study or schoolroom, where she and her governess always spent their mornings, and which was situated on the ground floor, looking into the square. On the little girl's lap lay a profusion of exquisite flowers; and a splendid wax doll was in her arms, dressed in the extreme of the fashion. As the window was almost down to the ground, Lady Blanche, in all her prettiness and elegance, could plainly be discerned by the few passers-by at that early hour of the morning.

A little girl about her own age, and though poorly dressed, blooming and pretty, was playing about by the railings of the garden in the middle of the square. The child was accompanied by a baby-brother, round and rosy, and it

was a great joke between them to throw some daisies and dandelions that they had gathered, no one knows where, at each other, and then run away. In the midst of their glee, the little girl caught sight of Lady Blanche, sitting listless and abstracted at the window, and started as though she had seen an apparition.

"Look at that pretty little lady," she said to her brother; "I wonder is she alive, or is it a wax-work. Let us go nearer."

The children accordingly advanced, and placed themselves as near the object of their admiration as the area railings would allow them.

"It is a real little girl," said the child outside again. "What a grand doll! Look, Davie, did you ever see anything so beautiful? And all those flowers, where could she get them? They can't be real flowers, they must be painted, they are so beautiful."

"Posy! posy!" said little Davie, who was not long from the country, holding out his chubby hands, and raising his large blue eyes coaxingly to the elegant little maiden at the window.

"Oh! how I should like to be a lady!" said his sister again, "to wear such beautiful curls and white frocks, to have such a doll and such flowers, and sit in such a grand room!"

Meanwhile Blanche, not at all annoyed at being stared at, was on her part thinking her own thoughts about the children outside the railings.

"How merry and happy they seem!" she said to herself; "they can play where they like, without always being told to run gracefully, to hold their shoulders and arms properly, nor to rumple their curls or soil their dresses. Oh! that I was a poor child!"

Lady Blanche was startled by a low sigh. She looked at her governess, who was writing letters at a table in the centre of the room; but the sigh came from some one nearer. It appeared to emanate from her doll, which had fallen back over her arm; but that could scarcely be. Raising up the magnificent toy, she looked in its face. The waxen eyelids opened and closed, the rosy mouth expanded into a smile, then the eyes again opened, and fixed themselves deliberately upon the wondering blue ones of the Lady Blanche.

"My dear little mistress," said the doll, with a voice like the silvery rattle of the bells of Lady Blanche's handsome coral, which she had left off playing with years ago—"my dear little mistress, I am not a doll, as I appear to be, but a fairy, and your godmother."

"Mamma and Aunt Clare are my godmothers," said the little Lady, marvelling how a doll could talk. Indeed she nearly let her beloved Rosy—that was the name she had given the doll—fall flat on the ground, so great was her amazement. "Mamma and Aunt Clare are my godmothers," she repeated.

"Yes, upon earth," replied Miss Rosy, "but not in Fairyland. There, certain favoured little mortals, both rich and poor, have each a guardian Fairy appointed to look after them as soon as

they are born into this troublesome world. Such a one was Cinderella, whose touching story you have read with delight. We are, after a certain time, sent to live with our charges under various disguises. For this purpose I took the shape of a doll. Your aunt was not aware that she was fulfilling a Fairy decree when she bought me as a present for you. Before then I had often paid you a visit in one of the bells of your coral."

"Yes, your voice just sounds like it—tinkle, tinkle—not like the voice of any one I know."

"Just now," continued the doll, "you wished a wish. The Fairy Queen, my *real* mistress, has long seen and pitied your discontent. She therefore, the last time I saw her majesty, gave me leave to grant your next wish."

"But when can you see her?" inquired the child. "I play with you nearly all day long, and you sleep beside me in your pretty cradle at night."

"Yes, Lady Blanche; and then, when you have closed your eyes in slumber, I mount a starbeam that pierces through the window-shutter, and away I speed to the court of the Fairy Queen, to pay my respects to my gracious mistress, and receive further orders. Last night I was there, and received permission, as I have already told you, to grant your next wish."

And stretching out her waxen hand, the doll just lightly touched Lady Blanche's forehead with the tip of one pink finger. The little patrician lost all consciousness for a moment; and when she again revived, she was in the square with little Davie, who pulled her along by the pinafore, saying, "Come, come! Davis tired, Davie wants his dinner."

Blanche looked down at Davie, who was beginning to be fretful, and then she examined, with some wonder, her own coarse, though clean and well-mended pinafore, and thick, clumsy shoes; and somehow or other she knew that she was called Sarah Jane, and that her father and mother lived in a close, narrow street a little way from the square. All this felt very strange, especially when she looked back at the window of the great house, and saw another, yet the same, Lady Blanche now standing full in front of the window, and gazing with astonishment after her substitute, while the doll, become a doll once more, lay motionless on her arm.

"It is then true," said the little girl in the square, as Davie hung heavily on her arm, still pulling her along, "it is all true, and I am a poor little girl, as I wished to be. But what a long way, and how heavy my shoes are, and how hard the pavement! And now it begins to rain, and we shall get wet. Come, Davie, run quick, mother will be angry."

And with a strange blending of her new and her former self, the little girl hurried on, sometimes shrinking from the dirty streets and damp people, then thinking of her mother, the scolding, and the dinner of stale fish and potatoes that awaited her in John Street.

The children soon arrived at the shop-door of a small greengrocer and general dealer at the

corner of the street aforesaid, and threaded their way through the bundles of firewood and piles of apples and onions that were somewhat heterogeneously mingled into a small apartment behind.

"There—take that! and that! you little hussy!" said the shrill voice of a woman, the mother of Sarah Jane and Davie, as she gave the former two sounding blows on the shoulders.

Sarah Jane began to cry, and Davie roared from sympathy; and then the little girl drew herself proudly up, and cast a "Lady Blanche" look upon the coarse, sharp-tempered woman whom she called mother, and who had evidently paid a morning visit to the gin-shop at the opposite corner.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Hopkins, "what airs my lady gives herself! So I am not to punish you when you waste your time in play, instead of coming straight home to nurse the baby while I see to the dinner. Here, eat your fish and 'taters, and don't fall to sleep over them."

A busy life poor Sarah Jane had of it the rest of the day. There was the baby to nurse, and there were errands to run, and the shop to mind while "mother" went over to a neighbour's, and the lodger's room to sweep out, and the tea-things to set, and to wash up when done with, and beer to fetch for a "gentleman" who dropped in in the evening with "father" (who didn't take any himself because he was a teetotaler), and lastly, the plates and glasses to set out for a hot supper. This last was a perfectly disinterested action; for, having performed it, Sarah Jane was forthwith sent to bed, where she immediately fell fast asleep, being soundly tired.

Meanwhile the real Sarah Jane, metamorphosed into the Lady Blanche, was undergoing her share of trial. Mrs. Belton never left her five minutes in peace that weary day.

"Really, Lady Blanche, you are intolerably awkward. Your ladyship's left shoulder is growing out. We must get Dr. Clarence to look at it. Lay down your doll immediately, and repose for an hour on your inclined plane."

"But, Mrs. Belton," remonstrated the young lady, who had reckoned on the pleasure of dressing her magnificent doll in its Leghorn-bonnet with feathers, and lace mantilla—"but, Mrs. Belton, it is so very fine, and I should like to go to the park, and run on the grass, and pluck daisies and dandelions."

Here the "Sarah Jane" nature peeped out.

"Pluck daisies and dandelions in a public park! Your ladyship will next request permission to play with the dirty little children that roll about on the grass all day long! You are singularly unladylike in your ideas, Lady Blanche."

A few days passed; and each little girl, heartily tired of her new and unnatural position, repented most sincerely of her vain wish to be something and somewhere different from the

identity and place originally assigned to her in this world of gradations and contrasts. We cannot exactly say that each little girl formed a distinct resolution that, if she were in her own position again, she would endeavour to ornament that position by striving to fulfil all the duties thereto belonging; yet a glimpse of this idea dawned in the mind of each. Lady Blanche meditated somewhat after this fashion:—

"It is good to have work to do; yet not too much work. If the fairy will let me go back again to papa and mamma, and Mrs. Belton, I will not be an idle, spoiled child any more. And when I am a great lady, I will remember such poor, hard-worked children as Sarah Jane; and I will try to make people happy, and not so poor and tired all their lives long."

And Sarah Jane, in her own way, thought "I should not like to be a great lady, after all. It is true that I am awkward, as Mrs. Belton and that grand Countess say, when they think I am Lady Blanche. I will not envy little ladies any more; for they have their trials, too, in having governesses, and not being allowed to play and be at liberty. If I could get back to mother, though she is cross sometimes, and little Davie and the baby, I would try to be more useful and handy than ever before. And then perhaps father will let me go to evening-school; and if I can get very learned, I shan't feel that any one is above me—for the best and wisest people are the best and wisest, whether they are poor persons or ladies."

It was Sunday, and the bells were ringing for evening-service. Mrs. Hopkins and her husband had gone to chapel, having left Sarah Jane at home to take care of Davie and the baby. The little boy had fallen asleep in the great chair in the chimney-corner, and nothing was to be heard but the pleasant clash of the bells and the gentle rocking of the cradle, as Sarah Jane, dressed in her Sunday's best, pushed it to and fro with her foot. Suddenly a deep slumber fell upon her, and when she again opened her eyes she was on the sofa in her real mamma's drawing-room, and Mrs. Belton was saying—

"Are you asleep, Lady Blanche? I have spoken to you twice, and you have made no reply."

At the same moment Sarah Jane was bending over her little brother in the small room in John-street, and hugging him until he started from his sleep in alarm. He never knew why the little girl was crying and pressing him so close to her, nor why she immediately afterwards took the baby from the cradle, and tossed it high in the air in her glee.

People soon observed a change in both the green-grocer's daughter and the Earl's only child. The neighbours praised the former for being so managing and clever, so constantly cheerful and contented; and Mrs. Belton prayed the Countess to observe how docile and pains-taking her daughter had become, and how polite and kind she was to the poorest person.

What is the "lesson" we design to teach in this our fairy-tale? That people are generally best in their own places, and need not envy one another, as pleasure and pain are more equally divided than they appear to be; and further, that no station has intrinsic superiority, save as its possessor uses it to develope superior virtue.

MY MILK-WHITE STEED.

BY E. C. W.

My milk-white steed had a flowing mane,
A silver bit and a silken rein;
A well-arch'd neck and a fiery eye;
And he held his faultless head so high,
He won the notice of passers-by.

Proud was his carriage, and broad his chest,
And smooth his coat as a satin vest;
And though there were some to doubt his speed,
I fancied that I was bless'd indeed
When first I mounted my milk-white steed!

This steed of mine, had I even tried
His nerves to startle, would not have "shied."
He never was known to run away,
To kick, to curvet, to disobey,
Or to answer with a saucy neigh.

My milk-white steed like a stock would stand,
Till gently touch'd by his rider's hand;

And then he moved with a quiet grace.
Nor could the excitement of the chase
Tempt him to vary his gentle pace.

If a horse had ever own'd a mind,
You'd feel, I'm sure, more than half inclined
To think that mine raised his thoughts beyond
All food, when you hear he was'n't fond
Of oats, and would not drink at a pond!

My milk-white steed such a luxury
As rest despised! He would never lie
On the ground to sleep—which seems so sad,
'Twill make you think, if a mind he had,
'Twas ill at ease, and his conscience bad!

He neither required whip nor spur:
An infant's pressure would make him stir:
And, fully to ev'ry touch awake,
I've seen him, when set in motion, shake
As the aspen-leaves in summer quake.

I'm not quite certain as to the breed
Of my handsome, long-tail'd, milk-white steed:
I only know, that of Dunnett's* stock
He once form'd part, and was wont to rock
Right well, in my days of sash and frock!

Allow'd a place in our nursery,
He seem'd like one of the family;
And there for years, undisturb'd, he stood,
Till I learn'd to scorn a horse of wood,
And rode a live one whene'er I could!

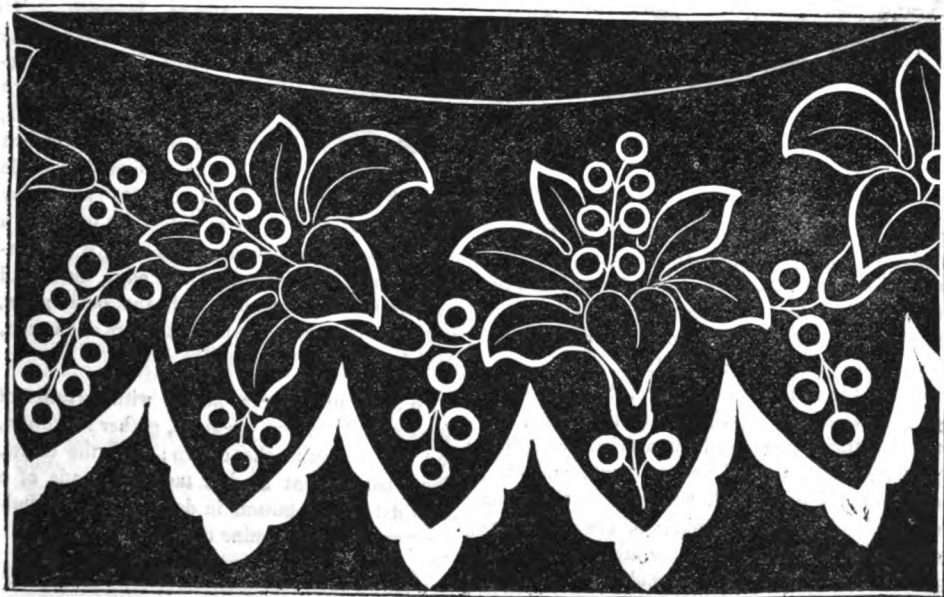
* The name of the proprietor of a noted toy-warehouse in Cheapside.

THE WORK - TABLE.

SECTION OF COLLAR.

IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

MATERIALS.—French Muslin, and W. Evans and Co's. Embroidery Cotton, No. 40.



H

The section given of this collar is of the full dimensions, and the centre being engraved, the remainder may be traced from it. The edge consists of a broad Vandyke of overcast stitch, considerably *raised*, to give it a richer appearance. In order to do this, space must previously be thickly filled with tracing threads.

The eyelet-holes are the only open parts of

this collar. The edges of the leaves are worked in raised satin stitch, and the veinings sewed over. A very pretty way of working leaves is to fill up the entire space with *small* eyelet-holes, after working the veins.

Tack the muslin on *toile ciré* before working.

AIGUILLETTE.

LOUNGING CAP.

IN APPLICATION.

MATERIALS.—Very fine Cloth, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard by 9 inches; some Velvet of the same colour; Albert Braid, and coarse Gold Thread of the best quality. Handsome pendant Tassel.



This cap looks best in coffee brown, or rich green.

Draw two vine-leaves of different sizes, and cut them out in cardboard. From these cut six velvet ones of each size, or, if preferred, eight, or the number being in inverse ratio to the size. Whatever number is made should be sufficient to go round the cap, without quite touching each other. The leaves are disposed alternately upwards and downwards, and stems and tendrils fill up the spaces between. To draw the pattern, take a piece of stout writing-paper, just long enough to go round the head, and about eight inches wide. Divide the whole length into as many

parts as there are to be leaves in outlines (mere'y creasing the paper), draw the leaf from the card-board pattern in each of these, add the stems and tendrils, and then after doing another line of the same with the small leaves, prick all the outlines for a pounced pattern.

Mark the cloth with this; wet the wrong side of the velvet leaves with good thin glue, lay them in their places, and when dried by slightly pressing them, tack the edges down, and then sew on the Albert braid, with a gold thread on each side of it. The veinings of the leaves are done with gold thread; all the other parts are in Albert braid, with gold thread on each side. The ends must be drawn through the cloth.

The crown is entirely of velvet; it is nearly a round, about five inches in diameter; it is ornamented with a scroll round the edge, in thread and braid, to correspond with the other parts, and there is a scallop round the edge of the cap, done in the same manner.

To make up the cap, line it with sarsenet of the same colour, join the sides, gather the top in, and sew it round the crown; add the tassel. The most elegant kind of tassel is made of a large flat plaited button in dead gold, with bullion pendants about nine inches long.

AIGUILLETTE.

LADY'S CRAVATE.

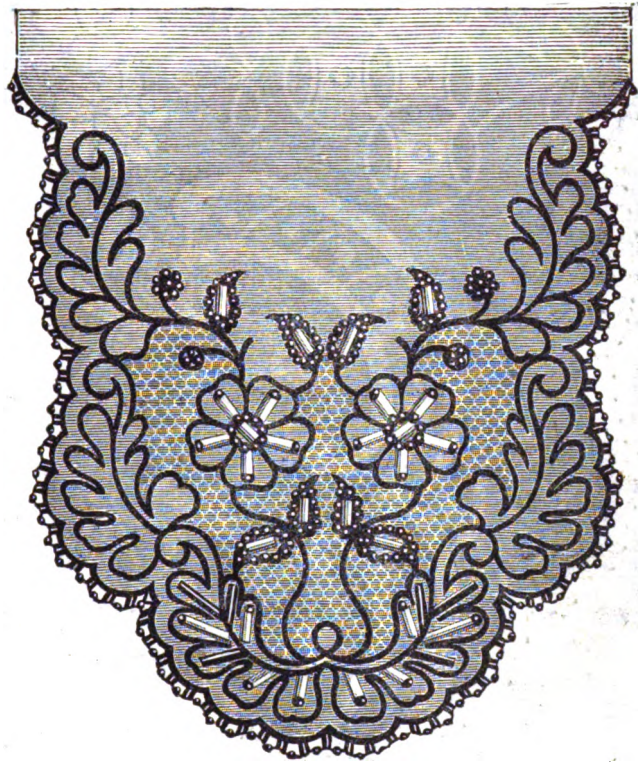
APPLIQUE.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of wide Sarsonet Ribbon, stiff Net, China sewing Silk, Beads, Bugles, or Pearls.

On the colour chosen for the ribbon depends the selection of the other materials. White, pale pink, and pale blue, are best with white net, and pearls; or white ribbon may be trimmed with the new blue bugles, recently brought from Germany. Darker and stronger colours may be used with black net and silk, and trimmed with black beads and bugles.

The pattern may be either of the size given in the engraving, or enlarged, according to the width of the ribbon. The colour of the specimen necktie is lavender, with black net; white bugles, and black beads: the pattern, after being pounced, is marked on the ribbon, with flake-white; the net is tacked under it, and all the design worked in common chain-stitch. Then the ribbon is cut away from those parts where the net is left, and the beads and bugles added, as in the engraving. The border is finished with a line of Sorrento edging, a bead being slipped on every long stitch.

Glove-bands should be made with embroidered ends, to correspond with the neck-tie. One end of the glove-band should be short, and the other rather more than half a quarter long. The pattern must be



reduced to suit the narrow ribbon used for the glove-bands.

AIGUILLETTE.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

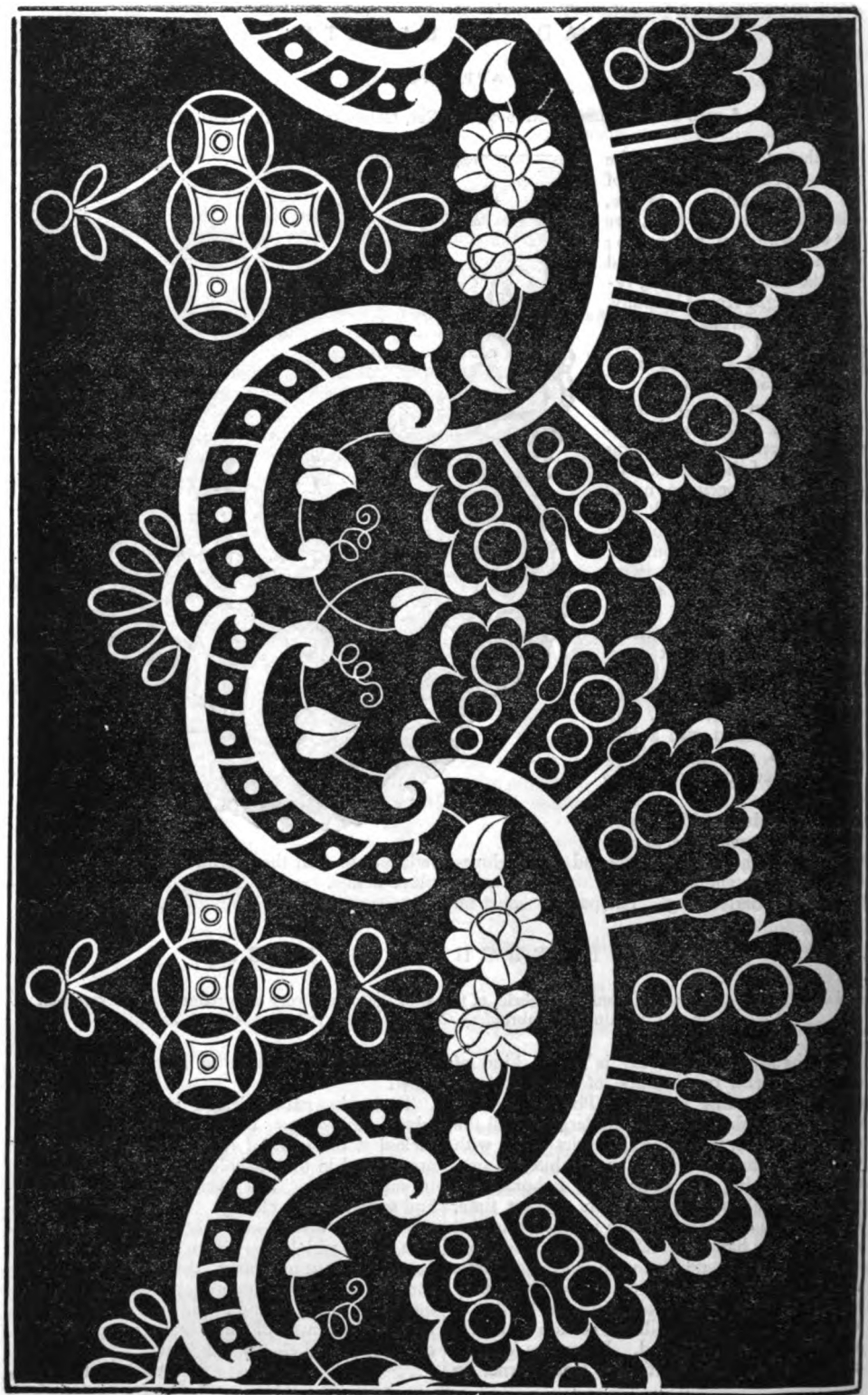
MATERIALS.—A square of French Cambric, of the kind that is not very transparent; W. Evans and Co's. white and Ingrain red Embroidery Cotton, No. 70 red, Nos. 40 and 50 white.

This handkerchief border is in the kind of embroidery with two colours, of which we have already given some designs. The scrolls and scallops are to be in red embroidery, and all the remaining parts, including the eyelet holes, with white. Or the whole may be in white, if preferred. Nothing can exceed the elaborateness of every article of *lingerie* at the present time, and the style of ornamentation is elegant as well as rich. The handkerchief we give is a fair specimen of this appendage to the morning toilette of a Parisian belle. The corner is formed by increasing the outer scroll, with its border of scallops, so that it describes a section of nearly three quarters of a round. Draw one quarter only of the pattern, shifting it from corner to

corner of the cambric, to mark the handkerchief.

Trace the entire design with the coarsest white embroidery cotton, having previously tacked it on a bit of *toile ciré*. The scallops are worked in button-hole stitch, and the scrolls in satin stitch. The eyelet-holes are pierced, and sewed round closely. The white spots in the barred scrolls are only small eyelet-holes. The roses and leaves are in raised satin stitch. In the pendant ornament, the black parts of all the circles, and the oblong eyelet-holes, are cut out and sewed round; and the small eyelet-hole in the centre of each is surrounded by a circle of thread closely sewed over.

AIGUILLETTE.



THE CHILD-LOVE.

(AN AMERICAN SKETCH)

[BY ALICE B. NEAL.]

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all.”

COLERIDGE.

“I am sure you love me, little Miriam?”

“Love you!—oh, so dearly!” And, as if her childish words needed a stronger confirmation, she put her arms caressingly about his neck, and laid her head upon his bosom. Her face was very lovely as she looked up to him in all the winning truthfulness of an affectionate heart. Large grey eyes, with lashes so long and deep as almost to give them a sorrowful expression at times, and a mouth now smiling, and so dis-closing small pearly teeth, and then the crimson lips would meet in pouting fulness—

“As though a rose should shut,
And be a bud again.”

So thought the student, as he bent down to return the fond caress, and mingled his darker locks with the light floating curls that were thrown back over his shoulder.

“And will you *always* love me, Miriam?”

“Oh, always!”

“But when I am gone—for I may not be with you long; and then, when you do not see me every day, and you have other friends who love you better, and can make you more beautiful presents?”

She seemed to be pained, as if she understood the worldliness thus imputed to her, young as she was.

“But why must you go? and where will you go? Home?”

“Home! Ah, no, my child; I have not had a home these many years.”

And then they were both silent for a little while; she pitying him because he had no home, and he dwelling on thoughts and recollections which the word had called up. The low brown farm-house where his boyish days were passed, with the mossy bank around the well: the little garden at the entrance of the orchard; the orchard itself, white with blossoms at this very season of the year. And then there was the brook, gurgling through the alder-bushes, and reflecting the tall spires of the crimson cardinal, or the field lily, that sprang among the rich grass. He seemed once more to lie, an idle, careless boy, watching the clouds floating lazily overhead, while the summer insects sang around him, and the wind came gently to lift the hair from his sun-burnt forehead.

This brought a recollection of his mother's kiss. It always seemed to him like the summer wind, so

quiet, so warm, so loving—her kiss and blessing, as she bent over his pillow; and then she would kneel and pray so earnestly for her son, her only child. How unlike his father was that gentle woman! He had wondered at that even when a boy. His, stern, rigid parent, who rarely smiled, and made self-denial and never-ceasing labour his religion, as though he felt the curse of Cain ever upon his rugged fields. They were united only in one thing—their love for him, and the zealous prayer that he might be, like Samuel, called even in childhood to the service of the Temple. So they had dedicated him; and, when he saw the grass springing upon their graves in the church-yard, and took a last look upon that humble home, now passed into other hands, he remembered this strong wish of the hearts that had loved him so, and were now mouldering to dust beneath his feet.

“But where are you going?” said the child, who had been thinking of many other things, and had now returned to this new fear of parting.

“Many, many hundred miles from this, Miriam, away from the busy city and its crowded streets. Far off to the still woods, where there are no church-bells, and even no Sabbaths. I am going to the poor Indians, to teach them where to look for the Great Spirit they worship, and to the settlers of those western lands, ruder still, and in darker ignorance. They scarcely know there is a God.”

“But they have the sky there, and the sun; and who do they think made them and the little flowers in the grass? They could not make the flowers!”

“But they do not love the flowers and the sky as you do; they are blind: ‘Eyes have they, and they see not; ears, but they do not hear.’ So I am going to them with God's own word; that will speak more plainly to their hearts. Do you not think it will be a beautiful life”—and his sunken eyes glanced with strange enthusiasm—“devoting every power of soul and body to those benighted people, forgetting this life, and its comforts and pleasures, in the thoughts of that which is to come, reaping the broad whitening harvest?”

He forgot that he was speaking to a child: and yet she seemed to understand him, at least to feel that he was swayed by some noble emotion; for she raised her head and listened

eagerly, as if a new life of thought was opened to her.

"And will you have a *home* there?"

"Nay, I shall never have a home on earth; parents, wife, children, are not for me. I go forth with neither purse nor scrip, following our Divine Master; I shall not have where to lay my head. But his love constrains me; he will not desert his servant." And his voice sank, as it were, to a thought of prayer, for the strength he would need in the arduous path he had chosen.

"But you will be all alone and sick, and there will be no one to take care of you; then, perhaps, you will die." The look of sadness we have spoken of came into the child's earnest eyes, as she laid her soft head against his cheek, and wondered why he should choose to go away from her.

"We will not talk of this any longer, little one. I have made you so sad and grave. I do not like that look on your face; it is too womanly for such a little maiden. You are too young to understand all these things, and you must not try to; but you must love me; that is all I ask. See, there is your kitten come to invite you away from me."

It was with a strong effort that he had shaken off the sombre mood into which he had fallen, and attempted to enter into her childish amusements once more. He was startled by the earnest, dreamy look that she still retained. As he had said, it was too womanly for that young fair face.

She smiled again; obedience to those she loved was the strong principle of her nature, for she had ever been governed by affection. No one ever spoke a harsh word to Miriam, motherless Miriam Arnold, the light of her father's lonely life, and the pet of the neighbours, who looked out to catch a glimpse of her light figure as she bounded up the dark court like a fitting ray of sunshine. It was a gloomy abode for such a bright young creature, or a stranger would have thought so. The house so old and cheerless, far away from the gay shops and the beautiful women who frequent them. There was not even a green tree or an ivy wreath to refresh the eye, nothing but Miriam's little pot of mignonette upon the window-sill, fresh and fragrant like herself, and her bird, who sang above it with a carol as light-hearted as her own. The bird, the child, and the flowers, these were the light of that lonely house, since Miriam's mother had faded in its dreariness. And it was home, too, even if the old servant, who moved with such a cautious tread among the dusty books of her master's study, was the only companionable creature, save the bird. How carefully she rubbed the dingy furniture, and mended the threadbare curtains, long since faded from their cheerful neatness! It was, perhaps, this still seclusion that had given Miriam, with all her eager childish grace, thoughts above her years; and, after her friend had gone, she put the kitten from her lap and leaned out of the window to watch for her father's return, musing, as she had never done before,

how men could ever live without knowing they had a Father up in Heaven, and who else they could thank for taking care of them through the long dark night? And then her friend—Paul he had told her to call him, when he first came to read those strange Hebrew words to her father, a daily study of the ancient language of the Bible he revered so much—Paul was going away to tell them to love Him. How very good he was! She should miss him a great deal though. Perhaps he would take her too. Oh, she had not thought of that before! But, then, there was her father! No, Paul must go alone. Poor Paul, with no one to love him but herself. How gravely he had made her promise to love him, as if she had not always done so from that very first day when he had taken her upon his knee and talked to her as no one else could talk!

The young curate, for such he was, of a wealthy parish-church, old and "lukewarm" because of its long prosperity, had gone to his daily duty of reading the evening service to a scattered congregation, half hidden in the high straight pews, that almost stifled their faint responses. He went with a heavy load upon his heart, for he was a stranger among them and to their sympathies. There was no poverty to call such as he to their homes; the rector only was bidden to the rich man's feasts. He came and went to and from the gilded chancel, with scarce a smile of recognition from those to whom his rich voice had read the "comfortable words" of their Master, and his. The Bible told him they were brethren; but his heart said they were utter strangers. It was this cold supineness that had first turned his thoughts to a more earnest, active life among men "ready to perish," while his present ministry was to those who were "full and had need of nothing." And, at last, after many a struggle and many a prayer, he had steadfastly turned his face to a mission in the western wilds of his native land.

In all that wide, wide city there was one only object his heart could cling to—the little child whose arms had circled him, whose kiss had comforted his loneliness. This was perhaps from his own reserve, for he had been solitary even from a boy. He had never attached his playmates to him; he could not seek for sympathy among strangers; opening to them the sorrows of his heart—a gentle heart like the mother who had given him life: but he checked its longing sympathies with a pride inherited from his sterner parent, and turned to fasting and lonely vigils of prayer and meditation. Miriam was the frail golden link that bound him to active human sympathies. He was attracted by her strange loveliness as she came, half pleadingly, half timidly, to prefer some request to her father; and since then she had been the prattling companion of many a lonely hour when the task was ended, and his teacher had gone forth to impart to other pupils the stores of his great learning.

She was watching for him the next day at the entrance of the court, as he came slowly along,

absorbed in one of those abstracted moods which had now become habitual to him. Her eyes brightened as she caught sight of his slender figure, and she ran to place her hand in his with the confidence of an habitual favourite. Something which pleased her very much had evidently occurred; but when she was questioned, she only smiled, and said it was a great secret; even papa was not to be told. Yet it was not naughty: Margery had said so. Every day after that, for a long time, he found the faithful little sentinel at her post; and sometimes their walk was extended, and she would go with him into the busy street, clinging closer to her dear companion, and looking up with smiles into his face, if the crowd jostled her, the embodiment of the spirit of faith.

At last the secret was revealed. It was when he came to tell her that he was going, all was ready for his departure, and he had but one farewell to make. He was later than usual, and she was watching for him with more eagerness than ever. She tripped demurely by his side, looking so beautiful in her clean white dress, and her curls in such rich profusion flowing round her delicate throat. He could not bear to pain her happy heart by the sad news of their parting, so he drew her gently to his bosom for the last time, while he waited for her father's return; and they were all alone but the kitten purring in the sun, and old Margery bustling in and out intent on household cares. They did not talk much, but now and then she would pass her hand caressingly over his face, or he would bend down and kiss her tenderly. At last he said—

"I am going, Miriam. This is the last time I shall see you in many a day."

"Going!" she said, echoing the word sorrowfully.

"Yes, as I told you when the spring first came. To-morrow I shall be on my way to the deep woods and the boundless prairies of the western land."

He expected at least a burst of passionate sobs; but she only nestled closer to his heart, and twined her arm more tightly about his neck.

After a little time, she slid from his knee, still sorrowful, and came back to him holding a little picture. It was a miniature of herself, exceedingly lifelike, and it had the dreamy, serious gaze which he had first noticed when speaking of his mission. This was her innocent little secret. It had been painted by a poor artist, with more talent than friends, who had his home in the same dark court. He had thought her so beautiful, that he begged her to sit to him, intending a surprise to her father, who, in his unostentatious way, had once been of service to his poorer neighbour. That very day she had brought it home, so she told Paul, and laid it in the book before him.

"And he was pleased," said Paul, "and kissed you, and thought it was very like you, as I do?"

"I don't believe he liked it so very much. I

don't think he likes pictures at all," answered the child. "He never looks at my sweet mother, with the blue dress and the rose in her hair. But he smiled, and told me to give it to the person I loved best in the world."

"And you gave it to Margery, perhaps?" Paul smiled at the thought of bestowing such a gem upon Margery's dark little kitchen.

"No, I don't love her best, and that would not be right. I kept it for you, because there is no one but papa and you I ever dream about. Sometimes I have such lovely dreams, and think you are never going away. But you are, and you must take this, and keep it always. I'm sure you will, Paul."

A tear, yes, a tear, fell upon the beautiful picture—so touched was he by the earnestness and sincerity of her affection, and the thought that he was so soon to leave her.

Her father came, a mild, benevolent-looking man; but, nevertheless, with the air of one who had no strong hopes or desires. He was sorry to part with his favourite pupil, but blessed him in God's name; for he, too, had been "a minister about holy things," and knew the burning zeal which had filled the heart of the young devotee.

The morrow came, and Miriam was restless and sad as the hour for their walk drew near, and there was no friend to join her. Many and many a day did she linger at their old trysting-place, her heart beating fast, if she saw in the distance a face or figure that might be his. But one day after another came and went, and he was not there. Then she found other friends, and Time was her consoler.

Years, many years had passed, and the missionary sat at the door of his rude cabin, and leaned his weary head against the rough unhewn beams for support. He was far older, and had a dejected, sorrowful air that had deepened the lines upon his forehead, though his dark clustering hair had not silvered, and his eyes still lighted with the fire of manly thought. Yet the fresh vigour of his youth was spent, and his heart was weary and athirst for closer sympathy than he had found among the rude dwellers of the land. Their numbers had greatly increased since he first came among them, and the Indian haunts had retreated from before approaching civilization. They had prayed him to remain among them, to visit their sick and bury their dead, and they were kind to him in their own way. They had built his cabin, and furnished it with their own rude manufactures, and brought him presents of game from the forest, and fruit from their thriving farms. But, now the zeal of his first consecration was spent, he saw little fruit of all his labours; the wilderness had not yet blossomed as the rose. He longed for some one who could sympathize in his ardent desire to do good, and to encourage him to cast his "bread upon the waters." He covered his face with his hands and prayed, communing with the only Intelligence that could read his heart, and then he looked around him and still sighed.

Perhaps it was that he had seen the cheerful

blaze from the fireside of some of his people, as he came homewards, and stopped to speak some playful word with the urchins before the door; but as he sighed, he wondered if he could have been happier had he not denied to his starving heart all human, household love. "Perhaps I have wronged my nature," he thought. "It may not be required of me to lead this lonely life." And then—he never could tell what brought the recollection so vividly before him at that moment—there came a yearning thought of the little Miriam of years ago—his child-friend.

She must be a woman now, and beautiful and good. Perhaps she had already a home of her own, and her children about her. At any rate, she had forgotten him. If she had not, if she still remembered her childish promise to love him always—but no, he would not be so mad, so selfish, as to ask her to sacrifice her youth and beauty to his life of lonely privation. But he could not banish her from his mind, and he went in and unclasped the miniature he had not seen for many a day. It was a little faded now; but there were the earnest, serious look, and the soft curls, and the fond smile. How she had loved him! and he could almost feel her arms about his neck, and her heart beating close to his. It was the isolation of spirit as well as outward life which had impressed these remembrances so forcibly upon him. Everything seemed as if yesterday. Again that yearning thought; and even before a resolve, he had smothered a fear, and was pouring out to her, or what he felt to be her now, all that was in his heart.

After the letter was gone, there were weeks of anxious suspense; and then he began to wonder at his own madness and folly. Sometimes he would try to calm himself with thinking that they had left their old home, and it would never reach Miriam; and then he almost wished it would be so, for she would never learn his presumption. But at last the answer came, when he had quite ceased to expect it; and he knew only by the tumult of his emotions as he broke the seal, how much he had perilled upon what would now be revealed. He did not think to glance at the signature to see if she was still unmarried; but, as one resolved to drain to the dregs a bitter cup, he tore open the sheet, allowing himself no hope.

"Paul—*dear Paul!*"—he was so dizzy that he could scarcely see the words—"you will think me strange, unmaidenly, when I tell you that my pen trembles in my hand for very happiness. I have heard from you once more! The dream of my youth, of many, many years, has at last been fulfilled! I *knew* you had not forgotten me; and I have kept you ever in my mind, mingled with all that I counted good and noble. I have kept the promise which you recall, unconsciously; for I had forgotten it was ever required. I have 'loved you always,' Paul.

"No doubt much of this has been wild imagination, nursed in the lonely life I have ever led. I mean the seclusion; for we are still here as when you left us, except that my father is older and more feeble, and I have assumed Margery's household duties, for we are very poor. You have sought a

portionless bride. But we will come to you, as you have asked, for we know you cannot leave your people, and your heart will grow strong again, and be comforted by my father's gentle counsels; and I will be your 'home.' I can remember asking you if you were going home.

"Do not fear that I shall not be content. I am strong and well; I have never been accustomed to luxuries; and I am unwomanly in telling you how my very heart has gone out to you, at your first bidding? I have never lost trace of your labours. I have seen what you have done for those scattered people. I read of the consecration of your little church; and once I have seen one who had met you, and who told me of your fervour, and that you were wearing yourself out by your never-ceasing labour. He said your eyes were large and dark, though sunken, and that you looked too frail for so rude a life. You see it was not *all* imagination.

"Yes, we will come. My father has said so with his blessing, and he will renew his youth living among the beautiful things of nature; and I shall know you there face to face—as I know you now in spirit—gentle, patient, unselfish."

The promise was kept, strange as it may seem to those who walk ever in the beaten track of cold formalities. It was again evening on those broad prairie lands, and Paul Stanbridge waited the approaching twilight, pondering on the new revelation of life, the seals of which another day would open. He wondered if it were not a blessed dream, and then he turned to look once more at the few comforts he had recently gathered in his little cabin for her who was henceforth to be its mistress. She had always loved flowers. How fortunate that he had twined the prairie rose and the clematis over the misshapen walls of his dwelling! and the smooth lawn-like slope to the river-side, how peaceful it all seemed as it slept in the sun's last rays!

Suddenly, he felt rather than saw an approach, and he turned to find two persons coming slowly towards him. No, no, it was a dream—they could not reach even the village before the morrow—and the strangers were alone, and coming as if they knew the foot-path.

It was no dream; one more glance, and he knew that venerable form; an instant, and that noble woman was clasped in a welcoming embrace. There was no coldness, no formality in that greeting. She was all that he had dreamed and pictured; she was much more than he had dared to hope; and she had bound him for ever by her trustful confidence, her womanly devotion. So they were united for life or death. Her father blessed them as he had done before, calling them by that holiest and dearest of titles, "man and wife;" and, for the first time in many years, the missionary had a home.

You will wonder if there was no sad awaking when the romance of youthful girlhood had passed, and Miriam knew that the step was irrevocable. You would need no other answer than a glance at the peace and happiness which sprung up in that quiet dwelling, a light that was diffused among all his little flock; for he had found the key to their hearts: his creed was no longer gloomy and morose, looking coldly on all their social joy. And every one loved

Miriam, who became, young as she was, a guide
and a friend to many beside her husband.

But did she truly love him?

Her father, happy in his serene old age, did

not doubt it, as he saw her place their first-born,
Paul, in his arms, and look up to him with
the trusting confidence of old, mingled with a
deeper, because wifelike, tenderness.

W H I M S I E S.

BY E. C. W.

REPLY OF MR. L. S. DOBBS, THE WELL-KNOWN
MILLIONNAIRE, TO THOSE WHO EXPRESSED
SURPRISE THAT THE POSSESSOR OF SO LARGE
A FORTUNE SHOULD CONTINUE TO DEVOTE
THE WHOLE OF HIS TIME TO BUSINESS.

Ye marvel that I, worth a million, should be
Still bent on amassing more money: to me
It seems that your wonder betrays little sense.
Ye ought to perceive that it follows that he
Who owns such initials as L., S., and D.,
Should be but a man of Pounds, Shillings, and
Pence!

TO A DISCONSOLATE DANSEL.

'Tis true you're unhappy; but just look around,
And sorrows exceeding your own will be found.
In this very room it is certain you'll find
A waiter that's *dumb*, and a bow-window *blind*!

A YOUNG LADY TO HER BETROTHED.

Why didst thou promise never to forget?
And why am I thus tortured by remembrance?
Why hath the sun of thine affection set,
And of its fervour scarcely left the semblance?
Why do thy manners daily grow more cold?
Why are thy features ever thus o'erclouded?
Why is the truth—whate'er it be—untold,
And 'neath a veil of painful myst'ry shrouded?

HIS REPLY.

Since questions seem the order of the day,
I'll answer yours, unhappy girl, with others.
Why will you wear a dress of brown and grey,
And bonnets as old-fashion'd as your mother's?
How is it that of style you've not a bit?
And, having none, how can you, on reflection,
Wonder that I should feel your want of it,
And wish to put an end to the connexion?

THE CYNIC'S REPLY.

Says Lucy to her uncle, "I have taught my par-
roquet
To say so many words, that now he's quite a little
pet!"
"Taught him to talk! no doubt you have. Show
'mong't old or young,
The woman whose example, child, could make him
hold his tongue!"

ON A CERTAIN "BEAU," WHO, WHEN HE WAS
OLD AND SICKLY, PREFERRED AN UNSUC-
CESSFUL SUIT TO A LADY MANY YEARS HIS
JUNIOR.

Of course he failed her heart to wound:
An arrow would, you know,
Fall, wholly harmless, to the ground,
From such a shatter'd bow!

EPIGRAM.

Claudine so easily is caught
By ev'ry glitt'ring bait,
That truly I'm afraid to think
On what may be her fate.
Whithersoever others lead,
She'll follow in a trice;
Only declining, it would seem,
To follow—good advice!

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE HEIRESS.

"Si vos richesses had bless'd my lot,
I should, Madame, I know,
Have builded on dis loafly spot
Von bootiful château."
"Such thoughts my breast have never fill'd
In fact, I do not care
For spacious halls; and only build
My castles—in the air!"

TO THE GOVERNORS OF A CERTAIN CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

Talk not to me of Charity!
Our institutions gain
Far more by Ostentation's gifts
Than Charity's, 'tis plain.

Why, at your dinner t'other day,
When Royalty was there,
Graciously granting your request,
To take at six the chair,

And all the folks who there had met
Were call'd on for a gift, I
Saw Charity put down a pound,
And Ostentation fifty!

THE REPLY OF A GENTLEMAN WHOSE WIFE HAD EXPRESSED A WISH THAT HE WOULD HIRE A BLACK "PAGE" TO ATTEND UPON HER.

*My taste does not point to a negro, 'tis clear;
But have a black boy, if you wish it, my dear:
Select one forthwith: any page, my sweet wife,
Except a dark page from the volume of Life!*

THE WIDOW TO HER NEGLECTED GARDEN.

Widow. Oppress'd by the weight of my woe,
Thy beds are no longer my care;
And briars, unheeded, now grow,
Where once bloom'd a fragrant *par-
terre*.
My heart for my lost one still bleeds;
I never shall cease to repine,
And since I have worn these sad weeds—
Garden. You've paid no attention to mine!

DECEPTIVE BLOOM.

"Mother, you see her burning cheek, yet marvel at
my tears ;
And, quite indifferent yourself, talk of my ground-
less fears !

Would I were less solicitous—would that I too were
slow
To see Consumption's sure advance beneath that
hectic glow !"

"My dearest boy, I must confess your fair Matilda's
bloom
Conveys not to my mind a thought of illness or
the tomb :
For, though I'm sworn to secrecy, I'll own to you,
my son,
I've seen her oft *en deshabille*, ere she had put
it on !"

SUNSET.

"Come here, and see this sunset, Potta. Although
'tis Christmas Day,
I never saw a finer—no, a little more this way.
Look at those lovely purple streaks, mix'd with
the red and gold !"
"Purple ! no wonder, Mrs. Potta : they're purple
with the cold !"

JUSTINE.

Justine, on idle follies bent,
Passes before her glass
The time which, were it wisely spent,
In study she might pass.
Her friends have tread each one in turn,
Her failings to correct :
'Tis strange they seem not to discern
That from her glass at least she'll learn,
This lesson—to reflect !

ENGLAND AND ITALY.*

Two of the most recent of the publications of the "Society of the Friends of Italy" may well serve us for a text, in saying a few words on the momentous and interesting question with which they deal.

The Society in question, as our readers are aware, concerns itself with the struggles and the hopes of the Italian people, oppressed by the twin despotisms of the Emperor and the Pope. As an English Society it seeks, above all, to teach England that she has a duty to fulfil towards Italy, for which time will furnish the occasion ; for in these days of the predominance of selfish and material interests, it is necessary to proclaim that nations, as individuals, have duties towards their fellows, which they are bound to know and to perform.

England has failed in the performance of her duty to the oppressed people of Italy, and is still unmindful of it. She sinned against Italy, when, in 1815, she made herself a party, through the diplomacy of Lord Castlereagh, to the partition of the Italian soil amongst native tyrants, as the Bourbon of Naples, and foreign despots, as the Emperor of Austria ; she sinned against Italy, when she promised protection and the assurance of their constitutional liberties to the Sicilians, and then left them to the mercies of their Neapolitan tyrant ; and lastly, she sinned against Italy, and against her own free Protestant national character, when, on the 19th April, 1849, through her Whig ambassador at Paris, the Marquis of Normanby, she volunteered her acquiescence in the scheme of Louis Bonaparte's government to destroy the republic at Rome and to reinstate the Pope—"although,"

* "The Place and Duty of England in Europe," a Lecture delivered at the third *Conversazione* of the "Society of the Friends of Italy," by Professor Newman. First Annual Report of the "Society of the Friends of Italy," read at the Society's Annual Meeting," June 9, 1852. Published at the Offices of the Society, 10, Southampton Street, Strand, &c. &c.

as Lord Normanby says, "for reasons which I explained to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, we had not wished to take any active share in the negotiations."*

In all of these cases, be it remarked, the faults with which our country is chargeable, are partly at least faults of *commission*, which no motives of prudence or of state necessity can ever excuse. They are faults of a nature which it would be unpardonable to commit again, and which demand a reparation, should it ever be in our power to afford one.

But this question of the duty of England towards Italy, cannot evidently be entirely separated from that wider question of which it is but one branch—the place and duty of England in Europe. The Society of the Friends of Italy has rightly thought so, and for this reason, and because it appears to be the only Society concerning itself with any part of the question of European liberty, it has sought, in its meetings, to widen the subject which is more peculiarly its own, and by discourses, such as the lecture of Professor Newman, to invite the consideration of the liberal and intelligent public of both sexes, and of all classes, to the important topic of the rightful foreign policy of Great Britain.

Professor Newman's lecture is an admirable opening of the new subject to the serious consideration of Englishmen and Englishwomen. It is full of information, lucid in arrangement and in style, highly suggestive of thought, and should be consulted by all who desire to familiarize themselves with a subject, on which but little worth reading has yet been written in this country. With a subject so new, so vast, and so various, it would be unreasonable to expect or even to desire an absolute concurrence of opinion in all the views of the lecturer. The peculiar merit and utility of his discourse may be best summed up in the words of the preface, which the Committee of the Society has prefixed

* See the Society's Report, p. 10.

to it in its printed form: "As the first public discourse pronounced in this country on the general question of our foreign relations as a nation, and as treating this vast question in a manner so weighty, precise, and lucid, the lecture, the Committee believe, is better fitted than perhaps any other contemporary publication that could be named, to stir up the kind of thought most needed to place England right with regard to the rest of Europe."

We propose to subjoin a few short extracts from Mr. Newman's lecture. We shall not attempt, however, to give even a mere outline of its whole contents. In the first place, it would not be easy materially to condense it; and besides, looking upon it as a most valuable little initiatory text-book upon its subject, we are not disposed to save our readers the necessity of reading and re-reading it at first hand.

After answering the question, "Why do you not leave so difficult a subject as Foreign Politics to Statesmen?" Mr. Newman thus defines the extent and limits of his task:—

"I have now to discourse on the place and duty of England in Europe. I understand this to refer to the place which England ought consciously to occupy in the existing state of things. That state is surely unprecedented in all history. Never were the nations so intelligent, so industrious, so humane, so abhorrent from pillage, so peace-loving, so law-loving; yet never were so many great and powerful peoples pressed by mere military force under a yoke which they abhor. Never was so vast a soldiery kept up—kept, not against foreign enemies, but to insure that a few men, neither wiser nor more virtuous than their fellow-mortals, may exert irresponsible power over a hundred million of persons. This can only be a state of transition. How long the throes of birth will be prolonged; what amount of misery, destruction, and utter rending away of things new from things old shall precede the Order which is to arise out of the Chaos, may probably depend on England. Her insular position gives her a peculiar security; but if this be interpreted to liberate her from duty to countries less happily situated, it will turn to her certain disgrace, and possibly to her ruin. What she *can* do for them, depends on what she *is* in herself, and what she *may* become in her whole empire, by the mere exertion of virtuous will."

After treating of Royalty and Republicanism, and of true legitimacy, which may consist with either; after defining the proper function of England in Europe to be "by example and silent action, *always*; by express words or forcible actions *sometimes*—to promote true legitimacy;" after speaking shortly upon our colonial policy, and the treatment of our dependencies in the Mediterranean, and shewing the bearing of these matters upon our foreign policy, Mr. Newman comes to the discussion of the question, "What are we to do?" approaching it from its negative side, and laying down consecutively a certain number of axioms, based on the experience of the errors of our policy in the past, and directed mainly to the definition of faults which ought to be avoided in the time to come.

As an example of the nature of Mr. Newman's reasonings, we will extract his first proposition:—

"1. 'We ought *NOT* to vacillate.' Inconsistent effort destroys itself. Whig, Tory, and Radical, will agree, that England becomes contemptible if she does not know her own mind—if she holds different language in successive years—if she undoes to-day what she did yesterday. There can be no party among us who seriously approve of keeping up fleets and embassies for patronage to the Ministry, and for nothing else. But vacillation is far worse than nothing: it involves treachery and baseness. States and peoples (like the noble and unfortunate Sicilians) trust our strongly-expressed sympathies, act on the expectation of our support, and find themselves cruelly abandoned. What allies, then, in future shall we get? What influence can we have, if we change from year to year?"

"All know in what direction Russia and Austria will act: these powers are at least consistent, and hence their success. But as for England, one needs to be a very deep statesman to know what she is aiming at. I can remember that Mr. Canning, as Prime Minister, sent a fleet into the Levant, which fought the Battle of Navarino; and that the Duke of Wellington, as Prime Minister, apologised for the battle as a mistake. We supported constitutionalists in Spain and Portugal up to a certain date, and then, in 1847, we crushed the constitutionalists of Portugal. We would fight against Naples in a quarrel about sulphur, but not to save the hereditary liberties of the Sicilians, of whom (when it was convenient) we had assumed the protectorate. While constitutional Hungary was triumphant, and was not yet embittered against all monarchy, we would not risk a war with Russia to hinder an intervention which we deplored; yet, when Hungary has fallen, we risk a war with Russia to save a few Hungarian refugees. Because we have offended Russia in the Dardanelles, we gratify her in Holstein, so far as to bring Austrian armies into Hamburg, and give a stab to freedom and Protestantism in North Germany. Our envoy in Italy encourages Italian liberty in 1848—cautiously, yet so as fully to manifest English sympathies. Soon after, Rome, righteously and legally free, is unjustly crushed by France; her unhappy refugees are treated with rude inhospitality by our Maltese Governor, and our Prime Minister defends him by gratuitous slander on the oxiles? Who would have suspected that anti-papal England would dread an unpapal Rome?"

Mr. Newman's third proposition is against secret diplomacy:

"3. *Now* ought our ministry to leave darkness over our principles and purposes."

To this he appends, amongst others, the following admirable reflections:

"When the great conflict with Napoleon was terminated, we had forgotten for what *principle* we had been fighting; which really was to restrain the tyrannous encroachment of a despot. We acted after victory as though no tyranny but Napoleon's was formidable; and we ensured to Europe despotism, oppressions, insurrections, invasion, all the past and the impending struggles. When Ministers are allowed to wield a vast power, we ought at least to insist that they shall give public reasons for every act, as a judge does: Lord Castlereagh would not have

signed the Treaty of Vienna had he been expected publicly to defend the details.

Again: Secrecy makes it impossible to form public opinion beforehand; hence public enthusiasm is not forthcoming when the time of action arrives. Defenders of the late Ministry are heard to say, that it abandoned the Sicilians because it feared that the English public would not support them! Why, how could we? Who of us can possibly unravel the web of diplomacy? A blue-book comes out a year after the facts; and then, at last, a few persons who have much leisure get some insight (but a partial one only) into the case. The English public to this day is kept in total ignorance that we have any moral obligations to Sicily more than to France or to Sardinia; and then complaint is made of the apathy and selfishness of the public! If England is to be a moral power, publicity is essential for all her acts. Her state-papers should be short, morally reasoned from broad and fundamental principles, and ordinarily published on the day of delivery, without any vote of Parliament; nay, most of all when Parliament is *not* sitting. The half-year's vacation is now a time of wholly unchecked despotism. The argument of 'necessity of secrecy for the public service,' must be reserved strictly for details of military movements. In negotiations, conspirators and tyrants need to be secret; but a great state, with an honourable cause, has nothing to gain by it, and everything to lose.

"Publicity would not all at once secure, but it would conduce to, the habit of dealing on broad moral principles. No other can be right between nations. Lawyer-like subtlety is unjust and disastrous. A war or peace which cannot be popularly and concisely expounded, is assuredly a bad cause. Not till the popular intellect is the tribunal before which our statesmen plead, will our foreign and colonial be as moral as our home policy."

We shall conclude our extracts with the closing paragraph of the lecture, addressed to that class of persons amongst us "who love legal freedom by a sliding-scale of geography":—

"You love, and are proud of, English legality, English security, and perhaps English progress. Yet Englishmen have not nobler natures than Italians, or Bohemians, or Hungarians. We have no intrinsic right to liberty more than other men: our island and a Dutch army, not our virtue, saved it from James II. Let us not be high-minded. Our freedom and laws will be exposed to a struggle of infinite danger if despotism make its conquests permanent over the breadth of the continent. The Hungarians and the Italians were fighting your battle, and you, alas! knew it not. You fancied them enemies to order, because they struggled against armed foreign oppression! But if there be anything certain in the future, it is that despots will now conquer together or fall together. You cannot separate the cause of Louis Bonaparte from that of the Jesuits, from the misrule of cardinals, the brutal police of Naples, and the fortress-prisons of Austria. You cannot have liberty at home and contented slavery abroad. If ever the struggles for freedom on the continent begin to die away, despotic intrigue will cajole such Englishmen as *you*, and an ominous future will rise before England, which it may be too late for America to avert. We have no reasonable security that Europe shall not hereafter become what Asia is, if the forces of tyranny prevail in the present stage of events. Let the English friends of Austria look to the Eastern world, and to the old

Roman empire, and learn that despotism triumphing by soldiers is *conservative* of nothing but ruin and putrefaction."

To Mr. Newman's lecture is appended a short address of Mr. Mazzini's, delivered on the same occasion; one of those compositions of which he alone amongst living writers could be the author—close and practical in its reasoning, inspired in its hopes, glowing and impassioned, yet exactly truthful in the pictures which it presents to our view—at once a logical dissertation, a prophecy, and a poem.

Mr. Mazzini answers here the peace-objection to a national revolutionary movement. He shows that peaceful progress, safe though slow, popular improvement through schools, books, papers, &c., is impossible in Italy. He shews how schools, opposed to the last, were ultimately adopted by the governments of the day as a means of training up the population, under Jesuitical teaching, to habits of bigotry, servility, and passive obedience.

"Ah! had I children of my own in Italy," he exclaims, "and did I foresee that their life was to be spent in bondage, I would, rather than cramp or pervert their intellect under such tuition, leave them unlearned, untaught, to the untutored spontaneity of their beautiful Italian instincts; to the inspirations that come from our own blue, radiant sky, from our own Alps and sea; to the mighty ruins scattered around them; to the great, everlasting book of God—Nature. There, at least, they would learn what their country has been—what it is called to be. In the schools which you urge us to erect, they would only learn bigotry, servility, passive, brute-like submissiveness—perhaps to curse or denounce their proscribed father."

The education that Italy requires is the education of freedom. Let us quote one more most eloquent fragment, and our available space will be exhausted and we must come to a close:—

"The slow progressive ordinary processes of education are, we have seen, impossible in Italy. But drive back to their own homes those foreign soldiers who are a living shame to European diplomacy; stifle, like loathsome reptiles, the vile spies; take away the condition of things which causes Judas to sell his brother; fling to the dust, into nonentity, the veiled prophet who desecrates the city of the Capitol, and write on the gates of the Vatican, 'We have only one Master, in heaven God—one sole interpreter of his law on earth, the people;' free the land from cardinals, primates, and all lying-by-trade, idly-consuming aristocracy of the clergy; let the wisest, the most virtuous man in every community be, under freedom of conscience and election, the guide, the comforter, the friend of the friendless; open widely all legitimate roads to man's activity, and point out to him higher aims, to be freely pursued, than those now left to him, of fattening himself and family with the moaning of his persecuted brother groaning at his threshold; tell your fellow-creature you have an immortal soul, a mission to fulfil, a link with all that is living, a duty towards all, a right to love and help from all; let the free air of God inculcate a new, life-giving spirit amongst those now chained

and pestilence-breathing men; and let the free light of God—'light, more light,' as dying Goethe was muttering—pour from all sides around them like a heavenly halo—you will see what a fine, energetic, quick-taught specimen of the human race this poor, oppressed, Italian race of mine is, and what now dormant, hidden, fruitless treasures of intellect and heart's activity will reveal themselves to Europe. This is education. The slave has none, can have none. 'Jupiter,' as old Homer says, 'takes from him, when he loses liberty, the half of his soul.' You cannot bid the sick, restless, feverish patient be better whilst he breathes a corrupted atmosphere. You cannot ask the man to walk whilst he is bound, fettered, manacled. Five months of liberty, three months of a noble struggle have achieved for the Roman people what none of you anticipated, what

centuries of attempted slow progression and cramped instruction could never have produced."

We have placed at the head of this notice also the "First Annual Report" of the Society of the Friends of Italy. It is a document of very high literary as well as political ability. The society is indebted for it to the able and practised pen of one of the most rising and successful of our review-writers of the day; and when we add that this gentleman occupies the post of secretary to this society, we show good cause for an interest in the publications emanating from such a source, far greater than that which usually attaches to the compositions put forth by bodies of men associated for political objects.—S.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, July 22.

MY DEAR C—,

I am so weary of continually hearing, and frequently uttering, the exclamation, "Paris is a desert!" that, in mercy to you and to myself, I will not dwell longer on the fact and on its consequences than is necessary. Exclamations and lamentations on the subject of the intense heat are even more frequent than those on the emptiness of Paris; it seems, although it is the universal custom here for people to leave town at this season, and that, in the common course of events, July is warmer than March, that every year, instead of becoming accustomed to these facts, people are struck by them as something new, something that had never happened before. What is really no laughing matter, is the frequency of cases of hydrophobia: although one hears and reads of the precautions taken by the police to guard against this frightful evil, every day some fresh instances of it are occurring. It has been remarked among the lower class that the physicians hasten the deaths of those unfortunate creatures attacked by hydrophobia, by giving them a potion, known among the vulgar by the name of *le bouillon d'onze heures*. Formerly, those suffering from this terrible affection, for which no cure has as yet been discovered, were smothered between mattresses; now, religion and the law oppose such measures, which are contrary to sentiments of humanity; besides, doctors have seen that in the most hopeless cases a salutary crisis sometimes takes place, which changes the character of the malady and leads to a cure. It appears that in Greece care is taken to examine the tongue of individuals bitten by mad dogs, because at the end of eight or nine days after the bite has been inflicted there rises on each side of the tongue pustules, which the Greek doctors call *lyssès*; these *lyssès*, it appears, contain all the rabid virus, and as soon as they appear incisions are made in them, and they are cauterized with a red hot iron. It is said this method is successful in ensuring a cure.

It is reported that there is to be a change in the ministry; some announce it as a positive fact, and give all the details, assigning the post each minister is to have; others assert as positively there is no foundation in these rumours. It is related of one of the ministers now in power, that he has said he keeps a loaded pistol on his *bureau*, with which he intends to blow out the brains of the messenger who comes to give the intimation that he is to resign his office.

It is difficult to know what to think of the *complot* so much talked of ten days ago, and now apparently forgotten. The government make light of it in their official organs, as being the work of some of the dregs of the population, in which no individual of any weight or importance was in any way connected: a number of persons were arrested, but none of note.

In these days, when one hears so often of journals being suppressed, it may not be uninteresting to hear on what slight grounds the same measure was enforced at another period. What I am going to relate occurred not very long after the *Restauration*. A distinguished writer, and one of the editors of a journal called *l'Indépendant*, gave an account of the exposition of painting: his attention was attracted by the portrait of a child, holding in its hand a bouquet of blue flowers. Having a poetic imagination, he wrote a most animated description of this portrait. The next day there was a crowd to contemplate the picture so highly lauded. Whom does it represent? and what does the bouquet of blue flowers signify? asked the bystanders one of another; a spectator explains that in German these flowers mean "Forget me not." This is sufficient. "It is the King of Rome!" says every one. Agitation ensues: the police clear the *salon*, and the next day the "*Indépendant*" is suppressed. Inquiries are made, and then it is discovered that the portrait is that of the son of a *conseiller d'Ambassade* of the Court of Bavaria. So there is a journal annihilated from the effect of an allusion in no way intended by the writer, and of which the

public alone are guilty. Some days afterward, however, on the representations of the Comte de Boisgelin, a new authorization was granted to the proprietors, and the journal was baptized *le Constitutionnel*, the name it now bears.

Lamartine's "Civilisateur" continues to appear every month, and with the same merited success: the last number treats of Christopher Columbus, and is as interesting as instructive. An amusing little piece appeared at the Gymnase the other evening, called "*Par les fenêtres*," written by M. Amedée Achard. I confess it requires more courage than many persons possess to go to the theatre at this time of year. The watering places are all more or less crowded now: in France the sea-bathing begins much earlier than in England: swimming is very generally taught, and many women swim perfectly; it is certainly a good thing to be able to do so, and as an amusement it adds greatly to the pleasure of bathing: the costume employed is frightful; it consists of a black stuff tunic and trowsers; the latter very loose, all in one. There are all sorts of varieties of oil-skin caps, and some, who value their complexions, wear a wide-brimmed straw hat. I wonder that the French ladies, who think so much of what becomes them, and who, even by the sea-side dress as carefully and as coquettishly as in Paris, have not invented something less ugly than their present bathing costume: it must require some courage to doff their pretty gowns, graceful *mantelets*, and becoming little bonnets, and emerge from the tent where they change their attire, in the oil-skin cap, the tunic and trowsers,

and list slippers: it must be confessed, however, this dress is very convenient: after all, it is not unlike the Bloomer, which seems, by-the-bye, to have died a natural death.

The report that Bou Maza had escaped from the château of Ham, where Louis Napoleon was formerly imprisoned, arose from a journey he made to Compiègne and Pierrefonds, but he is prisoner on *parole*, and has not attempted to escape.

Madame Victor Hugo and her daughter are on their way to the isle of Jersey, where they go to rejoin Victor Hugo. Alexandre Dumas' *Memoires* continue to appear in the *Presse* newspaper; some persons suggest calling them *Les Memoires Imaginaires* d'Alexandre Dumas: in glancing over one of the latest numbers I saw an amusing anecdote related by M. Larrez, the great surgeon of the Emperor: he had brought over from Egypt a mummy, at that time a thing much more rarely seen than at the present day, and he had invited several of his friends, among others Augereau, to dinner—to shew them this importation. After dinner, Augereau shewed signs of impatience at not yet having been shewn the principal object of his visit; Larrez, accompanied by his guests, proceeded to his cabinet, where, in its case, he exhibited the mummy. Augereau advanced eagerly, but on beholding it exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment, "Ah! but it is dead!" It certainly would have been more curious alive. And now, my dear C., I will say to you, *au revoir*.

Yours truly,

Pe.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE IN DENMARK.—It is quite a serious duty to go to Deerpark, and that right often; otherwise one would be at a loss to account for the number of vehicles that are set out for hire all of a sudden as soon as summer begins. Omnibuses run from several parts of the city, and many times a day; and if the weather be fine they are never empty. Inside the eastern gate is a long stand of cabs or flies, or whatever one may be pleased to call vehicles capable of holding a dozen or more people; and outside the gate is a perfect city of such conveyances. It is naturally not the custom for a solitary excursionist to hire such a machine all to himself; the plan is for a driver to wait till he has a sufficient complement of passengers, which does not take up much time on a fine afternoon, and then start, charging each a very moderate fare. All along the road, from Copenhagen to Deerpark, it looks like company driving to a ball; and coming back in the evening, in the contrary direction, the vehicles follow close on each other's heels all the six miles. * * Besides, the steamers from Copenhagen to Elsinore set down at Deerpark thrice a day in each direction, and they frequently carry hundreds at a time. I profess to

admire extremely this habit of forest pilgrimage. It forms an integral part of Danish character, and so far is a unique trait. I know of no other nation who have the same simple love of the woods, and admiration of fine trees as such. Most continental chief towns have their neighbouring woods, parks, and gardens, where the inhabitants proceed in summer to drink tea and amuse themselves. Stockholm, for instance, has also its glorious deer-park (Djurgården), combining all manner of scenery, forest, hilly, and cultivated; but I do not think the Stockholmers enjoy it as much for its own sake as the Danes do theirs: the former go to dance, hear music, see theatricals, &c., neglecting the beauty of the place itself; but the latter seem to have a thorough love of nature, and nature alone. The tea-booths are forsaken as soon as creature-wants are supplied, and people let themselves loose amid the trees. And this is a passion quite as strong among those who spend all their lives in the country as among townsfolk, as I subsequently had delightful experience of. * *. I remember one, with some friends in whose house I was staying, calling at a farm-house in an out-of-the-way region of Hanover; and when we took leave, I was charmed with the good

wife bidding us come back some day, and she would have the kettle carried up to the forest on the hill behind the house, to drink afternoon coffee. It would have been long ere an English or Scottish farmer's wife would have fancied such a thing a treat, and even in Germany my friends thought it much *Bildung* for a peasant woman; but in Denmark I have witnessed enough of such humble recreation, and been glad that they found it a pleasure. It may give some idea of the universality of this passion when I mention that early summer is called in Copenhagen the "Deerpark time." It would be as great an omission in the eyes of Danish children were their parents to neglect or find it inconvenient to have them transported thither when the season came, as it would be an offence to Scottish young people if the New Year's "currant bun" were not forthcoming, or to English if they got no plum-pudding on Christmas Day. The remembrance of those trips to the forests is a weighty item of blessedness in after-life! We find in the diaries and letters of celebrated men that they evermore ascribe the greater share of their youthful enjoyment to those excursions; nay, I doubt not that it has some share in the formation of the national character. Being continued through every period of life, men past their prime have a satisfactory feeling in returning there with their families, and ruminating on the time of their own childhood. We find it plays an important part in all the little tales and dramatic pieces that deal more particularly with every-day life. For many weeks, when I met any one of my acquaintance in the street, the first question used to be, "Have you been in the woods yet?" This "Have you been in the woods?" corresponds perennially in Denmark to our everlasting interrogation of last summer, "Have you been at the Exhibition?"—*Hamilton*.

SLRIGHING IN AMERICA.—A snow scene is singularly beautiful. Every object—house-tops, trees, shrubs, fences—in short, whatever goes to make up the landscape is enrobed in most exquisite white, and of such purity and brightness that it glazes the eye to look at it steadily. Then when the sun shines, the universal gleam reminds one of a fairy grotto of enchanted isles actually turned out of doors to delight and dazzle mortals. Now comes a frost, and the snow is compact and brittle; then a slight rain settles it, and again a frost, and it is hard, solid, crisp, and unyielding, just in glorious order for sleighing. Now, boys, get out your "teams;" and girls, wrap yourselves up in furs, boas, and tippets; we are going to have a ride. The moon shines clear to-night, the stars are twinkling, and the air is steady and bracing. Our first care is to have the horses rough-shod, that they may speed like the wind, without fear of falling. Then overhaul the sleighs, of which there are various patterns: here is one in the shape of a swan, capable of holding ten couple; another fashioned like an antelope, with gilded runners; and something like the car of Juggernaut, only

not quite so enigmatical; still another in the shape of the American eagle, with the grey pinions all complete, and spread to the breezes as if preparatory to a flight, to perch again perchance on the temple of Freedom. We will take none of these—they do not hold sufficient; but here is one, it will contain thirty persons, and now we can have a jolly merry-making to a certainty. It is striped blue, with a red ground, and is no particular device, beyond that of a very comfortable hand-box on an exaggerated scale. Now we will have four fiery greys attached, each one having a collar of silver bells around his neck, which, when they are agitated, give out such a sound as make the heart leap and the pulses dance the Cellarius. The driver—a huge fellow, well practised in his art—mounts the box, wrapped in a bear-skin coat, which only leaves his eyes and the smallest possible tip of a very red nose visible. He gives the whip a single flourish—off we go—nags snorting, bells ringing, snow flying, moon beaming, boys screaming, driver shouting—all life, fun, and vivacity.—*Howard Paul's "Dashes of American Humour."*

SILK.—Silk is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colours with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull surfaces of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness; will not readily imbibe dirt; and does not harbour vermin so kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it, like thick woollen or linen, without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used, instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange grotesque fashions, originating in the use of linen, would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The fluttering ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our costume more natural and pleasing to the eye. It is therefore satisfactory to see this gay material becoming every day the property of a wider circle of consumers.—*Herr Kohl*.

AN AMERICAN HUT.—It was a curious old pile, composed of rough-hewn oaken logs, locked together and wedged at the seams by satisfactory daubs of red clay, which the sun had baked into a substance tolerably substantial. Over this bleak framework were thrown long black branches of various trees, the interstices being stuffed with moss and straw, and then the whole paved with dark rows of uneven stones, which afforded a rude shelter, and bid an humble defiance to the storms that might hurl their power at the brow of this little tenement. A

small temporary aperture at one side served for chimney; and one window, with half-a-dozen panes of dingy glass, and a pine door, swinging on a pair of crazy hinges, were the most noticeable exterior features of the hut. In good sooth, it would have looked more like the savage retreat of a beast of the forest, had its wildness not been relieved by the really neat white fence that surrounded it—presenting the idea of a beautiful frame around a deformed picture—and the further and more charming relief of a wild rose-bush, that had turned its tendrils around the stakes of the gate-posts, and broke into a shower of rich oriental blossoms, filling the air with fragrance, and standing as the sentinel-flower of this rude, uncouth structure. So gloomy a building seemed little to deserve so fair an attendant. A sprite, “all air, all poesy,” doomed to the heels of an ugly, grinning Cyclop, could not have been at more seeming contrast; and yet those crimson-hearted roses had in no-wise caught the rude infection. They smiled as only roses do smile, and threw their gay plumes to the wind in the very merriest of humours.—“*Yankee Stories*,” by Howard Paul.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF CHOPIN.—Nous ne pouvons résister au désir de donner à nos lecteurs un échantillon de ce livre curieux et intéressant. Cédons un instant la parole à Liszt et écoutons-le raconter la mort de Chopin, mort tout empreinte des impressions, des idées, des sentiments qui avaient agité la vie de l'homme et de l'artiste. Ce tableau court et gravement poétique donnera la mesure de tout ce que l'on peut attendre de la plume d'un artiste justement célèbre, écrivain par l'esprit, le cœur et l'imagination. “Dans le salon avoisinant la chambre à coucher de Chopin se trouvaient constamment réunies quelques personnes qui venaient tour à tour près de lui recueillir son geste et son regard, à défaut de sa parole défaillante. Le dimanche 15 octobre, des crises plus douloureuses encore que les précédentes durèrent plusieurs heures de suite. Il les supportait avec patience et grande force d'âme. La comtesse Delphine Potocka présente, à cet instant, était vivement émue; ses larmes coulaient; il l'aperçut debout aux pieds de son lit, grande, svelte, vêtue de blanc, ressemblant aux plus belles figures d'ange qu'il imagina jamais le plus pieux des peintres. Il la prit sans doute pour quelque céleste apparition, et comme la crise lui laissait un instant de repos, il lui demanda de chanter; on crut d'abord qu'il délirait, mais il répéta sa demande avec instance. Qui eût osé s'y opposer? Le piano du salon fut roulé jusqu'à la porte de sa chambre, et la comtesse chanta avec de vrais sanglots dans la voix; les pleurs ruisselaient le long de ses joues, et jamais certes ce beau talent et cette voix admirable n'avaient atteint une si pathétique expression. Chopin sembla moins souffrir pendant qu'il l'écoutait; elle chanta le fameux cantique à la Vierge qui avait sauvé la vie, dit-on, à Stradella. Que c'est beau, mon Dieu, que c'est beau! dit-il; encore .. encore!—Quoique accablée par l'émotion, la

comtesse eut le noble courage de répondre à ce dernier vœu d'un ami et d'un compatriote. Elle se remit au piano, et chanta un psaume de Marcello. Chopin se trouva plus mal, tout le monde fut saisi d'effroi; par un mouvement spontané tous se jetèrent à genoux, personne n'osa parler et l'on n'entendit plus que la voix de la comtesse planant comme une céleste mélodie au dessus des soupirs et des sanglots qui en formaient le sourd et lugubre accompagnement. C'était à la tombée de la nuit; une demi-obscurité prêtait ses ombres mystérieuses à cette triste scène. . .”

INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.—Suspended on hooks were three or four flint-lock rifles, one of which had a shattered stock; and side by side with these formidable weapons swung several rusty sabres and battered blades, that looked as if they had been little else than idle since first wrought. Nailed with well-arranged nicety were at least twenty scalps of foxes, deer, and bears, proud trophies of slaughter. Here hung a suit of dusty buckskin, and there a broad sombrero; at one side lay a worm-eaten saddle, having as near neighbours the lacerated remains of a pair of leathern leggings, and the more lively companionship of several bead-worked Indian mocassins. For the purpose of chairs various hewn blocks of wood had been substituted; and in lieu of a dressing-table, with the usual conventional accompaniments of sweet soaps, freckle-eradicators, hair-unguents, and similar cosmetic tom-fooleries, was a stolid column of oak, hollowed out, in which fitted a basin of tin. His table-cloth—though he seldom dined in his cottage—was the spotted skin of a leopard, for which he had bartered beads with some dreadful tribe of savages on the African coast. Hither and thither were scattered minerals and fossils that he had brought home from time to time. Every stone had a story intimately linked with it. There was an episode lurking in the heart of each pebble; and if the stuffed birds and fishes that lay on all sides had the power of using their tongue, what a medley of odd reminiscences would have been evolved, to be sure!—Howard Paul's “*Yankee Stories*.”

LADY SMITH.

(See Plate.)

Our Portrait this month is that of a Hero's Wife; and no comments of ours could be so apt as the following extract from a speech of Sir Harry Smith on the occasion of Lady Smith's health being proposed by his enthusiastic and appreciating friends:—

“My noble comrades of the Light Division, it is difficult to express ourselves when the heart overflows. I thank you for the honour you have conferred on my wife—a wife of many years, and tried in many circumstances—a wife who has participated in the hardships of almost every one of those gallant actions recorded on your colours; she who was three times besieged in her native city—she who was rescued on that occasion, and has followed me through the four quarters of the globe; and as she has been honoured by every one of my fellow comrades whom I have led to glory, so has she been respected by those of her own sex.”

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. I have been reading several works by American authors lately, and with intense gratification. Really the English public, if we may judge from our reviews, and the ordinary tone of conversation, seem wonderfully ignorant of the wealth, greater than that of California, which lies in the new books of the United States.

Fanny. In certain circles, though, the truth is beginning to be recognised and appreciated.

Mrs. Smith. Yes, among the pioneers of taste, I grant you; and their influence, though slow, is sure in making itself felt. Meanwhile, what a mass of readers, and book buyers—the two classes, by-the-by, are not identical—are lured by attractive titles, or by subjects that hit the mere passing manners of the day, or by circulating library announcements to feed their minds on weak ephemeral productions, when a feast of fresh, racy, and immortal thought is spread for them if they will but seek it.

Fanny. Who is Wendell Holmes, of whom you were speaking yesterday?

Mrs. Smith. A young physician of Boston, and the same whom you may remember Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," mentions with much enthusiasm. His poems* have at last been published in London, and it is this English edition which I have.

Fanny. What sort of poet is he?

Mrs. Smith. My dear Fanny, you set me a difficult question to answer. I think it is a terrible blunder to compare one poet with another. A real poet, one deserving the name, has always a centre of individuality, however elastic and far-spreading his sympathies may be. These tendril sympathies touch and take in so much that they must sometimes reflect likenesses; but if we really love a poet, we always know his own soul from that of the most gifted among even his peers. This is essentially the case with Dr. Holmes.

Fanny. What are his chief characteristics, then?

Mrs. Smith. The rare union, I should say, of the keenly observing and the deeply contemplative nature. There are thoughts, Truths expressed in his poetry, such as only come out of the deep quarries of the mind; while glancing over all are to be found the finest and most frolicsome fancies, a wit sharpened to satire, but never dipping its point in venom, and the whole sustained as it were by the strong wing of an imagination that never falters, and never is inconsistent with itself.

Fanny. He must be really a great poet.

Mrs. Smith. I think he is. For besides his great natural gifts, we can clearly trace high cultivation, and that care and finish which only those who make Literature their luxury and recreation, are likely to bestow on their works in these days when authorship is a trade, and "work" is paid for by its quantity. Let me read you this short poem of "The Ploughman;" it is a fair example of polished verse enshrining some exquisite thoughts—

THE PLOUGHMAN.

(ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 4TH, 1849.)

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still, where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hill-side, where the labouring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labour brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings:
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, O, heaven-commanded toil,
That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil!

O, gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O, our Mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed:
By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere
Last to dissolve, and first to reappear;

* THE POETICAL WORKS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. First English Edition.—(Routledge and Co.)

By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

Fanny. A beautiful poem. But I thought, cousin, you disliked the heroic couplet.

Mrs. Smith. So I do generally—I suppose because such an infinite quantity of inflated bombast, antiquated sentiment, and twaddle, has been written in it. But I perceive the measure is a favourite one with Dr. Holmes, and he uses it so well that I am reconciled to it in his hands. To the book itself I must refer you for his longer and grander poems, “*Astræa*,” “*Urania*,” and others, which are full of subtle and beautiful thoughts, and pervaded by the finest imagery—there are lines in them fit to be texts for ever. His comic pieces, which are very numerous, have a sly, quaint humour of their own, that defies description. Here is “*Evening*,” as supposed to be viewed by a tailor—

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young Ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors:
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom—I can feel
With all around me—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

Fanny. What a crowd of quaint conceits! Poor tailors, why are they always to be the butt for ridicule?

Mrs. Smith. Indeed I cannot answer you myself. I have the greatest respect for the useful and honourable fraternity, and so I dare say has Dr. Holmes; but the cabbage in its “green surtout,” and Nature babbling of her “hidden pockets,” must have been irresistible to the wit.

Fanny. I have been greatly charmed with Grace Greenwood's Poems.*

Mrs. Smith. They are indeed worthy of all admiration. And yet, as I believe, they have not hitherto been published in England. Except Mrs. Browning, whose genius shines apart like a star, and must belong to all time, I know no living poetess worthy quite to rank by the side of the lady who has chosen for her *nom de plume* the title of Grace Greenwood. In her productions, what the world is accustomed to call a man's grasp of thought, is allied to that tremulous ineffable tenderness which is too commonly the sole or chief charm of feminine poetry, but which here is only one of many excellencies. Grace Greenwood is known also in America as a prose writer of consideration and eminence. A hearty hater of the false, the mean, and the unjust, in whatever guise they present themselves, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm with which she has thrown her talents into the great questions which have agitated society. Her prose style is vigorous and flowing, and some of her short stories—especially those dashed with humour—are masterpieces of their kind.

Fanny. How commonly humour and pathos are joined!

Mrs. Smith. Always, one might say; if we distinguish genial humour, that plays its lambent flame without scorching, from mere steel-cold wit. It is humour racy and genuine that Grace Greenwood possesses, and which seems a twin with her pathos. Certainly she has the power of reaching the heart, touching it with a few words sometimes, as if a single sentence were a wand to open the portals of her own

* POEMS BY GRACE GREENWOOD.—(Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

mind to her readers, and let them see the riches within. One feels to know and love the author while reading her poems; so spiritual are they, so opposed to the dead materialism which from certain quarters presses very heavily on our literature. Critics may differ about the eminence to which she has attained; but none, we think, will doubt that she belongs to the highest school—the lowest form of which is, in my opinion, a nobler place than the teacher's chair of any other.

Fanny. How hard it is to make people who do not intuitively feel these distinctions understand them!

Mrs. Smith. Almost hopeless, it seems. And yet I have had the satisfaction more than once of leading some of my acquaintance away from the false gods of poetry. But *repenons* to Grace Greenwood's volume. The verses entitled "Assurance" are to my taste exquisitely beautiful.

ASSURANCE.

When she thou lov'st seems cold, ah, do not chide!
The frost of manner chill to thy desire
Is like the light snow wreathing Hecla's side;
Beneath burns on the ever-living fire.

Not to all gazers may her thought unroll,
Like a gay pennon to the winds unfurled;
Nor the dear secret of her inmost soul
By glance and blush be flamed upon the world.

Though veiled her glad eyes 'neath their lids eclipse
At the near step which makes her heart rejoice—
Though all unshaken are her rose-leaf lips
By passion-gusts that sweep along thy voice,

Distrust thou not the calm of her high dreams;
Slow and so still the stars above thee glide;
'Tis but the false lights glimmering down the streams
That sway and tremble to the eddying tide.

And turn thou not unsatisfied away,
Albeit no sound thy thirsting ear hath heard,
Save her hushed breath's deep flowing, as she lay
Becalmed upon thy heart, and spoke no word.

Ah! murmur not that she hath given nought
To stay thy soul's great hunger, though thou art
Faint for the fond name and honeyed thought
Stored in the secret places of her heart.

Thou'st seen a rose, pale, drooping toward the ground,
By showers of heaven too suddenly oppressed;
Thus droopeth she, the sweets of speech all drowned
In the large love which overflows her breast.

Fanny. I was much struck with these lines; they suggest even more than they express—a great merit, I think. I also like extremely a little poem included among Valentines, and addressed

TO A REFORMER.

"Enthusiast," "Dreamer"—such the names
Thine age bestows on thee,
For that great nature, going forth
In world-wide sympathy;

For the vision clear, the spirit brave,
The honest heart and warm,
And the voice which swells the battle-cry
Of Freedom and Reform!

Yet, for thy fearless manliness,
When weak time-servers throng—
Thy chivalrous defence of right,
Thy bold rebuke of wrong,
And for the flame of liberty,
Heaven-kindled in thy breast,
Which thou hast fed like sacred fire—
A blessing on thee rest!

'Tis said thy spirit knoweth not
Its times of calm and sleeping,
That ever are its restless thoughts
Like wild waves onward leaping:
Then may its flashing waters
Be tranquil never more—
They are "troubled" by an angel,
Like the sacred pool of yore.

Mrs. Smith. That last simile is truly beautiful, but I suspect we should sum up at least half the volume, were we to cite our favourites. "Darkened Hours" and "The Dream" alone contain as much of the essence of high poetry, as would suffice for many a writer's whole stock in trade.

Fanny. And now tell me about this wonderful Slave Story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."*

Mrs. Smith. Wonderful you may indeed call it. I think it so great a book, that it is hardly too much to say it must give the death-blow to slavery. It is no romance, for the facts on which it is founded are mournfully and miserably true; but then these facts, instead of being boldly related, are placed by the touch of genius in a picturesque and dramatic form. It is a story of slave life in America, and no exaggerated one-sided view; for the most favourable aspect as well as the darkest is shown, and there is deep philosophy in the argument Mrs. Stowe uses, that there is even an evil in the fact that there are some kind-hearted, merciful slave-holders; for were the system more commonly beheld in all the enormity which exists under ignorant brutal masters in remote plantations, a Christian people would rise like one man to sweep away the crime and the shame. Be it remembered, that the darkest iniquities which are perpetrated in the slave states, all come within the letter of the law; for if a slave be flogged, or otherwise tortured to death, no legal punishment can touch his master, unless there is some white witness of the act, the evidence of the unhappy negroes being inadmissible.

Fanny. Worse even than the bodily sufferings seem to me the mental agonies which are inflicted upon the poor slaves, in the separation of families. Infants plucked from their mother's

* UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, NEGRO LIFE IN THE SLAVE STATES OF AMERICA' By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Reprinted verbatim from the Tenth American Edition.—(Clarke and Co.)

arms; young daughters from their early homes; husbands and wives separated.

Mrs. Smith. Yes, and with less pity than an Englishwoman feels for a dog that has to change its master. And these slaves many of them have obtained education, and moral culture, and are Christians.

Fanny. And belong to a race whose affectionateness is one of their leading characteristics!

Mrs. Smith. Even so. Every woman should read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that she may have her knowledge of the subject of slavery enlarged, and her sympathies deepened, so that she may have ready arguments against any possible sophistries from the excusers of the system. As a story of real life, this book is one of absorbing interest; and I have been remarkably struck with the individuality the author has conferred upon each of her sable personages. We white folks are too apt to look upon negroes as all alike, as characterless machines made for toil and service; but the distinct delineations of Mrs. Stowe bear internal evidence of their fidelity to nature, and dear "Uncle Tom," and Chloe, and Adolph and Dinah, and Topsy, and poor Mammy, and the wretched Prue—whose life to contemplate is like looking down into a pit of Pandemonium—are all flesh-and-blood realities, fellow-creatures as real and distinct as the most living characters of Shakspeare or Scott. Nor are the slave owners and their families sketched with a feeble pencil. Marie St. Clare is the type of a vain, unreflecting, self-indulgent woman, who is a curse to her dependants, and life's bitterest misfortune to her husband and children. St. Clare himself, with his generous impulses, indolence, and procrastination, is a too common character. The Shelbys are perfectly real people; and Miss Ophelia—a genuine high-principled old maid, *not* wax to receive new impressions, but marble to retain all those that are good—is drawn to the life.

Fanny. The work has had an enormous sale, I believe.

Mrs. Smith. One unprecedented, I should think, something like fifty thousand copies having been sold within two months. This very fact is a proof that anxiety and interest are felt on the subject; and give it but fair play, and there is every hope that, however demoralized slave owners may have become by the long usage of evil habit, the day will arrive when America will arise and shake this great shame from her. Even the fugitive slave bill, which seems, and is, so cruel, may work out a holy purpose, by exhibiting in the free states of the North, in stronger relief than they else might have seen, the agonies and the horrors of the South.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE GARDEN, THE GROVE, AND THE FIELD: A GARLAND OF THE MONTHS. By Mary Milner.—(London: *Whittaker and Co.* Bath: *Binns and Goodwin.*)

This is a very agreeable volume on the inexhaustible theme—natural history; showing intimate knowledge of the subject, and conveying it in a very fascinating manner. As the title may suggest, the chapters represent months; and from the snow-drop round again to the mistletoe, we have a description of the flowers and berries which grace the garden, or grow wild in the wood. The habits of birds, beasts, and insects are also carefully noted; and the work may be honestly recommended as an entertaining and instructive production, particularly suitable as a gift-book for the young.

EVERY-DAY ASTRONOMY; OR, PRACTICAL LESSONS ON THE CELESTIAL SPHERE. By Berenice Gazewell.—(London: *Whittaker and Co.* Bath: *Binns and Goodwin.*)—This is a book more likely than any with which we are acquainted to facilitate the first steps in the study of the sublime science of Astronomy. In saying this, we do not mean to class it among very elementary works, having a shrewd suspicion that a vast number of people who pass in the world for well informed, might derive instruction from it; but the author begins at the beginning, and her explanations are clear and distinct. Her teaching is further elucidated with plates, and being thrown into the form of dialogue, affords the opportunity for objections to be offered and answered. We think it a pity, however, that the speakers are not either designated by name—as we find in a printed drama—or marked by the use of inverted commas; the absence of such distinction, though little more than a typographical omission, certainly sometimes confuses the sense, and we advise the author to consider our hint when preparing her second edition.

A MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. By J. B. Wright.—(London: *Whittaker and Co.* Bath: *Binns and Goodwin.*)

Profound students of history will be the best able to judge how much learning and research are required in the compilation of a volume like this, which of course is chiefly to be considered as a guide to more elaborate works. It appears to us to answer this purpose very admirably, conveying a considerable amount of information in a clear and interesting manner; and with sufficient word-painting and anecdote to lead the youthful reader on less as a task than as recreative reading. An appendix comprises some observations on Layard's recent discoveries at Nineveh.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE OPERAS.

The Opera houses are about closing after a season by some degrees less remarkable than any we have seen for several years. It is understood, and indeed announced, that Mr. Lumley withdraws from the management of Her Majesty's Theatre; whether the result of his secession will be some energetic management to rival the Royal Italian Opera, or an amalgamation of the two interests, time alone will show. Undoubtedly the public have benefited by the struggles for supremacy between the rival houses; but whether two establishments of this description can be made remunerative, even in the greatest metropolis in the world, remains an undecided question. The latest noticeable event at the Royal Italian Opera has been the appearance of Madame Grisi in Meyerbeer's "Prophète." It is a most hateful system that one particular actress or singer should be considered to appropriate to herself, as if they were real personal property, certain characters because she has embodied them successfully, and the well deserved triumph of Madame Grisi, in the famous rôle of *Fides*, has gathered laurels for her own crown, without at all robbing the wreath of its accustomed representative, Madame Viardot.

THE THEATRES.

THE HAYMARKET.—This pretty theatre has closed for a while, after a most prosperous season, concluding with Mr. F. Webster's benefit. Mr. Buckstone's comic drama of "The Foundlings," and "Keeley Worried by Buckstone," were continued to the closing night: a petite comedy by the manager was also played during the greater part of the month, and will doubtless be reproduced: it is entitled "A Novel Expedient." The story is that of a young couple, *Charles Moore* (Mr. Howe) and his wife *Maria* (Mrs. Stirling): the harmony of their early wedded life is marred by the constant presence of the husband's intimate friend, *Harry Damon* (Mr. Leigh Murray), whose protracted visit robbing the wife of her husband's society, she conceives the most violent aversion for him, and in spite of the earnest entreaties of her husband, his reasoning, caresses, and entreaties, the lady, convinced that the presence of a third person adds nothing to her happiness, resolves to get rid of the friend. By the advice of a maiden-aunt, who refers her to a certain story in "Gil Blas," she hits upon the "novel expedient" of making violent love to the friend, declaring that her peace is ruined if he remains in the house. He is about to depart; and *Marie* is triumphing in the success of her stratagems, when unfortunately, he stumbles on the letter which has suggested the study of "Gil Blas," and referring to the same chapter, discovers the secret of the scene which has just occurred; and, bent on giving *Marie* a lesson,

makes love to her in return, and despite the horror and astonishment she exhibits at his conduct, declares he will never leave her. He is on his knees before her when the husband rushes in, and the scene that ensues may be imagined better than described. Of course an *éclaircissement* follows, and the lady ends by being convinced that friendship is compatible with love. How far the ladies may thank Mr. Webster for thus giving their opponents an insight into the secret recesses of their hearts may possibly be a question; nevertheless, we may admit that there is a good deal of moral in the comedy. The acting was excellent. Mrs. Stirling's versatile powers were exhibited in perfection in the rapid alternations of affected passion and triumphal self-gratulation in her temporary success. Mr. Howe, as the husband, and Mr. Leigh Murray, as the friend, also played their parts admirably. On the 17th, a new piece was brought out—apparently an adaptation from the French—entitled "Our New Ladies' Maid;" it introduced to the boards of the Haymarket an actress (Mrs. Temple) who made a promising *debut* at one of the minor theatres. At present she is scarcely sufficiently at home on the stage to do herself justice; but probably, with careful study and the judicious training she is sure to have at this theatre, she may rise into eminence.

At the **ADELPHI** a severe accident which happened to Mrs. Keeley compelled "Jack Sheppard" to be postponed; and the frequenters of this theatre have been entertained with several of the old favourites. "Paul Pry," "The Mother and Child are doing well," and "Mephistopheles," have attracted good houses notwithstanding the heat of the weather; and the promised appearance of Mrs. Keeley, shortly, will doubtless be hailed with delight by hundreds.—M.

MUSIC.

CAPRICE DU BAL VALSE. By Mrs. Blayney Walsh. (Dublin: Marcus Moses. London: 40, Fleet-street.)

This is a pleasing and elegant production, the composition of an accomplished amateur, who, for musical knowledge and natural taste and invention, might fairly enter the lists with many a professional composer.

LONDON. Song. The Words by Francis Bennoch, Esq.; composed, and dedicated to Sir Henry Bishop, by James Wild. (*Shepherd, Newgate-street; Williams, Cheapside, &c.*)

Mr. Bennoch's fine poem "London" appeared so recently in our pages, that we need do little more than announce to our readers that it is here set to a most appropriate and spirited melody. Mr. Wild's accompaniment is effective and musician-like; and the song deserves the extended popularity we feel sure it will meet. It has already been sung by Mr. Leffler and other professional vocalists.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR AUGUST.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

True, the fair votaries of the *Mode* have all deserted their beloved Paris. Who that wended his weary way through the glare and sun and dust that now render it hardly habitable, and saw the utter absence of fair dames in their fresh and *soignées* toilets, of well dressed cavaliers, and miniature dandies and *élégantes*, ranging from three years old upwards, could imagine that from this "deserted city" emanated all the thousand-and-one *fantasies* of taste and elegance that render it, from time immemorial, the temple especially selected by the capricious and absolute goddess of Fashion to place her throne? And yet, though all her subjects have, for the time, fled her court, she does not resent their desertion; she occupies herself as busily as ever in their behalf, and as her genius is essentially creative, she employs herself in inventing—or rather modifying that she has already invented, according to the nature of the retreats they have selected, and the changes of temperature that an unusually capricious season render it highly necessary to study.

For the country, *proprement dit*, there are three styles; the morning *déshabillé*, the *toilette de visite*, and the *Amazon*. To begin at the beginning: there is the *déshabillé à la Montpensier* and the *déshabillé à la Pompadour*; the first is in the style *Louis XIII.*; it is composed generally of *piqué blanc*, embroidered or braided, of *jaconas* sprigged, or white *jaconas* trimmed with *broderie Anglaise*. In the first named material it consists of a skirt, *veste à basquines*, and *gilet*, without other trimming than the embroidery or *soutache*; in the second, the skirt and *veste* are flounced.

The *déshabillé à la Pompadour* is in *jaconas à ramages*; on the skirt is one deep flounce, bordered at the bottom with four little *volants tuyautés*, and surmounted by a full *ruche* of the material. The *caraco*, long in the waist, terminates in a similar trimming, resembling a second flounce. With both these dresses are worn *galathées*, or *capellines*, that is to say, round hats, in fancy straw, or straw mixed with *crin* or *aloes*, trimmed simply with a broad ribbon and *nœud à bouts flattés*, or a wreath or half-wreath of wild flowers.

The afternoon, or visiting dress, differs but little in style from that worn in Paris previous to the transmigration of the *beau monde*, except of course that the immense difference of temperature causes a corresponding change of materials. Silks are almost entirely abandoned in behalf of *gazes popelines* and *cristallisées*, *tarlatan*, *écossaises*, transparent and India muslins, *organdis imprimés*, and *barèges*. The *corsages* are almost all cut straight, *montant* and *froncé*, the waist round and *à ceinture*, the skirts flounced, but the flounces having little fullness: the general rule is, that where the skirt has five breadths, six are allowed for the flounces.

It is needless to say that with these dresses, bonnets the most light, the most *vaporeux* that can be put together by mortal hands are worn; wonderful

things of *tulle*, of gauze, of lace, of straw and *crin*, light and transparent as *guipure*, with soft, downy plumes or *parsemés* with flowers, sit like butterflies on the heads of their wearers, while *mantelets* of lace, *tulle*, or embroidered muslin, or *guipure d'aujourd'hui* complete the costume. I had forgotten to state in its proper place that with the *déshabillés* before described, the *mantelet* is always in *taffetas*, with a *ruche* or *volants* of the same material, or a broad velvet; it is *montant*, and has a *capuchon froncé*, which may be put over the head and drawn round the face in a very pretty and becoming manner.

The *Amazon* is, I think in general, too fantastic for English taste: I maintain that the proper riding costume, while modified to a certain degree by the reigning style, ought to preserve a strict simplicity and exquisite neatness to be in good taste, and that light colours, showy cuts, laces, and embroideries, are quite out of place, embarrassing to the rider, and contrary to the rules of true elegance.

The *toilettes* for the sea-side differ a little from those of the country in the colours and materials. Generally speaking, the coast towns principally visited by the *haute société*, Dieppe, Boulogne, Havre, &c., are rather hot in the day time, but towards evening a fresh breeze springs up, and as this is the moment commonly selected for the promenade, silk dresses of not too light or *coyote* colours are in the best taste. *Chapeaux de paille d'Italie* accompany this style of dress remarkably well, and though no novelty, nothing is more elegant, more *grande dame*, or better suited to any gown than a bonnet of this description, trimmed with white feathers. It is one of those things which from its intrinsic good taste, and simple elegance, can never be out of fashion, and is always *bien portée*; and what a world of meaning does that phrase convey to French ears! Let a dress be ever so fantastically pretty, ever so becoming, ever so coquettishly attractive—if it be not *bien porté*, that is to say, not worn, not adopted, not acknowledged by a certain class, whose position, whose task, whose authority in such matters, gives them a right to dictate, it is discarded without mercy, and falls to the lot of a widely different class—a class whose style is the very antipodes of being *bien porté*.

Berthes are beginning to make their re-appearance a little; they are rather narrow, and very *fournis* with *bouillonnés*, lace, ribbons, &c., and generally terminate with two full *volants* of lace, and a large *nœud* in front.

The flowers most in favour are simple—*pervenches*, *marguerites* &c.; branches of *laburnum* for bonnets are extremely elegant and graceful; a charming trimming consists of *farfadets* of flowers, that is to say, small blossoms closely mounted on a wire, so as to form, as it were, a *ruche* of flowers; these dividing *bouillonnés* of *tulle* on a *capote* have a beautiful effect.



THE GARDEN.—AUGUST.

"Oh! 'tis a goodly sight, and fair,
To see the fields their produce bear,
Waved by the breeze's lingering wing,
So thick they seem to laugh and sing,
And call the heart to feel delight,
Rejoicing in the bounteous sight;
And call the reaper's skilful hand
To cull the riches of the land."

MANT.

PLANT HOUSES.

The stock of Chinese Primroses will now require particular attention, and must be grown on in a liberal manner. The seedling plants will now be ready for another shift: give them plenty of room in the cold pits, and keep them shaded from the sun at noon. Be sure that the drainage is perfect. Cinerarias which have been standing out of doors to perfect their seeds should now have the flower stems cut off, to induce a good crop of suckers. The earliest plants, headed some time past, will be ready for division: shake them out of the old soil, and divide the roots into single pieces with only one growing shoot; select the strongest, and pot them in four-inch pots, and place in a cool frame or pit, and keep them shaded until well established. Go over the stock of Calceolarias, placed, as formerly recommended, under a north wall, and remove the flower stems from all which it is desirable to retain, and throw the rest to the rubbish heap. The seedling plants on the north border will now be advancing into full bloom, and should be carefully watched to see that the best varieties do not weaken themselves by over-flowering; they may also be crossed with each other, and will produce seed for autumn sowing, by which means a season is saved. Plants of *Lilium lancifolium* standing in a sheltered place may now be removed to the conservatory to expand the bloom: let them have plenty of water. *Achimenes* and *Gloxinias* in full bloom may now be removed to the conservatory. *Begonia Martyniana* should also be placed there. Plants in cold pits or out of doors should have a good syringing every evening. The present is a good time to go over the stock of *Camellias* in pots: examine thoroughly the state of the drainage, and also the roots: a shift may be afforded to such as are pot-bound, but, as a general rule, keep the roots rather cramped than otherwise.

FORCING HOUSES.

The late fine weather has been favourable to these houses in every way; the principal care required has been to secure a good supply of ventilation, to prevent scorching, and for growing plants such as successional Pineapples, late Vines, and Figs, to shut up early, and create a growing moist atmosphere. Pineapples, Vines, and Peaches, ripening off fruit, will be best with a good supply of air, and a drier atmosphere.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Roses are still objects of attraction, and will require great attention to preserve them in beauty as long as possible. Standards and dwarfs may be kept well supplied with water and liquid manure.

Climbers have thrown out a great number of strong succulent shoots; these should be cut out, unless required to fill up vacancies, in which case let them be secured to the wall or trellis. Where the flowers are quite decayed the trees will be benefited by a strong syringing, unless we get heavy rains. Follow up vigorously the budding of stocks, and do not let them want for water. Take care that hollyhocks are securely staked in time, as they are very liable to be broken off by high winds. Dahlias will also require the same attention. Use one good strong centre stake, and three or four smaller ones for the branches. Lay traps for earwigs in time. Cut off the flowering stems from white and purple double rockets, to induce a good supply of young shoots for future division. Train and peg out bedding plants generally, and apply stakes to *Phloxes*; also to *Salvias*, and most of the advancing plants for autumn blooming.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

The principal operation here is to keep the superabundant growth in check, and the wood well nailed-in. From what I can see of the present state of things, there will be a great amount of unripened wood, involving the necessity of keeping the trees as thin of wood as possible, and the remainder well nailed-in to give it the full benefit of solar influences. Apricots and Peaches, although a good crop set and swelled up to the stoning point, have lately been falling off by dozens, so that there will not be one-third of an average crop. I find that Peaches which were treated with liquid manure at the time I recommended in a former calendar, are in a very superior state as regards both fruit and wood to others not so treated.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Make a sowing of Cabbage for autumn use: also get in the first of the main sowing of Turnips for autumn and winter use. Keep up successional sowings of Lettuces, Radishes, and Endive; also Spinach. See also that a bed is thrown up for the winter Spinach to be sown early next month. Make up all vacancies in the beds of Broccoli and Winter Greens, and plant out any which remain as ground becomes vacant. See that there is a sufficiency of Celery planted out for the main crops; if not, lose no time. That which is already established should have plenty of water and liquid manure. Examine the state of growing crops generally, and, if water is required, let it be applied copiously. Throw up beds roughly for sowing Cabbage for winter in a few weeks: also for American Cress. This hot sun will do the ground as much good as severe frost. Keep Tomatoes nailed. C.

NEW AND RARE PLANT.

CEDRELLA CANA (Hook.)—Labiateæ (Bot. Mag., Dec., 1851.)—A



herbaceous perennial border plant, growing from 2½ to 3 feet in height, with numerous opposite square pubescent branches, and small entire ovate, or ovate lanceolate leaves, which are larger towards the base, where they become cordate-ovate, sometimes hastate, rather obtuse at the apex, and dentate, or dentato-serrate at the margins, except near the point; whorls of flowers in axillary racemes, deep red. This species is distinguished by its entirely glaucous stem, occasioned by a minute hoary pubescence. Native of New Mexico, where it was found by Mr. C. Cedronella cana (reduced). Wright. Introduced in 1851. Flowers in summer. From the rosy purple colour of its flowers, and the fragrance of its leaves, it forms a very desirable border plant.

THE TRANSMISSION OF FOREIGN SEEDS IN SOIL.—At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Botanic Society, Mr. M'Nab read a paper in which

he stated that he had been long in the belief that the transmission of fruits and seeds in a fit state for germination would be better accomplished by being packed in soil than by any other known method. This experiment was fully tested by himself during 1834, when he brought over the seeds of many of the rarer American oaks and other trees in boxes filled with soil, while portions of the same kinds of seeds packed, both in brown paper and cloth bags, were, in many instances, totally useless. The method he adopted for the American tree-seeds, was as follows:—He purchased several strong deal boxes about 14 inches in diameter, and made of three-quarter inch wood. He afterwards procured a quantity of soil taken from a depth of eight or ten inches under the surface so as to possess only a natural dampness. A layer of the soil two inches deep was placed on the bottom of the boxes, above which a layer of seeds was distributed; another layer of soil and then seed, and so on till the boxes were full; the whole was pressed very firmly down, when the lids were nailed on, allowing no possible room to shake about. When they reached Edinburgh, December, 1834, the seeds and soil were sown over the surface of shallow pans and boxes. During the following spring they grew freely; while of those brought home in the paper and cloth bags, comparatively few of the varieties grew, the acorns being without an exception perforated with insects. The kinds which grew were from four to five weeks later of vegetating than those brought home in soil. Acorns brought home in a box of sphagnum moss, after the superfluous moisture had been wrung from it, were equally successful with those in soil.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.B.Y.Z.—The Ladies' Guild progresses steadily. Ladies who have once learned the art of painting on glass can work for the Guild in the country; but no other of the works of the Guild can be done out of the Institution. The name and address of the Manager are—J. B. Wood, Esq., 4, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

ACCEPTED: Fritz.

DECLINED, WITH THANKS: W.T.

A.M.J.—"The Daisy, the Poet's Love: after the Danish of H. C. Andersen," is not without merit; but we have no room for long poems unless they are of a very superior character.

ELIZA W.—We regret that we cannot comply with your request and publish the mode of working the crest you have sent us; but if you will apply to AIGUILLETTE, 126, Albany-street, Regent-street, she will be happy to attend to your commission privately.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The address of the Editor of the "United Service Gazette," is No. 6, Wellington-street South, Strand.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR sends us the following scraps, original and selected:—

Epitaph on a writing-master.

He flourished in the 16th century.

To Mrs. Rule, a lady who has a large family of sons, but no daughter.

Yours is a happy destiny—

Your boys are all at school—

And, in your youthful family,

It seems there's no Miss Rule.

Ridicule is the dry-rot of society. (L.E.L.)

What two figures are those which, added to 71, will lessen the amount?

ANAGRAMS.

Prince Regent G.R. in pretence.

Real Fun Funeral.

Golden Land Old England.

Moon Stagers Astronomers.

Fat Bakers Breakfast.

Rare mad frolic Radical Reform.

No more stars Astronomers.

Great Helps Telegraphs.

Sycophants Sophy cants.

I am an unreal Plant Annual Parliament.

Though conscience be not strong enough to guide, it still has strength to dart a sting.

CHARADE.

My First is a preposition,

My Second a composition,

My Whole an acquisition.

THE LONELY MAID.

Miss Thompson kept no serving-maid, so when she gave a "rout,"

Miss Wiggins lent her Abigail to hand the tea about.

Now this arrangement chafed the borrowed nymph, for, be it known,

Her kitchen was a boarded one—Miss Thompson's was of stone:

Her looks bespoke her wretchedness—she felt she was a loan!

People sometimes try to convince from mere love of victory; but they seldom take the trouble to persuade without some other motive.

Why is a hired landau no landau?

When Richardson was asked why he made *Clarissa* so unhappy, "It is because I could never forgive her for leaving her father's house," was his reply.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

THE WRONG RING FINGER.

A TALE OF TOKENS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

I.

The old town of Appleby was a borough of some note, at least to its Parliamentary representative, till the passing of the Reform Bill; which occurrence is said to have made the inhabitants, man, woman, and child, high Tories for many a year. But long before a Reform Bill was dreamt of, Appleby was, as it is still, an antiquated village, known as their assize town to all the dwellers on the wild fells and pastoral valleys of Westmoreland. The chiefs of its gentility at that period were the Jacksons, a family who occupied a comfortable-looking brick house, with green palings and flowers in front, situated at the foot of the main street, and almost among the fields, on a spot where antiquaries believed a Roman temple to the rural gods had stood, long centuries ago, when the town had a Latin name. Mr. Jackson had been Mayor of Appleby, and owned property enough to retain a considerable farm under his own management, besides having two or three respectable tenants. Mrs. Jackson's family had been allied to some of the local gentry, and she was a noted house-keeper of the profitable order. Their neighbours regarded both as examples of thrift, without its too frequent drawbacks of grasping or stinginess; they kept a respectable and rather stylish house for that locality, and were known to be a friendly, hospitable, good-natured pair, whose views, at least in this world, were bounded by an exalted match for their only daughter Diana—more universally known as Die—and the proper maintenance of what seemed to them their unalienable consequence.

There was another of their household who came next to Diana in the thoughts of the parent pair. This was Clara, also an only daughter, but an orphan; the child of the ex-Mayor's younger brother, who, being put to business in Leeds, with a singular stock of worldly wisdom and the promise of a long, money-making life, had opened his own warehouse, married respectably, and died just in time to leave his entire capital staked on a mercantile speculation, with the exception of a few hundreds which he had prudently vested in a city fund, as the commencement of Clara's fortune. His widow was

inconsolable for some time, but she married his London salesman within the year, at which *mésalliance* the Mayor of Appleby signified his indignation by carrying home his young niece while the pair were on their bridal tour; and as her father's speculation turned out a total failure, and sundry sisters and brothers came in quick succession to fill the house at Leeds, Clara was allowed to form one of the Jacksons; from that time forward, her mother taking no further note of the girl's existence, than by writing her an affectionate letter always about Midsummer, and coming to see her every Christmas; for the woman and her husband kept perpetually poor, and Jackson had forgiven her long ago.

He and his wife early agreed that it was a special work of Providence to send Clara home as a playmate and companion for their little lonely Diana; and as the girls grew up like sisters in their house, it seemed to them that they had indeed two daughters. The father, on all fitting occasions, reiterated a vow of providing for his niece, and the mother never bought Diana so much as a ribbon without a similar purchase for Clara. Thus—dressed and regarded in all respects alike—the girls had gone to school, to church, and to country parties together; each was by this time a grown Miss Jackson, and had an equal share in the assistance of Mrs. Jackson's domestic government; though, to do that good lady justice, it was but a small one, for she committed little to deputies. It is possible that surrounding bachelors might have been alive to a prospective difference in their portions, but neighbours in general saw little distinction between the dependent cousin and the heiress daughter of the house, except in the annual visit of that goodly matron, now far advanced in the shabby genteel, with her husband, looking more subdued and careworn every Christmas, and their chaise load of little boys and girls.

Yet there was between Diana and her cousin a radical difference of character, and even appearance, which no similarity of education could efface. Diana was a rosy brunette, who liked gay colours, new fashions, and all of life that glittered, let it be gold or not; she had a natural vocation for playing the country belle, would

shine at any risk, and the highway to her favour was unlimited admiration. Clara had a more serious look, and a fainter colour in her fair face; country neighbours thought her "over delicate to do much good," but Mrs. Jackson knew that she was more active and cheerful in the house than her own daughter, though Diana could dance the longer, and had higher spirits at rustic ball or merry-making. The lasting and the useful always took Clara's attention, while the showy captivated her cousin. Her memory clung to old kindness and associations, while Diana's mind was given up to the novelty or fair words of the hour; and, as a natural consequence of character as well as position, Clara was most liked, and Diana most flattered.

II.

No inhabitant of Appleby better understood, or could descant more fully on this contrast, than Mrs. Bisset, the widow of its former rector, who, having a small annuity and no children, occupied a rose and woodbine covered cottage nearly opposite Mr. Jackson's house, in which she had been intimate since her coming to the parish, being a distant relative on the lady's side. Mrs. Bisset might be described as a neat, talkative old lady in black; she kept a precise servant-maid, an errand-boy, and a flower garden, the superintendence of which trio was her daily occupation, while her amusement consisted in discussing their genealogical tree with Mrs. Jackson (a subject to which that busy dame was also partial), delivering opinions on dress and other small matters to the girls, and judiciously comparing the merits of two absent nephews.

With one of these gentlemen the townspeople were tolerably acquainted. Neville Garth, concerning whom it was his aunt's conviction that he would never make a figure in this world for want of assurance, was a barrister just beginning to be known in legal practice, and regarded as no convenient rival by his brethren of the robe; but the promise of his youth was somewhat encumbered by a mother and six senior sisters, who kept a small seminary for young ladies in York, the deficiencies of which he was expected to make up for the present, and provide for the entire family in futurity.

What hope Neville had of fulfilling that expectation, not even his aunt could tell; but he had often visited her in vacation times, and all Appleby knew him to be a light-hearted and clever, though unusually prudent, young man, with a small, energetic frame, a keen eye, very economical equipments, and a remarkable promptitude in business.

The senior Jacksons esteemed him highly, though, like most well-doing people, they had never been at law. According to the popular theory of virtue rewarded, Mrs. J. was wont to maintain that he would be made a Lord Chancellor yet, for dutiful conduct to his family. It was the only point ever known to be debated between her and his aunt, in whose eyes all Neville's talents and good qualities sank into utter insignificance compared with those of Ray-

mond Wharton, a nephew in the West Indies, whom she had never seen, and heard of only by frequent, but rather irregular, letters. Raymond was properly her grand-nephew, having descended from an elder sister, who, when Mrs. Bisset was still very young, had emigrated with her husband to Jamaica, whence she never returned, but lived and died a complete West Indian. One of her sons married into the family of a wealthy Spanish planter, and Raymond was his child. He was said to be the heir of great estates, but his relations in Britain had heard little of him, and as an African vein ran in the family, those old-fashioned country people never cared to inquire; but of late years he had made himself known to Mrs. Bisset (who happened to be his nearest surviving relative) by letter, and, with the assistance of an occasional but trifling present, their correspondence had grown on the whole extremely affectionate.

Next to exhibiting her roses and carnations, it was the greatest glory of Mrs. Bisset's life to run over with his letters, and read them to the Jacksons. They spoke of such grand voyages on the Spanish Main, and tours in South America, which he was always making, as his aunt remarked, like a real West Indian gentleman; gave such charming descriptions of lovely islands full of paroquets and orange trees, of great towns, and rich churches, in which gold and diamonds appeared the most abundant of all goods, and related so many witty sayings and clever doings of his own, that Mrs. Bisset declared her instinctive dread of all the girls in Appleby falling in love with him; as a brief letter, which reached her when the woodbine was shedding its last leaves, formally announced that, in answer to her repeated invitations, Raymond might be expected at the cottage early in the following year. The old lady's preparations were manifold, for she was slightly fussy; her neighbours saw and naturally caught her excitement, and in the coming of the great West Indian nephew nobody thought of Neville Garth, whose accustomed visits had been prevented, by one mishap after another, for the last few seasons; and who, by accident or design, found it most convenient to promise his presence about the same period.

III.

Diana shared largely in the general anticipation. Half her talk at least consisted of wondering what Raymond Wharton would be like, and if he were really as great and as clever as Mrs. Bisset believed him. Clara wondered too, but she had another subject of expectation. Both the girls remembered young Garth—how he had put up a swing for them on the garden trees long ago, when they were little more than children, and he was but a law student—how cheerful he had made their tea-table in later winter evenings—how he used to see them home from all manner of country assemblies, after finding their cloaks and shawls, and perhaps Clara remembered that he always found her first.

"What a change he will find in us!" said

Diana, adjusting her new silk spencer at the glass, in full preparation for a friendly tea-drinking, in honour of the West Indian's arrival, when Clara reminded her that Neville Garth also existed, and had reached the cottage the same afternoon.

"I can't think so," said her cousin. "It is but two years since we saw him."

"Oh, yes; but two years make great alterations," responded Diana, with another look at her spencer. "I wonder how Neville will look beside Raymond Wharton."

Here the active Mrs. Jackson broke in with a demand if the girls were ready, for lengthy dressing was a sin not to be forgiven in her eyes, and they hurried after the senior pair to Mrs. Bisset's. That was a great evening in her cottage parlour; its gay paper and well polished picture-frames looked still brighter in the radiance of two wax candles and a clear coal fire; for though the redbreast had been heard singing before sunset in the garden, there was nothing but snowdrops there yet, and the night had fallen with one of those keen frosts so frequent about the beginning of February.

The Jacksons found all within as splendid as Mrs. Bisset and her precise maid could make it. The round table stood forth with the widow's best china in complete array. She had assumed her black mode gown. Neville seemed to have got a new coat for the occasion; and there arose from the arm-chair of state, to be introduced and welcomed, a tall muscular young man, with intensely black eyes and hair, complexion, and features, in which some distant alliance with the negro race might be detected, a suit of the newest London cut, and an amount of brooches, rings, and chains sufficient to eclipse for ever the shop of their village jeweller.

The fault which Mrs. Bisset stood alone in finding with her British nephew certainly could not be attributed to the West Indian: he at least showed no want of assurance, but launched at once into discourse, edifying his aunt's old friends with particulars regarding his estates in Jamaica, the doings in high life there, and his own exploits by sea and land. Queer, half-told stories many of them were, but they astonished the elder Jacksons, and led Diana's soul captive with their smartness and novelty. The problem which that young lady had proposed while putting the last pin in her spencer was quickly solved to her satisfaction, for she pronounced Neville Garth nothing beside his West Indian cousin. Clara had, however, the old welcome for their first friend, who seemed to her the same he had ever been, but that a shade of care or hard work came over the cheerful face when he was silent, which was often a case of necessity that evening, for Raymond Wharton monopolized the conversation.

Some select neighbours, who had been invited for that purpose, came also to marvel and admire. Neville occasionally got a sentence or two slipped in, to which Clara listened; but Diana had neither eyes nor ears except for the new and great man, who seemed no less im-

pressed in his turn, for a large portion of his ample discourse was evidently addressed to her. Diana had never heard so many fine things said in the course of her whole life. Some of them came even Clara's way, though Raymond rather overlooked her; but his manner to all ladies, not excepting his aunt and old Mrs. Jackson, was peculiarly flattering. Neville Garth allowed himself to be thrown into the shade with his usual good-nature, especially as the West Indian seemed inclined to keep on good terms with him: but his aunt's parlour was not the only scene in which Raymond Wharton defied competition. Mrs. Bisset was much respected in that neighbourhood: a West Indian nephew did not luckily arrive at her cottage every day, and his advent was the signal for a series of small parties in which the Jacksons led the race, and all Appleby found the gentleman up to his aunt's highest manifesto; for besides his Jamaica estates, jewellery, and travels, he could sing Spanish songs to a guitar he had brought with him, dance beyond comparison, and compliment the ladies in a style never before dreamt of in Westmoreland.

How much the last-mentioned accomplishment might contribute to his popularity, it is not necessary to say; but in the course of the said festivities it was remarked that his most earnest attentions were paid, and with good effect, to Diana; while Garth, in his usual friendly and unobtrusive fashion, looked after her cousin.

IV.

From morning till night, Diana could now talk of nothing but West Indian ton and Raymond Wharton, sugar plantations, and the colours that became her. Clara was nevertheless content with her own part in the distribution of things, though Neville's visit had been just broken up by a letter from York, demanding his presence on some weighty affairs connected with the school and establishment there; but he promised his aunt—who, notwithstanding Raymond's greatness, had still a warm invitation for him—that he would return as soon as possible, and reminded Clara that Valentine's Day was approaching. In no part of Protestant England did the festival of that genial saint retain more of its ancient honours than among the Westmoreland villages at the period of our story. Modest suitors still made their declarations under his auspices in the primitive fashion, by quaint old rhymes and love-gifts, generally consisting of a pair of gloves, a handkerchief, or the still more significant ring, the acceptance of which, particularly if the smallest token were sent in return, said "yes" on the lady's part to all intents and purposes. It was therefore a day of mighty interest to all the unwedded in that district. Clara thought of it often. What would Neville send her? Perhaps a pair of gloves; and she would send him back the picture of a forget-me-not, which had cost half her leisure hours that winter to copy successfully.

The young Jacksons were up early that morn-

ing, as was many a girl in Appleby; for the mail came in at midnight, and the postman was out with the day. Clara heard his knock; but not to appear impatient, she waited a full minute and a-half, and then went down stairs almost deafened by her own heart-beat. Diana followed close, and on their accustomed place on the breakfast-table lay a letter for Mrs. Jackson, who was scarce yet stirring, and a new valentine, sealed with a true lover's knot. The address, Clara thought, looked wondrous like Neville's hand-writing; but it was for Miss Jackson, and Diana took immediate possession, with a smile of well-affected disdain. The now thoroughly spoiled belle broke the seal; but a brief survey satisfied her vanity, and she handed it to Clara for examination. The contents, besides sundry united hearts and Cupids enclosed by wreaths of extraordinary flowers, were a copy of verses on the accredited theme, setting forth that the writer was single for her sake, and had chosen her to be his valentine, in proof of which a pair of the prettiest primrose-coloured gloves were enclosed, and N. G., written stealthily in a corner, left no doubt that the valentine came from Neville Garth.

"What a fellow to send gloves to me!" cried Diana, in her mingled pride at such unexpected homage, and disappointment that it hadn't come from a different quarter, utterly unobservant of the change that passed over Clara's colour and countenance. The poor girl turned first deep crimson, and then deadly pale, as she caught sight of the initials, and thought how could Neville behave so after his half promise: but Clara had some pride of her own, and she mustered it up sufficiently to admire both the gloves and valentine, and say how well the former would become her cousin.

"Indeed!" said the rustic belle; "I have a great mind to send them back to him. What business has he to send valentines, I wonder, with a mother and six sisters on his shoulders?"

Diana's further observations on that burden were interrupted by the entrance of Sibby, the maid, with a most important look, as she said, "I thought I would come just before mistress, and give these to yourselves;" and from under Sibby's apron there came two additional valentines.

"Only one for you, Miss," said she, as Diana grasped at both. "It's this, I thinks;" and in another minute the gay gilt envelope was lying on the table, the enclosed sheet, with all its flowers and Cupids, wide open in Diana's one hand, and in the other one of the most gorgeous handkerchiefs that ever was seen in Appleby.

"Lauk, Miss!" said Sibby; "it's you that does break the hearts of the young men; but, Miss Clara, I must tell you, that of yours was given to me this morning by a boy. I don't know him at all," said the maid, with slight hesitation. "He fetched them both, and bid me to give Miss Diana's quite above-board; but neither her nor mistress was to know about yours for the world; and 'here's half-a-crown

for ye,' says he. I knows as how mistress doesn't like secrets; so I took the half-crown, as a poor servant should, and just brought them to yourselves. O, Miss Clara, such an uncommon lovely ring!" she continued, as out of the plain-looking and well-sealed envelope a small circlet of beautiful workmanship, known as a remembrance ring from the initial letters of certain stones set in it, dropped on the table; but there was no other enclosure. "The wedding-ring comes after that," said Sibby, as, at the sound of Mrs. Jackson's coming feet, she left the room.

V.

"This is Saint Valentine's Day in earnest with you girls," said the good woman, not a little surprised at the presentations of that morning, especially Diana's gloves; for though by no means displeased at the attention paid to her own daughter, she had always regarded young Garth as the suitor of Clara. Mrs. Jackson turned the valentine over and over again, studying the address more thoughtfully than such trifles seemed to warrant; then laid it down with a half sigh, and began to admire the handkerchief and the ring. The strange manner in which these had been sent, and the secrecy attached to the latter, puzzled both her and the girls; but Sibby got highly commended for her prudence on the occasion. Diana declared that she knew her valentine was addressed in Raymond Wharton's handwriting, which she had once seen by accident; but Clara's was in a disguised, cramped hand, of which no one could make anything. The ring, too, had its wonders. It had evidently been worn on some slender finger, for it fitted Clara's: the stones were valuable, the workmanship beautiful, and round the inside was engraved in small characters that simple English sentence, "REMEMBER ME."

"I don't know who sent it, and I'll never wear it," said Clara, "for I don't want to remember anybody; no one remembers me, I'm sure."

"Well, lay it aside for the present," said the observing Mrs. Jackson, "and you will think better on that subject. There are few who would refuse such a present, my girl. What can this be about?" and she opened her own letter, which had hitherto lain neglected on the table. "Goodness me!" ejaculated the astonished dame, catching the import of that epistle. "The Lyttletons are coming here next Tuesday, and we'll have a world to do; not a bed-room ready. Run, girls, and tell papa to come to breakfast."

The Lyttletons, of Lyttleton Manor, were the chiefs of that family in whose relationship Mrs. Jackson boasted. They were now a solitary and a childless pair, but had not been always so. Some years before, their house had been known as one of the gayest, if not the finest mansions in a fashionable suburb of London; for Mr. Lyttleton had spent half his married life in Parliament, and their family consisted of a grown-up son and daughter. All the parents' hopes,

and much of their pride, were bound up in these children, and with more than usual reason: both were handsome, clever, and good. The son was heir to their family estate; they had laid up a considerable fortune for their daughter, and she made a match to their entire satisfaction with the son of an old friend, and the pair had been attached from childhood.

Thus far all things had gone well with them; but where Misfortune comes late, her visits are always terrible. The Lyttletons' new-made son-in-law had an uncle who owned large estates in British Guiana; he was old and heirless, but one of those active spirits on whom years seem to lose their subduing power. Long residence had naturalised him in that tropical climate, and he was a sportsman on a grand scale, keeping a hospitable country-house, a hunting train fit for the Savannas, a sea-lodge on one of the smaller leeward islands, and a well-appointed yacht, in which he sailed from port to port of the Spanish Main, and had many a brush with the pirates. This sporting relative had often invited his nephew to visit him: after the latter's marriage, his invitations were repeated, and enforced with promises not only of showing the young pair life in the West Indies, but also of making the most liberal arrangements regarding them in his will.

These inducements were too strong to be resisted; and, with the approbation of all their friends, the newly-wedded pair set out on a long voyage to visit their rich relation, accompanied by the bride's brother, whose imagination was fired by descriptions of tropical life and scenery, and his parents thought it might be well for him to see so much of the world. The three reached their destination in safety, and sent home gratifying letters of the kind reception and all the wonders they had met with in Guiana: but a month after their arrival their uncle, desirous of giving them the benefit of his sea-lodge during the hot season, took them, with a merry party of friends, on board his yacht, and sailed out to sea. There was a large quantity of plate and other valuables on board, as all his servants knew, and talked of at the plantation: but their master never returned; for, weeks after, the wreck of the yacht was found by a Government vessel, in a condition which left no doubt that it had been taken, plundered, and sunk by pirates, and none of her crew or passengers ever reappeared to tell how that work was done. From the date of that fearful intelligence, premature age and sad seriousness had fallen on the parent pair. They left their house in London, and wandered over the continent, lingering in its old towns, and growing gloomily religious, from a dark conviction that a special judgment had overtaken them for the former gaiety and thoughtlessness of their lives. The Manor-house had been long shut up where they used to spend every Midsummer and Christmas; but the heir-at-law was waiting for it, and the broad lands attached, which were in the meantime managed by a trusty servant. At last the Lyttletons thought of the old place

again, and returned to England, determined to die among their tenantry; but, as the Manor-house was unprepared for their reception, they recollected their humble cousin at Appleby, and had written to ask Mrs. Jackson's hospitality till matters could be made comfortable at their former home.

VI.

In the bustle which that request created among the Jacksons, even the valentines were temporarily forgotten by all but Clara, who took her aunt's advice, by putting away the ring rather carelessly in a drawer, and her own, by consigning to equal oblivion the well-sketched Forget-me-not, though its original destination, and the consequent little disappointment, would not leave her memory. Often, while helping with all her might, in the grand household reform which Mrs. Jackson deemed necessary, was the poor girl sad and absent, and Diana remarked that she did not care to look in the direction of Mrs. Bisset's cottage. There the coming of the Lyttletons produced almost as much excitement as in the larger dwelling. Mrs. Bisset was related—she alone could say in what degree—to the owners of the Manor-house; and, now that the West Indian nephew was no longer new, the energies of maid and mistress were put in requisition to provide for that part of their entertainment which she was determined to hear.

Preparations were at length happily completed in both houses, and, late on the appointed Tuesday evening, a sober travelling carriage drove up to Mr. Jackson's door, from which there alighted, amid the welcome of the whole family, a thin, melancholy-looking lady and gentleman, whom old and watchful neighbours recognized as the sadly altered Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton. Their stay was a time of austere grandeur in the Jacksons' habitation. Mrs. Lyttleton could talk of nothing but her great loss; she would tolerate no merriment; and the elders of the local gentry thought it incumbent on them to pay the pair solemn visits of condolence at their cousin's house.

Mrs. Jackson's stateliness for that period was somewhat grievous to the ex-Mayor; but he did his best to conform, as did all the household. The rector's widow also had her relationship recognized, for the misfortune which made the Lyttletons lonely had made them responsive to the claims of kindred too. Even her West Indian nephew was acknowledged, and the Jacksons were surprised at the progress he made in their visitors' favour, the serious deportment he assumed in the Lyttletons' presence, and the prudent silence he kept on the, to them, painful subject of the West Indies. His aunt said that Raymond Wharton had just been made to please every body; and Diana was well pleased at being plainly told he had sent the gay handkerchief.

Clara, however, knew that he kept a singular watch on her. The girl had more than once observed him making signs, which she did not

understand, when unperceived by the rest of the family.

VII.

In the midst of these wonders, the dusting and airing of the old Manor-house was finished, and the Lyttletons went to take possession. Their seat stood within three miles of Appleby, and by way of acknowledgment of the attentions they had received, all their cousins, and one or two old intimates, were invited to join them there in the afternoon.

Always lucky in a small way, Neville had returned to his aunt the same morning. It was one of those promises of spring which sometimes lighten the close of our English winter, mild and bright, with sunshine and west wind; but going to the Manor-house was no small affair, and as the carriage was to be sent for the lady portion, such dressing had never been seen in either house or cottage. Diana, as usual, excelled the rest; for in addition to her wonted finery, she assumed the handkerchief and primrose-coloured gloves, all unconscious, or rather heedless, of the bitter thoughts they brought to Clara's mind.

"Won't you wear your ring, Clara?" said the vain girl, perceiving that trinket in the drawer which Clara had just pulled out.

"I don't care for it," said her cousin.

"Then you'll lend it to me?" said Diana, and, without waiting for assent, the ring was on Diana's finger, and the glove drawn over it; for the carriage had by this time arrived, and Mrs. Bisset, with her two nephews, came out of the cottage.

Clara tried to welcome Neville back, in concert with the elder Jacksons and Diana; but the look of blank astonishment which he cast on the latter's hands made even the old people smile, and Diana took her place in a titter at what she called his bashfulness.

The Manor-house was an antiquated but substantial building, in the half-castellated style. It stood among meadows and farm-fields, on the banks of a pastoral stream. There was a smooth lawn in front, and a large garden, with great trees and quaintly-cut hedges in it, in the rear. The squires of the Lyttleton family had kept state in its oak parlours for many a generation, and its present possessors having lived mostly in London in the happier days of their household, had always allowed the place to remain in old country fashion. The company, therefore, assembled in a long room finished with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and opening by a glass door upon the garden.

It was the earliest soil for daffodils and violets in the country. There was an orangery there with some other curiosities of antiquated gardening; and as the sun was still high, Mrs. Lyttleton proposed, by way of amusement for her unwonted guests, that they should all adjourn and examine them till tea-time. The company moved out accordingly, and were soon dispersed throughout the garden. Clara would have taken more interest in its quaint parterres

but for Neville Garth. She had resolved over and over again to let him see that if her cousin had the largest fortune, she had some spirit, and he should have known his own mind in time; but Neville had looked so bewildered at the sight of Diana's gloves, that she could not help pondering on that subject in a corner where she had gone ostensibly to gather first violets, and now stood twisting round her finger a bough which she had plucked from the evergreen hedge hard by. There was a rustling among the leaves, and Raymond Wharton peered over with a face of more than ordinary meaning.

"Ha! Miss Clara," said he, in a whisper, "I thought you had got a better ring than that 'Remember me.'" But here the West Indian hastily withdrew, as if he saw some one approaching.

"I'll go and tell Diana immediately," thought the girl, growing scarlet with honest indignation. "To send me a ring! and pay her such attentions!" And the old song's statement, that most love was but feigning, seemed fully verified in Clara's mind, when she felt her arm caught with a determined grasp which drew it within that of Neville Garth.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," said the young barrister, looking desperately resolved. "What is the meaning of your cousin's sporting the gloves I sent you, and of you never so much as acknowledging my valentine?"

"It was addressed to Miss Jackson, and she took it," was all that poor Clara could get out.

"But you are the elder by three months, and I thought —. What a pretty fellow I have been!" responded Neville, to whom the whole matter was now explained, as well as to Clara. A full revelation on both sides quickly followed: each had a tale of wrath and sorrow caused by that mistake; but Garth, while he insisted that Clara was Miss Jackson in right of the three months' seniority, heartily scolded himself for not inquiring sooner into the matter. Clara wiped her eyes, and said it was enough that he meant the valentine for her; that she didn't care much for the gloves, but Diana had been a kind cousin, and she would explain all to her when they were alone; "for one wouldn't like to be let wear what had been sent to another; and there's more than that to tell her," said the honest-hearted girl, launching at once into the story of the ring, as they paced arm-in-arm along the winding walk. Clara had first reached the point of Raymond's discovery, and Garth's brow was dark as thunder, when a sudden turn in the path brought the pair in view of Wharton. He stood expatiating over a crocus bed, with Mrs. Lyttleton on one arm and Diana on the other. The former seemed more cheerful than usual under his discourse, and the latter was evidently in a conquering mood; for having triumphed sufficiently in the gloves, her uncovered hand was raised at that moment to point out a particular flower and exhibit the ring.

Neville and Clara were near enough to see the flash of wrath and disappointment which shot from Raymond's black eyes at that sight;

but its effect on Mrs. Lyttleton surprised them far more, for she turned deadly pale, and leant for support on the arm of the West Indian. That occurrence seemed to increase his confusion tenfold; but there was now a wild fear in his face, and, with the instinct of anger, Garth pressed forward.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lyttleton, disengaging herself, and grasping Diana's hand, "I am not well; besides, I wish to speak with you; do come with me to the summer-house."

VIII.

Diana followed her, in silent astonishment, to a rustic edifice, embowered in climbing shrubs, at that end of the garden; while Raymond Wharton, suddenly recovering himself, darted off with an announcement that he would find Mrs. Lyttleton's salts.

"What can be the matter?" said Clara. "Did you ever see such a strange look as she gave at the ring?"

"And Raymond, too," interrupted Neville, his private interests being just then uppermost. "He did not think to be so soon found out; but I'll let him hear more of it."

The words were scarce uttered, when Diana rushed back to them, exclaiming, "Oh, Clara dear, Mrs. Lyttleton's gone mad. She says that ring you got in the valentine is one which she had made in London, and gave to her lost daughter just before she sailed. For mercy's sake, go and tell her all about it; and I'll run for my aunt!"

Clara found Mrs. Lyttleton seated in the summer-house, gazing with a fixed, stony look on the ring. The girl tried to tell her all she knew of it; but Diana was better than her word, for the whole company were apprised and gathered to the spot before the tale was half told.

Clara had been always accustomed to speak the whole truth; but when she related the incident which discovered to her who had sent the ring, the girl's heart misgave her at the shade of dark suspicion which crossed Mr. Lyttleton's countenance, as, looking round the circle, he demanded, "Where is Raymond Wharton?"

"He is gone to the drawing-room for Mrs. Lyttleton's salts," said Neville.

"Tell him to come," said Mrs. Bisset. "Call him—pray—he *shall* come! I'm sure Raymond will explain all."

Mr. Lyttleton had started out before Neville, and ran to the house; and the company's attention was now recalled to his lady, who had fallen from her seat in a fainting fit, with the ring still clutched in her fingers.

With some difficulty she was partially restored, and Neville and Mr. Lyttleton returned, but without seeing a trace of Raymond. He was searched for everywhere in the house and grounds, but all in vain!

It was at last suggested that he might have thought himself aggrieved by something in the

behaviour of Garth or Clara, and gone home without taking leave.

Mr. Lyttleton ordered his carriage, and drove to the cottage. There he learned, from the maid, that Wharton had arrived almost an hour before him; that he had rushed up to his own room, where she had heard him open and lock his trunk; that he had then come down hastily, saying the rest would probably be home early; and walked away, as she thought, in the direction of the Manor-house.

On this intelligence the party broke up in confusion. For days and weeks Mrs. Bisset expected the return of her nephew. He was never again seen nor heard of; though the Lyttletons made every exertion to trace him out.

Months after came letters from residents in Jamaica, who had been inquired of on the subject; they mentioned that Raymond Wharton had no property on the island, having early spent in wild courses the greatly magnified patrimony inherited from his Spanish relations; that he had been but rarely seen there of late years; and that there was a whisper of his having been connected with associates of the worst habits, and some said pirates.

These discoveries made shrewd people begin to be sure of what they had always suspected—that the cause of Raymond's letters and visit to his aunt might be found in Mrs. Bisset's annuity, which she had the right of bequeathing. Imagine what a savour these rumours gave for years to the village talk of the gossips of Appleby.

Mrs. Jackson long forgot even her genealogy in its favour. She had a share in the matter also to communicate; for instance, her approval of Diana's determination to burn the once much prized handkerchief, which that young lady put in immediate execution.

The gloves were put aside among Clara's precious things, and, by a solemn compact between the cousins, never mentioned; indeed, their existence was soon forgotten by Diana, who continued to be the *belle* of the town. She was never again, however, in haste to open a valentine, though the next she received was sent by young Gairdener of the May-flower bank farm, whom Diana promised to "love, honour, and obey" in the course of the following summer. Mrs. Lyttleton kept the ring to her dying day, and showed a strong partiality for all the Jacksons, and especially Clara; but Mrs. Bisset was never after invited to the Manor-house. Indeed, the shadow cast by her West Indian nephew rested for some time on the Rector's widow and her precise maid, till it was lost to them and their neighbours in the rising greatness of Neville Garth, particularly when Mr. Lyttleton obtained a small Government appointment for him, and there was a wedding celebrated at the Jacksons' domicile, which was blithely attended by the mother and six sisters, whom Mrs. Gairdener kindly inferred "would be always on his shoulders."

THREE SONNETS.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

I.

[Written in Blackheath, one Sunday, after hearing a Hymn sung and a short Temperance Lecture given.]

Whence come those lofty strains of hymning praise,
That chain instinctively the wandering ear?
Now faintly flowing—now melodious, clear,
In graceful modulations; like the lays
Of earnest worshippers the Alps among;
Or those stern-hearted, God-befriended men,
Who for the faith, made Scotland, hill and glen,
A temple vocal with divinest song—
Unflinching right curbing despotic wrong—
Even here, the lewd are stayed with solemn words.
Listen! Perchance some precious seed is sown:
“Beware the tempter!—Be in Virtue strong!—
Wine cannot soothe—it bids fierce passion rage;
O nurse the oil of youth to feed the lamp of age!”

II.

[Written in Pere la Chaise, on hearing the humble Monuments of the Poor ridiculed.]

Mock not the manner any one may choose
To show respect to dear friends passed away;
The pulsing heart may turn to common clay,
But he who made it, never will refuse
The offering of the soul devout, and may
Applaud the custom, sanctify the use
Of symbols offered on the shrine of death—
Mortal immortels fading every hour,
And melting in the common air like breath.
Though false the doctrine, they who hold the faith
Sincerely, working in its light with power,
The HEAD SUPREME will judge 'twixt thou and
them;
While Charity, in softest accents, saith—
“Judge gently, mortal man, lest thou thyself condemn!”

III.

[To two good friends, companions in travel, with a copy of the Poems of Longfellow, presented in the names of other two.]

In vain, dear friends, for fitting phrase we seek
To tell you all the gratitude we feel
For many acts of kindness, hearty zeal,
And truest sympathy. O words are weak
And will not to ourselves our thoughts reveal;
Therefore, of friendship let the Poet speak—
The high-souled Poet of the far-off West—
Whose lofty language soars where eagles rest,
And gilds with glorious thought each Alpine peak;
Or falling, dewlike, calms the troubled breast.
When his prolific verse glad thoughts suggest,
O think and feel that then your friends are heard;
And what to you seems worthiest, wisest, best,
Is but what friendship feels, by pen inspired expressed.

IDLE WISHES.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh, call not wishes idle,
But workers glad and true,
That often give to life's dull scene
A bright and summer hue.

We wish some pleasant lore was ours,
Some gentle gift of art—
'Tis added to our wealth of mind,
And lighteth up our heart.

We wish we had not thoughtlessly
Given another pain—
And love reigns more in word and deed,
The wish has prov'd not vain.

Or that we had of wealth and power
A high and glitt'ring store
To aid the wrong'd, the suffer'ing cheer,
And help the struggling poor—

If to the full such gen'rous wish
Ne'er realized shall be,
Gold may be won, and good be done,
Though in a less degree.

We wish some fond true heart were ours—
And with love's earnest tone
And pleading glance we woo it, till
It beats for us alone.

How does the soul burn at an act
With lofty feeling fraught!
Oh! if the wish had ne'er awoke,
The deed had ne'er been wrought.

Then call not wishes idle,
But workers glad and true,
That often give to human hearts
A brighter, purer hue.

THE POWER OF POVERTY.

No heart by love, no soul by wisdom shielded,
But fears the echo of mine arm'd tread:
No sceptre strong, by tyrant terror wielded,
Can crush man's spirit like my sway of dread.

To shun my hated presence, youth and beauty
Their vision'd bliss for baser hopes resign,
And turn aside from ways of truth and duty,
To find that folly's path but leads to mine.

By me are souls, that smile at danger, daunted:
I make the stubborn knee of pride to bend:
Love flies the fondest home my step hath haunted:
I part the orphan and his father's friend.

The poet looks upon the lordly dwelling
Beside his humble hearth, and murmurs not;
Though in his soul he see a worth excelling
The hero-names that win life's proudest lot:

He asks not of the world the learned leisure
To prove him worthy of a higher fame;
He seeks alone so much of earthly treasure
As willing toil from wealth can rightly claim:

But to his bower of bliss I come, and, linking
To hope-consuming care that glowing heart,
Bid Genius, from the unwonted burthen shrinking,
Bear to a kindlier clime his glorious art:

Where, bending o'er her toilsome task, a maiden
Reprieve from woe hath sought in Sorrow's sleep,
While her sad waking thoughts the heart o'erladen,
In slumber throng—'twas I who bade her weep!

And in the darker scenes of some proud city,
Where works of ill by reckless souls are wrought,
Oh, this might move the scornful heart to pity!
'Tis I who tempt to crime the wavering thought.

And I who taint the source of life, till fever'd
It madly pulses through a people's veins,
In whose blind strife all social bonds are sever'd,
And wrong, o'er-fettered law, unrivall'd reigns;

Then not with sin and shame I dwell secluded,
But enter halls of rank, and beauty's bower;
That learn too late, by me of worth denuded,
They were but worshipp'd for their golden dower.

With griefs like these I cloud the brow of gladness,
Turn Nature's lord to sin's degraded slave;
In age fill up the measure of its sadness,
Till wearied life no longer fears the grave.

Yet thus of human ills by man most dreaded,
I do but faintly shadow forth the need
Of him, the purple-vestured pauper, wedded
To nought but gold, whose soul is poor indeed!
FRITZ.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

(Concluded from page 83.)

At the time of her marriage Elizabeth was not quite seventeen years of age; and though not strictly beautiful, her person and manners were agreeable and fascinating in no common degree. Her slight and agile figure was characterized by the most perfect grace and dignity; and her face, though not in conformity with the exact rules of art, was one that pleased more than many a faultless one. She had a clear, fair complexion, with bright, intelligent eyes, and an expression so "blithe and debonnaire," and withal so tender and queenly, that no one ever looked on her without wishing well to one of so gracious a presence. She soon won the heart of Prince Maurice, who, though no carpet knight, knew how to appreciate the personal and mental charms of his new niece. He was delighted with her ardent enthusiasm for deeds of valour and heroism; observed with interest the spirit and ambition of her character, and entertained the highest hopes from the impulse she was likely to give to his nephew's mind. Her journey through Holland was more like a triumphant march than a bridal tour. Citizens and nobles in every town were alike eager to do honour to the "Pearl of Britain." And her bright face and happy demeanour long made her name a pleasant word throughout the States. Her progress to her new home was slow, and sometimes wearisome enough, impeded as it was on every hand by congratulatory addresses, complimentary pageants, Latin orations, and German feasting. The gay and brilliant scenes by which her passage through Germany and Holland had been graced were, however, all eclipsed by the preparations made by her husband for her reception in Heidelberg, the capital of his dominions. Outside the walls she was met by a procession of princes and nobles, splendidly mounted and equipped, who conducted her to the Castle, through streets most elaborately decorated. Triumphal arches, emblematical spectacles, and allegorical representations, prepared at enormous cost of money and ingenuity, claimed her attention at every turn. One circumstance—a pretty little compliment in itself—was afterwards remembered, and by the light of subsequent events translated into an unfortunate omen. As Elizabeth passed under one of the triumphal arches, a crown, lowered by a silken cord, was allowed to rest upon

her brows for an instant, and was then withdrawn.

Within the walls of the far-famed Castle of Heidelberg, the new Electress was received by a procession of noble ladies, with the Dowager Electress at their head. Impelled by an impulse of feeling too strong to be restrained by court etiquette, Juliana opened her arms, and folded her young daughter-in-law to her breast, with a blessing warm from her generous heart. She was then conducted to the interior of the Palace, which, says Miss Benger, "with its floors of porphyry and gilt pillars, and cornice inlaid with gems, was superb beyond description." The next day Elizabeth dined in state, served by twelve princes; and on twelve successive days the Elector held vassail, and entertained five thousand guests. A succession of rare amusements was prepared for the entertainment of his British visitors, who are said to have been highly delighted with the ludicrous conceits so solemnly and grotesquely set forth in pageants and masques, the descriptions of which few British readers in these days can be found with patience enough to read. At length these enormously expensive and wearisome festivities came to an end. The visitors departed; and a sermon was preached on the auspicious conclusion of the marriage, in which perhaps a thanksgiving for the termination of the revels was implied. According to a moderate calculation, nearly £300,000 had been expended on the rejoicings, a sum far exceeding the bridal dower.

The first five years of Elizabeth's married life glided peacefully and happily away. Her favourite amusements were hunting and constructing gardens. But, as it was remarked of her by Maximilian of Bavaria, "she was not better known for her sylvan prowess than for her charities and munificence." Her subjects ever found in her a kind friend and beneficent sovereign; and she in return was idolized by them. Adored by her husband and her family, and the happy mother of three promising children, she seems, ere she was two-and-twenty, to have drunk deeply of earthly prosperity.

The state of affairs in Bohemia was now the theme of universal discussion. In 1609, the Emperor Rodolph II. had, by a solemn declaration called the *Majestat's Brief*, or the Letter

of Majesty, granted liberty of religion to the Utraquists, a numerous Protestant sect in Bohemia. Civil troubles broke out; and Rodolph, who was also King of Bohemia, having taken arbitrary measures to quell them, the Bohemians deposed him from their throne, and elected his brother Matthias in 1611. Rodolph died in the following year, and Matthias succeeded him on the imperial throne. The number of Lutherans and Calvinists having greatly increased in Bohemia, they demanded the same religious privileges with the Utraquists. Upon the Emperor refusing to grant those claims, the Utraquists, in dread lest their own religious freedom should be curtailed, made common cause with the malcontents. Matthias sent commissioners to Prague, who declared to the assembled deputies of the Bohemian States, that their King and Emperor would not extend the Letter of Majesty to the Lutherans and Calvinists. Whereupon two of the commissioners and their secretary, all objects of detestation throughout Bohemia, were seized and thrown from the windows of the hall in which the obnoxious refusal was delivered. By an accident they escaped unhurt, and hastened back to Vienna. This act, which took place on the 21st of May, 1618, occasioned the commencement of the 'Thirty Years' War. It must not be regarded as a hasty and inconsiderate outbreak of anger on the part of an enraged and disappointed party. It was in reality the opening of a premeditated insurrection of the Protestants of Bohemia and her dependent States and of those of the Archduchy of Austria. The leader of the insurgents was Henry Mathias Count Thurm, a man well fitted to arouse and direct the enthusiasm of masses. His ruling passion for many years had been the depression of the colossal power of Austria and Spain, and the support of civil and religious liberty. It is honourable to his sense and patriotism, that having rescued the kingdom of Bohemia from the oppression of Austria, he had no intention of appropriating it to himself, but sought only to transfer it to a Protestant Prince. The Prince on whom he wished the crown of his native country to be bestowed was the young Elector, Frederick V., the head of the Protestant "Union," the great confederacy of the reformers for the protection of their religious rights. The "Union" had already aided the Bohemians with troops. Other princes, the most important of whom were the Duke of Bavaria and the Duke of Saxony, were talked of as eligible to the vacant throne; but all eyes turned on Frederick as the person to whom it would in all probability be first offered. The Emperor Matthias died, and in 1619 he was succeeded on the imperial throne by Ferdinand, Archduke of Styria, who, before the 21st of May, 1618, had by a few noblemen been nominated successor to Matthias to the crown of Bohemia. The death of the Emperor was held to absolve the Bohemians from all allegiance. The election of Ferdinand, a Catholic, was hateful to the people; and having been forced and uncon-

stitutional, was regarded by the insurgents as null and void. The keen-witted and subtle Ferdinand was consequently prepared to wage war to the knife with any one who should be elected in his stead by the Bohemians. For such an antagonist the gentle and vacillating Frederick was no match. He was at once dazzled and dismayed by the prospect of greatness opening before him. Alternately lured by the glory, and frightened by the dangers of the fate that was about to be offered him, he was incapable of acting or thinking with anything like decision. With a tacit recognition of his want of power to act in a great crisis, he wasted time in collecting opinions and in feeble deliberations, that should have been given to prompt and decided action. With Elizabeth it was far different. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to regard the establishment of the Protestant faith as the greatest of human achievements, she felt ashamed of her husband's hesitation and coldness in a transaction in which, with a little womanly self-deception, she persuaded herself she only thought of the protection of the oppressed Protestants. Naturally courageous and ambitious, she had no sympathy with his fears about the consequences of what she regarded as a heroic enterprise, and rallied him on his caution. By some historians she is said to have asked him how he could dare to marry a king's daughter if he feared to accept a regal crown. Others have, and probably more correctly, put this insolent remonstrance into the mouth of one of his counsellors. Elizabeth's advice was supported by that of his uncles, the Duke of Bouillon and the Prince of Nassau, who employed reason and ridicule with equal force to disarm the apprehensions of the sensitive Frederick. By their reasoning the strength of the Emperor Ferdinand was as nothing compared with that of the allies the Elector could and would command. The King of Great Britain, Denmark, the "Union," and perhaps France, were ready to espouse his cause. On the other hand, his mother, the wise and virtuous Juliana, demonstrated the fallacy of their deductions, and brought forward arguments drawn from a clear judgment and a perfect knowledge of the state of parties, to convince her son of the inevitable ruin that awaited him if he ever became king of Bohemia. The unfortunate Frederick was still a prey to indecision. He saw but too clearly all the good and evil in the case, but he had no power of balancing them, and forming a judgment of the whole; his course would have been easier if he had been less clear-sighted. But at last the time came when decision could no longer be postponed. It was notified to him that the suffrages were united in his favour, and the States of Bohemia awaited his acceptance or refusal of their crown. "Alas!" exclaimed the Elector, "if I accept the crown I shall be accused of ambition—if I reject it I shall be branded with cowardice. However I decide, there is no peace for me or my country." The influence of his mother and wife had been so nicely balanced, that neither could be said to

have the ascendancy, till the scale was turned on Elizabeth's side by the agency of the famous Scultetus, the Elector's tutor and chaplain, who succeeded in persuading him that his acceptance of the crown was a divine ordination. Frederick no longer hesitated, but immediately took the necessary measures for signifying his acceptance of the kingdom to the Diet of Prague. With characteristic ardour, Elizabeth supported him in his decision in the following letter:—"Since you are persuaded that the throne to which you are invited is a vocation from God, by whose providence are all things ordained and directed, then assuredly you ought not to shrink from the duty imposed; nor if such be your persuasion, shall I repine, whatever consequences may ensue: not even though I should be forced to part from my last jewel, and to suffer actual hardships, shall I ever repent of the election."

The Elector and Electress prepared to proceed without delay to their new dominions. The Duke de Deuxponts, who had governed the Palatinate during Frederick's minority, was reinstated in the administration. And with mournful presentiments the Dowager Electress consented to leave her retirement, and resume her place in the council.

After a sad and affectionate parting with their old subjects, Frederick and his consort repaired to the capital of Bohemia, where they were received with every demonstration of joy. On the 8th of November, 1619, says Schiller, in his "Thirty Years' War," "Frederick's coronation was celebrated at Prague with unexampled pomp, and the nation displayed all its riches to honour its own work."

Elizabeth's coronation took place a few days later.

Ere many months had passed, the crown she had been so eager to snatch proved a sore crown of thorns. Frederick's powers were quite unequal to carrying forward the Bohemian rebellion. The King of Great Britain stood aloof, refusing to acknowledge him King of Bohemia. The imprudence of certain of his measures alienated nearly all his allies. In the autumn of this year (1620), Heidelberg and the Lower Palatinate were occupied by the Spaniards, then in alliance with the Emperor. Unpopular to the last degree with his Bohemian subjects, nothing but ruin stared the unfortunate Ferdinand in the face. In these circumstances Elizabeth's best qualities came into action. Her courage and strength of mind never forsook her. All her energy was employed to sustain her husband and their friends under the troubles which she was now painfully sensible her counsels had brought them into. With untiring patience and sweetness, she tried to conciliate the fickle and turbulent Bohemians. And with as keen a perception of their peril as any of her party, she always retained a strong and hopeful heart. At last the total defeat of the Bohemians by the Duke of Bavaria and Count Tilly at the battle of Prague, drove the King and Queen from their capital. Two days afterwards all Bohemia sur-

rendered, obliged to be satisfied with the Emperor's promises of amnesty and protection. Thus all that the insurgents had hitherto contended for was unconditionally ceded to the conqueror. Elizabeth and Frederick fled to Breslau through unfrequented roads, rendered almost impassable by snow, Elizabeth riding great part of the way on horseback, behind a young English volunteer named Hopton, whose proud boast it afterwards became that he had once protected the Queen of Bohemia. At Breslau, where mere shelter was most grudgingly afforded them, Elizabeth wrote to her father, earnestly entreating him to aid them, adding, "Let me once more implore your Majesty to have compassion on us, and not abandon the King at the moment when he most needs assistance. As for myself, I am resolved not to leave him; and if he must perish, why I will perish also."

Elizabeth was shortly expecting to be confined; and to arrange a place of reception for the now houseless wife and daughter of kings was a matter of serious difficulty. At last, through the intercession of the British Envoy, Frederick's brother-in-law, George William, Duke of Brandenburg, consented to allow the exiled Queen the use of his comfortless Castle of Custrin, where, on the 22nd of December, she gave birth to a son, afterwards named Maurice, just one year after his brother Rupert had been born in the stately palace of Prague. From Custrin, inhospitable Custrin, where her stay was as short as possible, owing to the actual difficulty of procuring provisions, she went to Wolfenbittel, where she was kindly received. In the dominions of Maurice of Nassau they were to find a lasting refuge. Attended by her ladies—the devoted few who had accompanied her in her flight from Prague, and who never left her afterwards—and eighty cavaliers, Elizabeth performed the long and toilsome journey to the Hague, which was not rendered less cheerless by the recollection that when she had last gone over that ground she was travelling to her bridal home in the meridian of her prosperity. But she showed herself greater under reverse of fortune than she had done—from want of opportunity—in happier times. The good sense and cheerfulness with which she bore the petty trials, as well as the severe calamities that crowded upon her, won her as many friends as her grace and gentleness had done in former days. It was said of her at this time, that in the absence of other subjects she was Queen of Hearts. Their sufferings in the cause of freedom secured the exiled King and Queen the faithful protection of the States of Holland. From the moment of his arrival at the Hague, Frederick received from them 10,000 florins a month for the maintenance of his family.

All possibility of reigning again in Bohemia being over, Frederick's efforts were turned towards regaining possession of his hereditary dominions. For this object he soon had many allies. The King of Great Britain, who would not raise a hand to preserve his son-in-law on the throne of Bohemia, was shamed into sending

aid for the recovery of his hereditary lands. Chivalrous devotion for the Queen of Hearts sent many a brave warrior to fight for the Palatinate. Amongst the most remarkable of her champions was Christian of Brunswick, commonly called the Administrator of Halbertstadt, a prince and knight-errant, whose sword was his only patrimony. He was a steady friend and an implacable foe. His valour had even been the admiration of all Germany, while his almost insane ferocity had acquired for him the appellation of the "Frantic Duke." He was like Kirkrapine in the *Fairie Queene*—

"Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,"

out of pure love of Protestantism, and hatred of priests and bishops. This knight of questionable respectability had early declared himself the Queen of Bohemia's champion. It was not, however, till after he had lost an arm in her service that they met, when he was so touched by her beauty, accomplishments, and misfortunes, that as in the case of the Lion subdued by the beauty of Heavenly Truth—

"With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood;"

and for a time he was all mercy and gentleness for her sake. He swore never to lay down arms till the King and Queen of Bohemia were reinstated in the Palatinate. A glove taken from her hand was placed in his Spanish hat; and conspicuous among warriors' plumes in many a bloody fight was seen the little glove of the exiled Queen of Bohemia. The denunciation of priests, that had hitherto appeared on his ensign, was changed for the words, "For God and for Her." And faithfully did he serve the cause he had espoused. But that cause was one in which money, valour, and fidelity were all to be engulfed to no purpose. In 1623, Frederick was put under the ban of the empire, his Electorship declared forfeited, and the Palatinate divided between Spain and Bavaria.

About the year 1627, the exiled King and Queen withdrew their little Court to Rheten, in Utrecht, where it could be more frugally held than at the Hague. Here their time was passed in carrying forward an extensive correspondence, in hunting, still a great delight to them both, and in the society of their children, and of the friends who formed their Court. Frederick would be occasionally absent on expeditions to the camp, when his eldest son, and favourite child, Frederick Henry, would generally accompany him. In 1629, this boy, then between twelve and thirteen years of age, was drowned by the upsetting of a yacht, in presence of his unhappy father. During two years after this catastrophe, the unfortunate Frederick, quite heart-broken by this new affliction, committed the management of his affairs to Elizabeth and his secretary. Amongst the various proposals by which the Emperor sought to palliate his appropriation of the Palatinate, was one which came to Elizabeth at this time, supported by the approbation of her brother, Charles I., then King of England. It was advised that her son, Charles

Louis, should be educated as a Catholic, that he might succeed the Duke of Bavaria in his own father's dominions. Elizabeth replied with indignation, that "rather than stoop to such an act of meanness, she would with her own hands become her son's executioner."

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who had once been a suitor for Elizabeth's hand, was now achieving his brilliant conquests in Germany in support of the Protestant cause. About this time he declared himself the Champion of Elizabeth of Britain, and for her sake promised to reinstate her husband in his dominions. Frederick had been too long the sport of fortune, had been too many times the victim of disappointed hopes, to be much elated by this promise. In no very sanguine state of mind he joined the camp of Gustavus. Amongst the British volunteers who accompanied him, was William Lord Craven, Elizabeth's devoted adherent. The campaign that ensued was a series of the most brilliant triumphs gained over the Emperor and his allies. But the poor King of Bohemia's share in them was merely that of a spectator. Measures that would have restored him to the Palatinate were postponed from time to time. The spirits of the disappointed man—for disappointed he was, though he had allowed himself to entertain but little hope—sunk lower and lower. He was attacked by fever, and on the 17th of November, 1632, he expired in the Castle of Mentz, just eleven days after Gustavus closed his mortal career in the arms of victory at the battle of Lutzen. Under this severe affliction, Elizabeth's resignation and fortitude did not forsake her. With unflagging spirit and heroism she pressed forward in that path which she must henceforth tread alone, unsupported by the love and tenderness that had always solaced her in every trouble. During the next twelve years renewed struggles, with such foreign aid as could be procured, were made for the recovery of the Palatinate for her eldest son, Charles Louis, who in time took the management of affairs. At last this long-contested matter was settled by the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the Thirty Years' War, in 1648. By one of the conditions, the Lower Palatinate was restored to Charles Louis. Domestic misfortunes had crowded upon Elizabeth. In this year her brother, Charles I. of England, perished on the scaffold. Two of her sons, Rupert and Maurice, who had devoted themselves to their uncle's cause, were now wanderers she knew not where. After some years Rupert returned to her; but Maurice, who by some accident was separated from his brother in the West Indies, was never heard of more, and it was concluded that his ship had foundered at sea. Another of her sons, Philip, was lost to her by an act of violence, for which he was obliged to fly the States. To her intense grief and mortification, two of her children, a son, Edward, and a daughter, Louisa, became apostates to the cause for which the fortunes of her family had been sacrificed. They adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and were as virtually dead to her in

consequence as the banished Philip or the lost Maurice. The death of her daughter, Henrietta Maria, soon after her marriage in 1651, was a sore trial to her mother's heart. But the crowning grief of all was the cold and heartless treatment she experienced at the hands of her son, Charles Louis. The income she received from the States had never been enough for the support of her household. Debts had gathered round her. Her long residence in Holland was now become a burthen to the States. She besought her son in vain for means to pay her creditors, without which she would not quit her Dutch asylum. Smooth-tongued refusals were all she could get from the selfish Charles Louis. No help could come to her from England, then under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. And the high-spirited and generous Elizabeth remained an unwelcome dependent on the bounty of the States. Her position would have been almost unendurable, but for the aid of her unfailing friend, Lord Craven, who deemed his whole fortune too little to be devoted to the service of the Queen of Bohemia. At last the restoration of her nephew, Charles II., to the throne of England, opened a prospect of escape for her. She had outlived every object of interest in the States of Holland: her children were all married or settled away from her, and the first wish of her heart now was to end her days in her native country. She watched with eagerness for an invitation, or even permission from the King to return. After numerous delays, all obstacles being removed, and money having been granted by Parliament for the liquidation of her debts, she took leave of the States, that had protected her for forty years, and set out on her journey to England. Arrived at the place of embarkation, she was met by the mortifying intimation from the English government, that it would be more convenient if her visit were still delayed. With all her old decision of character, she declared at once that her journey being begun could not now be arrested, that she must proceed, though, should the King desire it, she would return. With touching resignation she writes to her son Rupert, "I go with a resolution to suffer all change constantly. I thank God he has given me courage." No further opposition was made, when it became known that Lord Craven waited to accommodate her in his house. She was no longer, in the new state of things, an object of interest, and her return was a matter of indifference to every one. On the 7th of May, 1661, she landed quietly at Margate, where she had embarked just 47 years before. Of the crowds that worshipped her then, and "sunned themselves beneath her smile," not one remained to welcome her back. But one inalienable friend she had, to whom she was already largely indebted, and to whom she was yet to be indebted for the support and comfort of her declining days. William Lord Craven was the faithful friend who had shed his blood for her, who had been imprisoned for her cause, who had protected her sons at the risk of life and liberty and at the cost of fortunes, and

who now, with unabated devotion, placed at her disposal his mansion, called Craven House, where by his munificence she lived as became a queen. His long and faithful services are said to have been rewarded by a private marriage with his royal mistress. It is not known if this supposition is supported by other evidence than that of his enthusiastic devotion to her cause and person. Craven House and its beautiful garden stood on the ground now occupied by the Olympic Theatre and its squalid purlieus. A court called Craven Court, and a public-house bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia, may still remind the passenger, that there, nearly two hundred years ago, amongst well-tended flower-beds, and beneath majestic wide-spreading trees, strolled the much-enduring Queen of Bohemia.

At this time Elizabeth was about sixty-six years of age, and, though not in good health, was occasionally seen in public, either with the King or with Lord Craven. Pepys tells us, that when he kissed her hand on one occasion, he thought she seemed "a very *debonnaire* but plain lady."

Elizabeth's earthly pilgrimage was now nearly at an end. In the autumn of this year she removed to Leicester House, where, on the 13th of February, 1662, she breathed her last, just one day before the anniversary of her marriage. Her death was marked by her nephew with more honour than her life had ever been. She was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Besides the eight children already mentioned, Elizabeth was the mother of five others, three of whom died young. The remaining two were her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine, one of the most learned women of her time, famous for her friendship with Descartes, and for the high esteem in which she was held by him; and her youngest daughter, Sophia, married to Ernest Augustus, Bishop of Osnaburg, a younger branch of the House of Brunswick, who became Elector of Hanover. By the Act of Settlement in the Protestant line, passed in the reign of Anne, all superior claimants being Catholics, the succession to the crown of Great Britain was settled on Sophia, she being the most direct Protestant descendant of James I., and the heirs of her body, being Protestants. It was her son who ascended the throne of Great Britain under the title of George I.

THE CREED OF THE BON-VIVANT.

Beauty was made to feast the I I,
And Industry for B B;
Give bookish wisdom to the Y Y,
The Turtle from the C C.
All learning I resign to J J—
It ne'er my mind shall T T:
To toil I give my noes; my A A
Shall vote a life of E E.

J. J. REYNOLDS.

THE DARK CLOSET.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

It is terrible to strive with an accusing conscience! I have tried to overcome my remorse by reflecting that what I had done was done, and could not be altered. I have tried to stifle my anguish by prayers, to atone for my crime by tears. All has been vain, because all has been selfish.

I will make one more effort: I will try confession. Yes, I will confess not to Heaven only, but to earth. This humiliation may be blessed. Perhaps it may save some mother from errors like mine—from sorrows like mine: I shall not then have suffered in vain!

I must give a sketch of my own history, in order to make my confession fully understood. I do this, not with a view to palliate my faults while acknowledging them. No; my sins are great, and not easily excused; but I know what none besides can, the causes which have made me thus capricious and erring. And, while I confess my errors, shall I not also expose their causes? It is the only way in which I can hope my story may be of advantage to others. It would otherwise be like a warning of danger, without showing any way of escape—it might terrify, it would not enlighten or improve.

I trace all my errors of feeling and conduct to the errors of my early education. I was an only child. My father was devoted to his business, and paid little attention to my training. He only called me to him to give me some pretty plaything, or dainty; and I liked him because of these pretty and nice things he brought me. When my humours and appetites were gratified, I was fond of him, and glad to see him; at other times, I felt no more affection for him than for the cook; for she, too, pampered my appetite with all sweet and savoury articles of food. My father never taught me; and I cannot now recall any early associations or ideas which rested on him for their origin. He had no moral power over my heart and mind.

My mother was a good manager; her house and table were always well arranged. She was fond of dress, but fonder of me; and, had she known how to train me judiciously, she would have done so. But she thought that the chief end of life was to live well, and that I needed a little of every good thing she herself indulged in. So that, from my cradle, I was pampered with every luxury, and thus taught to associate my happiness with my own gratifications of sense. I never loved any person because they loved me, but only because they gave me things I loved.

How much is depending on early impressions! How great the responsibility of those who have the privilege of training children rationally! There is not an absurdity in habit,

a prejudice in judgment, an error in principle, but we Americans are at liberty to correct it. And yet, in one respect, there is not a people on the face of the earth who err so wofully in the management of their children. We kill them, body and soul, and often both, by early indulgences of the appetite. They literally eat themselves to death. Hundreds of children perish every year of diseases caused by repletion. And many who, by the strength of their constitutions, survive this pampering, are rendered sluggish in mind, and feeble in body, selfish, irritable, and miserable for life. I speak now particularly of the children of the rich. To the poor, in this respect, poverty is a blessing. Oh, I have felt what I would describe! I first remember myself as a puny, sickly creature, exhausted by the load of indigestible substances I was tempted to swallow. I have no doubt—indeed, I know that my temper was irritated by the stimulating effects of the rich and racy condiments I was permitted to gorge myself with. I was restless, and almost always cross; but it was caused either by the cravings of a diseased stomach, or the pain of a burdened one. Thus passed my infancy, when impressions, never to be effaced in this world, were made on my mind.

I was not sent to school till I was about seven years old, as my mother thought I was too feeble to bear the fatigue and confinement. She went with me the first day, when we only stayed half an hour, to see how I liked it. I recollect my first impressions of that school. They were pleasurable, very. The children were all so busy, and looked so happy, I thought I should like to be a scholar. But, alas! my habits were totally averse to steady application. I had only considered books as playthings, which were pretty enough when new and full of pictures; but to pore over them day after day, to learn a lesson, was hateful. I had always been bribed to learn by the promise of something good to eat; I had no idea of any pleasure from the exercise of my rational or moral faculties. I was wholly a creature of sense and passion. I sucked my comforts when I should have studied my lesson; and, when the teacher took away my basket of confectionery, I was so angry I threw away my book. The teacher punished me, and my mother took me from the school.

"Poor child!" said my mother; "all her fault was eating a sugar-plum!"

This first scene of my school-life was type of the whole course till I was nearly fourteen. During these seven years, my mother had changed my school at least twenty times, besides keeping me a considerable part of each year at home. I think the teachers should bear some

of the blame of this fickleness. I was, to be sure, a fretful, indolent, spoiled child; but I had capacity to learn, and, if my instructors—I attended schools taught by men as well as ladies—had studied my disposition, and adapted their instructions accordingly, I do believe I might have been won to love books, and the discipline necessary to give me industrious habits and self-control would then have been comparatively easy. I believe this, because it was afterwards effected in part; and, had the same management commenced earlier, it might have been entirely successful.

When I was about fourteen, a lady, a friend of my mother, and the confidant of all her troubles with respect to my education, strongly advised that I should be placed at a seminary in the country. She said it would improve my health, and the preceptress was a lady of such excellent judgment and principles that, if anything could be done to improve it, she would be sure to spare no pains to effect it. My parents had begun to despair of my capacity. I had been pronounced incorrigibly dull by every teacher. My father was mortified, and my mother grieved, by my conduct; and so, as a last resource, they sent me to the country.

Mrs. L——, the preceptress, made many minute inquiries of my mother. I recollect them well; and the expression of her countenance, too, when she looked over my trunks, and found one nearly filled with rich cakes, and confectionery, and essences, and rare juleps. She said nothing at that time, but she appeared afterwards to understand my disposition perfectly. She took me into her own room, had a bed fitted up for me beside hers, and every night, after I retired, she sat down beside me and conversed. At first, she said only a few words, perhaps some inquiries about my lesson or my thoughts, and a little explanation of what would be done the next day. By degrees, she introduced stories of the good scholars she had had, and then she repeated short poems, and pointed out their beauties, and endeavoured to make me comprehend and feel them. She recited poetry in a most impressive manner; and I remember the effect which some of those poems wrought on me. I think I may say, the first time my heart was ever melted by the pathos of sentiment was hearing her recite Wordsworth's ballad, "We are Seven." I wept; sweet tears they were; for they had been called forth by sympathy with innocence. Mrs. L. bent over me and kissed my cheek. The tears were in her eyes, as she said—

"My child, Louisa, you will yet be all I can wish."

In this manner, without any appearance of undue solicitude on her part, she was winning my confidence. I thought it not strange she should talk thus with me, because I had always been used to so many attentions from my mother; but, had she not taken me to her own room, her solicitude would have been remarked by the other scholars. But how different were

my mother's nightly salutations from that of Mrs. L.!

"Louisa, dear, how do you feel? Shall I get you anything to take before you go to sleep?" my kind, but mistaken mother would say.

Mrs. L. never inquired about the state of my stomach; she gave me cordials for the heart and mind, and, by her skill, awakened such new and pleasant ideas, that I would lie quietly musing till I fell asleep. And this sleep was to me a very great blessing, for I had been, from an infant, troubled with restlessness through the night.

For the first three months I recited to Mrs. L. My lessons were very imperfectly studied, but she bore with me; for she said that my moral affections were strengthening, and that I was acquiring a taste for mental beauties. The process was slow, for I had been, as it were, indulged in my selfish appetites till I hardly felt a wish for social enjoyments. This was, in some measure, caused by my being an only child, and for that misfortune I was to be pitied. But at last I became fond of my schoolmates, and interested in my studies. I learned well, and my parents were astonished and delighted at my progress. The last year I spent with Mrs. L. was the happiest of my life, and it was the most useful. The truths which then dawned on my mind have been darkened by many shadows, but still they have never been totally obscured. Oh, why did I not remain longer in their light, till my vision had been strengthened to discern their fairest beauties! I should not then have followed the delusions of sense and sin.

I was about sixteen when my father died, and my mother sent for me home immediately, and never afterwards permitted me to attend school. I cannot blame her; for she was solitary, indeed, and only seemed to live for my sake; but the circumstance was a fatal one to my improvement. I was not sufficiently strong in self-control to practise the lessons of industry and forbearance my dear Mrs. L. had taught me; and my mother's whole soul was absorbed in my happiness, which she thought could only be insured by indulgences. I became again the petted darling, and every luxury was sought for me. And this indolence seemed charming, and I thought it folly for those who were rich to trouble themselves about learning.

My father had left us rich.

For some years, I led a life of complete inanity. My mother took care of my wardrobe; and this, with managing the house, gave her full employment. I had little to do when at home, and I was not very fond of society, so that I was obliged to have recourse to the complaints of ill health to diversify my life. I had the dyspepsia one year, and was nervous the next, successively. And this might have continued to the end of my days, had not an incident, which occurred while I was on a tour to Canada, roused me once more to exertion. That incident introduced me to a Mr. C——. I was pleased with him from the first and I wished to

make a favourable impression on him. I was tolerably handsome, I believe; my maid always told me I was beautiful; but Mrs. L. had warned me against being flattered by those I thought my inferiors—so, as no person but my maid had ever assured me I was beautiful, I did not quite think myself so. But I was rich. There was no doubt of that; and I found means to let Mr. C— know I was rich. I had better not have boasted. He was a man of a fine mind and highly cultivated taste; and, after he found I had had the means so abundantly of education, he was less inclined to pardon the ignorance he could not but discover in me. He seemed to fear, too, that addressing me would make him appear mercenary, as no one could think there was a fitness in our characters and tastes. Oh, how I did regret my wasted time! I would have given half my fortune for the benefit of one year's improvement at Mrs. L's school. It could not be bought, however.

Mr. C— did not propose for me, but said he thought he should visit Boston the next summer. I came home and set resolutely to my studies, resolving I would redeem the time. But habit was too strong for my resolution. I had been indolent so long, that employment distressed me; and then I was ashamed to allow my ignorance to appear to those who attended to give me lessons, and I became more peevish and discontented every day. I was dissatisfied with myself, and I had no kind Mrs. L. at hand to soothe my spirit by the pity which encourages. It was better for me, though, that I made the exertion, for I have never since had the dyspepsia, and I should never have been nervous if—My poor heart! when will it be still for ever?

Mr. C— never came to Boston. He married a few months after I parted from him, and I heard of him at Washington with a fair and intelligent wife, to whom he seemed devoted. The disappointment was, for a time, very vexatious to me, because I had allowed him to know my partiality; and, to escape from my own thoughts, I went more into company.

My mother had one excellence. She was sincere in her character. She never managed to get me a husband; in truth, I do not think she wished to have me married, because she feared I never would find a husband sufficiently kind. But she was growing into years, and she was troubled at leaving me alone in the world. And she began to hint to me that it was time I made a selection. A number of single gentlemen visited at our house, for our establishment was elegant, and table such as a gourmand would worship. The character of our male visitors may be easily understood. They came to be feasted without any metaphor. There was little said or thought of "reason" or the "soul" at our table. But we had delicious soups and rich wines.

I married Mr. M—. He offered himself to me because I was rich; I accepted because I was nearly thirty, and feared I should not do better. There was no love on either side; but

we lived together tolerably well till after my mother's death, which happened about a year after my marriage. I mourned her loss; but it was a selfish feeling entirely, because she had saved me from all domestic cares, and I did not see how I could live without her. Soon my troubles began. I could not manage the household as my mother had done, though I harassed myself with constant cares; and my husband found fault continually. An epicure is always selfish. Never, never let any woman, who wishes for domestic happiness, marry a man whose soul is in his palate. A gourmand will be a tyrant—a capricious, unreasonable tyrant. My husband was a tyrant, and, in witnessing the paroxysms of rage into which he would be thrown, when disappointed of any good thing on which he had set his appetite, gave me more impressive lessons than sermons could have done. I am persuaded that those who would be happy must be temperate in all things, and that excess in eating is as wicked as excess in drinking.

But I linger on circumstances that may seem trifling. They are trifling compared with what I must tell. The confession must be made. It shall be, though my heart break in the effort.

The second year after my mother's decease, I became a mother myself. My daughter, my sweet, lovely child! still thy image lives in my heart. When thinking of thy first smile, of the pressure of thy soft cheek to mine, I can yet feel the thrill of pleasure that agitated my bosom. It is a blessed thing to have the affections called forth. I had never loved till I loved my child. The affection I bore my own mother was a selfish feeling, and always had regard to what she did for me. This was the fault partly of my education, and partly of circumstances. But when I looked on my little delicate babe, my own, a being dependent on my care, and one that I could make happy, oh! my heart was drawn towards it with a yearning of fondness, hope, delight, that was perfectly new and almost overpowering! I could have laid down my life for her:—and yet I murdered her!

Righteous Heaven! was this the punishment of my early self-indulgence?

Though I loved my child, and earnestly wished to train her rightly, I was not fitted for the task. Now it was that I felt the deficiencies of my own education. The lessons of Mrs. L. had impressed my mind with a sense of my infirmities of temper and inconsistencies of conduct, but I did not stay long enough with her to learn how to correct them. I knew I had been wrongly managed, but I had not discriminated the manner or degree. Like many other superficial reasoners, I thought the reverse of wrong must be right. My mother, I knew, had indulged me too much; and so I determined not to indulge my child at all. I made no difference between those indulgences that excite the passions or gratify the appetite, and those which call forth and foster the kind affections and moral feelings. My whole system was one of rigid self-denial. The consequence was, my child feared me, and she never was happy

with me. She loved the nursery-girl much better than me, and that was a source of constant grief and vexation. I used frequently to send away the girl, and let Caroline cry as long as I dared, to punish her for not choosing to have me feed her, and dress her, &c. I fear it was to gratify my own temper as much as to govern hers, that I exerted my authority. None but those who have subdued their own passions are fit to be entrusted with children. They may otherwise love children, but they will not be just towards them.

It was in the month of June—a bright, balmy day—such an one as seems designed for human enjoyment, when, to be happy, we have only to open the heart to the sweet sunny influences around us; and yet, if the heart is not right, how wretched we may be! I was unhappy that day. Some difference with my husband had occurred at the breakfast-table. Since the birth of my daughter, we had lived in much better harmony; he had been more reasonable, as he knew I must attend to the child, when anything had gone wrong in our household affairs. And I believe he loved me more as the mother of his child than as his wife; for he was doatingly fond of Caroline, and our chief difficulties now arose respecting her. He insisted that I was harsh with her, and that it made her obstinate; and then he told a long story about his own mother, and how she used to persuade her children—not hire or drive them—but reason with them.

We had differed that morning in our opinions respecting the time when Caroline should be obliged to learn her lessons steadily. I wanted her to commence then, for she was three years old; my husband thought it was well enough if she chose to learn, but insisted that no compulsion should be used. But, notwithstanding what he said, I went out and purchased books, and determined to commence that very day, and that she should take her lessons at regular hours every day, whether she were or were not pleased. I came home in no pleasant humour; for I had bowed to a lady who did not return my salute, and I felt enraged at her insolence. With these feelings of anger uppermost in my mind, I entered the nursery. Never shall I forget the sweet looks of my child at that moment. She was sitting on a cushion, with her face towards the door; the sunlight streamed through the window curtain, its beams fell on her pale-yellow hair, and the ringlets seemed clusters of pure gold. The nursery-maid had been twisting roses among her curls, and the little creature was passionately fond of flowers; so, when I entered, she looked up to me with a laugh of such heartfelt joy that I had come to see her pretty roses, and her blue eyes sparkled with a light that made the sunbeams dim—it was the light of a happy and innocent heart.

"I have brought a new book for you, Caroline," said I,

"My roses, mother; see my pretty roses!" said the child.

I turned to the maid, and bade her take off the roses, for Caroline should say her lesson.

I spoke sternly, and Caroline began to weep; I minded nothing of her tears, but took her on my knee and gave her the book.

She threw it on the floor, and cried for her roses. I ordered the maid to go down with the roses; and, when she was gone, I told Caroline that she should pick up her book and read to me. She refused to pick up her book; she was obstinate; but then I had provoked it by my own imprudence in teasing her to read when her mind was engrossed with another object. I should then only have told her of the rose, how it was spelt, and shown her the picture of it, and told her stories about it, that would have made her interested to learn more. What tyrants we are with our children, when, instead of aiding their ideas, we would force them to understand ours!

I had not succeeded to make Caroline pick up her book, when the maid entered to say Mrs. F—— was in the parlour. Mrs. F—— was a very proud and very fashionable lady, and I was glad to receive a call from her; but, in my struggles with Caroline, I had quite discomposed my dress, and this made me excessively angry with the child. Never before had I felt so towards her. I wanted to punish her severely. The maid offered to take her, but I bade her go down and say I would come soon; and then I told Caroline I should shut her in my dark closet while I was gone. She had always been afraid to be alone in the dark, and one of the very few things in which I had uniformly indulged her was to have a light burning through the night. If she ever awoke, and found herself in the dark, she had always been frightened.

When I told her I should put her in the dark closet, she screamed as loudly as possible, and I hurried her in quick, before she had time to yield, because I feared Mrs. F. would hear her shrieks. I locked the door and took the key, to prevent the maid from letting the child out, as I thought that would destroy all the salutary effects of the punishment. I tell all these minute particulars that I may be judged truly. I confess my faults; but yet I did not seem to myself to act unreasonably at the time. Are there not others who have deceived themselves, and been cruel when they only meant to correct?

Caroline had given one long shriek as I shut the door. "Mother! mother! it is dark! all dark!" was the last I heard her say.

Mrs. F—— was extremely polite, and she stayed a long time—I cannot tell how long. My heart misgave me every moment; I wished she would go, for I thought of my poor babe. But she had to tell me of her new bonnet, and ask my opinion of the trimming, and advise me to employ her milliner—such was our discourse while my child was dying!

The moment she was gone I rushed up stairs, and called "Caroline! Caroline!" as I unlocked the door. She did not answer. She lay extended on the floor of the closet—her eyes rolled up till only the white glared in their sockets—her features convulsed—and purple as with suf-

location. Why dwell on this scene? Horror! horror! is all the word that can express my feelings.

The physician reported she died by fits. The world believed it; her father never knew otherwise; but on my conscience the burden of her

death has lain like a mountain of fire, burning while it bowed me to the earth.

"It is dark! all dark!" sounds constantly in my ears. "It is dark! all dark!" to me, indeed! Would that I could place my trust in the God of light!

THE CHEVALIER DE LA BARRE.

BY THE HON. JULIA MAYNARD.

[During the last century, namely in the year 1766, two very young French military men were accused, at Abbeville, of insulting a crucifix during the night. One of them, named D'Etallonde, fled, and obtained employment in the service of Frederick the Great of Prussia; the other, the Chevalier de la Barre, less fortunate, trusting to the influence of his family, had the hardihood to brave the popular tempest, and remained to stand his chance. Persecution followed, and he was tried and condemned to have his tongue cut, to be otherwise tortured, and finally to be beheaded; which execrable sentence, to the disgrace of humanity and to the miserable superstition which degraded it, was carried into effect.]

"B. Et que nous apprendra-t-elle?"

"A. Que plus les lois de convention se rapprochent de la loi naturelle, et plus la vie est supportable."—VOLTAIRE.

[CONFESSION and LA BARRE.]

Con. My Son, confess!

La Barre. I tell thee, Priest, avaunt!

Con. The time draws near when to eternity—

La Barre. Away!

Con. I pray thee, my dear Son, confess Thy heinous blasphemy 'gainst Heav'n and us.

La Barre. And who art thou, or they, who torture thus?

I was a stripling but a short space hence,
With a youth's lightness, both of heart and mind;
My soul has liv'd unto old age since then.
A ghastly wisdom has grown up in me—
Fool, fool, had I but fled my torturers,
In some far distant land I then had liv'd,
Secure from monsters, rob'd in human garb;
And now all impotent I rest, and time
Goes on and leads to the accurs'd hour,
And this poor tongue, with all its tendril nerves—
O Heav'n, I cannot name it! Are ye men?
And yet will do this thing and dare to say
Religion prompted it? O, fools and knaves!

Con. Thy soul is all disturb'd. My Son, kiss this!

[Offers a crucifix.]

La Barre. Hold off! Bring not your wretched symbols here!

I have been dreaming all the whole night long
Sweet dreams of home, home sports, the very spot
Seem'd in my sleep so vividly display'd
I seeming touch'd the trellis-work that lies
This very moment near the casement, where
I never more may lean, whilst fragrant scents
Would laden the soft air, where loving thoughts
Would fill my heart, of her who was betroth'd,
Alas! to one, unworthy though I am,
Who yet deserv'd not such a fate as this!
Great Heav'n, her woe! My father's whiten'd locks!
It maddens me to think!—O, Priest, Priest, Priest,
Hast thou no mercy? I will kneel to thee,

Mayhap thou hast a mother yet alive,
Who would smile on thee and would murmur "son;"
Take but my place, and calculate her woe.

Ah, thou art mov'd—I see that thou art mov'd—
Give me thy hand. 'Tis cold—O, deadly cold!

Con. I could not save thee, Son. A thousand eyes

Would spy me out; there's madness in thy pray'r!

La Barre. Yea, madness, Father; my brain wanders now.

Is the knife sharpen'd yet? Carv'd Crucifix!

O, have thy pletur'd pangs no power to save

From agony to come? I have been wild

And sinful in my headless, selfish course,

Too all forgetful of a chaster love,

A father's warnings, and my better sense;

Yet if but death had been decreed to me,

I could have borne it—died—yea, like a man!

But to be mangled, mutilated, ere

This feeble frame shall yield its spirit up!

Con. I pity thee, my Son; yet dare not own I pity thee.

La Barre. O, miserable cheat!

This mouthing of Religion where 'tis not,

Does scripture bid ye perpetrate such act?

Nay, let us argue fairly of this case.

The Gospels have no passages that can

Be tortur'd to uphold ye. No! The truth—

Con. I cannot stay to list this blasphemy;

For know'st thou not, rash boy, alas! how rash!

That heretics alone read for themselves,

Those doom'd to flames eternal—those—

La Barre. Who think—

Who dare to think; and not be blinded by

A cruel superstition, miscall'd faith!

O yea, I have grown bold—grown bold to speak

The thoughts that burn like fire within my breast!

Despair feels over thus—I have no hope

To prompt the ready self-preserving lie

That stifles the broad light of self-respect.

Ha! the Dominican.

Con. 'Tis he, in truth!

[Enter Father IGNATIUS.]

Father Ig. Still obdurate, or penitent, my Son?

La Barre. Yea, penitent for these few trivial sins

In some degree I do admit I am;

More calm and more resign'd I feel my soul:

As for confession, man, I do deny

Thy right to urge, my bondage to comply;

Who are ye both? What arrogance is this?

Think ye those toga'd limbs, those shaven heads,

So awful unto ignorance, can bend

A haughty perchance as innocent as yours?

Father Ig. Audacious reprobate! and can'st thou dream

Of mercy after words that stamp thee well

A child of hell—lost, lost, and utterly!

La Barre. Thy curse doth fall like snow on lava-streams,

That melts or ere it touches them. I know
 Small mercy lives in that expressive eye,
 Full of all malice and too cruel fraud.
 I ne'er did hope reprieve from such as thou,
 Who lack'st the human touch within thy heart
 That links the common brotherhood of flesh!
 Thy dark profession has chang'd nature's self.
 O, black-brow'd Sophist; O, most evil rules,
 That bind the priest to his all loveless lot;
 (Nay I will speak), that rashly do forbid
 Sweet tie of wife to outcast such as these,
 And thus ye sour, all cruelty to woo
 Is your delight and recreative joy;
 Thence burning Autos and pale victims, like
 The one who is before ye!

Father Ig. Tears drop down
 For thy depravity, O heartless youth!

La Barre. Yea, hypocrite, the crocodile's false
 tears!

Father Ig. Peace! or I'll strike thee on thy
 recreant mouth!

La Barre. Ay, 'twill become thy calling to the
 life!

Father Ig. Audacious! In short space thy boast-
 ful mien

Will be exchang'd for abject humbleness
 When the sharp knife shall prove—

La Barre. What demons men,
 In fair Religion's garb, can haply turn!
 But for Heav'n's sake—that Heav'n ye so traduce—
 Go; leave me to myself, to commune with
 The thoughts ye cannot curb or penetrate.
 I will not answer more—it wearies me;
 And I am wearied both in frame and mind,
 And fain would seek repose to gather strength
 For that dark hour of coming agony
 I must endure! [*Throws himself down.*] Never—
 O, never more

Will this pulse throb—this heart leap to the swell
 Of joy-fraught tenderness; emotions sweet
 Of youth in its first glow of hope and trust:
 Never—O, never more! Life's bitter knell.
 O Heav'n, through this great anguish bear me up!
 By the blood-drops of lone Gethsemane;
 By the deep woe that hung on Calvary,
 Father and Saviour, O, thy mercy pour
 On this poor sinful head! Dread Golgotha
 Spreads out before my fix'd bewilder'd sight—
 Darkness and torture, and the obnoxious grave!

[*Falls in a stupor, ending in sleep.*]

Con. O, brother, let us leave him to refresh
 That lacerated heart; poor wounded deer,
 That for short space forgets the hunter's shout
 And his approaching end.

Father Ig. What heresy
 Is this, from priestly lips like thine? For shame!
 Out on thy weakness for this Godless youth!

Con. [*Bending over La Barre.*] Poor boy!

May-be thou hast a mother, who
 Will weep hot tears of hopeless agony.
 [*Touching him.*] Thy brow is burning, coal-like,
 to the touch,

And thy poor fingers ice—this trembling hand.
 I would that thou wert in thy lowly grave;
 For then thy sufferings sad would all be o'er.
 But now—

Father Ig. Out on such mawkish pity! Fool,
 To whimper over the young viper's fate.
 Go, crush these idle feelings from thy heart,
 And not disgrace thy calling by such acts!

Con. Brother, thou may'st be right; but I have
 still

Some fell misgivings, in this fearful case,
 Whether humanity is not disgrac'd
 In the harsh sentence that was pass'd on this
 Alas! though erring, most unhappy youth!

W O O D L A N D T A L K.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PUTLITZ.)

(Concluded from page 78.)

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

The Pine-tree had closed its tale with the dis-
 heartening and somewhat dubious prospect of a
 continuation; his last words had died softly
 away, and over the whole forest there fell a deep
 repose. One sound alone was heard amid the
 solemn stillness—the plashing against rock and
 root, in broken murmurs, of the Brook, that
 ceaseless pendulum of the woods. And as it
 went gurgling on—now brightly glittering in the
 sunbeams, now dark with the shadow of cloud
 and forest—while the reflected images were
 borne trembling on its surface, its unformed
 tones began to shape themselves into words;
 and unsolicited, though gladly listened to, by
 Leaf and Flower, the Brook unfolded its his-
 tory.

A hallowed stillness lay on the forest, un-
 broken, as we have said, save by the one rush-
 ing sound. Who has not felt the influence of
 this silence, or failed to recognize in it, as it
 were, the Sabbath of inanimate Nature? The
 wild deer breathe more lightly in their lair;

over the very hunter there steals a gently pleas-
 ing awe, which bids him forget awhile his sport,
 and sink down on the grass, a sharer in the
 general repose. 'Tis then that prattling brook-
 lets tell the flowers their tale, as ours does
 now:

"Know any of you whence I spring, or
 where my fountain-head, as one may know it
 of the opener meadow stream? It flows forth
 to the light at once, a tiny rill, over a rock, or
 down a hill side, growing wider and wider, till
 the short clothing of grasses will no longer con-
 tent it—fondly as they stretch to embrace it with
 their slender stems—but it must needs don the
 reed's stiff stays, with thin growing tufts, or
 dusky buttons. Of the mountain torrent, too,
 the origin is known. On its summit lies the
 hoary perennial snow-cap, which the sun, at his
 rising and setting, paints, and the flying clouds
 deck with many a fantastic veil; while deep in
 the clefts below gleams the dark blue of the
 mighty glacier. All on its surface seems fast
 and unchangeable, but within there reigns acti-
 vity and life. Ever welling, ever flowing, play

the busy water-drops their game of hide-and-seek amid the crevices and pools; for the unwearied God of Day lavishes still his kisses on the rosy necks of the mountain, touching and softening at length its icy heart, and sending forth in tiny rills the offspring of his caresses, to swell, and grow, and seek and find at length an outlet. When first they come forth to the light, they pause, astonished at the wide world before them. Presently, other inquisitive Brooklets run to join them, and thus encouraged, they speed further; no longer tardily lingering, but quicker and quicker still, till, become one living stream, it leaps, like its mountain-cradled neighbour the Chamois, boldly from rock to rock: now foaming white and high, as if in rivalry of the surrounding snow—now gliding clear as the unbroken icy mirror—till it descends at length to the plain, and finds pleasing repose in the lap of the meadows.

"But whence come I—the hidden woodland Brook? No child of ice or snow, ye seek my Spring in vain—or if ye trace my steps, fancy I must be born beneath yon massy stone, or behind yon grassy hillock. But no! far off, from amid the roots of some old gnarled tree, I laugh at your researches. Now do I veil my sparkling surface beneath a thousand plants and flowers; now sink unseen among a pile of stones, which, emulous of the forest's greenery, have decked their hoary heads with festal crowns of moss. But still I keep flowing on, and drip forth ere long to view, though keeping ever the wood's secret—that of my origin. Listen, however, and I will tell you now whence I was born.

"Aloft, on a light cloud, slow moving over the plain, there sat a gentle Elf, the Fairy Queen's favourite trowman, arranging her mistress's jewels. From out of its casket she drew forth a long, long string of costly pearls, a present from the Sea! 'Guard well these tears of Ocean,' Queen Titania said to her, 'they are my most precious gems; and well they may be, for locked deep within his fastnesses, the Fisher risks his life to bring them forth to day, and shining and solid as they have become, their lustre wears yet the dimness of the eye that wept them.' The Fay, aware of this, would fain hold up the gems she too was fond of, to try if they would look brighter in the sunshine; but pearls are not like precious stones, which shine with borrowed lustre; the Tears of Ocean close fast within their heart their inward radiance.

"Behind the Fay sat Puck, the rogue, torment of men and elves; and unobserved by her, while lost in admiration of her charge, the frisky spirit cut the string, and down rolled the pearls, first all about the cloud, and from thence to the ground. The poor Fay sat a moment stunned with surprise and fear, then gathered her affrighted wits, and fell down from her cloud after the trembling treasures. But as, while floating in empty air, between the clouds and earth, she marked the bright tiny balls, rolling and glancing, now here, now there, on

every side of her, she was tempted to give them hopelessly up, till, spying in a green field below a thousand pearls glittering among the grass, and on the flowers, she naturally took them for her scattered gems. So taking the casket in her hand in which the pearls had been locked up, she began, as busily as she could, to gather them up again.

"But long ere it was full, Titania's favourite fancied that it was not the tears of Ocean she was gathering, but those wept by the Flowers, and she turned sadly away to seek farther. Here she beheld tears drop from a mother's eyelids, as she hung over a dying child, and caught them—those tears such as lovers shed, and those were gathered—aye, tears everywhere, till the casket overflowed.

"Oh! what a world of tears are shed upon the earth! and what a stream flows ever from men's eyes! whose source, though manifold, is still the same—that human heart, which grief, or sympathy, or penitence, nay, oftener joy must touch, to set the wondrous streamlet flowing! Wondrous, indeed! and magical in its influence! for hard must be that heart which others' tears have lost the power to move! Vainly would such an one escape the touch of pity to say, 'Those tears affect me not, they flow deservedly.' 'Tis a harsh verdict, and a false one! for they are tears still, and none the less bitter that the heart they flow from has been, perchance, self-wounded!

"Our Fay took all alike, however, equally for pearls, grasped the casket firmly, and took her way to her cloud. The casket she found grew heavier and heavier—for tears, alas! are anything but light!—and when she opened it, lo! the supposed pearls had all disappeared. Sadly she flew from cloud to cloud—for all held her dear—and told them her distress. The clouds sent down their rain on the earth, to help to discover the lost pearls; and it fell streaming till plants and flowers hung their heads, and the dew-drops were all wasted away—but the real pearls were not to be found. Puck, rogue as he is, was sorry for the poor Fay, whom he intended only to tease, and not to grieve; so he dived into the bowels of the earth, and got from his friends, the Gnomes, bright shining splinters of ore, and bore them aloft to the Elf, saying, 'There, you have all your own again, and better and brighter still!'

"The clouds gave over raining, and the Fay rejoiced. But as she inspected the gifts more narrowly, they proved all glittering shams: and she seized, in her indignation at the deception, the cup in which they lay, and threw them from her, so that they fell, in shivered rays of light, on the far horizon, where—deceptive still—they mock in stormy weather with their broken fragments the stately, peace-bespeaking, welcome Rainbow. And often does Puck, the rogue, renew the treacherous device he first bethought himself of, to console the Fairy whom his tricks had despoiled. Nay, when the clouds still weep in sympathy with her remembered sorrows, Puck hies him up aloft with his delusive trea-

tures, and builds, beside the first, a smaller, fainter arch, in memory of his stratagem, all powerless as it proved, to comfort the Fay, who sat disconsolately on her cloud.

"Titania found her there, and for once, capricious Queen! in the best of humours—on hearing her damsel's misfortune, she forgave her. Perhaps she did so the more freely, that another mighty Ocean Spirit, to gain her heart, had promised her a second string of pearls; for the Great can be generous at the expense of the tears they cause to flow. But what, meantime, was to be done with the heavy contents of the casket, which still weighed on the Elfin's tirewoman's arm?

"Hasten," cried Titania to her, 'to the most retired spot of my woodland domain, and pour out those precious drops amid the sweetest flowers; tears they must remain—but flow at least united—in one mighty tear of the Wood.

"The damsel obeyed her Queen's behest, and so flowed the first Woodland Brook, and thus came the forest by its tears. And now do you know my source—lying deep in the heart of the forest, as those of men's tears in the human breast. In Summer, when so many children of the woods bloom but to fade, I flow lightly, though musingly by. In Autumn, when all depart, I bewail in silent grief the flowers and leaves which the wind off strews on my bosom, to find there a sympathy—last abode. In the waste loneliness of Winter, my tears grow pearls like the hidden ones of Ocean; and suspended on rock and root, shine forth like them, in dim, unearthly lustre. But in gay Spring, when feeling wakes in every heart, my tide, too, swells with sympathetic joy, and I o'erleap the barrier of my banks to exchange friendly greetings with the flowery mead. Nor is my sympathy denied to sorrow; for whenever the clouds weep rain, or the flowers distil their dew, responsive pours the Woodland Brook. And feel ye not that my source must be the forest's heart, from my whole aspect, and the plaintive music with which I greet the listening ear? 'Tis this attracts the sighing rushes to my side; 'tis this that scatters, ever as I flow, the flower of sentiment—Forget me not!—still softly raising its blue eye to heaven, like friendship in the parting hour. Over my wave the weeping willow hangs its changeless, mourning veil; wherever I flow, I awake or cherish feeling. The very rugged rock, that plants himself in my path, the stern and immovable, past whom Time flits unheeded, drops a tear after me, when quitted by my leaping waters; and mine are the sole caresses he endures, if not returns. And this endears to me the very Rock!

"Men tell a sad and wondrous story of one who survives all, and from whom Death eternally flies. Methinks the Rock must be the survivor of the Woods, and could tell many a tale himself: far distant are the days to which his memory reaches!

"But Puck, the rogue, bears me a grudge, and envies me that lasting flow and constant shining, which he with his mock glitter would

fain endeavour to outlive. For this he flings into my current many a sharp stone, and rugged obstacle, making my drops spring high aloft in air: then hangs his tinsel spangles in the sunshine, opposite my mirror, and asks if his be not the gayer, gaudier pageant? But quickly it dissolves, and I run sparkling on, unchanged. As when o'er human hearts, when well nigh breaking, some touch of wild, strange mirth will flit, none know from whence, across the tearful scene, and an unbidden smile play on the aching brow; even so, amid the deepest harmonies of Nature, will odd discrepancies arise to mar their unison. Some rude fantastic root, or dead unsightly stem, will peep perversely from the meadow's flowing carpet, or the wood's leafy canopy; and 'mid the flush of full-blown roses, a pale and cankered bud will sadly show among her happier sisters her wan and withered aspect. These all are Puck's devices! but feeling's office is, like Nature's, to remedy and repair them."

So did the Brook conclude. Awhile the silence lasted, but for its murmurs, and the whispering commentary of Flower and Leaf. Then came a sudden crack, and the large dead topmost bough of a huge Oak fell crashing through the branches, burying twig and flower beneath it; while hosts of leaves, whirled headlong in its fall, bestrewed the Brook, which, stirred to its depths by the fierce intruder, first sent its waters leaping up on high in air, then sought, in a more turbid stream, a darker pool. A second more, and all was still.

Methought Puck had been at his tricks again.

THE ROCK.

The first shock over, silence did not long prevail. How could it? Where so many dwell, and stand so close together, there will always be wherewithal for gossip; and Flower and Leaf had much enjoyed the stories, and felt themselves quite agog for hearing more.

"If yonder Rock has really something to relate," said a tall, neighbouring Foxglove, "let us ask him to communicate it. Indeed it is but his duty to entertain us if he can, seeing that he stands bolt upright between us—not only keeping others asunder, but always dumb himself."

"Foxglove is ever full of curiosity," remarked the Strawberry Blossom.

"Curiosity!" retorted the Foxglove, "why am I always to be twitted with that failing?"

"Because 'tis just to spy out all you can, that you stretch your long neck higher and higher," quoth the Strawberry.

"Nonsense!" said Foxglove, "'tis but to get my head above the Rock."

"Fudge!" muttered Strawberry, only half aside.

"And pray what do you do all the while?" asked Foxglove.

"Bear fruit!" cried Strawberry, proudly.

"What are you quarrelling about down

there?" asked, in a magisterial tone, the Beech, from his high station. "You are both equally inquisitive and foolish, and very naturally, for how can anything not quite a year old be otherwise than a baby?"

These ill-advised words were like to have brought on a serious conflict; for all the flowers felt alike insulted, and declared unanimously they would not pass it over unavenged. The Sword Lily, as commandant of the floral standing army, was summoned to his post; the light troops of Aconite put on their golden armour, and the heavy guns of the Stramonium were drawn out. The very partisans of the Foxglove and Strawberry which had called forth the whole insurrection, agreed to unite against the common enemy. Nettles and Thistles, the very reserve of the flower militia, were mustered, and even volunteers invited to join the ranks.

The Rose was the first to turn out, and make ready her sharpest thorns; not the less willingly that she was thought to have a standing grudge against the Trees, because they would not admit her as an equal, though often bearing her flowers on a right tree-like stem. The feud had been pending from time immemorial, and all the diplomacy of Tree and Flower had been exerted to bring it to an issue—a prominent part in which had been taken by the Guelder Rose, which was fond of claiming kindred with the taller among the roses, and consequently eagerly embraced their cause. These proceedings, unfortunately, were all carried on by word of mouth; thus depriving the world of a mass of documents of inestimable value, after perusal of which it might probably have remained as wise as before.

Nor were the remaining Flowers—who had not, like the Rose, any private ground of quarrel—a whit behindhand in defence of their honour. The Anemone especially made a long speech on floral rights; and the Reed composed and recited a patriotic poem.

The May Lily filled its ample goblet, and volunteered the Suttler's office; and a great body of Flowers assembled as an auxiliary force, and spoke much, and not without enthusiasm, of dying for the general good; and already pictured to themselves in the brightest colours the brilliant part which individually they were to play in the grand floral triumph.

The affair meanwhile had become very serious; and if the Trees did not prepare so speedily, it was because to many the contest would be attended with peculiar inconvenience—to the Pine-tree, especially, who might thus be branded with falsehood in his late account of the amicable relations between Flower and Leaf. And by degrees the military fervour of at least the greater part among the Flowers cooled down also. They inclined far rather to hear the Rock's narration; so that the efforts of the Bramble and the Whitethorn to mediate a peace found acceptance with all. The Bramble was particularly zealous—counting cousins, somewhat remotely, with the Strawberry, the cause, though the indirect one, of the strife; while the

Whitethorn, occupying a position between Trees and Flowers, was felt to be a peculiarly suitable mediator. The reconciliation, nevertheless, was not easily arranged, as no efforts could persuade the Beech entirely to retract its offensive words. At length, an expedient was fallen on, and the Beech was induced to say, that though he must continue to assert that the Trees were an older family than the Flowers, he was free to confess that the Rocks were older than either; adding at the same time his assurances, that never having intended, throughout the affair, to disparage the Flowers, for whom he had the highest respect, he did not feel as if any apology were necessary.

The Foxglove grumbled a little at this, and the smart Carnation quietly remarked, that it was conceding just nothing at all. But the Flowers generally expressed themselves satisfied, and the business terminated amid renewed assurances of amity and good will.

The Beech's admission had again drawn attention towards the Rock, and the wish to get him to speak revived; while the late tumultuous threatenings of insurrection passed from the memories of all like a fantastic dream.

In what way, however, was the dumb and little companionable Rock to be got at? The Trees would fain have deputed the Brook to ask him, who had boasted of their friendly intimacy, and had first made them aware of the Rock's extent of knowledge. The Flowers again thought they might best gain their object through the Grass, which, by means of its connexion with the Moss, could easily get their wishes communicated to the Rock. This difference of opinion might have endangered the newly-cemented alliance, had not the Brook bethought itself of a middle way.

"Beg of the Fern, which is neither a flower nor a tree, to negotiate with the Rock, who will never refuse his most intimate friend, which nestles so close, and spreads itself over him in such a caressing confidential fashion."

"Fern!" asked the flowers, "wilt thou prevail on the Rock?"

Fern nodded a silent assent: all listened, while the Brook muttered, as if in continuation, something which no one well understood. The trees gave themselves a shake, that they might keep still afterwards, and the flowers popped up their heads above the grass; meantime the Fern had made known to the Rock the general wish, and strangely muffled by the lichens from amid which it issued, sounded his tale as follows:—

"Well might the Brook say I was the elder of the forest: I know all about times far beyond those to which your memories can reach! In the stories I have overheard among you, there is a great deal of truth, though here and there corrections may be requisite. 'Tis true, as the Poppies have told you, that flowers, one by one, enamelled the ground; and the Pine-tree was right when he described to you the seasons partitioning the earth. But before this, there extended a long weary period, and many a battle had to be fought ere matters were ripe for

that! At the first Creation of the universe, the earth was a huge mighty rock, barren and rugged, but fast and immovable. As it stood, cold in its loneliness, the Creator sent those three potent brethren the Elements, to warm and make fruitful. First came, in his garb of gold and purple, the elder brother Fire. Powerful and uncontrolled, he rushed through the earth, knocking here and digging there, to conquer the stubborn Rock, but in vain; for, let the Fire play on it as it might, the Rock would not give in. And wildly did the battle rage! Now and then would Fire gain a partial victory, and succeed in splitting from the solid mass larger or smaller fragments, and hurling them in token of triumph over the earth; there I and my brethren still lie, scattered without design or order, the trophies of the caprice of an unbridled conqueror. But it was not always that Fire obtained the upper hand; for in the very masses he had thus detached in his fury, the Rock sought and found means first to withstand, and then to make him prisoner, and bind him with strong fetters in his very citadel. That every stone has fire in its keeping you all well know; for when men, who love fire, and have also reduced him to bondage, strike on one with thin steel, out spring the sparks—slight isolated breathings of the great elemental captive. How he still heaves and labours in his central dungeon I will hereafter tell you.

When Fire had thus been vanquished, came forth his younger brother Water, in vest of green, turned up with silver. He was both wiser and more experienced; for not only had he profited by the example of his brothers' defeat, but this misfortune had brought him better acquainted with the character of their common foe. And seeing the Fire had made nothing of open war, he betook himself to negotiation. So he laved, and leaped up upon the rocks, flattering and toying with them; now essaying entreaties, now cunning; now resorting, though more rarely, to force.

The earth began now to put on quite another appearance; for Water, occupying all the spaces his brother had already won, soon established himself in their possession. In that wide basin where now Ocean lies, he specially and speedily spread; and as the Rock had at first no objection, Water slyly crept up higher and higher, and then put out his strength, and scooped out for himself the valleys, down which run mighty torrents. And while the Rock still took this in good part, and even stooped to lend banks to the new-formed rivers, the encroaching element waxed greedier still, and leaving oft his banks behind, would threaten to wash the mountain base itself away. Rock stood upon his rights at last, however, and spurned the Water back into its bed; but though discomfited, he fell upon a wile to extend and improve his domain. All the light *débris*, of which by fraud or force he had despoiled the rock, he buried deep within his bosom; and when, after overflowing his banks, compelled to retreat within them, he left behind a mixture of water and rock, which, as a

portion of itself, the tolerant mountain was fain to harbour. Then came the seas and rivers, rocks and plains divided; but as yet, all barren and unfruitful, because on what is grudgingly extorted there cannot rest a blessing.

"Then sent forth the Creator the Elements' gentle sister Air, in garb of soft pale blue, to help and hallow all. She began by reconciling her brethren with the Rock; and though the latter still refused to give to Fire his liberty, Air gained permission, at her pleasure, to visit her imprisoned brother; and ever as she did so, she brought back with her somewhat of his warmth, and scattered it abroad over the earth. Then first life stirred in its bosom, seeds vegetated and struck roots: but heat alone was powerless, if not noxious: cool waters must assuage and temper it, ere buds could blossom, or vegetation deck the ground. Water was more than willing to assist, but straitened by his banks; so Air hovered caressingly over the other fettered brother, and drawing from his fraternal kisses the moisture they imparted, bore it aloft to pour it over the plains. Then first they felt mild rains, and clothed themselves in verdure; trees and flowers grew, and man and beast could find subsistence.

"So Air continued her alternate visits to her brethren, receiving rich gifts in nature; from Fire his light and heat, from Water fertilizing tempering clouds. And this you may observe still going on. Now Air is seen in all the brilliant hues left with her by her elder's glowing embrace; now in the mourning veil flung over her by her junior in their parting hour. The Fire you behold in morning's radiant flush and evening's ruddy glow; and when Air bids Water sorrowfully adieu, you mark the weeping Mists, and see the cloud sail trooping by. But they, as Water's offspring, cling still fondly to the earth. Air bids her slaves, the Winds, bear them aloft upon their wings; but, pining exiles, they gaze downward in mute woe upon their home, till, dissolved in tears, they reach their mother's lap once more.

"Nor are the fiery particles which Air bears off her willing captives; but when the clouds fling themselves despairingly downward, fire streams with them; the one gently weeping, the other wildly thundering. Thence comes the storm, before which man and beast instinctively quail, yet in which strangely mingle the soft influences of the weeping Cloud with the terrific lightning's glare; while, as in all else in Nature, blessing prevails over judgment, and when Water and Fire have, thus united, reached the ground, Earth teems, revived and refreshed, and all is vitality and vigour.

"What further befel—how the Seasons agreed and quarrelled—how plants arose and grew—you have already heard. We Rocks behold all blooming and smiling around us, and having witnessed the earlier reign of desolation and disorder, cannot but rejoice at the view, even though now lying unnoticed and little honoured on that earth once our unchallenged empire. And here I must observe how idle was the com-

plaint of the Foxglove of our forcing ourselves between you; when it is you who daily trespass upon us, and will soon scarcely leave us the lessening space on which it is our sole ambition to lie down in peace."

The Foxglove blushed, and hung down its flower-bells ashamed. The Strawberry tittered unbecomingly behind its broad green leaves, and the Beech murmured something unintelligibly above. The Brook took fright lest the old strife should recommence, and said—

"Right thankful are we, grey Elder of the Forest, for your narrative; but there is much yet behind which you have got to tell us."

"What is it you would know?" inquired the Rock.

"What Fire, down below in the Earth's core, is about; and whether he submits patiently to his imprisonment?"

"By no manner of means," replied the Rock; "for though his sister's visits amuse his captivity, and console him by the share they afford him in Earth's fruitfulness, he cherishes in secret, not only hopes of liberty, but even perhaps of ultimate dominion. This, however, would be a sad misfortune, and probably bring about the end of all things. And of this both Air and Water are aware, and do their best to prevent Fire from gaining the mastery. When this threatens to be the case, Air comes and kisses her beloved brother, who beneath her caresses glows brighter, clearer, and apparently stronger than before; while the heat she in her case steals from him prevents his burning too powerfully. If alone she finds him unmanageable, she calls in Water; and after an often desperate struggle, Fire is at length overpowered. Then he sits him down, in pretended quiet, in his rocky cave, deep in the bowels of the earth, beguiling his captivity with many a sportive pastime."

"Now would he roast and then melt the rocks about him, colouring the mixture with dyes from his own glowing fiery robes, and so make gold. Then would he borrow of the Waters, dripping from their fissures their lighter hues, and paint the paler silver. From the very Rock, his jailor, he would continue to purloin some of his dusky reddish coating to lend its dingy hue to his manufacture of Iron. Now none of them, as you may suppose, proved any very great blessing. Gold and silver are proverbially deceitful things, however men in their folly crave and seek after them; and as for Iron, chiefly concocted before Rocks and Fields were on such friendly terms as now, it readily lent its aid to root up and disturb the latter; while rough, unfriendly, and discontented ever—spite of its obligations to the Rocks—it is more disinclined to pierce us to the heart. As for the fields, perhaps the damage done to them by iron, may be compensated by the greater fruitfulness that follows. But we Rocks can hardly bear to see Earth's goodly breast so cruelly maltreated; and when the iron is holding its remorseless way, we often interpose to receive the shock and turn the plough aside."

"Gold, Silver, and Iron were already made, and Fire grew quite tired of dabbling always in the same colours; so he begged Air, next time she came, to bring him some from Earth; and she collected Flowers and Grasses for him. It was but little of either she could carry; but with the Grass's green, and the fairest hues expressed from the light petals wafted to him, Fire dyed bright Gems, and hardened them in his furnace; so that in those far depths of Earth which you perhaps suppose consigned to gloom and darkness, all is splendour and brilliancy—the walls hung round with precious Stones, the Deep's gay garlands, and the Rock's bright eyes. But if it happens—as it will—in Fire's workshop, that a drop of colour overflows, or even the painter washes his pencil, dipt in hue of gold or silver, or tints more precious still, thence come treacherous Mica, deceptive Ores, fictitious Gems, to lure and mock the finder; of which, as my friend the Brook has told you, Puck weaves mimic rainbows."

"But we have never seen Air carry away any of our sisters," said the Tulip, with an incredulous shake of the head.

"Because," replied the Rock, "you did not pay attention. Just observe, for once, the evening sky, and see how it is lit up with tints which never could have belonged to itself. There glows the pink of the Rose, and the yellow of the Crocus, and the purple of the Violet, and the bright deep red of the Poppy over all—in short a thousand hues too numerous for words. Now it is not every afternoon, but only now and then, you see this wonderful combination of distinct, yet melting tints; and then be sure it is a wreath of flowers which Air bears in her hand to her imprisoned brother."

"Distance no doubt prevents you, while you view the colours, from distinguishing your individual sisters; but if you had asked your hearts, they would have told you that it was so: for do they not draw you powerfully, though perhaps unconsciously, when you all turn your heads, in longing recognition, towards your fleeting sisterhood? Your feelings, had you listened to them, would have taught you this ere now. All you creatures of earth, however, in this resemble mankind, that you will not believe that love to be the best which you might seek in vain for ever from the understanding, but which the heart is prompt to whisper still!"

"But what does Fire do with the Flowers," inquired Forget-me-not, "when he has robbed them of their radiant hues?"

"He stores them, colourless, but bright and undecaying, in rocky clefts—their starry foliage turned to shining crystals."

The Rock stood silent till the Oak put in his word—

"Forgive me if what I fain would ask annoys you, and be sure it never could be my intention to offend or wound one so wise and deeply skilled in ancient lore. But being, as I am, next oldest in the Forest to yourself, and showing, as I do, your two good gifts of strength and durability, I may be said to have a right to

your confidence. Now all are brethren here in the wood. We have an object amid our vicissitudes; we grow, and we bloom, and we bear fruit, each after our several fashion. You Rocks, however, lie unaltered—ever the same, and on the self-same spot. Is this not (excuse me) at once monotonous and melancholy?"

"You too are just like mankind," said the Rock, half jesting, half incensed; "you look upon your doings as of first-rate importance; and on yourselves as the whole object and centre of creation. You grow, and you blow, and you bear fruit; and pray what do you make of it? You wither and die, and are forgotten. Time stretches his hand over the spot where you stood, and your every trace is blotted out. Each one of you is a mere drop in Nature's ocean, unmarked save by himself, and who knows not why he exists. Which of us can, indeed? But I at least never weary, let me remain ever so long unheeded; for under my rough outside I bear a feeling heart, and mark the changes all around. Many thousands of years have rolled over me, and no day among them like the last. Meantime, lying, as I do, with my ear to the ground, I hold converse through earth's depths with distant Rocks, who tell me of spots on its surface of wondrous beauty, forming bright episodes in the live-long tale which Nature is for ever weaving for her playmate Earth."

"Aye!" assented the Pine-tree, "there are, indeed, glorious spots in the world, as my cousin has told me, who, you remember, enjoyed great opportunities while roaming as a ship's mast."

"Oh, to be sure!" exclaimed the Aspen, scoffingly, "regions all snow and ice, where your friend Winter keeps the earth and people on it alike imprisoned!"

"Your restless fluttering must have lost you half my story," said the Pine, leisurely, "else you would have been aware that there are spots wholly the domain of Summer; where Winter never intrudes, where trees are ever green, and flowers spread a perennial carpet; where the waters are never arrested by ice, and which snow only visits as a colder kiss than usual from the clouds."

"Ah!" exclaimed several Flowers at once, "could we but see those favoured regions!"

"I am on the way to do so," said the Brook, somewhat proudly; and leaping higher, and running faster at the very thought, I hasten to join the River, and it falls into the Sea, which surely will bear me with it to those lovely lands."

"In the meantime," said the Rock, "I'll tell you more about them, for of one at least of those privileged and renowned spots of earth I have authentic information:

"At the time when Water was concluding his treaty of peace with us Rocks, he scooped himself out a lovely Bay, and the Mountains bowed themselves in a circle like a crown around it. This Bay was the Sea's favourite retreat; and it invited Air to come thither and breathe her richest influences over these lovely shores.

'Dip thy foot in my cooling wave,' whispered Ocean to the confiding Mountain. 'And I will crown thy summit with bright garlands,' murmured Air, 'and spread a flowery carpet around thy knees.' 'And I again' (resumed Water), 'when thus embellished, will hold up a mirror to thy beauties, that thou mayest behold them, and their reflected image shall adorn my bosom.' And so it was; the gently curving Shore flung its golden bow round the lovely Wave, and the Mountain looked down smiling on the scene.

"Now one day that Air was visiting her brother Fire, she began to tell him about this favourite haunt of Water's, where he would dream his brightest, happiest hours away."

"Could I not manage to see it?" inquired Fire, eagerly.

"Leave me to sound the Rock about it," replied Air.

Rock was by good luck in an unwonted complying humour, and at this very spot—thanks to the civilities Air and Water had shown him—peculiarly easy to deal with, so that our argument was soon concluded. Rock consented to open, at the summit of the Mountain in which impatient Fire was imprisoned, a window, through which he might look out when so inclined, provided Water would allow a Rock to rise distinctly in the midst of it, to keep watch on his proceedings. Just over against the Bay, at the opening of its circle to admit the Water, rises a conical mount, looking down on one side on the gulf, and on the other on the open sea beyond. What I am telling you I had from this Rock itself.

"Right opposite to it, on the main land, is Fire's observatory. By day, when light sheds its clear beams over the earth, the smoke alone is visible, which he puffs forth in clouds. But when night comes, Fire thrusts up his flaming head out of his attic window, and illumines the darkness with the lightning of his eyes; while he evidently enjoys his freedom, and plays many a fantastic trick: he often nods in a familiar way to my friend the Rock, who would return the compliment, were he not so fast anchored in the sea. And ever since the opening of Fire's window, the shores of the Bay have grown more and more lovely. Fire was too much of a gentleman to enjoy the sight of its beauties without contributing something towards them, and scattered his sparks far and wide over the coast. Some of them fell on the verdant trees, kept fast hold of their shining boughs, and instead of going out, these sparks turned into golden fruit, glowing as when they left their native furnace. To this day (so the Rock tells me), do these same Trees grow red fire-apples (some call them oranges). And perennially glowing is this fiery produce; for as at every season the Trees wear alike their coat of dark, but shining green, so do these fire-born fruits adorn their twigs throughout the year."

"But do these wonderful fruits never bear blossoms?" inquired the Apple Tree.

"That do they, like a shower of soft and fragrant snow. The same branch carries fruit and

flowers, and the scent of the blossom mingles with the flavour of the fruit. But there is one spot on this favoured coast more richly fruit-clad still. 'Tis when the mountains tread more closely on the strand, and raise their summits, crowned with orange groves, interwoven with a net-work of the long streaming tendrils of the Vine.

"Fire, meantime, looks out from the mountain, rejoicing over his gifts. The Sea whispers its mysterious lays to the strand, and fringes its margin with the whitest and lightest of foam. The Mountain towers over the scene, and Air waves its soft mantle over all. The sweet perfume of the Orange-blossom pervades it; the Spirit of the Water reigns there, and invites Earth's denizens to bathe them in the tepid flood. Each evening, when Air paints the western sky with her parting hues, she decks the mountain too with roseate draperies, that make her look as though she were the Sea's blushing bride. Each night does Fire hang forth from his stronghold brilliant streams, gold-grounded and embroidered over with precious stones. Then do Fire's flames and Ocean's waters together hold their pastime—the red glow now hiding itself beneath the wave, now peeping forth, hither and thither, broken by the trembling of the surf. All this my friend the Rock beholds, who bears himself a crown of vine-leaves, and sports an orange-bough, and a nodding palm-branch, for a plume in the verdant cap woven for him by the Turf, and fastened on his brow by thorny Aloe and the prickly Cactus. He looks on, as I said; and in return for the enjoyment which the kindred, Fire, Air, and Water, have afforded him, he resolved to do them a pleasure, and build for them a private retreat, to hold their brotherly meetings in.

"On the Rock's outermost margin, towards the open Sea, there opens a long entrance, scarcely perceptible to man; behind it, however, expands a lofty, high-domed, ever cool cave, where, united though apart, Fire, Water, and Air, may meet together. Water fixed here a mirror for her ever restless wave; but Air's deep blue, clear as the brightest skies afford, finds access too; while the reflection of the Fire plays, brilliant and wonderful, yet lambently over all; quenched as it were by Air's soft veil, and wavering in the shimmer of the waves. Now does Air seem to monopolize the lofty dome, as Water does the depths below; but ever in motion, they give place at times to Fire, leaping and licking with his forked tongue the rocky bases of the cavern.

"So do the Elements hold their secret converse, yet granting at times to mortals the privilege of being present at the conclave: these build them skiffs, row in and behold these marvels, then sail forth beneath the bright blue sky, admire the radiance of the imprisoned fire, and bathe them in the glancing waters. But when the talk of the brotherhood grows strictly confidential, these intruders are excluded. Then Ocean closes with her heavy booming portals the narrow entrance, and Air sends the winds with their

bolts to keep them fast. What passes there is known only to the Elements themselves, and to my friend the Rock, who harbours them. But he is pledged to secrecy, and keeps his pledge."

"That is right," said the Rose; "I like him for it. Is he, too, fond of flowers?"

"Roses at least he loves, surrounded as he is by a perpetual Spring," replied the Rock.

"How lovely that must be!" sighed forth the flowery Queen.

"And all this I am bound to see!" gladly repeated the Brook.

"Then fail not to carry greetings from us to the roses on the mountain!" cried all the flowers together.

"And from us to the Orange Trees on the shore," murmured the Trees.

"But how shall I know the spot?" inquired the Brook of his neighbour Rock.

"From my description," was the answer. "But Men call the Bay that of Naples, and in their language, my friend the Rock is known by the name of Capri."

"Oh, I shall find them!" cried the Brook, and ran plashing on. But it had a long way to travel, and a great while to wander in the immensity of the Sea, ere it beheld the wonderful sights described in its neighbour Rock's story.

The narrator of this tale stood in Sorrento on the verandah of a little villa on the shore, of which he was the inhabitant. The Vines which overshadowed it were now withered, and admitted the pale rays of the Sun; but the Orange-blossoms still scented the Air, and the fruit smiled invitingly forth from the ever-green foliage. Vesuvius sent forth its smoky pillar, and the Waves told their unceasing tale. One Wave, however, leaped up kindly on the rocks with a decided *homeish* sound. It was that which bore from its far birth-place the message of the trees and flowers. The brook had at length fulfilled its mission; but though fraught with greetings to the children of Nature, it brought alas! to the Bard no tidings of those dear to him.

THE POWER OF SONG.

(For Music.)

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

E'en as of old Amphion's tuneful string
Made walls and turrets to his verse upspring,
So in our hearts the poet's simple lays
Bulwarks of Beauty and of Truth may raise;
Whose walls, impregnable and pure, may dare
The shafts of sin—the darts of wild despair.

And e'en as Orpheus, with his silvery song,
Drew to his music stubborn brutes along,
So in our hearts the poet's power may draw
In mute obedience to harmonious law
Our passions wild—and with celestial lays
Our grovelling senses to Elysium raise.

THE TRUTH!

BY MRS. ABDY.

I never have fondly and trustfully hung
On the smooth, glosing accents of Flattery's tongue;
I never was won by the aptly-turned phrase
That leads the tired spirit through Sophistry's maze:
I like not half-meanings, perplexing and vain—
The language for me is unvarnished and plain;
Nor care I, if speakers be rough and uncouth,
So long as they fearlessly utter the Truth!

I like not the bards who depict to our view
The objects of life in a rose-coloured hue—
Nor dare on the plain, homely themes to begin
Of poverty, sorrow, oppression, and sin!
The bards that I prize—there are some in these
days—

Depict to us clearly the world and its ways;
All evils they combat, all sufferings soothe,
By the mighty and luminous power of the Truth!

Friends, earnest, unflinching, and firm have I
gained;
The touchstone of Truth they have nobly sustained;
The world's brightest honours had lain at their feet
Had they sought them amid the smooth ways of
deceit:

The course may be pleasant, the flowers may be fair,
But they know that "the trail of the serpent" is
there—

And pray to the God whom they served from their
youth,
To keep them still safe in the path of the Truth!

NOT HERE! NOT HERE!

Not here—not here! where death is ever preying
On all most loved—most beautiful and fair!
Not here—not here! with hell-born Sin arraying
In angel garb of light each phantom snare!
On to that soft, enchanted ground betraying,
From whose charm'd sleep the waking is despair.
Not here—not here! beyond the clouds the goal
Where thou must seek for rest and fold thy wings,
my soul!

Not in this world, whose every shining pleasure
Lures, like an ignis-fatuus, to the mire,
Whose cup is gall—whose wealth, like fairy treasure,
Turns into yellow leaves, and mocks desire;
Where youth and beauty tread pale Fashion's mea-
sure,

In whose embrace, health, innocence expire!
Joy is a meteor, here, whose end is gloom—
True joy is found, alone, beyond the clouds and
tomb.

There is no medicine here, to ease thy aching—
No precious balm, to soothe thy deep unrest!
Its bitter waters are not good for slaking
The parching thirst that sears the troubled breast.
Its hopes are false—its ties each hour are breaking,
The frailest, still, the ties that promise best;
But far beyond yon dome of heavenly blue
Can truth alone be found, for Heaven alone is true!

What are to thee the honoured stars that glitter
Upon the high-born breast, in empty pride?
What are its titles all, but toys that litter
The path of life? Can *they* its sad tears hide?
Ah no! humility's dark robe were fitter
For him to don, who, casting earth aside,

Would merely lift his gaze to those far skies—
To Him alone who wipes all tears from out all eyes.

What is to thee its dazzling path of glory?
The blood of slaughtered millions stains its sod!
What can avail to write thy name in story
If it be blotted from the Book of God?
And He hath said—the head alone grown hoary
In righteousness, the foot with meekness shod,
The crown of heavenly glory shall secure:
Thy God hath said it so, and God alone is sure.

There yet is time, poor soul, though widely wander
Thy footsteps from the narrow path and strait.
Open the Book of Life—there read and ponder—
Even at the eleventh hour 'tis not too late;
Crawl from the slough of thy despond, and yonder,
Where shines the light above the wicket-gate,
Knock—and beneath the cross of God's dear Son,
Go, humbly tell thy sins, and say His will be done!

Thou wilt not knock in vain, poor mournful sinner,
O'er the wide waste of waters His white dove
Will bring the olive-branch—thou be the winner,
Though all on earth be lost, of heavenly love.
Go on—go on! be childlike a beginner,
With humble step, and meek eyes rais'd above,
And tread the path that thy Redeemer trod—
The path is over thorns, but thorns that lead to God.

ALBERT TAYLOR.

K A T H E R I N E.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

I.

Dear Katherine! Looking in thine English eyes,
Gemmed o'er with mirth, sweet flowers in sun-
shine glowing,
A thousand gentle fancies to me rise,
Calm as a river in its summer flowing.
Heaven grant those loving eyes may never dim
With sorrow, or the blasting tomb of care;
But while thy life swells on, like holy hymn
At sunset, I would image gathering there,
In future days, blest looks thou know'st not now—
The matron's deep unutterable joy,
When first she teaches infant knees to bow,
And murmurs, in the hearing of her boy,
The Saviour's prayer, while o'er her senses steal
Flushes of bliss which only mothers feel.

March, 1851.

II.

She's dead. Twelvemonths ago a shamefaced
bride,
Centre and sun of many a hope, she knelt—
Ah! draw the curtains round the still bedside!
Such stillness at one's inner life is felt,
Like ice-cold fingers clutching at the heart.
Ah! Katherine, Katherine—would I might recall
The wish whose fruit has brought such bitter smart!
But searching then in fondness, I of all
Chose this one wish—the dearest I could make—
Nor dreamed thy death was in the wish I gave.
Great Heaven! should not the flower, for the bud's
sake,

Have lingered yet, or it have shared her grave?
Ah little thought I, when my hand clasped thine,
Our farewell echoed in the Mind Divine!

March, 1852.

A FEW WORDS ON GEOLOGY.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

—"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

SHAKSPERE.

In approaching this subject, we shall do well to remember that the Scriptures were never intended to be a scientific manual; that they speak of the phenomena of nature in language which, although not scientifically correct, is understood, and received among us without misleading any one; and that in them the Deity has not anticipated any of the remarkable discoveries which perchance He destined as the dowry of our latter ages.

All that can be fairly required of science is, that she should not contradict Scripture. There is a science, "falsely so called," which has unhappily misled many well-meaning persons, and has almost persuaded them that Christianity and Philosophy are often at variance; but let us be certain that all Truth springs from one Origin, and that when we find two truths irreconcilable, the defect is ours; for there is in reality but one Truth, an emanation from Infinite Perfection; and while it is clear that a thing *cannot differ from itself*, it is a proposition equally simple that perfection does not produce imperfection.

We, who are students in the outer court of the Temple of Nature, may fancy dissonances in the music, as the solemn anthem from within peals upon our ear; we may fancy incongruities as we catch a glimpse now and then of the inner glory by a half-opened door or a raised curtain, but what are our fancies? The thoughts of short-lived mortals, are so far from infallible, that the wisest steps are often those which we would undo and amend. Can we lead forth the army of the stars? Can we marshal the hosts of the planets, bidding each sustain his part in the silent and lovely dance which weaves chains of light around the earth, a dance which with energy yet as fresh as when "the morning stars sang together" on the birthday of creation, has been kept on in unbroken flow for six thousand years?

Since regularity is the rule of Nature, eccentricity the exception, surely it is but reasonable to conclude, when we meet with insuperable difficulties, and apparent antagonisms, that we "see but in a glass, darkly," and need a clearer light ere we successfully investigate the wonderful works of Providence. And since in criticising here, we are dealing with the works of Almighty Power and Benevolence, the greatest modesty ought to characterise our method of expressing our opinions.

So far as a very superficial knowledge of Geology—if indeed that can be called a knowledge which includes only a strong interest and

a theoretical acquaintance—so far as such a knowledge may give the writer any right to hazard an opinion, she can honestly say that to her own mind certain truths of Scripture have received from geological facts confirmation strong almost as mathematical demonstration. She trusts that the prejudices against Geology are fast dying away; very certain she feels, that far from being at variance with Revelation, this science will be found to interpret the hieroglyphics in which Eternal Wisdom has been writing for countless ages on the rocks, a chain of circumstances, a volume of illustrations to the Book of Revelation.

To the thoughtful mind, it does seem that the present age is rich in the discovery of such illustrations of the Scripture. Infidels had doubted whether Nineveh in reality ever existed, or whether, if it existed, the prophet had not exaggerated its size; but Dr. Layard discovers the remains of the city, and finds the measurement of the walls to correspond with the account of Jonah.

So, too, unbelievers, both scoffers and doubters—let not the writer be supposed harshly to judge the latter class—had ridiculed or tried to disprove the Scripture chronology. Some asserted that the world, as it is, existed from eternity; others that the origin of man was far anterior to the period fixed in the Mosaic cosmogony; and such objections were not easily overruled, for fix what point one may, an antagonist can always suppose a preceding race or races. It would seem, indeed, an unanswerable objection; "but," says Professor Hitchcock, "although Geology can rarely give chronological dates, but only a succession of events, she is able to say, from the monuments she has deciphered, that *man cannot have existed on the globe more than six thousand years.*"

Nor is this a position assumed without reasons more than plausible.

"That man," says Hitchcock, "was among the very last of the animals created, is made certain by the fact that his remains are found only in the very highest part of alluvium. This is rarely more than one hundred feet in thickness, while the other fossiliferous strata lying beneath the alluvium are six miles thick.

"Hence man was not in existence during all the period in which these six miles of strata were in a course of deposition, and he has existed only during the comparatively short period in which the one hundred feet of alluvium have been formed; nay, during only a small part of the alluvial period. His bones having the same

chemical composition as the bones of other animals, are no more liable to decay; and, therefore, had he lived and died in any of the periods preceding the alluvial, his bones must have been mixed with those of other animals belonging to those periods. But they are not thus found in a single well-authenticated instance, and, therefore, his existence has been limited to the alluvial period. Hence he must have been created and placed upon the globe (such is the testimony of Geology), during the latter part of the alluvial period."

That human remains are capable of fossilization, is proved by the fact that the process is now actually going on in many parts of the world.

"On the coasts of the Antilles," says the learned Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, "these formations of the present ocean contain articles of pottery, and other objects of human industry; and in Guadalupe even human skeletons of the Carib tribe." There is a large slab of limestone rock in the British Museum, containing a large portion of a female skeleton—a specimen familiar no doubt to many of our readers; we believe it was dug up at Guadalupe: in any case a sight of it must convince the most sceptical, that human bones are as capable of being thus preserved as any remains which have been discovered.

To our mind, the view of the earth as the laboratory of the Deity, in which for thousands of years He carried on operations, preparing it gradually for higher and higher developments of organic life, is a sublime and awful retrospect. Were it possible for the panorama of Creation to be unrolled in successive scenes before us, the word Creator would be fraught with ideas of magnitude and power, of foresight and benevolence, infinitely surpassing our present conceptions. We should see how exactly the successive races of creatures were suited to the condition of the earth which prevailed during their life, and how their existence, while it lasted, was one of pleasure and enjoyment.

Incongruous and unsightly in our eyes do many of the fossil creatures appear; but we should perceive, on a study of the subject, that creatures with organizations so delicate as our existing races, could not have lived in the world's then condition. Never, say the geologists, was the world so filled with high forms of organic life as now, and never was it in a state so adapted to their comfort and preservation.

The vast changes which upheaved continents and overturned rocks, are to us unknown. What a destruction of life and beauty would ensue if such convulsive throes now agitated the earth's crust! But the Deity creates to preserve, not to destroy; and in the beautiful language of David, "his tender mercies are over all his works."

And yet if these giant changes had never occurred, how many beauties, how many sources of pleasure and of industry would have been wanting. The romantic undulations of hill and dale, so important to the charms of fine scenery

which have often elevated and chastened our minds, would not have existed. Imagine the earth's surface a dead flat. What monotony! It would be a constant punishment to creatures so gratified by variety as we are. Not only would our taste have been wounded, but our precious stones and metals would have been sought in vain; their formation probably occurs too low for human labour ever to have reached them, had not a mighty Hand overturned the earth's surface, and piled up in rocky store-houses such treasures as are accessible to the labour of man.

Beauty might have gazed on the dew-drops, and longed to chrySTALLIZE their rainbow sparklings, and to deck herself with them as ornaments; but she might have sighed in vain over their short-lived splendour: the tremulous rays of the diamond—that temple of imprisoned light—the rich glow of the ruby, the purple shinings of the amethyst, would not have been hers; nor could she have had those robes fine as tissue, which are woven for her by machinery almost perfect, if these convulsions of former ages had not brought the metals near the surface.

It may be interesting here to state that man's labours have extended to * "a vertical depth of somewhat more than two thousand feet (about one-third of a geographical mile) below the level of the sea, and consequently only about one 19,800th part of the earth's surface." The temperature of the water at the bottom of a deep salt mine at Minden, in Prussia,† "was ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit, which, assuming the mean temperature of the air as forty-nine degrees three minutes, gives an augmentation of temperature of one degree for every fifty-four feet."

How essential are our coal formations to our prosperity as a nation! Whatever our condition might have been, at least we should have been situated widely different but for these treasures of our isles.

Is it not a strange reflection, that the gas which lights our streets, the coals of the household fires about which we gather, are new forms which a gigantic primeval vegetation has assumed. Nearly four hundred species have been detected by the botanical analyst in the coal formations of England and the European continents. Among them are grasses, gigantic palms, and coniferæ; some of the latter exhibiting faint traces of annual rings! Strange register of bygone ages, penned by Time himself, and incapable of falsehood!

How many changing seasons must have breathed through those green boughs—how many strange and extinct species couched beneath them, before the mighty metamorphosis was perfected! And how many reverses of human fortunes, both private and national, were

* Humboldt: "*Cosmos*." Translated by C. Otté.

† Idem.

sustained and forgotten, ere those great hidden riches were disturbed, and brought to light.

"In order to give some idea," says Humboldt, "of the luxuriance of the vegetation of the primitive world, and of the immense masses of vegetable matter which were doubtlessly accumulated in currents, and converted in a moist condition into coal, I would instance the Saarbrücker coal measures, where one hundred and twenty beds are superposed on one another, inclusive of a great many which are less than a foot in thickness; whilst in the forests of our temperate zones, the carbon contained in the trees growing over a certain area would hardly suffice, in the space of a hundred years, to cover it with more than a stratum of seven French lines in thickness."

When we know that the depth of the Lancashire coal-fields is about one hundred and twenty feet, this gives us a vivid idea of not only the higher temperature of the earth during the carboniferous depositions, but also of the immense time it must have required to form and harden the measures.

We have mentioned that the temperature increases as we dig below the surface, and to account for this we may state that geologists very generally believe that the centre of the earth is in a state of fusion, and that volcanoes are, to use a familiar illustration, the safety valves of the globe. This, of course is theoretical; yet it is certainly possible, even probable; but as we cannot test beyond a limited depth by actual observation the nature of the earth's strata, we must be contented to remain uncertain. Our theory, at any rate, is more reasonable than that of the Brahmin scriptures, which assert that the world is supported by an elephant, upheld in his turn by a monster tortoise. "On what the tortoise rests," says Humboldt, "the credulous Brahmin is not permitted to inquire."

Here we may draw what appears to us a most reasonable and fair argument for the truth of the Bible; it is this: our scriptures, though they have not anticipated, do not, we believe, in any instance, when rightly interpreted, contradict science; whereas the pretended sacred writings of the Brahmins and others contain falsities which an English child would scorn to credit. The Brahmin scriptures in particular contain false systems, systems of astronomy, &c., which stamp them as untruthful, when held in the light of modern scientific knowledge. No degradation of this kind has been the fate of our Bible: we have, indeed, discovered that our interpretation of its meaning has, in a few unimportant instances, been mistaken; but the corrections consequent on such discovery have been fearlessly made, and the volume of mercy is left intact—and this while the writings of the best of the uninspired ancients are full of absurdities, when they approach the subject of the

world's origin and the beginning of things. Any one may be satisfied on this latter point by referring to the chapter on the Greek philosophers in "Tyler's Universal History."

How is every part of this world crowded with proofs of design and of benevolence! There seems not an atom of matter forgotten or neglected: like the glasses in a kaleidoscope, the simple substances of nature are perpetually assuming new forms of attractions and usefulness: all is music to the ear, and beauty to the eye. While there is boundless profusion in nature, there is no waste; the *débris* of yesterday's races serve to-day a fresh purpose in the economics of the world; and while nothing is wanting, neither is anything in excess. Amid so much apparent disorder, too, all is order: the materials in the cabinet of Nature are arranged with all the regularity of a nice philosopher; or in cases where this order is temporarily deviated from, the exception serves the prosperity of God's creatures better than the rule could have done, as in the instances we have mentioned in some districts where the strata have been disturbed to place the metals within the reach of man.

There is a sadness in the reflection that the busiest life of study must leave us on a low form in the school of knowledge—sad thought, indeed, were this life our only existence; it is, however, but the lower school; and the Christian student, who sees that in the material world everything answers the end of its creation, cannot doubt that his soul, with its insatiable cravings after knowledge—his soul, from whose depths the cry "Excelsior" is perpetually arising to heaven, is destined for a life happy and glorious; of which his present state, in its best aspects, is but a very faint image.

It is no strange earth in which we shall lie down until our resurrection: there is no place in it so dark that the eye of Providence is not perpetually overlooking it; and no atom of our composition can be scattered beyond the reach of His hand.

With all her wonders, all her beauties, her myriads of past and present existences, our planet is but a point in our system, and our system but a speck in infinite space!

How well does the language of Job become our lips—"Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold, where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone. He (God) setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection; the stones of darkness and the shadow of death. He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. Lo! these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand?"*

* Job, ch. 28 and 28.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY G. B. D.

"Her life was short, but fair,
 Unsullied by a blot;
 And now she sinks to dreamless rest—
 (A dove who makes the earth her nest)—
 So murmur not!

• • • • •

It is the common lot
 To lurk in hearts to things that fly."

BARRY CORNWALL.

In a comfortable parlour whose closely-drawn curtains and bright cheerful fire made one forget the wintry storm that was raging without—or if thought of, the knowledge but served to enhance the comfort within—a calm and placid matron was sitting near the fire, and as she plied her glittering knitting-needles, ever and anon her sweet serious eyes would rest, with a loving glance, upon two fair young girls, who were seated at a table in the centre of the room, upon which stood a globe-lamp. One was busily employed with her needle, the other seemingly engaged in looking over a book of prints; but throwing it down with a half-smothered yawn, she exclaimed—

"What a dull dreary evening! How can you sit sewing there, dear Helen, as if your life depended upon every stitch? Throw it by, and come and take this seat by mamma. I will seat myself here at her feet, and she will tell us some of those recollections of her youth, which charm us so much; will you not, dear mamma?"

The lady smiled and said, as she laid her hand caressingly on the speaker's head—

"Willingly, my dear; but the choice must rest with you."

"You have often promised, dear mamma, to tell us of your early friend, Clara," said Helen. "She was very beautiful, was she not?"

"Sweet Clara, she was, indeed, very beautiful, with her dark hair parted upon her brow and folded simply around her classic head, and her deep blue eyes so fraught with tenderness, half veiled with their long lashes. She was the realisation of a poet's dream. It was in a sunny southern home that I first met Clara S——, and I thought that I had never seen one more beautiful. Nearly of the same age, we soon became friends, and I learned by more familiar intercourse to love her deeply. Indeed she was loved by all who knew her.

"Her parents' dearest treasure, she was the charm of the domestic circle; even the old household servants regarded her with a love approaching to idolatry. Gifted with a mind of the highest order, and a deep poetic temperament, her natural enthusiasm was blended with a shrinking modesty, which lent a new charm to her always graceful manner; instead of being

an object of envy to her companions, they all loved her, that she was so unconscious of her evident superiority.

"Often have I sat with Clara and her sister on the gallery of their cottage home, in the calm stillness of some bright moonlight night, and listened to her sweet musical voice, as she would repeat passage after passage from some favourite poet, and thought, as I gazed upon her, that she herself was as fair as any of the beautiful creations of the poet's fancy.

"Our sweet Clara, though portionless, was not without admirers, and from among the many she selected one whose similarity of tastes seemed to point him out as a fit companion for one so gifted.

"I was at her bridal. Always lovely, Clara looked still lovelier in her wedding-robcs, with the happiness she felt irradiating her sweet countenance. I shall never forget her father's look of pride as he placed her hand in that of her husband, nor the tearful smile of her mother, as she committed her darling to another's guardianship. We all rejoiced at her marriage, for she had wedded, not only one capable of appreciating the priceless gift of her love, but the heir of a wealthy family, and we all felt that one so frail and delicate should not be exposed to the privations entailed by poverty.

"I did not see Clara again for several years, when we again met in the city which had been her residence since her marriage, and which was now to become my home. The first time I saw her after my arrival was at church. It was the season of an Episcopal visitation, and the church was thronged with strangers, eager to witness the solemn rite of confirmation. The soothing and solemn services of the church, which for some time I had not been able to attend, occupied my whole attention; but the voice of the priest requesting the candidates for confirmation to approach the altar, caused me to look up, and I saw Clara, among many others, coming up the aisle. My eyes filled as I saw that beautiful and gentle being kneeling in reverential awe before the altar, and heard her sweet voice in the responses prescribed by the ritual, wherein she renounced the 'pompes and vanities of the world,' and solemnly ratified the vows made for

her in her baptism; and I mingled my prayers with those of the good bishop, as, placing his hands upon her bowed head, he prayed God to defend this his servant, and bring her to His everlasting kingdom. We met as if we had parted but yesterday, with the free frank cordiality of old.

"I soon left for the north, and on my return after an absence of some months, I called to see Clara.

"I was admitted to her room, and found her with a fair young babe upon her breast, and a new and holier beauty upon her brow, a beauty which had its source in the deep fount of a mother's love.

"It was a beautiful picture to see that fair young mother, as she sat in a large arm-chair, her slight figure wrapped in a snowy robe, the delicate lace of her cap just shading her pure fair brow and cheek, bending so lovingly over the little fragile blossom nestled to her bosom. She might have sat a model for the Madonna. Her health failed visibly from the hour of her child's birth—but she did not seem aware of it; her whole soul seemed to be centred in her baby, and it was, in truth, a lovely baby.

"Do you know, dear," she said to me one morning, as I entered her chamber and found her fondling her infant, 'that to-day is my birthday? I am twenty years old to-day.'

"I kissed her cheek, offered my kind wishes for her and her child's happiness; but the tears rose to my eyes, for I feared that she might never see another birthday, and I knew that her husband was even then planning a journey for her benefit.

"They were absent but a few months; Clara pined to return to her home and to her child, and she was gratified. Her husband purchased a beautiful residence near the city, and surrounded her with all the luxuries which love could devise or wealth could purchase, in the vain hope of prolonging her existence.

"I had not seen Clara for some weeks, and one bright afternoon in the early summer, I prevailed upon a friend to drive me out to see her.

"What a beautiful drive that was. Our road was bordered on each side by beautiful summer-residences, each embowered by shade-trees, among which one might notice the deep green of the China-tree with its fragrant clusters of lilac flowers, the graceful *Alanthus* and delicate *Mimosa*, and the bright glossy green of the live oak, that pride of our southern forests; richly cultivated gardens, in which bloomed flowers of every hue, from the humble violet to the stately oleander and superb cape jasmine, were spread out before us, in many instances only separated from the road by hedges of Cherokee rose, whose pure white flowers contrast so beautifully with the deep green of its polished leaves.

"It was a beautiful spot that new home of Clara's; and when I reached it, I found her husband sitting on the gallery. He assisted me from the carriage, and in answer to my inquiries concerning Clara, replied that she was very feeble; 'but,' he added, 'she will be glad to see you.' I followed him to her room.

"She was lying half buried in the cushions of her couch, which had been drawn before an open window, through which the sweet south breeze came laden with the perfume of the China blossoms and the sweet breath of the yellow jasmine. Oh! how fearfully had she changed. Her whole appearance showed but too plainly that consumption had claimed its victim. She told me that she would spend the summer with her mother, 'and when I return home,' she added, 'you will be often with me, dear—will you not spend the winter here with me?' I could scarcely restrain my emotions, as I took her wasted hand in mine and promised all she required.

"My visit was never claimed. Before the winter Clara was laid in the silent tomb, leaving to us the memory of her short life, as of a beautiful dream, vanished too quickly.

"Alas! how many of the fair young daughters of our land die thus in the loveliness of youth! Oh! would that my warning voice could arouse mothers to the necessity of taking more care to strengthen the constitution of their children by early training."

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

LITTLE GRACE'S EXPERIENCES.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

Grace Harcourt had one day been a very good girl, had practised attentively, written a careful copy, and repeated her lessons quite perfectly, when her mamma told her she had a great treat in store for her.

"O, what is it, Mamma? Do tell me," she cried.

"I mean to take you with me to-morrow to Forest Grove, where you have so often wished to go. We will ride there in your Uncle's pony-chaise; and when we have seen the grounds we will have our dinner under the trees."

"O, Mamma—dear Mamma! How nice—how delightful—that will be!" she exclaimed, jumping about, and clapping her hands. "Shall we go early—very early indeed?"

"Yes, as soon as Grandpapa is up, and I have seen that he has everything quite comfortable. We must not neglect Grandpapa, you know."

"No, that would never do. But, Mamma, Grandpapa gets up so dreadfully late! Could not we just ask him to make haste to-morrow?"

"Why, no. We may be sure he will do so if he be well enough; and it would not be kind to hurry him."

"Why not, Mamma?"

"Because it would seem as if you cared more for your own pleasures than his comforts; so you must make up your mind to wait patiently, like a grateful little girl. And do be very careful not to make a noise to disturb him."

"Well, I will try ever so hard, Mamma, to be quiet; for indeed I do love Grandpapa. But may I tell him I have been good, and where I am going to-morrow?"

"Certainly, my love. And now put your books away, and run off to your play."

Grace was so delighted at the prospect of the promised enjoyment that she could think and talk of nothing else. And next morning, when she was called, her first question was—

"Is it a fine day, Jane?"

"Beautiful, Miss Grace," answered Jane; while the bright sun filled the room with cheerful light.

"And how is Grandpapa, Jane? Is he getting up?"

"No, Miss; and your Mamma hopes you will remember to be very quiet, as Master said he had had a bad night."

Poor Grace was sadly grieved at this news, but she crept about the house like a little mouse; and, though she was not very fond of work, amused herself with her doll's things till her Grandpapa came down; as her Mamma advised her not to run in the garden, lest she should tire herself.

At length Grandpapa appeared. Grace ran to shake up the cushions of his chair, as usual; but he was rather poorly that morning, which made him testy; so, instead of thanking her, he roughly bade her move out of the way. Her heart swelled at this, and she thought it very hard to bear; but she said nothing, and stood by, watching how patiently her Mamma waited on him and placed all his little comforts within his reach. Though the chaise was at the door, and Shag, the pony, stood pawing the ground, as if he too would like the excursion, she had the forbearance not to mention it. Many children I know would have called out "The chaise is come, Mamma—do make haste; I am sure we shall be too late;" but Grace was less selfish.

"And what am I to do all day?" asked Grandpapa. "I cannot think what takes you out this hot weather. I am sure it will rain."

"O no, Grandpapa, the glass is at 'set fair,' and the sky is so blue, it cannot be going to rain."

"Miss Price will come and spend the day with you, Father. I really do not like to disappoint my patient, good, little Grace."

"I do not want Miss Price. My leg is worse than ever."

"Shall we stay at home, Grandpapa?" said Grace; "I do not care *very* much." But as she spoke the tears filled her eyes, even though she tried to keep them back.

Mr. Gresham looked at her for a moment, and then, stooping down to kiss her, answered,

"No, my generous, unselfish darling, you shall not lose your jaunt for me. My foot is

much easier now, and I shall be very glad to see my old friend, Miss Price. You will have a lovely day for your drive. There, make haste off, my pet. Good-bye!"

Now, what made this sudden change in Mr. Gresham's feelings? Good temper; that was all. People, when they are ill and in pain, are sometimes cross and unreasonable, as Grandpapa had been; but Mrs. Harcourt's patience, and Grace's generosity, made him feel his folly. Was not that better than if they also had murmured and fretted?

Some of my little readers may wonder why I call Grace *generous*, since she had not given away anything; but generosity does not always consist in making presents: we must learn to give up also before we are truly generous.

I wish I could describe Grace's great joy as she drove along beside her Mamma. She had the best thing in the world to make her happy—an approving conscience; she knew she had really been good, and quite deserved her present pleasure. The village, as they passed through it, looked prettier and busier than it had ever done; and how gaily the fire burned in the blacksmith's forge, while the sparks danced off the hot iron he was hammering! Then, it was so funny to see the geese waddling along the green to the pond, where was a poor hen, who had unwittingly hatched a breed of goslings, clucking to them in great distress as they ran to the water, where she could not follow them. Grace laughed at the hen's mistake, and then felt almost sorry for her. There was little Johnny Barker, too, creeping along to school in his clean white pinafore; she wished he could go to Forest Grove with them.

And then came the pleasant lanes, with their high hedges, with wild flowers twisting about them, studding the sloping banks, and lending fresh scents to the soft, warm air, already perfumed by the fragrant hay—the corn-crake chirping in the fields, and the lark carolling above them, far out of sight—butterflies darting in and out of the flowers, and every now and then a pretty little cottage starting up by the road-side, with rosy, nut-brown children crowding to peep over the half-door at the travellers. Could anything be more delightful? Grace nestled up close to her dear Mamma, and hoped she might always be a good girl.

At length they reached Forest Grove, and then her joy was unbounded. First of all there was a dear little house at the Park gates; this was the Lodge, and the woman who lived in it having been an old servant of Mrs. Harcourt's, was delighted to see them, and made them promise to come back and eat some of her strawberries and cream. Then, after skimming along the avenue, which was smoother than a garden-walk, and was arched over by limes and horse-chestnut trees, forming a canopy of green leaves above them, they arrived in front of the house, built like a castle! Grace had so long wished to see a real castle, and now, here was one, with a lawn as soft as a velvet carpet before it, and thick groups of every sort of tree, their

foliage contrasting wonderfully in shape and colour. A peacock strutted on the terrace-walk, displaying his gorgeous tail, now wide outspread, now gracefully drooping; and deer, real deer, were tossing their antlered heads, and bounding along quite near; while the sun lit up the farthest corners, and played over the masses of verdure; and pretty light clouds chased each other across the blue sky. "Oh, Mamma!" she cried, "how beautiful, how very beautiful! how I wish Grandpapa was with us."

They went all through the hot-houses, where she was almost bewildered by the wonderful tropical plants and strange flowers; but it was so very warm there, that I question if she enjoyed that part of the visit as much as her Mamma, still it was very pleasant; but her joy was unspeakable when they went over the grounds. There she saw a pond with gold and silver fish, quite tame, who darted about in the clear water, and popped up their heads for the crumbs she was allowed to give them. There was also an aviary, with ever so many foreign birds, of the brightest colours she could imagine, some so small, they were hardly larger than a big bee, but all alive, hopping about from spray to spray, and chirruping incessantly. Then there was a broad lake, with a pretty boat, and a man waiting to row them across; a noble swan, too, was swimming proudly about, looking so stately, and gracefully curving its long neck. There was no end to the pleasures of the day.

When they landed, Grace was allowed to run about the Park freely, and gather a fine nosegay of the monthly roses, honeysuckles, and wild flowers that were allowed to grow at the foot of the fine old trees, while her Mamma sat under their shade and read. At length, quite tired out, she seated herself by her Mamma, and then they opened their basket of provisions, to see what Jane had packed up for their dinner, and found some nice cold fowl and ham, a tart, a bottle of currant wine, and a cake. Oh! how Grace enjoyed her dinner in this pleasant spot.

"Mamma," she asked, "are there any little girls here? This is Lord De Vere's house, I know; but the man said the birds were Lady Isabella's. Who is Lady Isabella, and how old is she?"

"She is Lord De Vere's only child, and is just about your age, Grace."

"A little girl! how very happy she must be. I wish I could see her. Would not you like to see Lady Isabella, Mamma?"

"No, I am very well satisfied as I am, Grace."

"Oh, but Mamma, to live in this beautiful place, to have all those darling little birds for one's very own, and to be able to go on the lake every day—I am sure I wish I were she."

"Softly, softly, my Grace, or I shall be quite sorry I have brought you to Forest Grove, if the sight of all these beauties is to make you discontented and envious."

"Envious, Mamma? But surely I may just wish to have the same fine things as she has?"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor anything that is his.' Do you remember that, eh, Grace? It is dangerous to wish for these riches, delightful as they are; because you may become dissatisfied with your own position, and forget how much better off you are than many poor children. Would you like to change places with Betsey Adams, for instance?—the little girl who weeds our garden, and works in the fields all day."

"No, that I would not, Mamma. Her cottage is so cold and dirty—and do you know, I really believe she has often nothing but dry bread to eat. O, no, I would not be Betsey Adams for the world!"

"Then think of her another time when you wish to change places, and remember how much more fortunate you are. Besides, Lady Isabella is so accustomed to this lovely place, that she does not admire it as you do."

"Now do you *really* mean that, Mamma? Is it possible?"

"Quite possible, my love. I do not think you yourself care very much about the easy-chairs and sofas in our house, or the nice soft carpets under your feet, the thick curtains to keep out the cold, your frocks for summer and winter, your snug little bed, your good breakfasts and dinners."

"O but, Mamma, everybody has these things!"

"Everybody you visit, my little girl; but when Betsey first came to our house, she told Jane she had never seen such a grand place in her life."

"Well, I never thought of that before. Will you let me try to save up something for her, Mamma? I wonder if she has a plum-pudding on Christmas-day like we have, or a twelfth-cake?"

"No, that she has not, Grace."

"Then I declare I will save up some of my pocket-money and give her one—that I will. And so Lady Isabella does not care for all these fine things, any more than I do for my little garden? How funny! But I suppose she would be sorry to lose them, Mamma?"

"Certainly; as you would be, my child, were you to lose all the comforts you enjoy."

It was now time for them to return to the Lodge, according to their promise. The strawberries and cream were excellent; and as soon as they had despatched them, they drove off homewards. Shag trotted along briskly, and their moonlight-ride was as pleasant as the morning journey. All was so quiet and peaceful, the very flowers seemed asleep; the warm air steamed up, rich with odours; not a sound was heard but the nightingale's song, or the distant watch-dog's bark. The children who had played along the road were now safe in bed; but the bright fire-light shone cheerily out from some of the cottage windows, and showed their mothers busily frying a supper for the hungry labourers.

"O, Mamma," said Grace, "I am sure all the world may be happy if they will; for every-

body can see the pretty stars, and the soft-shining moon, and hear these sweet birds. God must love us very much, to give us so many nice things!"

"He does indeed, Grace."

"Quite as much as Lady Isabella, though she is so rich?"

"Quite, my love. We are all His children, and, however low our lot may be, we cannot be utterly miserable if we are good and try to do our duty in it."

On arriving at home, they found Grandpapa sitting up for them, in high good humour, for he too had spent a very pleasant day with kind Miss Price; and when Grace had related all the wonders they had seen, he bade her guess what he was going to do with her the next day.

She guessed and guessed, but to no purpose. At last he said—

"How would you like to go up to town—to London, pet?"

"To London, Grandpapa!—to London in real earnest?"

"Yes, darling; Miss Price is going to-morrow, and has promised to take care of you on the journey, and I mean to send you up to your Aunt Courtenay for a week, if Mamma has no objection. This is Grandpapa's treat to his good little Grace. I shall tell your Aunt to take you to all the sights."

Mrs. Harcourt willingly consented, and the next day the happy child accompanied Miss Price on this delightful jaunt. She was rather sorry to leave her Mamma and Grandpapa, but then she was going to see her Aunt and Cousins, of whom she was very fond; besides, her Mamma whispered, "Do not let Grandpapa see you cry at parting with us, it will vex him;" so she wiped her tears and went away with a smile.

Her Aunt and cousin Caroline were very glad to have her with them, and the first place they went to was Kensington Gardens. This was a great pleasure to her, though she was rather puzzled why they were called gardens, and had not expected to see such a fine place: the band was playing beautifully, smartly dressed children were running about, and elegant ladies and gentlemen stood listening to the music. All this was very different from Forest Grove, but quite as pleasant in its way. That evening, too, she remained a long while at her window, watching the lamp-lighter, and seeing the lights shine out at his touch as if by magic: she was quite surprised that Caroline did not seem to enjoy it as she did; and then she remembered what her Mamma had told her the day before about Lady Isabella, and felt how true it was.

Caroline was a very good-natured child, but she could hardly help laughing at Grace's exclamations of delight when she saw the fine shops in Regent-street. Mrs. Courtenay kindly lingered to please her little niece; but Caroline only wondered, and was almost impatient at last. I cannot tell you half the sights she saw:

there were the Zoological Gardens, and Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, and the Adelaide Gallery, and the British Museum. The two last pleased her especially; there were so many curiosities in the Museum; and as for the Bazaars, she had not thought it possible to invent so many toys and pretty things. She saw, too, that anybody might enjoy the Museum, poor as well as rich, and that their little girls might sometimes be treated with a peep at the beautiful play-things in the Bazaars. "Oh yes," she cried; "there is pleasure for us everywhere if we like;" and then she thought again of Lady Isabella and of poor Betsey Adams, who was so very poor, and I am glad to say this last thought cheered her just as she was going to buy herself a second doll. She remembered how she had intended to save for Betsey, and felt ashamed to feel how nearly she had broken her good resolution.

Caroline, however, seemed so insensible to all these sights, that Grace fancied she cared for nothing; but she was soon undeceived, for her Cousin returned home with her, and then the town-girl's raptures at the country scenes were far greater than hers had been in London. She made another discovery, also: Betsey Adams, whom she had so pitied, was much stronger, had better health, and ran twice as fast as she did. There was not a gayer or heartier girl in the village; and when Grace heard her laughing and singing away, she could not help remarking on it to her Mamma.

"Betsey has good health and a clear conscience, my love; and, as you observed when we were returning from Forest Grove, every one may be happy if good."

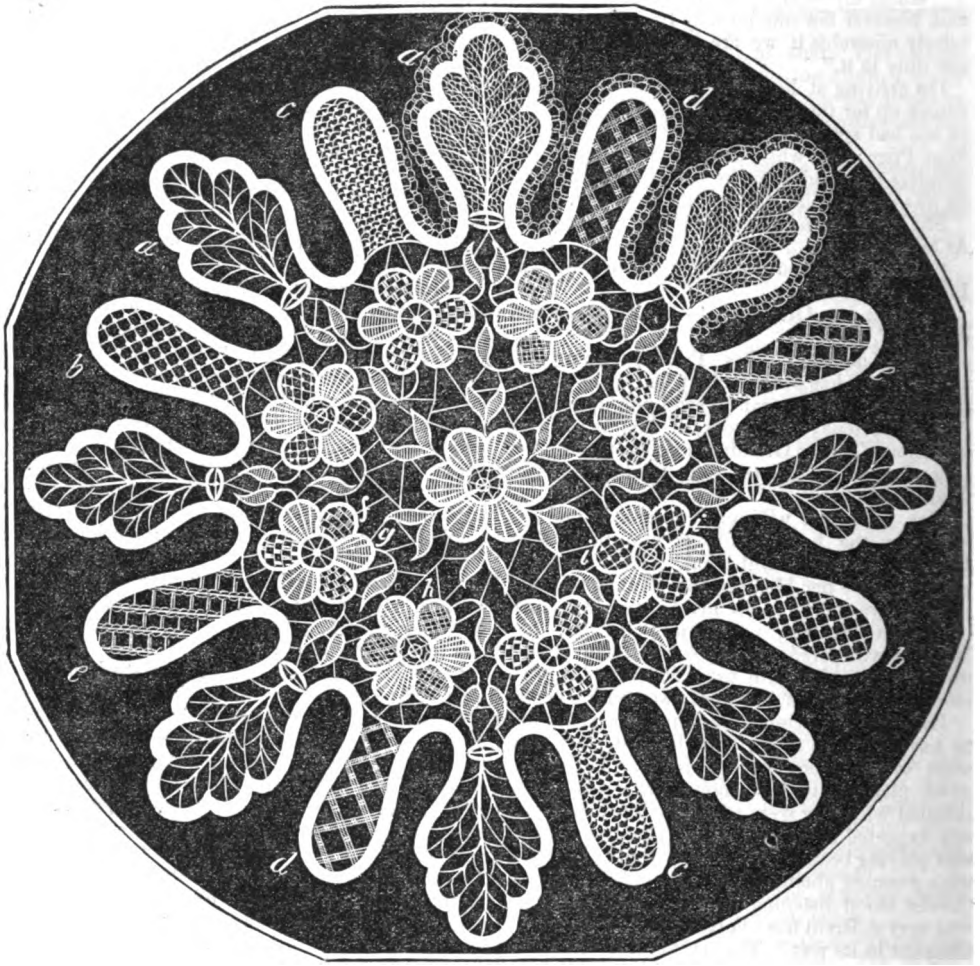
"But she has neither shoes nor stockings to wear, Mamma."

"Neither have you an aviary, a peacock, or a lake, Grace; yet I think you are a merry little thing. Betsey has not been used to the comforts you possess, and perhaps does not miss them; still, we, who are better off, must do all in our power to make her state easier, for only thus can we prove our gratitude to our Master, who has graciously bestowed so many more blessings on us. And now, Caroline's extreme delight here, and her wonder when you were so enchanted with town, may plainly teach you that we need never envy another's position, however elevated it may seem; for we become so accustomed to the pleasures that are within our daily reach, that we almost forget them; and, after all, happiness lies within ourselves, for wherever or whoever we may be, we cannot be happy unless we are virtuous. This has been your first experience in life, my child: if, when Christmas comes, you have persevered in your good behaviour, and in your endeavour to assist poor Betsey, you will find as many pleasures in the frost, snow, and rain, as in that lovely day at Forest Grove, or the gay week spent in London."

THE WORK - TABLE.

POINT LACE POMPADOUR CAP.

MATERIALS.—4 yards of Italian Braid; W. Evans and Co's. No. 1 Mecklenburgh Thread, and Point Lace Cottons.



This cap is of the latest Parisian shape, and the work is a combination of the old stitches with those which we now give to our readers for the first time.

With the exception of the scallops, which are alternately large and small, the whole of the outlines are done in thread: the scallops are in Italian braid.

We are compelled to reduce the size of the pattern, in order to give the perfect effect to it. The original is twelve inches from the extremity of one point to that of the opposite one. The centre of the cap is composed of nine flowers, one in the middle, and the eight others clustering round it. The border is formed of sixteen points. The ground is entirely in Raleigh bars.

To give the proper contrast between the flowers and the ground, the former are worked in the most solid manner. A Mechlin, which is in the centre of each, and the six petals, are worked in the new stitches.

To prevent confusion in the threads and stitches, we will name them according to the lettering in the engraving:—

a. Leaf filled with Brussels with No. 90, over which veinings are worked, in Venetian bars, with W. Evans and Co's. Mecklenburgh 160, edged with a double row of Sorrento edging, worked with W. Evans and Co's. Mecklenburgh thread, No. 100.

b. English lace, with Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70.

c. Venetian lace, done with the same cotton.
d. Cordovan lace, with No. 150 Boar's Head Cotton of the same makers.

e. These leaves are filled with edged Venetian bars, connected with English bars; all done in Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

f. Spotted lace, worked with No. 160 Mecklenburgh thread.

g. The close work. This is all foundation stitch, done with the same as the last. The six

petals of the middle flower, the small leaves, and every alternate petal of the other eight flowers, are in this stitch.

h. Open diamonds, in 90 Boar's Head Cotton.

i. English lace, done as in the border.

This cap requires only the simplest making up. Brides, of roses and buds, or of ribbon, come beneath it to the ears, and it is confined at the sides by ornamental pins, lying almost flat on the top of the head. AIGUILLETTE.

A P R O N.

BRODERIE EN LACET.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{4}$ of a yard of wide black Glacé Silk, two knots of the best Russia Silk Braid, and half a dozen reels of Chinese Silk. The braid should be of any colour that may be preferred, and the silk to match. Cerise, crimson, blue, green, and grey are the most suitable.

The term *Broderie en Lacet* is one invented by ourselves, as a name for a kind of embroidery which we have just brought out. It is, in fact, literally (as its name indicates), embroidery with braid, the outlines being made in silk braid, and the flowers, stems, &c., filled in with Point Lace stitches.

The beauty of this style of work is only equalled by the rapidity of its execution. To those who are *à fait* at Point Lace work (which we believe most of our readers to be), nothing can be more simple. The design is marked on the silk, and then braided: the ends of the braid, when a join is requisite, being drawn through the silk to the wrong side, and sewed down.

Unable to give, within the limits of our pages, such a section of the apron as would enable our friends to draw from the engraving, we have preferred presenting them with one which gives the general effect, to any mere portion which would look incomplete, and yet oblige the worker to go through the trouble of enlarging it.

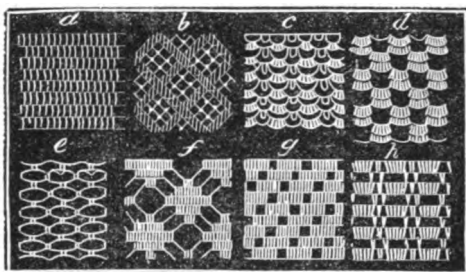
Of course it is not necessary to make the work as close as in point lace. All the stems are done in point d'Alençon (herring-bone stitch). The roses are worked with a Mechlin



wheel in each petal, and one in the centre, the whole inner edge being worked in Venetian edging. The other flowers are outlined in braid, but the division between the petals are done in Venetian bars, edged, and connected with English bars.

The leaves are to be as lightly worked as possible, in Brussels or Venetian lace. A scallop of raised overcast stitch, finished with deep Sorrento edging, completes the lower part of the apron. AIGUILLETTE.

ANTIQUE POINT STITCHES.



We give this month some new stitches for working the most valuable sorts of Antique Point; trusting that those who have hitherto followed our instructions, and achieved success in the imitation of some of the simpler kinds of lace, will now be prepared to work specimens of the richest and most beautiful sorts. Several of these stitches will be found in the French Pompadour Cap, which we give in the same number.

With the first stitch our readers are already familiar, under the term Foundation Stitch, but it is given here on an enlarged scale, that it may be perfectly well understood. In all old Spanish lace, and in many other kinds, this stitch forms a foundation. It is simple Brussels, worked over a bar of thread, with coarser or finer cotton, according to the texture of the lace, but always *quite close*, and presenting so solid an appearance, that it is frequently mistaken for tape. The engraving shows the way in which one line of stitches works into the previous line, but it must be remembered that the stitches are, throughout, taken as closely together as possible.

b. OPEN DIAMONDS.—Five rows of work are necessary to form a pattern of this stitch: they are as follows:—

1st row. Work eight Brussels stitches *close together*; then miss the space of one stitch, work eight stitches as before, and miss the space of one stitch.

2nd row. $\times$ 5 close Brussels over the centre of the eight, miss the two last of the eight, do two close Brussels on the loop formed by the missed space, $\times$ repeat.

3rd row. $\times$ 2 close Brussels on the first loop of thread caused by missing stitches in the last row, 2 close Brussels over the centre of five, 2 close on the loop, $\times$ repeat. [There will now be for every pattern two stitches together and a loop three times over.]

4th row. $\times$ 5 close Brussels (which are worked to correspond with the five of 2nd row, and will come thus: 2 on the loop before the two over five, 1 between the two, and 2 after), 2 close Brussels on the neck-loop, 5 close Brussels over two as before, $\times$ repeat.

5th row. $\times$ 8 close Brussels, worked over five, and with two beyond at each end, miss the two close Brussels of last row, $\times$ repeat.

c. BARCELONA LACE.

1st row. Take a Brussels stitch sufficiently

long to allow four close Brussels stitches to be worked on it; work a tight button-hole stitch on this loop, then take another stitch at half the distance, and do the same. (This row is exactly like Sorrento edging.)

2nd row. $\times$ 4 close Brussels on the long stitch of last row, miss the short stitch altogether, $\times$ repeat.

3rd row. Take a long stitch on to the bar of thread between the first four and the second, $\times$ work a tight button-hole stitch on it, take another stitch on the same bar, and work a tight stitch on that; take a stitch to the next bar, missing the four close stitches, $\times$ repeat. Continue working the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately throughout the space to be filled with this stitch.

d. FAN-STITCH.—The rows to be worked backwards and forwards.

1st row. $\times$ 6 close Brussels, miss the space of six, $\times$ repeat.

2nd row. $\times$ 6 stitches over the last six, miss the same space, $\times$ repeat.

3rd row. $\times$ 6 close on the loop, miss the six stitches, 6 close on the next loop, miss six, $\times$ repeat.

4th row. $\times$ 6 close on the last six, 6 close on the intervening loop, $\times$ repeat.

5th row. $\times$ 6 close on the six over the loop, miss the next six, $\times$ repeat.

6th row. Like the 3rd.

Repeat the last three rows only as often as may be required to fill the space.

e. SPOTTED LACE.

1st row. $\times$ 2 close Brussels, leave the space of two, $\times$ repeat.

2nd, and every succeeding row. 2 close Brussels in every space, and miss the two close of the preceding row.

f. ANTWERP LACE.

1st row. The same as the first row, in open diamonds.

2nd row. $\times$ 5 close over 8, 2 close on the loop, $\times$ repeat.

3rd row. $\times$ 2 close over five, 5 close over two, $\times$.

Observe that, when a larger number is worked over a smaller, the extra stitches are worked on the loops on each side; when the reverse is the case, the small number is placed on the centre of the large.

6th row. $\times$ 5 close over two, 2 over five, $\times$ repeat.

A perfect pattern is produced by these four rows, which must be repeated as often as will fill the space.

g. TOLEDO LACE.

1st row. $\times$ 9 plain close Brussels, miss the space of two, $\times$ repeat.

2nd and following rows. $\times$ 9 close Brussels, the two first of which come on the loop of last row, miss the last two of preceding row, $\times$ repeat.

h. CADIZ LACE.

1st row. $\times$ 6 close Brussels, miss the space of two, 2 close, miss the space of two, $\times$ repeat.

2nd row. 2 close on every bar of thread, missing all the stitches between, whether two or six.

Repeat these two rows alternately: they may be worked backwards and forwards.

AIGUILLETTE.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND CORNER.

BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

MATERIALS.—A square of French Cambric, and W. Evans and Co's. Embroidery Cottons, Nos. 50 and 60.



In compliance with the wishes of a great many subscribers, we give a specimen of initials worked to harmonize with the prevailing style of embroidery. The letters are enclosed in ornamental ovals, the flowers of which are also in Broderie Anglaise. The pattern is a very simple one. An edge worked in raised button-hole stitch, formed of a small vandyke and a

scallop alternately; and within this edge a succession of wheels, at regular distances, joined by two rows of holes, with a light spray between them. The outer part of the wheels is in satin stitch, within which are bars, sewed over, radiating from an eyelet-hole in the centre.

The initials are more simple and easy to work than any other kind of ornamental letters,

as there is none of the raised work which is so seldom well done by amateurs.

The finest cotton I have named is for the edge, and for all those parts that are done in satin stitch; all the tracing and sewing over is done in the No. 50.

Use a piece of *toile ciré* to work on: it keeps the cambric from puckering, and as it lasts so long, is more economical than any cheaper material.

AIGUILLETTE.

GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

No. IV.

The superstition which in ages past served to kindle many a brand in England, is to be found in full force among the old Saxon traditions. The witch legends of Germany are numerous, and of varied character. In that country, as with ourselves, the supposed affinity between old women and cats seems in most cases to have been religiously maintained. Ugliness and decrepitude, however, would appear not to be essential conditions in the recorded transformations; since frequently the performers in the "Katzentanz" were suddenly converted into young and fair women, delicately arrayed. In eerie places at the witching hour of night, many a belated traveller is represented as becoming a startled witness to the revels of these world-old followers of Hecate. Yet not content with holding her orgies under the moon in such barren and deserted spots as best befit unearthly doings, this peculiar being, the witch-cat—"but once bewitched, and ever more bewitching"—occasionally affected the smooth swards and green places of the land: sometimes, indeed, as we shall see hereafter, a skylight is preferred, sometimes the immediate neighbourhood of a gnarled and hollow linden-tree—the well-known favourite resort of that more terrible scourge of ancient tales, the Dragon, or "Lindwurm." Ever, some peculiarity in the manners of these four-footed witches indicates to the unwary meddler at their feasts the real nature of his feline entertainers. One feature of the case is singular. Most animals, it is well known, are addicted to salt. Horses, it is said, will turn up their noses at a corn-bin in which this delicacy of the table has been omitted. Amidst the Alps, goats have been found to follow most pertinaciously such travellers as carried provisions with them, in the hope of obtaining a few superfluous grains of this universal condiment, the indulgence of the craving amounting to what has been termed a sort of "Caprine dram-drinking." In short, we know of no animal—the witch-cat excepted—that refuses salt. With regard to her peculiar distaste, the only cause which can be assigned as likely to weigh with the force of a reasonable suggestion is, that the animal in question acknowledges at all events an ancient reverence for the sacred duties of hospitality, which strictly forbids her to bewitch those whose salt she has shared; and feeling altogether incapable of abstaining from her usual unfriendly dealings towards mortals,

very properly shrinks from adding this luxury to the common table when enticing unhappy travellers to her haunts. The following short legend will exemplify the summary manner in which the social scene is dissolved—"cum grano salis."

A traveller who had dived too deeply into the wine-cup, in passing through some green meadows came suddenly upon a troop of cats who were engaged in dancing in a circle. "When the dance had continued for some time, all at once the cats disappeared, and in their place stood a bevy of maidens, beautifully apparelled. They placed upon a long table the most delicious viands, and invited the traveller to share the feast. Nothing loth, he took his place at the sumptuous board; but the greatest delicacies failed to please his palate, owing to the omission of one essential ingredient:—the salt was wanting. 'Have you no salt here?' asked the traveller guest. At that word, in one moment, the entire scene disappeared—the maidens, the feast, the very table itself; and he sat alone on the grass! The next morning, a bright green circle was visible on the sward, in the exact spot where the cats had held their midnight dance."

The close of the above offers a solution to the much mooted question of the fairy-rings. Children may continue to indulge a blind belief in the gambols of the elf-folk, and the learned to pin their faith on the ministrations of the fungi; but for ourselves, we are inclined to assign as the true cause of the meadow-rings the midnight dancings of the witch-women in feline form.

Another tale is told of a sleeper in a garret, who was awoke by strange, unearthly noises, mingled with the voices of women, proceeding from a skylight overhead. He arose, and looked out; and behold! there sat a vast assemblage of women, all drinking and carousing. Therewith they sang—

"We all drink here the sweet wine,
Burgundy wine,
Champagne wine,
And we drink the clear moonshine!"

Who in reality was the drinker of the moonshine, we leave the reader to judge.

Turning from those specimens of witch-nature, who made sport beneath the stars of night, or imbibed their rays, we next find a more ponderous genus in the form of the "heavy cat," which, like the "undone widow" of Mas-singer "sits upon the arm" of the wayfarer.

A certain tinker was one night taking home some work which he had just finished, when, in crossing a street in a somewhat unfrequented part of the town, he found a small black cat. "The creature came up to him, rubbed itself against his legs, and commenced mewing piteously. Now the tinker had a compassionate heart, and thinking that perhaps the poor beast had lost its way, he took it upon his arm intending to carry it home with him. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded far on his way when the cat began to grow heavier and heavier. At last it became so weighty that he was obliged to let it fall on the ground. No sooner did it reach the earth than the cat began to swell even larger than before, till in the end it became bigger than a full-sized ass! At this sight the tinker uttered an affrighted shriek, and took to his heels, never once stopping until he arrived at his own door."

Touching the foregoing legends, that in the one case the spiced cup of the too lively traveller, and in the other the drugged hanap of the over-weary, may have been chargeable with the several witcheries, is of course the suggestion of the unbeliever. But what can the most incredulous advance against the following tale, in which the dreams of the sleeper—if such the revelations of the grooms are supposed to be—are confirmed in broad day by tangible evidence in the shape of two veritable horse-shoes!

"Two grooms slept together in one bed in a stable: one was a sturdy, thick-set fellow, who grew fatter and more robust every day of his life. The other was as meagre as a skeleton, and became with each day thinner and thinner. The reason of this, the fat groom could by no means comprehend. One day he said to his companion, 'How is it that you are continually wasting away thus?' The poor fellow answered, 'I will tell you how I am served: every night there comes to my bedside a strange woman, who throws a bridle over my head; instantly I am transformed into a horse, and she rides me all the night until the dawn. Alas! am I likely to increase in bulk under such circumstances?' 'Indeed, is it so?' rejoined the burly groom, who was sufficiently quick-witted; 'then let me take your place while you take mine; it would amuse me greatly to know how I should feel in the shape of a horse.' The meagre groom needed no second bidding, and on the following night the two changed places. Towards eleven o'clock the stable-door was softly opened, and a woman entered with a bridle in her hand. She crept cautiously to the side of the bed now occupied by the stouter groom, and attempted to throw the reins over his head; he, however, fully awake to her design, quickly seized the bridle and threw it over the woman's head. In a moment she stood before him transformed into a beautiful grey mare! 'Aha! good beast,' exclaimed the groom, 'now, by your leave, will I have a pleasant ride!' And he sprang into the saddle, and was off out of the stable and away into the fields, where he galloped about right and left till the very break of day. Next, he rode to a black-

smith, and caused him to nail four strong iron shoes upon the good grey mare. This done, he trotted back well pleased to the stable. Arrived at the door, he alighted and knocked. Incautiously, however, in doing so he for a single moment let go the reins; when the grey mare immediately sprang away, and vanished out of sight before he was aware. In the meanwhile the other groom had related to his master all that had happened; and the farmer was beginning to feel somewhat anxious about the missing groom, when the latter made his appearance. 'Well, how have you fared?' asked the farmer. 'O! well—right well!' answered the fat groom; 'One thing only vexes me; my mare has run away, and I know not whither she has gone.' 'Never mind,' rejoined the farmer; 'depend on it she will return to-morrow night. What a pity it is now that my wife should have been taken ill so suddenly; if she had but been well this adventure would have made her split her sides with laughing!' When the groom heard this, he pricked up his ears. The sudden sickness of his master's wife struck him as curious; and he said that he should not feel happy unless he went immediately to see his mistress and relate the tale to her. It was agreed that he should do so. As he approached her, he held out his hand, saying, 'Good day to you, mistress; they tell me you have been sick; pray how is it with you now?' 'Ah! badly, very badly,' replied the woman, but without taking his hand. 'Why how is this?' inquired the cunning groom. 'Am I no longer worthy to shake hands with you?' As he spoke he threw back the bed-cover, and his suspicions were at once confirmed, for he beheld on the hands of the woman two strong iron horse-shoes! Without delay, he hastened to the farmer and disclosed the matter to him. The man was utterly confounded. In order to be fully certified of the truth, he sought out the blacksmith and inquired of him at what hour he had shod the groom's horse. The smith's reply placed the story beyond all doubt. The farmer then sought out a priest, with whom he consulted as to what could be done; but the latter, after seeing and questioning the woman, pronounced it impossible to do anything for her, for he found that she had her witchcraft at *seventh hand*. Therefore the priest opened one of her veins and allowed her to bleed to death."

"A witch at seventh hand," is a common saying in Flanders. When any person is bewitched, the evil spirit may be so far exorcised as to be transferred to another. She to whom it is thus transferred is called the second hand. From the second hand the magic power can be again removed to a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. But when once it is transferred to the seventh hand, she who is thus bewitched is doomed to remain under the enchantment during her entire life.

From these witch legends we learn how magic needles are capable of piercing the tender frames of infants, and rendering the little nurslings sick unto death, even while lying snugly in the cabinet of the sorceress! Is not, by the way,

the child's toy of the boxes enclosed one within another, of most suspicious origin? Witness the following:

"A milk-woman came daily to a certain house to sell her milk. The owner of the house had a little child, and every day when the woman arrived she expressed herself charmed with the child's beauty; and, taking it in her arms, would caress it with apparent fondness, crying 'O, thou dear, dear child!' It was singular, however, that on every such occasion the child would utter a sudden and painful cry. The mother remarked besides that the child became covered with sores, and that whenever the woman had been to the house, the sores became worse. All her efforts to heal them were ineffectual, and she at last rightly came to the conclusion that the child must be bewitched. The next time the woman made her appearance, the mother kept the child out of her way, and she begged her, as it was winter time and very cold, to sit down by the fire and warm herself. Meanwhile she called her goodman, who secretly stuck a nail in the ground beneath the stool on which the woman was seated. He then stirred the fire and made so great a blaze that the woman could scarcely endure the heat. She attempted to rise, but finding herself unable to move, she entreated the goodman to push her farther away from the fire; but he replied, 'Indeed I am not strong enough; you are far too heavy for me; but you are quite able to move yourself, if you will.' Thereupon the woman began to sigh and lament, and to pray the man to release her. It was now evident that she was indeed the witch through whose arts the child suffered. He charged her with the fact in no measured terms, and she at once confessed it. 'Yes,' she said, 'it was I who bewitched your child; I stuck it all over with charmed needles. You will find them in my cabinet, in the seventh casket of the upper drawer, in a box. Here is the key; take it, and throw them away; your child will then recover. But be sure that you let the rest remain. The man took the key and

opened the casket, in which he found several boxes, all containing needles, every one of which he threw away. During his search his eye lighted upon one peculiarly large box; this his curiosity induced him to open; when inside it he saw a second box, in the second a third, in the third a fourth, and so on—seven boxes in all being thus enclosed one within another. The last of these was filled with needles. Careful, not only for himself but for the welfare of his neighbours, he threw these also away, so that the witch might work no more harm. Arrived at home, he thrust her from the door, and from that time she was never seen in his house again."

Fire seems an infallible agent in the betrayal of your true witch: she may do her evil spiriting with impunity till the flame rises; but, safe as she is reputed to be in water, she evidently cannot stand fire. Scarcely a less summary proceeding than our own judicial witch-finding, is the German mode of conviction. As in the above legend, a story is current of a man whose children were pining under the dreaded spells of the sorceress, and who discovered the culprit by means of a fire kindled with the wood of certain trees selected for the purpose. "As the children grew worse and worse, he was advised to make a great fire of the wood of the beech and the elm and the oak, taking care that no other sort of fuel should be mixed therewith. This fire was to be diligently watched; for when the flames from the different kinds of wood should rise and mingle together, then the woman who entered the house first would prove to be the witch. This was done and the witch was discovered."

Alas! for the "first foot!" Little worth must have been the "Zauberie" which failed to warn the worker of its mischief of the triple brand so cunningly devised for her destruction. But amidst all her arts and all her power over the lives of others, the sagacity needful for her own preservation is alone wanting to the witch of our Legendary Lore.

A N A U T U M N R A M B L E.

BY ALFRED LEAR HUXFORD.

"Salut bois couronnés d'un reste de verdure
Feuillages jaunissants sur le gazon épars.
Salut derniers beaux jours!"

LAMARTINE.

Once more, ere yet the icy blasts of winter forbid the fieldward ramble—ere yet the piercing winds seal up the river's babblings—ere yet a snowy mantle covers the fields, the hedge-banks, and the leafless boughs—ere yet the rains descend and prevent a studious walk through quiet lanes and up hill-slopes, let us take a ramble by the hedge-row and across the again verdant meadow, culling, as we go, a wreath of Autumn flowers, fancies, and musings. Let us

take a farewell glance of this Great Exhibition of Nature, ere Winter, the stern Commissioner, sends forth the irrevocable decree for its closing.

See! the sun shines brightly, wooing us to leave the busy haunts of men, the thronged thoroughfares, the bustle of life, and stroll where Nature still holds her leafy reign. Hark! the lark's warblings mingle with the robin's shrill twitter. Come! let us away; there are still bright flowers to greet us: the sweet pink blos-

soms of the bramble may be gone, but its boughs are loaded with the rich juicy blackberries; and though we shall not meet with the elegant roses whose soft fragrances charmed us as we wandered by those hedge-rows in the spring-time, they have been followed by the glowing scarlet berries, tinted, aye, as brightly as the most exquisite spoils of coral, wherewith the mermaid adorns her deep sea-grot. Come! let us away, for the poetess of the fields and the wild-flowers, Mary Howitt has assured us of a floral greeting—

"The autumn sun is shining,
Grey mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blooming still.
Still bright, in wood and meadow,
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams, by rivers broad,
On every breezy down;
The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dew-drops wet,
And saying with a spirit voice,
'We have not vanish'd yet!'"

The lark! how sweetly is he ringing out his wild, rich peal of melody, as he breasts the golden ether, and rises towards heaven's sapphire gate! Like us, he cares nought for the rain-cloud which hangs yonder, on the verge of the horizon, and which the folded petal of the greater bindweed (*Calystegia sepium*)—the prophet of the shower—so surely betokens as approaching. What gay and simple ravishment the lark breathes out with every cadence! how merry, yet how exquisite are his utterances! Not a brilliant passage escapes from his joy-resounding throat, but seems to pour in full tide from the innermost song-wells of his being; and we hear his glad warblings, too, so frequently in our wanderings: let us roam up the hills, or through the meadow, across the corn-field, down the lane, or even by the sea-shore, he is there, overhead, with his gay, glad song, lending another charm to these beautiful scenes. This happy ubiquity of the lark has been well portrayed by Eliza Cook, in her fine spirited poem on "Birds"—

"Up in the morning, while the dew
Is splashing in crystals o'er him,
The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
But the lark is there before him.
He sings while the team is yoked to the share—
He sings when the mist is going—
He sings when the noon-tide south is fair—
He sings when the west is glowing.
Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,
Now he drops in the furrows behind him.
Oh! the lark is a merry and constant mate,
Without favour or fear to bind him."

But, if we remember his song with gratitude, we must not forget the robin-redbreast, whose shrill and desultory, but not unpleasing, note, comes with the "sere and yellow leaf" to remind us of winter and the peaceful joys of home, the yule-log, the holly-bough, the mistletoe and its kiss-spells, the yule-feats, and the mirth-makings of merry Christmastide. He, too, hath been celebrated in poet's lays, and nowhere

more sweetly than in that sad last lay, wrung, like the wail of the dying swan, from the spirit of the true-hearted Corn Law Rhymers, on his death-bed—

"Thy notes, sweet robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late, are dear to me.
To music I could bid adieu,
But not to thee!
"When from my eyes this life-full throng
Has passed away, no more to be,
Then Autumn's primrose, robin's song,
Return to me."

Nothing can exceed the richness of the tinted foliage at this season, from the mellow gleam of the sea-born amber to the superb crimson of the warrior's banner: every shade of yellow, brown, and red dyes the moist glossy sprays of the woods and copses; and the delicious magic of "sunset's alchemy" seems to have been successfully essayed on the foliage of the lately verdant boughs; indeed, the author of the "Sermons in Sonnets" calls October "the sunset of the year;" and Calder Campbell says—

"October! 'tis the 'Painter's month': its wreath
Of many-coloured leaves: its various hues,
All beautiful and rich, do yet infuse
A touch of melancholy to the thoughts,
That, in the change of nature and the death
Of vegetation, see the emblems sad
Of Man's decay! How bright the glow that floats,
Cloud-like, o'er yonder grove of beeches, clad
In green, and gold, and crimson."

It yields, indeed, a "wreath of many-coloured leaves;" for when the breeze-sighs past us,

— and the dark trees rapt,
Their autumn foliage rustling on our heads,

it seems that our path is strewn with the brightest flowers of the summer parterre. Besides this lovely tint-bow of foliage, which reminds us of the many beautiful blossoms of vernal days now passed away, but again to revisit us, when "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone," when "the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land"—there are still a few flowers by the wayside to repay our loiterings; for though the joyous seasons are departed, there are still left the daisy (*Bellis perennis*) and the buttercup (*Ranunculus aoris*) to conjure up sweet thoughts of childhood, and its daisy-chained pleasure—now, alas! broken from the frail floral bonds, and departed for ever! There are still left the rich deep lilac blossoms of the mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), so celebrated by children for its toy-seeds, and by quaint old flower-sages for its manifold curative properties. The beautiful crimson heads of the clover (*Trifolium pratense*) are also to be met with; and though the glad golden blossoms of the silverweed (*Potentilla anserina*) are departed in summer's train, its beautiful flossy foliage is displayed in lustrous softness on the hedge-bank. But there are other blossoms of the golden hue lurking on the verge of our rural route; the hawkweed (*Hieracium pilosella*)

erects its starry blossom to the autumn breeze, and many a flower of both species of the ragwort (*Senecio Jacobee* and *S. vulgaris*) stand primly erect, and give bright reflex to the autumn sunbeams; but grandest of all, in golden glory, stands the fleawort (*Pulicaria dysenterica*), which displays many a head of its large showy flowers. There is also another tiny yellow flower blooming in this hedgebank, which though belonging to a very different order from the three last-mentioned (*Asteraceae*), is an individual of an order no less important. It is the hedge-mustard (*Sisymbrium officinale*), belonging to Decandolle's sub-order *Notorhizeae* of the great natural family of *Cruciferous*, or, according to the Linnæan system *Tetradynamous* plants, which comprehends not only those valuable vegetables, the cabbage, turnip, radish, &c., but also the sweet-smelling wall-flower, and that celebrated vegetable dye, the woad, wherewith our British ancestors horribly stained their bodies before going to battle. We have here the pretty little plant called Cudweed (*Gnaphalium arvense*), which though now displaying no blossoms, is still a pleasing object from the silkiness of its flexible stems and leaves; yonder is a last straying blossom of the beautiful herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*)—beautiful both for its soft fragrance and the delicate hue of its petals; and, as if to add every rich tint to our autumn sheaf of wild flowers, the knapweed (*Centaurea jacea*) here invites our admiration; while another plant of the same sub-order (*Corymbiferae*) of *Composite* flowers, the ploughman's spikenard (*Conyza squarosa*) displays a profusion of its dark green leaves and curious little flosculous blossoms.

It is amusing to recal the many quaint and remarkable things that were said of plants in the olden time, and the virtues that were ascribed to them by the credulous old herbalists. There is to the unlearned, aye, and to the learned mind, such a wonder, a beauty, and a joy, in these little herbs springing up by the wayside without care or culture, that it is not surprising men should look at them, apart from their poetic mission, as things sent forth from the Deity to minister to man's griefs, and to assuage his pains and afflictions: for when it was observed that the chiefest necessities of life were derived from the vegetable world under man's care, the poet-physician, wandering forth into the waste, and lighting upon an unknown plant, could not but believe that this also was intended to minister to man's necessities, if not as an edible, then, better still, to eradicate the manifold diseases which might afflict his frame. And he did well too: it was far better to have this humble floral faith than to look abroad suspiciously upon all things, with the cold glance of the sceptic. But this was not all the old world thought of plants: in those days the myths of magic and witchcraft were supreme in their hold upon the human mind; and from the venom that was discovered in one class of plants and the curative properties possessed by another class, it was believed that a third or occult

virtue existed in some, which, under given circumstances and according to a preconceived system of operation, would destroy or avert malign influences, and protect man from inferior spiritual evils. For the philosophers did not then reason from experience; they built up an exquisitely proportioned system of theories, and then adapted facts to these; consequently facts were sometimes found to run against them most remarkably. It may not be amiss for us to consider some of the plants we meet with in our ramble, under the aspects they assumed to our old Botanographers.

Here are the tall straggling branches of that Corollifloraceous plant, the vervain (*Verbena officinalis*), "which never grows far from the home of man;" whether this be true or not, we cannot now stop to discuss; at all events, though the town is three or four miles off, a gipsy's tent is often seen in this green lane, and here by the hedge-bank are the ashes of a fire, round which a circle of the dark-eyed Zingari probably feasted and chatted. This same vervain has had miraculous powers attributed to it, and the legend of its virtues dates even from the days of Druidism: it was held to be good against all diseases produced by witchcraft, sorcery, and magic; it was said to be infallible against the "bitings of serpents, mad dogs, the tarantula, and all venomous creatures." Monardus relates an extraordinary story of the manner in which an Indian physician relieved the sufferings of a noble lady by the agency of this plant; and to crown all, our own Culpeper pronounces the root, "tied to the pit of the stomach by a piece of white ribbon," to be an infallible remedy against strumous disorders. Trailing among the branches of this almost leafless hedge we observe the penny royal (*Mentha pulegium*), belonging to the same natural class as the preceding. This, though not much of a witch-herb, received an almost equal amount of veneration for its curative properties. Here follows the statement of its virtues according to Salmon:—"Penny royal is of subtil parts, as Galen says: it is hot and dry in the third degree, aperitive, abstersive, carminative, digestive, discussive, diuretic, incisive, vulnerary, cephalick, neurotick, stomachick, splenetick, nephritick, hysterick, sudorifick, analeptick, and alexipharmick."—A pretty comprehensive array of powers! considering the same author also states that "it resists poison, and cures such as are bitten or stung by serpents, mad dogs, and other venomous creatures" to boot! It is quite certain, however, that this herb may be usefully employed for some of the purposes above mentioned; for Professor Lindley, speaking of the order *Labiatae*, to which pennyroyal belongs, says—"Their tonic, cordial, and stomachic qualities, due to the presence of an aromatic volatile oil and a bitter principle, are the universal features of this order, which does not contain a single unwholesome or even suspicious species." Another plant of the same class and order (claiming therefore similar virtues), which we may now find hiding its rich purple flowers



Harriet Beecher Stowe

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among the herbage, is the self-heal (*Prunella vulgaris*): this was believed to possess wonderful powers in the cure of external diseases; its very name indicates the virtues attributed to it by our ancestors; while the Latin synonyme (*Prunella* or *Brunella*) was derived from the German name (*die Bruen*) of a disease said to attack soldiers in camp. The Yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) is not now more famous among country maids, as one of the spells used in the witcheries of St. Agnes' Eve, than it formerly was for its healing and astringent properties; while the Plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*), now plucked for no other purpose than to supply a fresh green meal to the imprisoned canary, was reckoned by Dioscorides to be a specific against several internal and external complaints. To turn our attention to another natural class of plants (*Monochlamydeæ*), we may gather from the banks of this ditch the long trailing stems and peculiar looking blossoms of the peachwort (*Polygonum persicaria*) a plant "used in the transplantation of diseases, and removing enchantments," being thus at once a magic "bane and antidote;" while its low-lying congener (*P. aviculare*), the "knot-grass dew besprent" as Milton has it, was none the less celebrated as a "saturnine herbe," curing all rheumatisms and pains of a kindred nature in a wonderful manner. Yonder *Calycifloraceous* plant, the agrimony (*Agrimonia eupatoria*), now divested of its rich orange blossoms, but gracefully curling its spike of tasselled pods to the breeze, was said, when dried, reduced to powder, and mixed with a preparation of pounded frogs and human blood, to be a wonderful remedy against every species of hemorrhage; while this little *Umbelliferous* plant, the wild carrot (*Daucus carota*), tasting strongly like its more matured garden congener, was gravely stated by Diosco-

rides to be so powerful against the bitings and stings of venomous things, that, if taken *beforehand*, no evil effects would follow! Such was the credulity of man, when hypotheses took the place of experience; and when observation did not precede but followed theory. And yet we will not laugh at these simplicities; they were those of kindly hearts, of hands willing to do good for mankind; and while we accept with gratitude the few *truths* enunciated by the old botanists, we will, for the *errors*, admit the apology of imperfect knowledge and incomplete modes of observation.

But see! the bindweed's folded petal was no false prophecy; for the rain-cloud that hung on the horizon has overtaken us, the rain-drops are beginning to fall, and we must seek shelter in the "wee green neuk, the sly green neuk," until the autumn shower passes by. What a dull, heavy, monotonous sound the rain produces on the o'er-arching foliage! What a bubbling and plashing it makes in yonder pool, from which even the amphibious ducks are driven, and have taken shelter under the hedge-row. What a ground mist it seems to create as one peeps out along the silent and deserted road. The storm, however, will soon pass away, for lo, the sun is peeping out—God hath set his bow in the cloud—and a glorious arch of colour is painted in the water-drops. There is ever something sacred and holy in this beautiful but evanescent appearance. It seems to start out now and then from the dark clouds to remind us that God's promise is eternally faithful. It seems like the unfolding of a richly illuminated roll, wherein is registered God's love for man. It bids us be content with present things, for anon will come a time with no more storm-tears—no more griefs—no more wanings of the beautiful.

M A R Y H O W I T T.

(See Plate.)

It is with feelings of pride and pleasure that we this month present our readers with a portrait of Mary Howitt—a name familiar "as household words," and ever associated with a genius that has pre-eminently lent its strength and its influence to aid the great cause of human progress. Mrs. Howitt very early in life became known as a sweet and a true poetess, and perhaps, after all, her highest fame has been won by her noble Ballads; but she is both a vigorous and an elegant prose writer, and, as everybody knows, a linguist of no mean pretensions—witness her translations from the Swedish and the German, and her recent researches in Danish literature. Besides Mrs. Howitt's acknowledged books, however, she is a constant and copious contributor to the periodical press; in short, one of the most industrious as well as most highly gifted authors in England. But fame and the world's applause, which she has so deservedly won, seem after all but a small meed in the eyes of those who have the privilege of her friendship, and know how

large and kind is her heart, how wide and generous are her sympathies, and how, in all the domestic relations of life, the virtues of the Woman transcend even the rare talents of the Authoress.

A poet-friend—W. C. Bennett—has addressed a Sonnet to Mrs. Howitt, which we take this opportunity to reproduce:—

TO MARY HOWITT.

So should a life be lived that genius lifts
To higher duties than life asks from all;
So art in blessed influences should fall
Upon all hearts, using its mighty gifts
Man's thoughts and common acts to purify;
Breeding a loftier life and nobler aims—
A faith that liveth not in forms and names
But in the deeds that fit a soul to die;
And well thy blessed influence may we prize
Moving about our paths in deeds of love—
In gentle words and household charities;
Well therefore may our reverence, above
The glare of useless fames, thy memory raise,
Throning thee in our love as high as in our praise.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Aug. 20.

MY DEAR C—,

Of course I must begin my letter with an account of the *fête* of the 15th of August, which has certainly fallen short of the expectations which were formed of it; but it is also just to add, that these expectations had risen to an exaggerated height. The weather also was most unfavourable; the high winds interfered considerably during all the week with the labours of the workmen engaged in the preparations for the ornamental works; and the rain, so fatal to everything of this sort, did not improve either the decoration of the *fête* or the tempers of those assembled to witness it. I must say, however, that the public expectation, though so *exigeant*, found ample cause for satisfaction in many of the details, and particularly in the magnificent fireworks at the conclusion.

Unfortunately, many of the works could not be completed in time, and though the conception of them was happy, and even grand, their execution was but very imperfect. Descending the Avenue de Neuilly from the triumphal arch of the Barrier de l'Etoile to the Place de la Concorde, the *coup d'œil* of the immense decoration seen from the distance was most imposing: the bronze eagle, which was to have figured on the summit of the monument, was wanting; probably the high wind had rendered the placing it impossible. Extending to the *rond point*, *Oriflammes*, with the national colours waving from the tops of long poles, supported escutcheons with the letters L. N. Below the *rond point* these *Oriflammes* were replaced by smaller flags, and by poles of proportionate dimensions. Fifty-seven fountains bordered each side of the avenue: these fountains, constructed after an idea as new as it was poetical, were unfortunately not finished in time; they were erected half way up the trunk of a palm tree, round which four *cariatides* holding hands appeared to support the bouquet of leaves which formed the crownwork of the edifice. From these leaves the water was to flow into the *basque* placed at the feet of the statues, and supported by a large pedestal, on which rested cupids mounted on swans, and blowing trumpets; the water was then to fall from the *basque* into a *parterre* which surrounded the foot of the fountain: unluckily, there was no time to place in them all the flowers which would have added so much to the beauty of the effect, and in many places they were replaced by heaths, and inferior shrubs, all in disorder. At half-past nine the President, in a carriage drawn by four horses, and escorted by the *Lancers*, the *Garde Nationale* on horseback, and a squadron of Carabiniers, went to the *Madeleine*. The clergy of *Notre Dame* and of the *Madeleine*, with the

Archbishop of Paris at their head, received the President at the great door. After the benediction of the flags the *Te Deum* was sung. At half-past ten, the ceremony being over, the President descended the steps of the church, followed by the ministers, and after saluting the functionaries assembled, mounted his horse covered with gold and velvet trappings, and proceeded on his way to the Champs Elysées to pass the review of the National Guard. I hear that there was not so much enthusiasm exhibited as had been expected, and the cries of "*Vive Napoleon*" and "*Vive l'Empereur*" were few. I must give you some of the inscriptions on the wreaths of *immortelles* placed on the railings round the column of the Place Vendôme; there were hundreds of them; but here are some of the choicest:—"A celui dont on parlera tant qu'on parlera." "A celui qui m'a pris ma jambe." "*Hommage au héros trahi!*" "A Napoleon le Grand! tu es immortel comme cette couronne!" "*Il me reste un œil pour voir sa fête, honneur à lui! bonheur à moi!*" "A celui qui aurait aujourd'hui 83 ans," &c., &c. But you will see in all the newspapers descriptions far better than mine, so I will close the subject.

The *Gazette de Cologne* positively contradicts the report of the marriage of the President with the daughter of the Princesse of Wassa; but it is very difficult to know what amount of credit one is to attach to these assertions on the one hand, and contradictions on the other. Great disappointment is expressed on the subject of the amnesty which was to have appeared with all the names of those to whom pardon was extended in the *Moniteur* of the 15th inst. No list of names has as yet appeared; it would have been a great satisfaction to so many of the families and friends of the poor culprits, who were anxiously waiting to know the fate of those in whom they were interested; as it is, the knowledge of the fulfilment or disappointment of their hopes will reach them less speedily.

The fashionable world still throng to the watering-places. Havre, Dieppe, Trouville, &c., are quite full. Havre has, during the last ten years, made most rapid strides in its progress: it is there that the admirers of aquatic excursions and regattas flock more particularly; but this year the regattas, though more than usually brilliant, are but a secondary object of interest: the inauguration of the statues of two great writers, not only celebrities of Havre, but celebrities of the nation—Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Casimir Delavigne—is the first object. The house in which Bernardin de St. Pierre was born stands in the Rue de la Corderie: a black marble tablet, incrusting in its *façade*, indicates that the author "*des Etudes*" was born in the year 1737, and died in that of 1814. If you cross the threshold of this dwelling, and visit the interior,

you will see a little room looking on the sea, the view of which is magnificent and of great extent. Not a vessel enters the port, not one leaves it, without being seen from this window. This room was occupied for fifteen years by the author of "Paul and Virginia." When he described so admirably the sunset at sea; when he painted the frightful tempest, engulfing the St. Geran, his muse, whether melancholy or terrible, sang of the souvenirs of his childhood.

Casimir Delavigne was born in a house on the *quai* bearing his name; but it was not here that his childhood was passed; nor did he inhabit Havre; and his fellow citizens learnt his name from his successes.

The Theatre Français has produced a piece by M. Méry, entitled "*Le Sage et le Fou*," in which the author makes the individual who is considered the *sage* the *fou*, and *vice versa*. There is not a great deal of probability in it, but it is cleverly written notwithstanding, and sufficiently amusing. At the Opera Comique they are giving a piece, in one act, the words by M. de Planard, music by M. Justin Cadeaux: it is called "*Les deux Jackets*." Do not imagine it is the history, or an episode in the history of the articles of clothing so called. The "*Two Jackets*" are two sailor brothers, bearing this somewhat original name (perhaps the author had a confused idea of having heard English sailors called blue jackets), who have gone on a voyage in a whale ship: they have left behind them two girls (Lucy and Marguerite) to whom they are betrothed. For three years no news is heard of the Jackets, at the end of which time their deaths are announced in a newspaper. Marguerite has already consoled herself, and has become Madame Plimaun—she is even very happy; and Lucy, encouraged by the example of her friend, is

about to unite herself to a M. Vandersnyck, a wealthy manufacturer, and a widower, who, it appears, was unfortunate in his former matrimonial companion. In a few hours the marriage is to be celebrated: a storm arises; the rain falls in torrents, and Plimaun induces Vandersnyck to remain to supper, in company with a new guest who is to partake of the friendly meal with them. This guest seems old, infirm, trembling on his crutch. His forehead is wrinkled, and an immense pair of blue spectacles rests on his nose.

Plimaun is of a simple, unsuspecting character; not so Vandersnyck, whose suspicions are aroused by seeing glances and signs of intelligence interchanged between Marguerite and the guest. Supper over, the stranger retires to his room, and Plimaun goes out: Vandersnyck applies his eye to a pane of glass which looks into the stranger's room, and his suspicions are confirmed by seeing him in the act of embracing Marguerite. Plimaun, informed of what is going on, rushes to the room to kill his rival, but finds the room empty: yet though appearances are certainly against her, Marguerite's innocence is clearly established. The stranger is the surviving Jacket, who has come disguised to learn if Lucy is faithful to him; and the fact of her being on the point of wedding M. Vandersnyck does not appear in any degree to stand in the way of her marrying Jacket, and leaving M. Vandersnyck to console himself as he best may. Is there not something similar to this in a scene in Dickens's "*Cricket on the Hearth*"?

Although I had finished with the *fête*, I cannot resist coming back to the subject, to tell you what I have just heard as being the name given to the illuminations. Instead of calling them *les illuminations*, they have been called *les humiliations*. And now adieu, my dear C.

Yours most truly,
P.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

RACHEL HALLIDAY AND HER CHAIR.—So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don't somebody wake up to the beauty of old women? If any want to get up an inspiration under this head, we refer them to our good friend Rachel Halliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking-chair. It had a turn for quacking and squeaking—that chair had—either from having taken cold in early life, or from some asthmatic affection, or perhaps from nervous derangement; but, as she gently swung backward and forward, the chair kept up a kind of subdued "creechy crawchy," that would have been intolerable in any other chair. But old Simeon Halliday often declared it was as good as any music to him, and the children all avowed that they wouldn't miss of hearing mother's chair for anything in the world. For why? for twenty years or more, nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly loving-kindness had come from that chair—head-aches and heart-aches innumerable had been cured there—difficulties spiritual and tem-

poral solved there—all by one good, loving woman, God bless her!—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

MRS. CHISHOLM.—On one occasion (says Mrs. Chisholm) I received a letter from a man who wanted a wife. I found he was well known to several persons as a man of integrity. He stated it would be a serious thing to visit Sydney for a wife: first, a loss of time; second, money; and, after all, perhaps not to be suited. His letter interested me, and I determined on trying to serve him; I give his epistle *verbatim et literatim*, that the reader may judge for himself:—"Reverend madam, I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say it was best to leave all to you; and so I'll just do the same, as his honour says it's the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God's will, ma'am; but I has a child, ma'am, that I wouldn't see a straw touch for the world; the boy's only four years old; and I has a snug fifty acre farm and a town 'lotment, and I has no

debts in the world, and one team and four bullocks; and I've ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I as a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place desant; and I don't mind what religion she bey, if she is sober and good, only I've a Protestant myself; and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her death-bed should be a Catholic, and I won't, anyhow, have any interference in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I wouldn't, ma'am, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don't wish it altogether to be left out. I'll ge her fourteen wages, and if she don't like me, and I don't like her, I'll pay her back to Sydney. I want nothing in the world but what is honest, so make the agreement as you like, and I'll bide by it. I sends you all the papers, and you'll know I'm a man wot's to be trusted. I sends you five pounds; she may get wages first, for I know some of the gals, and the best on um, too, are not heavy we boxes; and supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she come here in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife; he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don't now how, and do a good fair day's work at anything: his wife must be a milker, and ha dustrious woman; I'll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I'll be bound to pay it. With all the honer in the world I's bound to remain your servant till death."—There was something (remarks Mrs. Chisholm) in the character of this honest bushman, during his colonial residence, to admire; he had gained his freedom, sent home money to his parents, and, during a long and tedious illness of twenty months, had attended his sick wife with patient care. Who would not get up an hour earlier to serve such a man?—I did, for I knew that early in the morning is the *best* time to choose a wife. I went first into the governess-room—all asleep; I unlocked the Home-door—some dressed, others half-dressed; some, too, very cross. I have often remarked, that early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman's temper; but I wish this to be kept a secret. I remained half-an-hour in the Home; I then went through the tents, could not suit myself, and returned. At the Home-door I found a girl at the wash-tub; she was at work with spirit; she was rather good-looking, very neat and tidy. I went into my office, and ascertained that, on board ship, her character was good. I desired the matron never to lose sight of her conduct, and report the same to me. Day after day passed, and I was at last fully determined to place her within reach of my applicant in the bush, that is, in a respectable family in his near neighbourhood; but I was able to arrange better, for I found that, amongst the families wanting situations, there was one related to her. I immediately engaged them as the bushman's servants; they were a respectable couple; the man a very prudent person. I told them to take the girl with them, and get her service near them, and on no

account to allow her to live with a bachelor. I gave the girl three letters to respectable ladies, and she was engaged by one the fourth day after her arrival at ——. About a fortnight after, the bushman wrote to thank me for sending him the married couple; and concluded by saying, "With regard to that *other* matter, upon my word, you have suited me exactly; and, as soon as our month is up, we is to be married." I received, says Mrs. Chisholm, forty-one applications of this kind; but the above is the only girl I ever sent into the country with a direct matrimonial intention.—*Memoirs of Mrs. Chisholm.*

FORGIVENESS.—When misunderstanding and constrained intercourse arise between friends, or between members of a family, they seldom pass without a crisis and an explanation; but these are dangerous moments of revolution, and for once that they wrench out the wounding thorn, it happens thrice that they pass it in the deeper. Ah! why do we find it so difficult freely to forgive, freely to forget? We nourish our wrong, we meditate upon it, we desire to have some right, some recompense, and thus warm the serpent's egg in our bosoms. "Blessed are the peace-makers!" Blessed are the good who forget, who forgive, even without thinking "I forgive!"—*Mary Howitt.*

PERSECUTIONS IN ITALY.—The most afflicting piece of intelligence that has reached us from Italy for a long time is, the news of the wholesale arrests that have been recently going on in Lombardy and Venice. During the bustle of the elections our readers have probably hardly paid any attention to the slender notices of these terrible incidents which have appeared in the foreign columns of some of our newspapers. Yet, in real importance, these arrests in Northern Italy surpass almost all the other facts that our newspapers have had to record during the past month. They are already upwards of three hundred in number, and are still going on. The towns where the arrests have principally taken place are Mantua, Milan, Verona, Brescia, Pavia, Cremona, and Venice. The thing is said to have begun thus:—At Mantua, the police, in searching a house where smuggled goods were supposed to be concealed, came upon one of the Italian loan-notes; the possessor of this note, a person of patriotic leanings, as all Italians of whatever rank or class are, but not a member of the organised association of patriots which extends over all Italy, was induced to mention the name of the person from whom he had bought the note. This person was arrested; all the letters, even of the most immaterial and private kind, found in his house were seized, and used as indications of new persons to be arrested, the Austrian policy hoping that the very multiplicity and conspicuousness of the arrests would lead to discoveries. Apparently the police succeeded in obtaining some clue which directed them on and on from one person arrested to others and others still; for they did not stop till they had arrested and thrown into prison upwards of one

hundred persons in the province of Mantua alone. Among the arrested in this province are, Count Arrivabene, the *Arcipreti* (heads of the clergy in their respective communes or municipalities), Ottonelli of Silvestro, Grazioli of Rovere, and Daina of Villa Capella; a landed proprietor named Finzi, a notary Cessi, Dr. Benedini, Dario Tassoni, Frederic Rossi, the brothers Nuvolari, and other men of the highest respectability and education. By a similar process the Austrian police made simultaneous arrests in the other towns named. At Venice the persons arrested number between twenty and thirty; and the numbers are proportionate in Milan, Brescia, Verona, Pavia, and Cremona. Among those arrested in Venice are, Scargellini, Canal, Zambellini, Ferracini, and others; at Brescia, Tito Speri is one of the arrested; at Verona, Taccioli; at Cremona, a landed proprietor, Antonio Binda. There have also been arrests at Modena, Massa, and wherever else the Austrians have power. At Milan the most fatal arrest was that of Giovanni Pezzotti, a man of noble character and of distinguished intellectual attainments. Immediately after his arrest he was found dead in prison. The report spread by the officials was that he had strangled himself; but among those who knew the calm and resolute disposition of Pezzotti, this report was at first disbelieved. There is reason to believe, however, that Pezzotti did strangle himself—led to this desperate act by a fear lest his integrity should give way under the tortures to which he was sure to be subjected. The day before his arrest, and, when he knew it was coming, he expressed this fear to an intimate friend; but said that, come what

might, he would take means to save his honour. Ah! little do we know in this country of such awful struggles as these, between the sense of life, so strong in every man, and the horror of self-degradation, strong only in the noblest! A special commission, at the head of which is General Benedeck, of Galician celebrity, has been appointed to try the prisoners thus arrested in Northern Italy, and we shall probably soon have executions and other horrors to record in that part of Italy, worse than those which have drawn the detestation of the world upon the kingdom of Naples. If we could but fancy these things as they actually are; if we could conceive them as done not at a distance from us, but somewhere near, so as to come home to our hearts and imaginations; if we would compel ourselves to fancy what is now taking place on these plains and in these cities of Northern Italy—a foreign police, aided by a foreign military force, making razzias among the native Italian population, breaking into houses, tearing husbands and brothers and sons from the bosoms of their families, dragging them manacled through the streets and along the highways to dungeons such as no murderer in England would be lodged in, following them into those dungeons, and employing every ingenious device of torture to make them confess or denounce their friends, sometimes forging documents to deceive them into the belief that others have made confessions, sometimes administering belladonna and other infernal police drugs to stupefy them into a manageable state of idiotcy—if we could or would fancy all this, reason would suggest the rest.—*Monthly Record of the Society of the Friends of Italy.*

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. We were talking the other day of American writers: here is a new work by their great romancist, Hawthorne.*

Fanny. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables"—is it comparable with either of those works?

Mrs. Smith. It is so different that I cannot bring it into comparison with them. Some readers will doubtless consider it an inferior production, but I should not like to declare that it is so. The story, it is true, has not the grand tragic outline of "The Scarlet Letter," nor the minute picture painting that is to be found in "The Seven Gables;" but for subtle touches of wisdom, that come up as it were like treasures from the deep well of truth, fine poetical fancies, and striking delineations of character, the "Blithedale Romance" seems to me unrivalled, except by the predecessors which owe their origin to the same hand.

Fanny. What is it about? Hawthorne is so original in the construction of his stories, that one asks this question with more eagerness than is felt towards ordinary writers.

Mrs. Smith. The idea is a very happy one. A party of acquaintances resort to a certain place, entitled "Blithedale," with the view of leading a perfectly—as they consider it—natural life. Social distinctions are for the time to be swept away. High-spirited and accomplished women are to dress in cotton gowns, cook, clean, and milk the cows—while gentlemen of a philosophic turn of mind lend the feeble thews of their city-weakened frames to the services of the plough and the harvest-field. How all this ends may be readily defined.

Fanny. In a return, I suppose, to the trammels as well as the comforts of civilised social life.

Mrs. Smith. Exactly so, but not without a fiery play of human passions meanwhile, and some tragic results. The character of Zenobia is very powerfully drawn. She is the type of a woman of high intellect, refined taste, and generous impulses, yet deficient in the binding chain of strong principle. Then we have the

* THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.—(Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields; London: Chapman and Hall.)

gentle tender maiden, Priscilla, reminding us all through of a lily drenched by the storm—yet possessing such exquisite sensibility that she is placed by it almost on the confines of the spiritual world.

Fanny. Hawthorne dearly loves to weave into his life-like histories a thread of the supernatural. Witness his vivid impersonation of the Witch lady in "The Scarlet Letter."

Mrs. Smith. And he does this very delicately, and yet effectively, in the character of Priscilla. Then we have the self-concentrated philanthropist, and the Minor Poet "beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful error"—the latter being indeed the personage who narrates the story.

Fanny. I can imagine how gloriously Hawthorne must treat such a subject, and shall hardly rest till I have procured the book.

Mrs. Smith. You will not be disappointed, I am sure.

Fanny. I have lately been reading a volume of the Railway Library, which has pleased me greatly; it treats of the adventures of an Australian Settler,* and pictures life at the antipodes more vividly than any work with which I am acquainted.

Mrs. Smith. I have heard of it; the subject is particularly attractive at the present time.

Fanny. It is evidently written by an eyewitness of the scenes described, and by a practised author, who has contrived to present matter-of-fact truths in a most interesting manner, and weave them into a romantic and yet very probable story. There is, too, a subtle discrimination of character evinced, which proves that Mr. Harris could be a successful novelist if he pleased, irrespective of portraying scenes of Australian life. On the whole, this book reminds me of the best of Fennimore Cooper's, and is quite worthy to be brought into comparison with them.

Mrs. Smith. Is Martin Beck the English emigrant?

Fanny. No, he is the villainous native overseer who half ruins the new settler; but the plot is too complicated to be briefly told. Let me, however, read you the description of the home in the wilderness, to which the retired naval officer and his wife and daughter are conducted.

"The hut before which they now stood lay deep in the nook: indeed, nearly at the extremity of its lower side, and a little way up the acclivity of the hill, on a natural flat. One spur of the mountain rose higher and higher from the spot, running gradually to the height of the main range; but, in the opposite direction, falling gradually down to the low, round, bald point they had passed by, and so down into the plain. In front of them, a similar and parallel spur ran in like manner from the ridge of the main mountain down to within about the same distance of the creek; whose waters rolled deep, and rapid, and flashing in the sunbeams along

in front of the nook, at some fifty paces from the points of the hills. The nook or bight itself, thus formed by the two spurs from the mountain, contained about fifty acres; of these about ten or a dozen at its inner end were fenced off, by a line of rails running from one hill directly across to the other, and were still covered with the stubble of the last crop. The remainder of the bight was still under grass, kept close cropped by the home cattle; and, stimulated by the late varied weather, it was now covered with the bright green of the rapid vegetation of the climate. Beyond the stream, the open and somewhat melancholy plain wore the russet hue of the ripened herbage, rather than that of the new that was shooting up amongst it. And beyond the plain again another mountain rose, terminating the prospect: here, exhibiting trees of glorious verdure; there, with the sunlight sleeping on its bare bosom; in some places showing great faces of square crag, and again in others the dark mouths of the ravines.

"The hut itself was constructed of rough, upright slabs of split timber, about seven feet high, roofed with bark, and covering an area of about twenty feet in length by fourteen in width, with the door in the middle of one of the longer sides, and the chimney in the middle of one of the shorter: or rather the chimney, which was merely an enclosure slatted similarly to the hut itself, occupied nearly the whole of one end—that next to the main range. All round it the ground was bare with the constant tread of man and beast. About forty or fifty yards lower down, towards the creek, were to be seen the two smaller new huts just put up; and still nearer to the bald point of the hill a strong and extensive stockyard, or inclosure of six-rail fence for confining cattle.

"The lively curiosity of the sex soon, however, turned to the more grave task of exploring the interior of their habitation. As yet there was no more than the economical and enduring floor which the first family of our race in their ignorance supposed was all there needed to be. The hut door opened into a good-sized room, at the further end of which a three-log fire blazed merrily, and none the less so that the sky had begun to get cloudy and the wind chill; but another door in a partition which ran across the hut opened into a little passage, on either hand of which were the apartments that Willoughby had had so carefully constructed for the elder and younger ladies respectively. There was no other window than an opening through the slabs, like a ship's port, but provided with a wooden shutter, fastening on the inside. Marianna, at the first glimpse, drew back; a slight shadow supplanting the usual vivacity of her countenance. Katharine completed her survey with an evident increase of cheerfulness, as if she had become relieved of that vague apprehension which clear but timid minds have of the indefinite.

"The ladies made their first meal in the prevailing fashion of the bush, paying their host many compliments on the felicity with which he performed the services of the hutty. After their repast, Willoughby escaped the waggery of his standing tormentor by carrying off his pilot-coat, and other personal property, to his own hut, but not without inviting himself to return to tea; at which meal it may be supposed that no surprise he could feel, or even feign, would be thought unearned by the fair reformers. All the tin pots were ranged upside down in a solid square in the darkest corner of the hut; and a favourite co-emigrant cat was teaching

* MARTIN BECK, OR THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLER. By A. HARRIS, author of "Settlers and Convicts."—(Routledge and Co.)

her kittens to lap milk out of the best tin meat-dish. There was wood on the fire, certainly; but it looked as if it had been fetched out of the bush with a pair of parlour-tongs; whilst outside old Cæsar, the bull-dog, stood a wary distance off, on legs like four posts, stretching out his head one way and his tail the other, with his eyes fixed on the door, which was now shut in his face for the first time since his remembrance, as if he were resolved to look through it. Meantime, crockery and glass, eau de Cologne and scented pocket-handkerchiefs, hair-pins and tortoiseshell combs, India shawls, furred mantles, and small aprons almost triangular, were to be seen in all directions, looking like the trappings of a haughty satrap in possession of the conquered province of some barbaric empire. Indeed, it was incredible what a variety of operations the two gentle creatures had accomplished in that short time. They had, however, in some measure atoned for other things, by getting their handboxes and trunks into their own most absolute domain, and leaving sufficient room in the hut to move about in. In the course of the evening, Lieutenant Bracton reached home with a guide; but it was so late as only to give him an opportunity, on his first visit to his station, of feeling the pleasantness of the change from a seat in the saddle on a damp evening in the bush to one by a cheerful three-log fire in a rain-proof hut."

Mrs. Smith. Very graphic indeed. There is another book to which I must draw your attention—I mean the new edition of *Madame Guizot's Tales*.*

Fanny. In the original or in English?

Mrs. Smith. Very ably translated, with the spirit of the original quite preserved. It is true that French is so universally read, that the classes who would be most likely to purchase this handsome illustrated edition, may be presumed at the first thought to prefer these stories in French. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that they are intended for juvenile readers; and the fine moral teaching, which is their characteristic, is likely to reach the heart and mind of the young reader far more directly in her own language, than if conveyed to her by the help of French grammars and dictionaries—helps you know with which the very youthful student is rarely able to dispense.

Fanny. True, and this reflection will, I should think, secure extended popularity to the translation. I should think from your account it must be a charming gift-book for children of eleven or twelve years old.

Mrs. Smith. It is, I assure you. But here comes luncheon—so *au revoir* to the Books.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE CALLING AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A GOVERNESS. By Amica. (Longman.)

This is a very well-intended and in many respects excellent work, quite worthy the perusal of ladies engaged in the arduous, respon-

* *MORAL TALES.* By Madame Guizot. Translated from the French by Mrs. L. Burke. With Illustrations by O. K. Campbell.—(Routledge and Co.)

sible, and honourable occupation of tuition, since it gives many hints that may be serviceable, and marshals forward those consolations of which it is to be feared too many governesses stand terribly in need. Still the question of "governess life" is one on which much is to be said on both sides. We believe the root of the mischief is, that too many persons, who from their early habits and associations would be infinitely better and happier if they limited their ambition to being good trustworthy upper servants, thrust themselves into offices of tuition on the strength of a little superficial boarding-school education. To them to be a governess is a rise in life, and an introduction to better society than any with which they could otherwise mix; they accept low salaries, and so tempt the heads of families, who should know better, to confide their children to persons who may be worthy enough in their way, and possess a certain amount of book knowledge, but who have necessarily a far inferior sort of influence than that emanating from an accomplished and experienced Gentlewoman. A state of dependence always brings its sorrows and trials: hard is it "to climb another's stairs;" and far be it from us to underrate the privations and vexations incidental to the Governess life; still we think, generally speaking, that the well-bred as well as highly-educated lady—the "thorough gentlewoman"—is not slighted or insulted by her employers, or even so miserably underpaid as is often insinuated, when we measure her remuneration not by what it should be, but by what many intellectual services command. At the same time the standing of her order is lowered by the large admission into it of inappropriate personages, and she suffers accordingly.

In Amica's first chapter she is eloquent in honour of Labour—speaking truly of the "false mistaken idea, that work degrades;" and yet we observe, that several of the instances she brings forward of the trials of her acquaintances, is when they are ranked as approximating to "servants." We wish she had used some other word to express her feeling; for the difference between manual and intellectual labourers ought always to be sufficiently marked, and we are perfectly aware of her meaning. But we regret that she uses that word as if it were a contemptuous epithet. Surely the body of domestic servants is too important, too trustworthy, to be associated in any right-thinking mind with other than feelings of kindness and respect. A few strokes of the pen might amend this in a future edition.

CHENILLE FLOWERS FROM NATURE. By Miss Grounds.—(Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

We recommend this little manual of instructions to clever crocheters, who may choose to vary their white work with the elegant manufacture of coloured flowers, adapted for wreaths for the hair, trimmings of ball dresses, &c. &c. These chenille flowers possess the richness and beauty of velvet, and are therefore of the character appropriate for winter wear; we need

only add, that Miss Ground's instructions are very clear and explicit.

INFANTHOOD AND CHILDHOOD. By Jacob Dixon, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Accoucheur. —(*Houlston and Stoneman*).

This is a popular guide to the management and treatment of infancy, and though perhaps not conveying any very novel instructions, reiterates that good advice, and the enlightened and common-sense views, which cannot be too constantly borne in mind by all those who have rule in the nursery.

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS. Edited by H. C. Adams, author of "Favorite Song Birds," &c. &c. No. 1. —(*Groombridge and Sons*.)

Mr. Adams is himself a poet of no mean pretensions, and is therefore a safe guide in poetical reading. His aim is to present beautiful and striking passages from both English and foreign poets, "so arranged as to facilitate reference, and enable the reader at once to select a quotation upon any required subject, or to verify the correctness and authorship of one he may be desirous of using." So far as we can judge from this first number, his scheme seems very fairly carried out, and the extreme cheapness of the work will not fail to be a recommendation to it.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS. BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. —(*Groombridge and Sons*.)

These excellent and marvellously cheap little books for juvenile readers continue to appear at, we believe, monthly intervals, and the two recent numbers deserve the commendation we have so often bestowed on their predecessors.

Only an author well skilled in story-telling for children could have produced such a "Blossom" as "The Little Fortune-Seekers," and "The Rewards of Industry"—a clever abridgment, by the way, of "Labour stands on Golden Feet"—is a winter night story full of wholesome truth conveyed in an entertaining manner.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE. —(*Hunt and Son, Church Street, Edgeware Road; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; &c. &c.*)

Every "order" now-a-days appears to have its literary organ, and certainly there is no good reason why the amateur navy should be an exception to this rule. On the contrary, we wonder something in the style of the Yachting Magazine has not been started before, especially since we have learned, by the statistics now afforded, how very numerous a body it must particularly interest. We apprehend that the generality of readers are little aware that there are no fewer than seventeen Royal Yacht Clubs established, the first on the list numbering a hundred yachts. Englishwomen's hearts generally warm to the "blue jackets," and the enjoyment of yachting is by so many degrees more in unison with their own taste than the generality of "mannish" recreations, that most ladies look upon it with quite a sympathising interest. The present Magazine, which is brought out under the management of a very able and experienced editor, promises, as far as we can judge from the first number, to be a very acceptable addition to periodical literature. It is of course devoted chiefly to yachting or semi-naval affairs, but a few pages are reserved for clever miscellaneous contents; and it is enriched with three illustrations.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Jullien's long-talked-of opera, "Pietro il Grande," was produced on the 17th ultimo; and late as it was in the season, the house was crowded, a number of well-known musical *dilettanti* being present. Curiosity had been strongly excited, a large proportion of the audience evidently considering it impossible that a successful composer of polkas and quadrilles could produce a grand opera. Strange it is that doubtings of this sort rarely incline to the amiable or hopeful side of the question—nay, an old favourite of the public, entering on a new walk, has rarely such fair play conceded to him as is awarded to a stranger. To achieve real and distinguished success in any branch of art, the executor must be above his work, for nothing is really well done on mental tiptoe. Thus a judicious critic would have felt sure that M. Jullien, the composer of some of the best dance music that ever was written, could do greater things if he tried. True his "Pietro" is not to be considered as a first-class work; but it possesses undoubtedly much more merit than many operas which have enjoyed their season of popu-

larity, and is likely to hold its place for an occasional revival as well as others. The story comprises the real romance of Peter the Great's life, with a few *ad libitum* additions; and the libretto by Mr. D. Ryan is of more than average quality; while the accessories of dresses, scenery, and stage appointments proclaim the greatest liberality on the part of the management. Speaking of the artists engaged, the *Morning Herald* has the following:—

"The execution of the opera was highly creditable to all concerned in it. Tamberlik had apparently been especially measured by Jullien; and this able and vigorous artist sang the music with an energy and fire that astonished, and sometimes even astounded, the audience. The vocal duties belonging to *Peter* are of a very onerous kind. The strain upon the voice is immense, in which respect Jullien has laboured, it would seem, to outdo Verdi. But Tamberlik met all the emergencies of the moment with his accustomed *verve* and spirit, and triumphed over the notes in 'high places' with marvellous skill and truth. Madame Anna Zerr, having got over a certain trepidation and uncertainty which troubled her at the outset, was equally effective as *Catherine*, which part, like that of *Peter*, seemed



to have been written with reference to the ways and means of a particular artist. Madame Zerr's experience in music of this irregular class was brought into useful requisition, and the composer had reason to be grateful to her for the pains which she manifested throughout. Formes, likewise, sang and acted with the utmost care. He personated the revengeful and dangerous *Rossomak* with due ferocity; and his large and portentous voice was genially employed in the delivery of malevolent and threatening apostrophes. He gave the war-song to which we have alluded with enormous body and purpose. We must content ourselves with including Stigelli, Tagliafico, and Polonini in one general compliment, for all exerted themselves with a like steady and unrelaxing zeal. As far as we could judge of the *mise en scene*, from the awkward and imperfect glimpse we had of it, it seemed to be unusually liberal. In the second act there is a multitudinous display of soldiery, the effect of which, viewed from the centre of the house, was no doubt striking and picturesque. The ballet in the first scene, and that of the ball-room in the Kremlin, which was brilliantly lighted, were executed chiefly by Madame Robert and M. Alexandre. The minuet in the ball-room was, however, given by a Madame Adrienorff, who had been imported, it was said, expressly from Russia for the purpose. The lady in question is an expert artist, and, to all outward appearances, is a trustworthy exponent of the dances of her country."

After the first night, when the opera occupied the stage for five hours, certain curtailments were made, which seem to be generally approved; and "*Pietro il Grande*," in its more compact form, may be safely pronounced a success.

THE THEATRES.

The Adelphi Company have migrated, according to their annual custom, to the Haymarket, and have been representing a new piece, entitled "*The Writing on the Wall*," to houses, which, considering the state of the weather, may be truly termed excellent. The plot of the play is this:—Twenty-five years before the opening of the piece, *Sir Philip Elton* is found murdered in his study; but the murderer is yet undiscovered. The young Baronet (Mr. Worrell) has just informed his mother (Mrs. Leigh Murray) and his sister *Margaret* (Miss Chaplin) that he

has ruined himself by gambling; and it soon appears that the securities have fallen into the hands of *Richard Oliver* (Mr. Emery), the villain of the piece, who urges immediate payment; but finally offers to forego his claims on *Margaret's* hand being secured to him. This *Oliver* is himself the murderer of the Baronet, a secret known only to an itinerant fiddler, *Bob Smithers* (Paul Bedford), who demands half the money, as the price of keeping silence. Unable to obtain it, *Smithers* tells *Oliver* that, before his death, the Baronet had strength to write on the wall, with his blood, the name of his murderer. *Oliver* rushes to the scene of guilt, and there finds his betrothed, who has already discovered the writing; and after some scenes of violence and rage, the murderer is delivered up to justice, and *Margaret* made happy with her lover. In the usual Adelphi style, some scenes of broad comedy are introduced, to give Wright an opportunity of displaying his peculiar powers. As a Cockney, bent on conducting a model farm, and falling into all kinds of scrapes in the endeavour, he never failed to set the audience in a roar. Miss Woolgar also played, and made the most of a very small part. Mr. Emery's acting was peculiarly good, and Paul Bedford surprised as well as delighted the audience by performing his character with an earnestness and seriousness for which his usual style had by no means prepared them. The piece is by the brothers Morton.

In consequence of the very severe nature of her accident, Mrs. Keeley is still unable to play, and the performance of "*Jack Shepherd*" is delayed until the return of the Company to their own theatre. Great changes are said to be on the eve of accomplishment among the actors of the Adelphi and Haymarket. Mr. Wigan joins the former, and Mr. Silsbee, the American actor, will also, it is rumoured, be one of the Company; while Wright, whose name is so closely associated with that of the Adelphi theatre, transfers his services "to Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's." How far the change will be beneficial to the actor, or agreeable to the audience, is a problem which a few weeks more will solve.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

Summer is gone by, autumn hardly arrived; and the weather is so dull and chilly, that people seem to think more of making themselves comfortable than elegant.

There is really nothing new in the way of fashion at this season: materials change, colours become more sober; muslins, gauzes, &c., give way to silks, poplins, and fancy stuffs of mingled silk and wool; but further than this, there is no change worth mentioning. For morning costume indoors, the favourite is a *robe-peignoir*, in *foulard* or other material, à *dessins*, drawn to the shape by invisible *coulisses*, open in front so as to display a petticoat, generally

trimmed with flounces of *broderie Anglaise*, and a *fichu gilet* to match; the body, skirt, and sleeves have all *revers*, and a sash or *cordelière* confines the waist. Yet out-of-doors, in the country, a skirt and vest to match, with a white waistcoat, continue to be the favourite costume.

Flounces are, if possible, more worn than ever; the single flounce, with a heading, is much in favour, and very graceful; it is better suited for young ladies than the number of *volants* adopted by the married ones, while at the same time it can be worn by ladies whose *embonpoint* renders a more ample trimming objectionable.

A very pretty fashion for white muslin dresses has appeared towards the close of the season. I give you a description of it, as it may still be employed for indoor *demi-toilette*. Where the flounces are embroidered, each is supported underneath by a flounce of coloured *taffeta*; the *corsage* and sleeves are, in this case, trimmed with ribbon to match, and a sash, with flowing ends, completes the dress. The ribbon bracelets are as much worn as ever: either they are made to match the prevailing colour of the *toilette*, or in black or *ecossais* ribbon, which go with everything. They will, no doubt, continue in fashion throughout the winter, as they are a great protection to the wrists, which are so apt to be affected by the frost, where the skin is sensitive. The sleeve most worn at present is exactly the sleeve of our great-grandmothers—tight to a little below the bend of the elbow, and finishing there with one or two *volants* with a heading, while the *manche de dessous* is neither more nor less than the ruffle of that period. These sleeves are more especially adopted with flounced gowns, the *manche pagode* being still that principally worn with the plain skirt and *veste*.

It is said that as the season advances, the bonnets,

which now merely perch on the back of the head—(that is to say according to the actual fashion, though women of good taste have never adopted the extreme)—will completely change their form, and be worn as round and close as they are now open and *evané*. I confess I, for one, wholly approve of the alteration, more especially for autumn and winter; but as yet, nothing of this intention has become visible: the bonnets being still *en coup de vent* as much as ever. The *galathéas* and *capellines*, principally trimmed with *bluets* and *reines Marguerites* of every colour, are greatly in favour for the country; but this month will doubtless see the last of them for the season. The *brides* of the bonnets are longer and wider than ever.

Thick collars and sleeves are beginning to reappear: the latter are generally *à la chevalière*; that is to say, with rather deep cuffs, turned back, widening at each side, where they meet into a point, and fastened by double sleeve-buttons in gold or enamel. This style goes remarkably well with the vest and *gilet*, and is better suited for the ensuing season than the thin muslin and lace sleeves, which for summer were so light and cool, and whose open shape allowed the air free access.

THE GARDEN.—SEPTEMBER.

"Is there no message from that stately tree
Once proudly clad in robes of emerald green?
Do not its falling jewels speak to thee
Joyous, joyous heart, of winters yet unseen!"

PLANT-HOUSES.

Before the season is too far advanced, these erections should be put into good working order for the forthcoming winter, by the repairs of glass, and painting if possible, whitewashing the walls, and thoroughly cleaning out the flues and chimneys about the boilers. Also, as the plant-pits are as much at liberty now as any season, they should be treated in the same manner. The permanent plants in the Conservatory, particularly Oranges, Camellias, and Rhododendrons, will at this season require much attention to be paid to moisture at the roots. Camellias, in particular, root very freely at this season, and therefore must have a due supply of water to enable them to swell the buds freely. Thin out and regulate climbing conservatory and greenhouse plants, but do not tie them in too formally. Encourage Kennedys which were cut-in some time past to make a good growth, by applying fresh compost to the roots, and a good supply of water. Greenhouse plants in general, but principally Azaleas, Camellias, Heaths, Epacris, Correas, having now made their growth, should be for a short time thoroughly exposed to all sorts of weather, except drenching rains, in order to get the young wood and foliage thoroughly hardened. Gentle rains will do them no harm; but if long continued or very heavy, the plants must be protected from it, otherwise towards next spring it will be found that the best of the foliage will turn yellow, and drop off. The same effect will be produced by over-watering at any time after the growth is made, and the plant either dormant or becoming so. Chrysanthemums should be immediately transferred to their blooming-pots, if not done last week. Stand them at a good distance apart, on coal-ashes, sheltered from high winds, but

fully exposed to the sun. From this time, great attention must be paid to keeping them growing vigorously; and as soon as the pots are filled with roots, give them clear liquid manure at least twice a week. For the production of dwarf plants of Chrysanthemums, select the strongest stems from those plants which in May were planted out for the purpose, and lay the points in six-inch pots, plunged in the border, and prepared by drainage and the proper soil for their reception. In this position they may remain until the buds are well formed, and show signs of opening, when they may be separated from the parent plant, and removed under glass to expand. Liquid manure may be applied to the roots with advantage when they are numerous enough to take it up. Pelargoniums struck in the spring, and intended for early forcing purposes, will perhaps be showing signs of a late bloom; this must be checked by the removal of the flower buds, but do not stop the shoots. Keep the plants as dwarf and stocky as possible, by free exposure on all favourable occasions. Look now to the state of all sorts of hardy plants for forcing purposes; such things as Weigela, Deutzia, Persian Lilac, &c., must have full exposure to the sun to ripen the flower buds. Kalmias, Rhododendrons, and deciduous Azaleas should be selected from the reserve garden or a nursery, and potted by the end of next month: for the present, if under your own eye, see that they are not crowded up and encumbered with other plants or weeds. The stock of Dutch bulbs will soon be in the country. Make your selection early; and if you want some to flower very early, divide your stock into three lots, and pot the first immediately: one bulb in a six-inch pot, or three bulbs in an eight-inch pot; half of the bulb to be out of the soil. Place them on coal ashes, and

cover them to the depth of six inches over the rims of the pots with nice sweet leaf mould or spent tan. The best place is under a wall, or, even better, a one-light box, so that the light might be put on in case of long continued drenching rains, but at no other time.

FLOWER GARDEN.

This is the proper time to make notes of the effect of the colours of flowers in various situations, and to note down such alterations as appear desirable in their arrangement in another season. It is all very well to talk of harmony in arrangement as a very necessary thing to be attended to, but there are other considerations quite as important; not one of the least is the nature of the boundary of a flower garden, depending for its effect on bedded-out masses of plants. A little reflection will convince any one accustomed to these things that a boundary of some kind is an indispensable necessary in order that the eye may be confined to that particular part, and not by an extensive range of scenery to be drawn away, and the attention so much distracted that the arrangement cannot be perceived. Let any one who doubts this take a look at a bed of *Verbenas*, or any other gay-coloured plants, backed by a dense mass of *Rhododendrons* or other evergreens, at a distance of eight or ten yards, and on another which has an extensive sweep of grass beyond it, with nothing to check the eye from ranging away, and he must at once see that in the former case the beauty of the colours will make a much greater impression than in the latter. The same will be the case in an arrangement of many beds; there should be a boundary, in many places high enough to produce shade, so that the attention may be concentrated on the flowers and their arrangement. White and light flowers should be furthest from the eye; scarlet and white look well in juxtaposition; but the scarlet should be nearest the spectator, and the white backed by something dark. We have still much to learn on this interesting subject. Scarlet and yellow also look well side by side, and a very fine effect is produced in certain situations by a large bed of scarlet *Geraniums*, with a few plants of dwarf yellow *Dahlias* intermixed, at from four to five feet apart.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Fruit for late purposes, such as Morello Cherries, Warrington Gooseberries, red and white Currants on north walls, should now be covered with elastic hexagon netting, to preserve them from wasps and flies. The best method of securing the netting to the wall is to use the broad Irish tape all round the outside through which to pass the nails; it prevents tearing the net, and in a great measure preserves it from the corroding influence of the iron. Where expense is no object, it is also an excellent covering for Peaches, Nectarines, and stone-fruit generally, as it not only preserves them in a state fit to send to table, but prolongs their season. The old canes of Raspberries, and all the small spray not required for fruiting another year, should now be cut clean away, the best canes lightly fastened to the stakes, and, if possible, a dressing of rich manure applied to the roots. Continue to lay in the main branches of Figs, and to stop the fore right shoots. Both mice and birds are fond of this fruit; trap the former, and if birds are troublesome hang a loose netting over the trees. Persevere in the removal of all super-

fluous growth from Pears, as there is now no danger of the lower buds breaking, and the fruit will need all the sunlight and air possible to attain perfection. Keep a number of small spring steel-traps constantly set on the walls and in the neighbourhood of Pears, to entrap the tomcats, which are very destructive to them at this season; so also are dormice, which should be kept down by the same means.—C.

NEW AND RARE PLANTS.

PENTSTEMON WRIGHTII (Hook., *Scrophulariaceæ*).—*Bot. Mag.*, Sept., 1851.—A beautiful new species discovered by Dr. Wright in Texas, and grow-

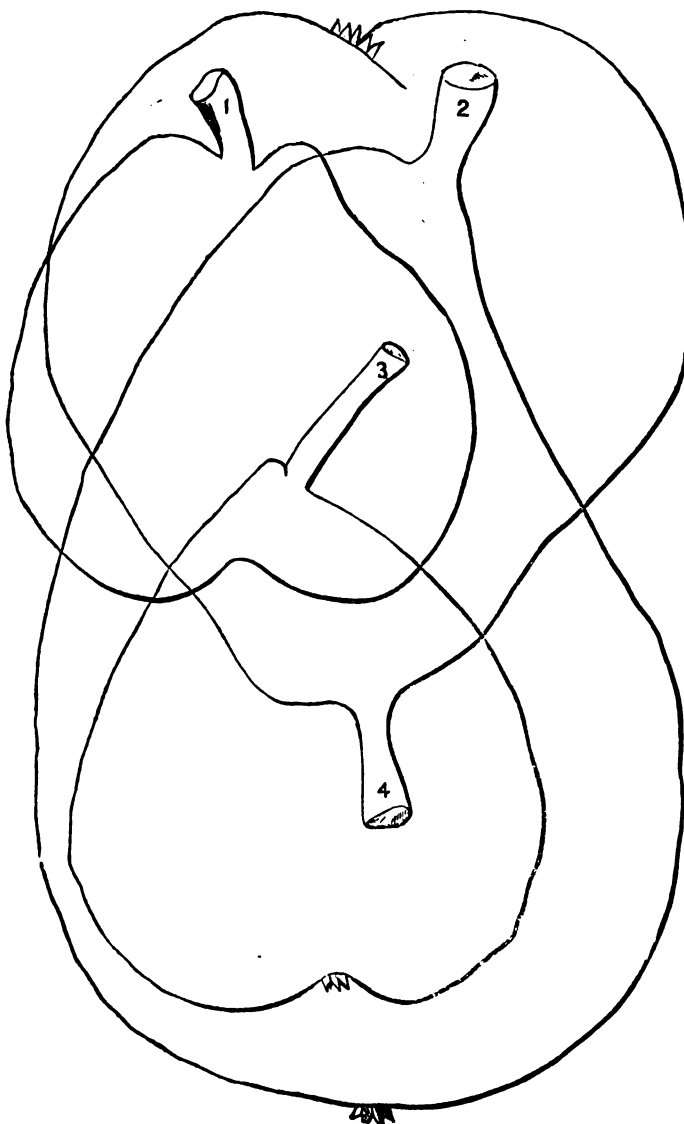


Pentstemon Wrightii.

ing with an erect terete stem, including the panicle, to about two feet in height; the leaves are opposite, glaucous, spatulate, entire, and tapering into a stalk, excepting the uppermost pair, which are sessile, ovate, oblong, and slightly cordate at the base. The panicle at the extremity of the flowers is fully a foot in length; the corollas are produced in pairs, slightly drooping, and of a deep rich rose colour. The tube is about an inch long, and the limb nearly as wide. Our figure, which is considerably reduced, shows the lower portion of a panicle, the upper part being cut off. This species will be found a desirable acquisition to our gardens, from the ease with which it may be grown and the beauty of its flowers. It is probably quite hardy; but this has not been fully ascertained. It may, however, be treated as a summer border-plant with perfect success. It was raised from seeds sent to Kew in 1850.

NEW PEARS.

No. 1. THE WILLIAMSON PEAR.—This seedling sprung up wild in a piece of woodland at Long Island (U.S.), belonging to N. Williamson, Esq. Mr. Downing calls it one of the very best, and describes it thus:—Medium size; obovate narrowing rapidly to the stalk; stalk short and stout in a moderate cavity, a little higher on one side than the other; calyx none, its place occupied by a small scar set in a deep rather narrow russeted basin; skin rich golden yellow at maturity, thickly sprinkled with russet dots,



Outline of Pears.

and considerably russeted at each end; seeds small flattened; flesh yellowish white, fine-grained, melting, with abundant juice, and rich saccharine-vinous flavour. October. Tree hardy, and a good bearer.

No. 2. *BEURRE CLAIR-GEAU*.—A handsome first-rate pear, raised by M. Clairgeau, at Nantes; very large, irregularly turbinate; skin yellow greenish, with dark spots; flesh melting, buttery, juicy; resembles the grey Doyenne. October and November. Tree vigorous and productive.

No. 3. *WIDOW*.—Fruit of medium size; regularly turbinate; stalk slender, obliquely inserted at the surface; colour yellowish green, about half the surface covered over with dark grey spots. It resembles *Beurre d'Angleterre* in colour; skin thin; flesh white, very melting, buttery; juice abundant, slightly acidulous or vinous, agreeably perfumed. A delicious first-rate pear, in the end of September and October. Tree of medium growth; pyramidal shape; very productive. Origin unknown.

No. 4. *DOYENNE DU CORNICER D'ANGERS*.—Raised from seed in the garden of the Horticultural Society of Angers. Tree vigorous; pyramidal-shaped; productive; fruit very large; regularly turbinate; skin greenish yellow, speckled with russet dots; flesh melting, buttery, juicy, sugary, agreeably perfumed, November and December. —*Downing's Horticulturist*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. B.—“On the Influence of Women upon the present age.”—This article is declined, with thanks, and the MS. left for the author at our publisher's. The subject requires to be treated with much more elevation of view and vigour of expression.

W. W. (New Cross).—We regret that the offered contribution is unsuitable.

ALPHA BETA (Cologne).—“The Wave of Life” shall be inserted; the others must be declined. We will take care in future to observe your directions respecting the name. Our poetical contributors are so numerous that they must not object to wait some time for their turns.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING (Ched-

dar).—The size of our page is too small to enable us to give any useful pattern of the article required.

WALTER W.—“The Deep, deep Sea” shall appear; but “The Ballad of Eulalie” is not exactly to our taste.

S. A.—Mrs. Jordan, the actress, died at St. Cloud, on the 5th July, 1816. Her maiden-name was Bland.—Miss O'Neil married W. W. Becher, Esq., M.P., on the 15th December, 1819.

HISTORIA.—The kingdom of Greece was offered to, and declined by, Prince Leopold in 1830.

MIRANDA.—We do not think that women can complain of being denied political power, seeing that they fill some of the most important thrones in Europe. What more can be desired?



The English Gentleman

By the Author of "The English Gentleman"

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

OCTOBER, 1852.

MEMOIR OF MADAME GEOFFRIN.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Marie Thérèse Rodet was born at Paris on the 2nd of June, 1699. Little is known of her until, following the example of Madame de Tencin, whose literary reunions she frequented, she on the death of that lady determined to fill up the vacuum occasioned by that event; opened her house for the reception of as many of the guests of Madame de Tencin as she could assemble around, joined to the most distinguished members of her own acquaintance. Before this period, however, she had cultivated the regard of more than one man of letters, and stood peculiarly high in the esteem of M. de Fontenelle, as is proved by the following verses, addressed to her by this remarkable man:—

- " Tout mon souhait et ma plus forte envie,
Aurait été d'être un nouveau Crésus.
Des riches dons d'Amérique et d'Asie
J'aurais tâché d'amasser tant et plus;
Non pour moi, c'eût été pour ma mie;
Sans elle hélas! les aurais-je voulus?"
- " D'être un héros j'aurais eu la monnaie;
Mais m'aurait vu suivre ses étendards.
L'antique amour, l'amour de la patrie,
Ne m'eût point fait affronter les hasards;
L'espoir d'offrir les lauriers à ma mie,
Seul, m'eût frayé la route des Césars."
- " D'être un Apelle il m'aurait pris envie,
Mais sans daigner travailler pour les rois.
Si de Rubens imitant la magie,
La toile eût pu s'animer sous mes doigts,
Quel beau portrait j'aurais fait de ma mie!
Je l'aurais peinte ainsi que je la vois."
- " Eterniser une flamme chérie
Aurait été de mes vœux le premier.
Le tendre amour, seul guide de ma vie,
Aux doctes sœurs m'eût fait sacrifier:
J'aurais été le chanteur de ma mie,
J'eus mis ma gloire à la déifier."
- " En me livrant tout à l'astronomie,
J'aurais suivi ma tendre passion.
Un nouvel astre, au gré de mon envie,
Eût de nos jours paru sur l'horizon:
Au firmament j'aurais placé ma mie;
Elle eût été ma constellation."
- " Bien loin de fui l'utile pharmacie,
J'en aurais su braver tous les dégoûts;
Je me serais plongé dans la chimie,
Et ses travaux m'auraient paru bien doux;
Si quelquefois, médecin de ma mie,
J'eusse eu le droit de lui tâter le pouls."

" J'aurais banni la cendre jalouse,
L'amour sucré en écarte l'horreur;
Trop délicat pour cette frénésie,
D'un bien plus pur j'aurais mon bonheur:
Car en l'aimant, j'eusse estimé ma mie,
Sans mon estime aurait-elle eu mon cœur?"

" Jamais, jamais nulle autre fantaisie
N'aurait entré dans mon esprit charmé;
Tous les regards d'Iris et de Silvie
Auraient trouvé contre eux mon cœur armé;
Jusqu'au tombeau j'eusse adoré ma mie,
Et Venus même en vain m'aurait aimé." *

M. de Fontenelle died before Madame Geoffrin acquired the celebrity that afterwards attached to her name, but was always remembered with affection by her. Monsieur Geoffrin possessed a large fortune, and permitted his wife the entire use of it. He was so little known to her guests, that many of them were perfectly ignorant of the relation in which the mistress of the mansion, and the shy, abstracted gentleman who took his seat at table, and glided through the rooms like a visitor, stood to each other. Various are the anecdotes related of the simplicity and habit of abstraction of Monsieur Geoffrin: among others, it is stated that an individual who sometimes lent him books, repeatedly sent him the first volume of the "Voyages of Labbat," instead of the second and third. M. Geoffrin continued to reperuse the volume without being struck by the mistake, and meeting the lender one day, who inquired how he liked the work, he replied, "It is very interesting; but it appears to me that the author is somewhat given to repeat the same things over again." †

He once read over with extreme attention "Bayles' Dictionary," following the line of the two columns, without remarking that they were divided. "What an excellent work this would have been," observed he, "if the sense were a little more connected!" ‡

"You have been to the theatre this evening, Monsieur Geoffrin," said a friend; "what was the piece performed?"

"I cannot tell you; for I was in such haste

* *Memoires Historiques Littéraires et Anecdotes du Baron de Grimm; tome iv., page 454.*

† *Grimm, vol. v., page 128.*

‡ *Idem, idem.*

to enter, that I had not time to look at the play-bill posted up outside," was the answer.

A foreigner who was a frequent guest at the dinners of Madame Geoffrin having absented himself some time, remarked on his return the absence of the silent gentleman he had been accustomed to see, and inquired of his hostess, "What have you done, Madame, with that poor man whom I used to see always here, and who never said a word?"

"It was my husband: he is dead!" was the reply.

A daughter was the sole offspring of this ill-assorted marriage; and Monsieur Geoffrin left her as wholly to the management of his wife as he did his fortune. This daughter did not, however, adopt the partiality of her mother for the Encyclopedistes; on the contrary, she conceived a strong dislike to them, as was long afterwards proved by her conduct.

Among the persons whose acquaintance Madame Geoffrin formed at Madame de Tencin's was Marmontel, who relates that the frequency of Madame Geoffrin's visits, as Madame de Tencin's life was drawing to a close, having awakened the suspicion of the cunning old lady with regard to the motive of them, she used to say to her guests, "Do you know what brings the Geoffrin here? She comes to see what she can collect out of my inventory."

Nor were these suspicions unfounded; for on the death of Madame de Tencin, the greater portion of her circle passed over to the new one formed by Madame Geoffrin. It was to this society that she afterwards owed her celebrity; for previously she was but little known, and many of those persons to whom she had extended invitations during the life of Madame de Tencin had not shown any desire to accept them. Among these was Marmontel, who was advised by his friend, M. de la Poplinière, not to go, influenced either by the desire of retaining him exclusively for his own circle, or by a fear that some ridicule might attach to this new Bureau d'Esprit, and be reflected on its members. Marmontel, however, afterwards accepted a renewed invitation, and having once entered the circle of Madame Geoffrin, found it so much to his taste, that he became one of its most constant members, and enjoyed privileges not accorded to many of her visitors. For instance, he was invited to all her suppers, to which few of the regular dinner guests were asked, and which were chiefly attended by another class of persons than the literary men and artists, who shared that social repast with her on Mondays and Wednesdays. The suppers seldom included more than six or eight individuals, all well known to each other, which intimacy permitted an ease and confidence in the conversation, which constituted the chief attraction of these little parties. Three women, not less remarkable for their beauty than for the ease and elegance of their manners, constantly attended them—the Marquise de Duras, and

Comtesses de Brionne and D'Egmont.* Paris contained not at that period any women more admired, or who held a higher position in the *beau monde* than did this fair triad; and doubtless Madame Geoffrin, with her love for the great as well as for the distinguished, must have felt gratified at the unceremonious terms of familiarity on which they frequented her house. The Prince Louis de Rohan, as much *à la mode* as these three Graces, never missed the *petit soupers* when he was sure to meet them. Youthful, gay, and brilliant, he abandoned himself to the enjoyment of these pleasant evenings, to the amusement of which he greatly contributed by his playful sallies and unaffected good humour. These suppers were as remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of the fare set before the noble guests, as the dinners of Madame Geoffrin were for the profusion and excellence of the viands prepared for the literary men and artists—a proof of the tact of the hostess, who knew that those accustomed to every luxury at home, would more enjoy that which was a novelty to them—a frugal meal. A roast fowl, some spinach, and an omelet, formed this simple repast; which was preceded, or followed, by Marmontel's reading aloud one of those tales of his, which subsequently were so well received by the public. We have his own confession, that no after-success ever gratified the vanity of the author so much as the applause expressed by this small circle, composed of persons so distinguished, and whose talents prevented their missing a single point at which he aimed at making an impression.† "To see," as he tells us, "the finest eyes in the world filled with tears at some touching incident, when *Love and Nature* were painted," delighted him; but he adds that, notwithstanding all the consideration dictated for an author's feelings, by the extreme goodness and exquisite politeness of his hearers, he could perceive the parts in which his tales were deficient in warmth and strength, by their passing them over in silence—an observation that drew his attention to these defects, and led to his correcting them afterwards.

Mistress of an easy fortune, Madame Geoffrin calculated, and not unwisely, that by making her house the rendezvous of literary men and artists, she should secure a pleasant society at home, when age might prevent her from any longer being able to seek it abroad. She established two dinners a-week; one on Mondays for artists, and on Wednesdays for literary persons: by which means she was kept informed of the works of merit by both, and acquired so much oral information on art and literature, as never to expose her want of a more profound knowledge of either. But even when subjects were discussed in which she could take no part, she never betrayed a single symptom of *ennui*, but with a politeness then as rare as it still continues to be, affected an interest in the conversation. The liberty enjoyed in her circle

* Memoires de Marmontel; tom ii., page 102.

† Ibid, page 136.

never degenerated into license; for with a firm, though gentle hand, she retained the reins of government, and a grave look was sufficient to check any remarks which she thought likely to militate against the general harmony of her society; while a smile of approval, or the utterance of her favourite phrases when satisfied, "Ah, that is right; that is good!" rewarded her visitors for the desire they manifested to please her.

With many excellent qualities, Madame Geoffrin was deficient in some, the absence of which were sometimes felt even while she exercised those which were acknowledged. For instance, although exceedingly good-natured, she had little sensibility, and was more prone to lend assistance to those who required it, than to sympathize with them. Ready to give her money, she knew not how to yield her pity; and those who were too proud, or too delicate, to accept the first without the second, might have accused her of hardness of heart. Desirous of serving her friends, she was often withheld by the dread of compromising her own interests, not in a pecuniary way, but lest she should be deemed troublesome by persons in power if she exerted her influence with them in aid of those who solicited her. She loved the great, because she thought that their presence in her house lent a lustre to it; but while she sought to draw them to her, she was too proud to seek them at their homes, where she felt she would have been ill at ease. She affected a simplicity in the style of her dress and furniture, that accorded well with her appearance and manner, and both were remarkable for an extreme attention to cleanliness.

Madame Geoffrin was as desirous to conceal the practice of her religious duties as others sometimes are to display them: whether this proceeded from a dread of exciting the ridicule of the philosophers who frequented her house, or from a wish of not attracting attention, has never been ascertained. Probably she desired to conciliate the feelings of her daughter by attending to her religious duties, yet wished not to incur any arguments on the subject with her irreligious visitors.

Although desirous of obtaining celebrity, she was still more so of securing respect; hence she scrupulously avoided aught that she imagined could draw ridicule or censure on her or on her friends, and, with all her good nature, would have sacrificed a friend rather than have incurred the possibility that any of his errors or absurdities should excite observations on her. This moral cowardice often exhibited when a friend stood in need of her countenance, and on occasions too when her kindness would not have drawn any evil consequences on herself, betrayed a weakness, as well as selfishness, that deteriorated from the good qualities which she really possessed, and precluded her friends from feeling that confidence in her so essential in friendship.

Too profound a knowledge of the world is often as injurious to the person possessed of it as too great an ignorance, and it requires no

ordinary goodness of heart to prevent this knowledge from indisposing him towards his fellow beings, as well as no common degree of moral courage to enable him to resist the influence it is apt to exercise over the conduct. It was this knowledge that led the subject of our memoir to adopt the resolution of never defending her friends when they were attacked in her presence, however unfounded might be the charge brought against them, nor from ever joining in any warm commendations bestowed on them, however well merited. "If you wish to increase the bitterness of an enemy against your friend, defend him warily," has Madame Geoffrin often been heard to say; "while by not defending him, the angry passions of his accuser are not excited, and the subject drops." "All who hear a person greatly praised consider themselves aggrieved by the commendations bestowed on him," was another of this lady's maxims; "hence they not only form a dislike to him, but to the individual who by lauding him wounded their *amour propre* by instituting a sort of comparison or contrast.

Such were the principles that guided Madame Geoffrin through life, and those only could count on the stability of her regard who never exposed it to the proof of defending even the qualities on which it was based. Nevertheless, she would render a pecuniary service with good will, but she desired that it should never be known lest the individual who received it should ever incur blame, and that some portion of it should fall on her. In fact, her sympathy ceased the moment it was required, which led Marmontel to tell her on one occasion, that to retain her regard her friends should be not only infallible, but fortunate and happy.* She considered a strict adherence to the usages of society in general, but more especially her own, and a careful avoidance of aught that could by any possibility disturb its harmony, as the most serious and important of all duties, and any violation of them she warmly resented. Her temper was good and even, her spirits cheerful and equal. She recounted any anecdote or incident with spirit, and never spoiled a story in the telling, relating it more for the amusement of her circle than from any desire of shining, or of occupying attention. Such was the woman who drew around her the most remarkable men of her day, and who won their esteem without making any sacrifice of her own to attain or retain it. In her circle the men of letters sought, after a morning devoted to literary labour, the relaxation so necessary to overstrained minds; and the artists found not only recreation after their tasks, but encouragement to pursue them, and not unfrequently encountered Patrons to purchase.

It is no less strange that Madame Geoffrin should not only have formed the desire to draw around her a distinguished society, but have accomplished it; nay, more, that men whose genius and talents were universally acknowledged, should have given her name to posterity.

* Memoires de Marmontel, tome ii., p. 108.

That she possessed natural but uncultivated talent the letters that remain of her indicate, though it is said that they were revised and corrected by some of her friends, and that the orthography previous to this revision was found to be extremely defective. Marmontel, one of the most intimate and partial of her guests, admitted that "she wrote like an ill brought up woman, and boasted of it.*" She was allowed, however, to possess good sense, quickness of perception, and good-nature; and this last quality greatly aided her in acquiring and retaining popularity among her circle. To these she added another, no less essential—tact; and, by the exercise of all four, she was enabled to fulfil the duties of a *maîtresse de maison* to the satisfaction of all her visitors, whose conversational powers were elicited by her knowledge of leading to the subjects most calculated to draw them forth, and whose personal comfort was attended to by the care taken in the excellence of the quality and profusion of the quantity of *recherché* viands provided for them. A woman of higher attainments and pretensions might have been disposed to direct attention to topics suited to exhibit her own talents, rather than those of her guests, while Madame Geoffrin sought only to display theirs, and delighted in their success.

But it was not literary men and artists alone who frequented the circle of Madame Geoffrin. The *beau monde* of Paris, and the foreigners who visited it, were glad to be seen in her house, drawn to it by the reputation it soon acquired of being the *rendezvous* of all the *beaux esprits* in the capital. Literature then exercised an influence in society, now only confined to the minds of the reading public, who peruse works either for instruction or amusement without much caring to associate with the authors who produce them. Newspapers and magazines, at a small cost, now convey a tolerably just notion of all new books worth notice; whereas, at the period to which we refer, no such medium of becoming acquainted with them existed; and the *salons*, like those of Madame Geoffrin, offered an agreeable substitute for Reviews; as in them works of merit were often read aloud, always spoken of, and the writers frequently met.

How many pungent criticisms, piquant anecdotes, playful sallies, brilliant sketches, and philosophical reflections, have been uttered in drawing-rooms presided over by a woman whose gentle but firm sway precluded the slightest violation of the rules of good breeding, however dissentient might be the opinion of many of the individuals assembled! The wish to shine, doubtlessly entertained by several, if not by all who frequented these circles, seldom led to any infringement of the *bienséances*. Every one

waited for his turn in the animated conversations going on, and this attention to politeness afforded time for studying the best mode of expressing what was to be said.

Even at foreign courts, as well as at the French, the circle of Madame Geoffrin was often canvassed, and always with a certain consideration, for none of the ridicule that had been cast on the Hotel Rambouillet, its precursor, attached to it. Literature was then a power, and was felt to be one not to be despised, even by those who deprecated its influence. Among the most esteemed of Madame Geoffrin's friends may be reckoned Stanislaus Poniatowski: their friendship commenced when he was only a Count, but ceased not when he became a King; for, having been in the habit of calling her mother, he, on ascending the throne of Poland, wrote to engage her to pay him a visit, and commenced his letter as follows: "Mother, your son is a King," &c., &c. There was only one woman admitted to the weekly dinners given by Madame Geoffrin to the men of letters, and this was Mademoiselle Lespinasse. The distinction, for so it was deemed, could not have fallen on a person more worthy of it, for the endowments and manners of this lady rendered her a great acquisition to the society, to which she brought wit, vivacity, and good sense, sufficient to add to its attractions without ever usurping more than her reasonable share in the conversation. Youthful enough to remind the men that she had lost none of the attributes of her sex, she inspired in them a desire to please, too apt to remain dormant in male society, or where only old women are met. This desire to please was exempt from the foolish gallantry then very generally adopted towards the fair sex; for Mademoiselle Lespinasse was wholly free from the spirit of coquetry which excites and encourages it, possessing too warm and ardent a heart to be gratified by simulated affection.

Though still young, Mademoiselle Lespinasse possessed a tact that enabled her to restrain the freedom of tone that on some occasions menaced to infringe the limits prescribed by Madame Geoffrin with regard to the decent reserve she wished to be preserved in her circle, without imposing any of the constraint urged by a false prudery that too often banishes wit and gaiety. She was therefore an able assistant to her hostess in carrying out her wishes on this point, as well as an acquisition to her réunions. D'Alembert was a constant guest at these literary dinners; he brought to them his good-humour, his playful and brilliant conversation, leaving so entirely behind him in his library and laboratory the grave thoughts on sciences of the most abstract nature which had occupied his mind during his morning studies, that few who met him in those hours of relaxation could have imagined that the gay and pleasant man who lent such charms to the conversation was one of the most celebrated *savants* of the day. Was a new discovery in astronomy, or in any other of the sciences he so successfully perused, named, who could simplify its details and render its im-

* A proof of this freedom from pretensions to any literary knowledge or merit, was given in her reply to an Italian, who solicited permission to dedicate to her an Italian and French Grammar. "To me, sir," exclaimed she, "who do not know even how to spell!"—*Memoires de Marmontel*, tome ii., p. 109.

portance comprehensible even to the uninitiated, so well as d'Alembert, leaving out all unnecessary technicalities or abstruse terms. The conversation of a learned man, who will condescend to be lively and playful, has a peculiar charm, for one knows that it proceeds from the overflowing of a full mind rich enough to scatter its treasures abroad, and above the fear that operates on less gifted men, of being suspected of trifling when they stoop to being sprightly. D'Alembert was peculiarly exempt from such a fear, and abandoned himself to the enjoyment of society, with all the zest with which a school-boy broke loose from school enters into the pleasures of his play-fellows. With a happy temper and temperament, and a self-complacency originating not in vanity, but in a consciousness of time employed usefully for others and creditably for himself, he had none of the jealousies or envy attributed to men less prosperous, and was ready to be amused by and to contribute to the amusement of the circle in which he moved. Helvétius, the generous and unostentatious patron of literary men,* who concealed his munificence with as much care as others take to give publicity to theirs, was a constant attendant at the parties of Madame Geoffrin. He had not then published that work,† which drew on him a persecution that disturbed the serenity of his life for a considerable time, but which did not deprive him of a single friend. Those, however, who most admired the learning and talent displayed in the production to which we refer must lament that its pages are in several instances sullied by a grossness no less of sentiment than of expression, and a freedom (not to call it by a harsher name) of opinion calculated to render the work dangerous to men whose political opinions and religious principles were not firmly established. The persecution that followed the publication, was in some degree justified by the faults to which we have reverted; nevertheless it originated less in a really moral motive than in the hatred vowed by the Molinists and Jansenists to all who advocated freedom of opinion in religion and politics. The first sect possessed great influence at Court, and the second no less with the Parliament; and both actively used this influence against Helvétius. The Jansenists would willingly have had the author of *L'Esprit* condemned to the flames; the Molinists, more merciful, were content that his book only should be consigned to them. The Jesuits, who at the commencement took no part in the persecution, seeing the attention it excited, became jealous that all the honour of this affected zeal in the cause of religion should be given to the two other sects, and therefore joined in it; and so violent was the persecution that Helvétius yielded to the representations of his friends, made a retraction, in which, if he satisfied not his enemies, he at least violated not his own principles, by stating “that if, contrary to his in-

tention, any of the opinions he had put forth were not conformable to the interest of mankind, he was ready to disavow them; and, without guaranteeing the truth of any one of his maxims, he would only maintain the purity of his intentions*—a statement of which those who knew him best never doubted the sincerity. Helvétius entered society with his mind filled with the bold and often original ideas with which the work he afterwards gave to the public teems, and desirous of testing the truth of many of them by submitting them to the judgment of those so capable of analyzing, and deciding on their merits. A warm admirer of the philosophy of Locke, and an ardent advocate for the opinions of that great man, Helvétius, in this instance, unlike his prototype, sometimes in his desire to combat superstition and bigotry, was hurried into a freedom of expression which Locke would never have been tempted to adopt, even if England required the same exposure of the fallacies with which Helvétius had to contend in France, and which drew on him the censure of those whose minds were not capable of judging his work. The new views he brought to his subject were considered to be paradoxical, and when this charge was disproved he was accused of having stolen them from the ancients. Perfectly free from affectation or pretension, his presence in society was always hailed with pleasure, and, he abandoned himself to its enjoyments with the frankness and gaiety of a school-boy. Few men were ever so much beloved and esteemed by his friends, and it may be adduced as a proof of the confidence entertained in his admirable good-nature, that some of them on whom he had conferred repeated and large pecuniary favours were precisely those who expressed their censures not only on his abilities, but on himself,† with the greatest freedom and acerbity—a freedom he was never known to resent.

Mairan was another of the *habitués* of Madame Geoffrin's réunions, and greatly added to their attractions by his good temper and vivacity—qualities the more admired as appertaining to a man whose scientific pursuits and the success which crowned them might have been supposed

* Œuvres de Helvétius, tome iii., page 35.

† One of these was Marivaux, to whom Helvétius gave a pension of eighty pounds a-year. In a discussion with his benefactor, Marivaux, forgetful of his kindness, used some very harsh and unjust observations to him. After he withdrew, Helvétius, with perfect calmness, said to those present, “How I could have answered him if I did not owe him the obligation of having accepted assistance.”—Œuvres de Helvétius, tome iii., page 7. Bantot, formerly one of his secretaries, and whom he continued to pay and keep in his house long after he had ceased to require his services, having a bad temper and a turn for satire, often took the liberty of censuring the works, the understanding, and even the character of his generous friend. “Can it be possible,” would Helvétius say to his wife, “that I have all the faults of which Bantot accuses me? Perhaps not; but I have some, and who would tell me of them if I did not keep Bantot?”—Œuvres de Helvétius, tome iii., page 16.

* See the notice of the Life and Writings of Helvétius, by Saint Lambert; tome iii., page 7.

† Livre de *L'Esprit*.

to have impaired. Those who are not in the habit of correctly tracing effect to cause are apt to imagine that abstract or abstruse studies occasion a gravity of character and manner, whereas the reverse is much more common. He who turns his attention solely to scientific pursuits preserves his mind free from the passions and prejudices so prone to affect the temper and spirits of those who having no fixed occupation

on which to anchor their thoughts allow them to float purposeless on the stream of society, and to be ruffled by every breeze that agitates its surface, to the great detriment of both, and seldom bring into the social circle the gaiety which distinguishes those who, having spent the day in deep study, scientific researches or experiments, enter it to unbend their minds.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HELENA.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

“ It hurts not him
That he is loved of me.”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

“ So they laughed about our Friendship ! Let them : what care you or I,
Sitting hand in hand this morning, with the bright fire blazing nigh !
So they laughed at Woman's Friendship—called it weaker than a straw,
With a dozen dull comparisons that folly's tongue can draw.

“ *They* were tempted from their slumbers, ere this autumn morning broke,
By the cruel preparations which the hunters' clarion spoke.
Dull and cloudy is the noontime, and the air is dank and chill,
Do you envy them their racing over heath and over hill ?

“ No—then to this seat, my Mary—yes, the lounge chair large and low,
At your feet I'll take my station, and I'll lean my flushing brow
On your knee whilst I am telling all my heart has hived so long,
'To none other could I speak it, even with this faltering tongue !

“ Mary—Friend alike and mentor ! with her three years more than I,
Grave and staid with twenty summers that have passed her smiling by ;
Smiling all save that brief season, when *her* sun was clouded o'er,
Though to beam with ray serener, for the darkness felt before.

“ And to dower her with the wisdom—that which only grief can yield,
Subtle sympathy extended—wrought by friendship to a shield.
For though Mary now is happy—happy in her love approved,
In her sweet contented present—and in future fears removed ;

“ She remembers all the anguish—all the conflict of that hour,
When hope and fear were wrestling, and she only found the power
'To breathe her heart to Helen—in these clasping arms to hide,
Finding thus the sole assuaging of her misery's rising tide.
Nay, no tears of recollection—though I kiss them all away,
As I'd brush the dew from flower-bud in the sunny month of May.”

“ Little Helen,” now quoth Mary, “ little Helen, sister heart,
In those days of soul convulsion, do you know what was your part—
That you stood among the ruins, with a sword in either hand,
Keeping Death and Madness from me—trampling out Fate's fiery brand ?”
“ 'Twas but sympathy,” said Helen, “ that could feel and comprehend,
And I ask it now from Mary, from my true and dearest Friend.

“ There are lights among the shadows, that my tongue must strive to show,
Else indeed would reason tremble, ere the bidden words could flow.
I've a Woman's heart within me—for I felt it newly pant,
Girlish thoughts are gone for ever, though my years are still so scant ;
Girlhood's days, and Girlhood's fancies—folly's pyramid up-piled,
And which seem to me more childish than the thinkings of a child !

" Is there beauty in a blankness, whereon error still may write—
In the stone where lies the statue, that the chisel brings to light ?
Or worth in wondrous eloquence, till the pent-up stream has broke,
Or the lyre but newly fashioned, ere its hidden soul has woke ?
If herein be worth and beauty—but believe me not unless
Is the homage granted duly to our vaunted girlishness.

" Need I name *his* name, my Mary ? You have guessed it, that I know,
By the pressure of your fingers, and the half word whispered low :
Yet you cannot e'en conjecture—'tis the strangeness of my lot,
That I scarcely can remember when it was I loved him not.
He the man of more than thirty—I the child he used to lift
To his knee to make me happy, bribing by some baby gift.

" To this day they tell the story—when a raree show had place,
Such, as pleases but the elders in the joy on childhood's face ;
How he throned me on his shoulder, towering over all the rest,
I for payment giving kisses—all my gladness thus exprest,
While he turned his face to take them, and seemed himself as blest.

" Then my fingers wandered freely, o'er his cheek and through his hair,
And my tiny feet he nestled to his bosom with such care.
They were blue shoes I was decked with—that I still can call to mind,
Trifle though the recollection, to be by memory shrined.

" Oh, to lean my head one minute, where the blue shoes rested then,
To be clasped and prisoned fondly, for an instant once again ;
Then to live upon the consciousness—a light for memory's hoard,
That he by that dear moment's love my self-respect restored !

" Mary, you can understand me—you can feel it in the scope
Of a love like this that truly—I dare not cherish hope ;
The hope that Philip loves me ! Now I breathe to you the word,
Whose music was a mystery, dwelling in a deep heart chord.
Yet my father calls him Philip—whilst my tongue perforce must speak,
All his formal appellation, like acquaintance of a week.

" No—that hope I dare not cherish, for its beams are all too bright.
And I shrink like dungeon'd captive from the glowing stream of light.
All enough to cheer my darkness is a faint and starry ray,
Like the one that shone upon me, it was only yesterday.

" I had pluck'd a flower that lingered o'er the garden's ruined plot,
Yet from idleness, or weariness, the flower I cherished not ;
Placed it lightly in my girdle, where it withered in an hour,
Then fell away unheeded that poor forgotten flower.

" But He raised it from the carpet—raised it with a pleasant smile,
My gaze was on the looking-glass, I saw him all the while,
How beneath his vest he hid it :—'tis I know a foolish thing,
Yet for that flower, believe me—I would give this jewelled ring !"

" Far beyond," said Mary, gravely, " all a boy's fantastic flights,
Far above the heartless triumph, which a worthless man delights,
I believe he loves you truly—not from one such sign alone,
But hundreds write a prophecy by a sybil's secret shown !"

" Hush !—remember what I told you—that such light I cannot bear,
Even these your words o'ercome me with a hope that chills like fear.
You alone will not despise me for the weakness you may note—
I am choking—Mary loosen this ribbon from my throat.

" Now thank Heaven that tears are flowing ! Of its blessings this the chief,
That my trial is not always too great for such relief !
Yet a moment and I'll tell you how the truth I learn'd to know,
How my childish love expanded—how it came to change and grow.

" In my baby days he loved me—he was then a noble youth,
With a form to mate Apollo—and his mind the shrine of Truth ;
And his sister and my mother—they were Friends like you and me,
With the dearest love of sisters, though of kin not one degree.

" Helen's mother—Philip's sister—died within a little space,
Leaving only baby Helen to fill their vacant place ;
For they were so bound together, that whoever loved the one,
Found affection towards the other by reflected ray had shone.

" Then my father's heart contracted round his child—of wife bereft,
For it surely could not satisfy the void that she had left !
While for Philip's sister's friend's sake, and perchance for Philip's own,
Much of courtesy and friendship to the noble boy was shown.
Then I know that Philip loved me—sought his sister's friend to trace,
In the gestures of my childhood, and the younger Helen's face.

" But while I was still a plaything, Life for him had long begun,
To the world's arena beckoned, a victory must be won.
How the laurels grew and gathered, unto you I need not tell,
Proud, to know my soul is large enough to love his soul so well !

" Fitful were his hurried visits—perhaps a changeful year would whirl,
'Twixt his comings, unforgotten by the silent little girl.
Always loving, never fearful, to his pet and darling still,
Though she saw her elders humble, waiting on his word and will.
Oh, the soul of love is reverence, when the reverence hath no fear,
But an onward, upward looking, making high thoughts grow more clear !

" Well, the change came on last summer, and the first thing worthy note,
Was a day you may remember of the party in the boat.
The heavens were like a sapphire—or if film clouds came to view,
They were pearls that seemed the setting, glass'd in Ocean's deeper blue.

" We had entered and were grouping, when I heard the welcome plea,
And the tone that was caressing, " Little Helen sits by me ?"
So he took my hand and placed me, and—at times the spray dashed high —
With the boat-cloak he'd provided, he wrapped me safe and dry.

" I was silent, far too happy, listening to his every word,
To have taste for girlish prattle, or by childish thoughts be stirred ;
Yet my thoughts were not more foolish than the words that others spoke —
Once they surely measured nonsense to the boatmen's measured stroke !

" Then the worse than nonsense followed—that which ever seems to me,
From the hind, or from the noble, still the worst vulgarity.
'Tis the jest at things most sacred—yet I could not but admire
How with pride, and yet politeness, he turned on them their fire ;
Gave no clue by which to fathom if his heart had ever loved,
But the vaguest vague descriptions of the woman he approved.

" ' Could not tell if dark eyes pleased him—never thought about their hue,
So they beamed with bright intelligence, and looked but kind and true.
Tall and short might both be graceful—yet he sometimes had inclined
To the middle height in woman, if with symmetry combined.'

" Then mine ears took in a sorrow, which I could not chase away,
He had called me ' little Helen' thrice at least that very day !
But a hope came with the sorrow, (see my folly how I show),
The hope—beyond all others—that perchance I still might grow !

" Ah, my heart did not foreshadow, that he never more would say
Aught so dear as ' little Helen' in the old familiar way.
For that day when so much knowledge came to break a dream to me,
Was the epoch whence his bearing grew the bearing that you see !

"Brightly shone the summer morning; never fearing stormy change,
Was our little vessel guided beyond prudence' measured range.
But the waste of waters widened, as we wandered from the strand,
Till the steadfast shore behind us seemed a narrow line of land.

"Then the summer breeze blew stronger, and the summer sky grew dull,
And the summer clouds were tangled, of a threatening meaning full.
Like a steed roused to rebellion, now the angry Ocean heaved,
And our fears grew round us like a web that frightened fancy weaved!

"It might be Death and Danger gloomed not from the shadowy land,
And that only 'Terror mocked us, and paled our little band.
Though but few the words he spoke then, yet was something in his mien,
That made me feel we should be no more what we before had been.

"And the cloak I well remember'd, though it now wrapped only me,
How its seven yards' girth once served for both, and served abundantly.
In mirthful need so cleverly had it kept us twain from harm,
But a year had passed, and stealthily, had bound us by a charm!

"I would have borne an agony but to save him one slight pain,
Yet though the waves dashed furiously, mocking the blinding rain,
For the very life within me, to Philip I could not say,
'The cloak once served for both of us, a portion take I pray!'

"I could have sunk contented then in that unfathomed grave,
And I did not feel a murmur at the Ocean's angry rave.
His tone of voice! new life it breathed—and his eye had spirit spell,
When thus by peril's truthful test my heart its change could tell!
But since he's grown so distant—my Mary, can you smile!
Yet I see a tear is trembling on its azure throne the while."

"Did I not trace in your story, dear Helen, a sunny light,
I would strive to cheer the darkness of Life's sad and dreariest night.
But I see the day is kindling—you know in tropic lands
How the sun comes up with fleetness, chasing back night's ebon hands;
Though a darker, deeper midnight in those gorgeous climes is shown,
Than to our sombre northernness in the summer time is known.

"And there's law of compensation, that comes from One on High,
That a price is paid for all things, and a price proportionally.
And souls that give and taste the wealth, of a love like this of yours,
Must pay its price in suffering, through many trial hours.

"But yet in hopeful spirit still—no mazy thread forgot—
I bid—with woman's courage—you, to meet your woman's lot!
In quiet rest, my Helena—and calm this fevered brow."
"Oh, blessings on you!" Helen said, "yes, let me leave you now!"

"For a letter you have promised—waiting but the spark divine—
I see the paper lying that's to speak in many a line.
While you are thus outpouring your heart to its other self,
I will the spot deserted seek, and find my favourite shelf,
I'm queen to-day of the library—better I read than muse,
If in the Poet's truthful page I can these memories lose!"

Little Helen, loving Helen, yes, her father's house was still—
She had said the guests were absent on the heath and on the hill—
Save the murmur—had she listened—of the servants, busy crew,
Making ready for the banquet, which the evening would renew.

All so silent, that her footsteps, light and airy though they were,
Almost sounded, as she passed along the corridor and stair!
Then the hall clock's measured ticking made her turn to note the time,
Hours and hours were yet before her, ere that banquet hour would chime!

So she ope'd the book-room's portal—glided to the nook she loved,
Where a band of glorious Poets reigned, from meaner tomes removed.
Then with reverent love she lifted down a volume from its rest,
And her soul to its communings with an earnest heart address'd.

Ah, how strangely was it chosen—soon a page with pencil lined,
And words in One hand-writing must our little Helen find !
Then the tears sprang forth like diamonds, but she dashed them from her eyes,
To seize the unhop'd, unlooked-for wealth, that now before her lies,
Yet all in vain ; the open book is the cushion for her cheek,
Tears glistening still—and quivering hands, their struggling language speak.

Now what the sound to startle her, from a curtained window near ?
And what the voice, from its close recess, that breaks upon her ear ?
In accents, too, that tremblingly, by the deepest feelings stirr'd,
Give some new sense, unconsciously, to every common word !

“ Forgive, oh Helen ! I did not mean to play the paltry spy—
Yet was entranced—how could I move—and you alone so nigh !”
“ Not with the Hounds !”

“ Oh, perish them—perish the huntsmen, too ;
And perish every thing on earth that leads my steps from you !”

He has left the curtain'd window, moving nearer at his will ;
“ Oh, how foolish is this weeping—you a child—must think me still !”
“ Not a child—deep-hearted Helen—children do not understand
All a poet's passion breathing !” Ah, he dares to take her hand !

Now a mist comes o'er her vision—now those lids she could not raise,
If death must be the forfeit for withholding thus her gaze.
And her lips are mutely parted—not for all that life might bring,
Could she now command a movement, or the power of uttering !

Yet not fainting she—nor falling : like a rigid statue there,
When—the hand no more relinquished—he bends beside her chair.
So not for her dear safety round her waist his arm he steals,
With touch so light, that there it is she rather knows than feels !

“ Soul of my life ! oh, speak to me—though to kill me with your tongue,
If heart to heart, and life to life, must not through Life belong !
Have you not seen for ages past, I lived but by your side,
Sigh not for boyish love—a Man's sets with a stronger tide !

“ I have waited all the morning, and it seemed a dreary year,
Where have you been ? what have you done ? Your favourite haunt is here !”
Now the statue melts and trembles—and the flushing cheek is hid,
While Philip kisses twice and thrice, each dear eclipsing lid !

Hope's radiant light shone fearfully : for once its ray withdrawn
If but a moment, seemed to leave her world without a dawn.
And yet this real Light of Truth that beams upon her way—
She marvels that it hath not power like lightning's self to slay !

The minutes glide to swift-winged hours ; and the fire neglected dies :
The twilight dials out the day, and the clock's iron tongue replies :
But sacred are Love's wisdom thoughts, unmeet for stranger's ear,
And Helena's and Philip's words may not be written here !

RUTH NORTON'S TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

(AN AMERICAN STORY.)

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

City life is not confined to the bright shops of a fashionable promenade; to the mansions in which are centred all that luxury and taste can invent; to the crowded assembly, or the brilliant concert-room. There is strong vitality beneath all this, as much of human love in all the tenderness of its first romance, or the strength of its long suffering, as much of earnest hope, and *much more* of simple faith; faith that is the virtue of the religion of the poor, even as charity becomes the creed of the devout among the rich. We do not speak of abject poverty, though of this there is much to tell; incidents that brighten the sombre garb which it ever wears, beautiful self-denial that would shame the careless indulgence of the wealthy, and fortitude that they could scarcely realize, much less imitate. There are those whom we call poor, who yet do not "lack or suffer hunger;" they are born and live and die in obscurity, but not in actual want.

I have sometimes wondered, thridding the narrow streets in which these homes congregate, whether, after all, their existence is not more real than that of those who pity or scorn them; whether many a surfeited rich man might not envy them the vividness of their simple pleasures; and, God help them, their sorrows are not less keen. But if you do not shrink, in your rustling garments, from entering one of these lowly homes, we may find they have also their romance, or, at least, their vicissitudes of love and happiness.

It is a street within a street, a narrow court, bounded on all sides by brick and mortar; yet, shut out as it is from the sweet air and sunshine, it is cleanly, and even neat. And here we find our hero.

"Home in good season, mother;" and the loud, clear voice goes ringing up into the little chamber where Ruth Norton is stitching away on store work, that ought to have been done early in the day. But she was tired sitting up last night for James; he came in so late now, and she could never bear to let him find the fire out and the room empty. It was her way, she said, to keep him from bad company, and it seemed to have succeeded very well; for, whether it was a gay oyster supper at some humble restaurant, or a game of cards with a friend, James always remembered she was waiting for him, and had a tolerably steady hand to raise the latch, and an amusing recital of the evening's adventures for the patient and cheerful listener, his widowed mother.

Ruth Norton made her appearance with the vest she was just finishing off hanging over her arm, and her spectacles pushed back upon her cap. She was a quick, active little body, not over tidy in her dress, perhaps, but then "she never had time to attend to these things." James was making good wages, it was true, but he was generous to a fault, and was always spending on his companions; for, like all other generous natures, he was social, and liked merry fellows about him. So Ruth took care of the house, "and earned just a bit by tailoring" for her own clothes, but which oftener went for family expenses than James, in his careless good nature, was aware of.

"Oh, is that my best vest, mother?" said he, throwing down the pile of kindlings he always brought home from the workshop in a snug place behind the stove. "I forgot to tell you it wants a button; and it 'll have to come in play to-night, for there 'll be a grand frolic at Tom Lane's wedding, and I 'm 'specially invited."

"So it is; dear me, I'd quite forgot it was to come off so soon; but he 's a nice, steady young man, and I hope he 'll get a good wife. A good wife 's the making of most men, in my opinion. Set on the tea-kettle, Jemmy dear, and you shall soon have your supper. I hope you'll be bringing home a daughter to me, one of these days."

"Not I, mother; 'liberty for me,' as the play says. I haven't sown my wild oats yet."

"The sooner the better," was the ready answer of his mother, who seemed to think it was not quite politic to press the matter any farther just now, and bustled about to set on the tea things; while James, at his toilet overhead, sang snatches of gay sea songs; for he added a good natural voice to his other advantages.

No wonder his mother was proud of him, as he came down in that most picturesque of costumes, known as "shirt sleeves," to claim the renovated vest; and, closing it about his fine figure as he tried the new button, drew himself up to his full six feet height, and shook back the clustering hair from his brown face, gay with good-tempered cheerfulness, and brightened when he smiled by teeth that many a man of fashion might have envied. There was a certain natural grace in his movements; and, as he often assured his mother, he could dance with the best of them until three o'clock any morning. No wonder, moreover, that, with these social qualities, his mother should be anxious to see him "well settled," knowing, as she did, the

constant temptations to which they exposed him.

"Now don't be very late to-night, James," said the proud little woman, holding the light as high as she could reach, that she might see whether all was right, and, in reality, to indulge the fondness of her motherly eyes with a last glance of admiration. "I shall want to know all about it, and how the bride looked, and what she had on. Be sure to bring home a piece of the cake to dream on; and don't drink the bride's health too often."

"Never fear, old lady; and I'm bound to dance with the prettiest girl in the room, you may be sure. Don't sew too hard, or sit up after one; for maybe we'll be late." He patted her on the shoulder as he said this, a caress of which he was very fond, and which conveyed a great deal more affection than one would have supposed. She understood it; and, still proud and happy, went back to "clear up," as she called it, and then to finish the promised vest.

But Ruth Norton's tidying would not have pleased the most fastidious; indeed, it was the only point on which James ever ventured a remonstrance. He had a habit of order that was rather troubled by the crowd of boxes and baskets, combs, clothes-pins, and an innumerable catalogue of sundries, with which she somehow contrived to litter the mantels, tables, and chairs. She knew that it troubled him, and often tried to reform; but her organ of order had never been developed in childhood, and old habits still clung to her.

She sat stitching quietly for a long time; and, when the vest was finished and folded up, snuffed the candle so that it sent a cheery blaze through the room, and, drawing the old-fashioned stand, with its thin, crooked stem and claw-feet, nearer to the fire, took up her favourite volume to pass away the interval until her son's return. Her Bible, her hymn-book, and Pilgrim's Progress, in their worn leathern bindings, always lay together on the bureau; and now she was soon engaged in reading, for the hundredth time at least, the story of Christian in Doubting Castle. It was a part of the wonderful narrative which she liked best of all, if we except the sojourn in Vanity Fair. That, she said, always reminded her of the great Book of Martyrs she used to read when a little girl, visiting her grandfather's in the country. But Giant Despair was more like the wonderful stories her grandmother used to tell her, after she was in bed, in the old garret-room, with its huge, dark rafters and strings of dried fruit and seed corn.

As yet, she had but a faint glimmering of the beautiful truth enveloped in this garb of romance; but it interested her, and had served to beguile many an hour of watchfulness. But the key of promise had been discovered, and the door had creaked on its dismal hinges, and the prisoners went rejoicing on their way, and still she was there alone. Gradually the candle grew dimmer, and the cheerful song of the fire more indistinct; the book closed over the spectacles she had taken off to polish, and she had fallen

into a very comfortable reverie. As usual, it was about James; what great reason she had to be proud of him; how truthful and honest he had always been. Then their last conversation mingled in the bright web she was weaving for his future, and she thought how pleasant it would be to have a good, tidy, industrious little daughter come home some day, who would make James happy and keep the house cheerful, and be company for herself. She could but confess that she was a little lonesome now and then, and she was not so young and active as she once was. We are not sure but a vision of "wee todlin' things," who should cling to her knee and beg for her spectacles, rose in the distance; but it could not have been very well defined, for her hands sank down into her lap, and she was taking a nap comfortably in the old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair.

She certainly had not intended to go to sleep and let the light burn down and the fire go out, before James came home; but these three things happened, and she woke with a start, and a chilled, uncomfortable sensation, to hear him turning the lock. At first she thought it must be her drowsiness that made his voice sound so strange and hoarse; but, when she had lighted another candle, his face was so pale and haggard, his whole manner so excited, that she could scarcely ask the reason. He did not keep her long in suspense. He had been too much accustomed to find ready sympathy in her love to conceal the cause of this sudden change. He threw himself down wearily on the floor at her feet, and said, in a tone of utter despondency—

"I've ruined us all, mother!"

"Oh, James! James! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I didn't mind you, and I drank too much, and got excited; and then they dared me to it—and!"

"What, Jimmy dear?" She scarcely dared to fill the pause he had made; sudden thoughts of robbery, and even murder, darted through her mind.

"I was married, before them all, to a girl I have never seen before to-night. I thought it was a joke, but it's not; for Tom Lane's uncle was an alderman. I thought they were joking all the while; but he says it's real, and her brother says so, and swears I must take her home and take care of her, for she's more than he can manage; and, of course, no one can marry her now. Oh, mother! mother! what shall I do?"

There was a weight lifted at first from the heart of poor Ruth; but these last words had brought the reality of the misfortune before her.

"Is there things against her, Jimmy?"

"Nobody would tell me anything about her, except that they laughed and joked; and I heard Nat Jones say, 'What a take in!' and I struck him in the face. We were all standing in the hall then, with her brother, for he was the foremost one to put me up to it; and I was almost crazy with the thought of what I had done. Somebody parted us, and said it was 'too bad!' and she came flying out—they were all dancing yet—and I heard her call out, 'Where's my

husband? to go off and leave his bride! I don't believe she knows yet; but it sounded so light and forward, and I dashed away from them; and I've been walking about the street ever since, feeling as though I should go crazy."

He wiped his forehead, still beaded with perspiration from the excitement of feeling and his quick, hurried walk. His mother did not know what counsel to offer, and only held his hand, and looked down into his face as if she did not yet comprehend it.

"I noticed her when I first went into the room," James said again, as if it was a relief to talk. "She was one of the bridesmaids, and dressed elegantly, and danced better than anybody in the room. And Tom Lane said I must dance with her. And, it seems, she had been told about me, and had made a bet to flirt with me; and then they joked us at supper, and I wasn't going to be outdone, and called her my sweetheart, and said fifty silly things; and so they said two weddings were better than one, and dared us to be married on the spot. She laughed and said yes; and I thought it was good fun, and so I was married; and now it can't be helped, they all say. It makes me almost hate her every time I think of it, if she knew, to marry a man she knew nothing about, and had never seen in her life before. And I was so happy and light-hearted when I went off, and now I feel as if I was twenty years older. What *shall* I do, mother? Tell me."

"Go to bed now, Jimmy dear, and we will talk it over in the morning. Perhaps it will turn out a trick, after all; or maybe she's heard about you, and loves you"—the fond mother could have understood that, and forgiven her—"and she may make you a good wife after all; who knows? But go to bed now, for you're all worn out, and you'll be sick. Come, do now, Jimmy."

He went up to the little room by the side of her own to please her; but she heard him walking up and down unsteadily, until she fell into an uneasy slumber.

It was, as James had said, a reality; and, more than all, the brother and the young bride had both known it; and now they were obliged to act, for the brother, with a heartless indifference, had refused to support her any longer "in her idle ways, when he could come on James Norton by law for it, and he must make the best of a bad bargain." This last pithy aphorism was all the comfort any one had to offer him, even his patient old mother, on whom the worst seemed to fall, the constant sight of her son's unhappiness, and the introduction of a stranger into the household, who seemed neither to know nor care how much trouble she gave, or how unwelcome she was.

She came home to them after the end of a week, apparently thinking they should be compensated for all by the honour of her presence. Ruth had done her best to make the house look bright and cheerful; but the plain, old-fashioned furniture seemed to Ellen a poor exchange for the showy mahogany veneering of her brother's

parlour, and the worn out old piano, on which she had learned to drum a few marches and quicksteps, her chief accomplishment.

She was idle and vain, and, of course, selfish; the worst faults of her nature having been encouraged by the alternate flattery and threats of her brother, and sister-in-law, a weak, not to say wicked, woman. She missed the excitement of dances and balls, to which she had been always accustomed. James had no heart to go, and, indeed, shrank from appearing anywhere with her. Her chief amusement and employment seemed to be a review of her large stock of finery, visiting her old friends, girls as giddy and as frivolous as herself, or sitting, attired in a thin, showy silk, her hair adorned with flowers or wax beads, at the front window, watching the few passers-by.

It was a dreary change in that once contented little household. Ruth did her best: she bore the impertinence and carelessness of her daughter-in-law without complaint: she tried, in her quiet way, to make her as comfortable as she could, sharing her room, her drawers, and even her clothes with her; for, with all the finery, she had not comfortable garments for the inclement season that had now set in. James seemed utterly broken in spirit: he never sang or whistled cheerfully, as had been his wont when he came home from his work. Their meals were eaten in silence when Ellen was present, or with desponding complaints, when she was paying some gay visit. He avoided her in every way, never addressing her when he could escape it, or sitting down for a talk, or to read to his mother, if she was going to pass the evening at home. Sometimes he seemed like himself, when he found a cheerful fire and his mother waiting for him; but oftener he came home with a clouded brain and disturbed temper—too plain tokens that his troubles were driving him into bad company. And yet his fault had been one that is frequently committed. We hear of such things often, even in more polished circles, than that we are describing. A party, a pic-nic, a wedding, and some thoughtless young creature, has married a man she has never met before, and of whose temper and principles she knows nothing. It is the old adage of marrying in haste to repent at leisure, and unhappy differences are sure to follow. Does not this come, in a measure, from the light and jesting way in which it is too much the habit of young people to speak of this most serious step, as if it were the frolic of a day, instead of a solemn bond for life? So they rush into connections and responsibilities, of the import of which they have scarcely dreamed.

It was hardest, we have said, on poor Ruth; that is, the every-day recurring perplexities were more wearying, perhaps, than the unwelcome bonds which the young people as yet had only chafed at. Ellen would gladly have gone back to her brother's home; but that was closed to her, he only saying it was her own fault, and not his, if she did not get along well with her husband. So she would come back, her eyes

swollen with crying, more sullen and disagreeable than ever; and the mother was obliged to bear with it, while her son's altered habits were almost breaking her heart, and his wife grew daily more disagreeable to her as the cause of it. Her faith was sadly put to the test in these dark days; but she read her bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" more and more, now beginning to comprehend the harsh imprisonment of her favourite hero in the dungeon of Doubting Castle.

She was sitting in a silent, downcast mood, one afternoon, when a light rap at the door was followed by the sunshine of a face that plainly told of peace and inward happiness. Years ago—five years now since the good woman had bought the black bombazine, still her Sunday dress—Ruth had lost a daughter, a bright, cheerful girl of fifteen, just beginning to be "all the world to her." She died of lingering illness, her life wasting away hour by hour it seemed; and to the last her bedside was cheered, and the lonely mother comforted, by the visits of Martha's Sunday School teacher, who had first led her to think of another home, where there would be no pain or weariness. Since then, the teacher had never forgotten her older pupil, who had learned more of the life to come than ever before, at her daughter's bedside; and this was the unexpected, but most welcome visitor.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Lewis? It is a long time since you have been to see me. I was most afraid, indeed, you would never come again," Ruth said, eagerly, as she pushed some work from a chair, and dusted it with her apron.

"You could not have thought I should forget you, Ruth?" Miss Lewis said, in a pleasant, friendly voice. "But have you been sick this winter? Why did you not let me know it? You look so thin and downcast. I hope there's nothing the matter with James?"

It needed little sympathy to draw forth the troubles of poor Ruth; and she had a most interested and patient listener.

"But are you sure she doesn't love James?" she said. "Love works wonders sometimes, you know; and she may be a comfort yet."

"God forgive me, if I'm wrong saying it, Miss Lewis, but I don't believe she'll be anything but a torment to us—and James breaking his heart from morning till night! I tried to be good to her, and would be a mother to her; but she'll ruin my boy—my only comfort since poor Martha died."

"But you know, good came even out of that great sorrow, Mrs. Norton, as you have told me a thousand times. He who sends us trials can make them end in blessings: the key of promise, don't forget that; and besides, I'm a great believer in the law of kindness. Unless she is utterly unworthy, James must in time win her."

"I'm afraid I am not always kind," poor Ruth said, self-reproachfully; "sometimes it's so hard to put up with; and I fret a bit; and then she's quick-tempered, and so it goes. She's up there now, I daresay, braiding her hair, or

fixing up her neck-ribbons: it's all she does from morning till night."

"But do you ever ask her to help you? I should think there was a great deal she might do; and James likes to see things look tidy."

"True enough he does;" and here a sigh followed the glance around the disorderly room. But I can hardly get time to have his meals ready now. If it was real God-sent trouble, I shouldn't mind it so much."

"But it certainly seems to be so," Miss Lewis answered. "All troubles are given us to try our strength; take this as a trial of your patience, Ruth, as Martha's death proved your faith. It will never do for James to see you give up."

Miss Lewis did not know, as she returned to her own elegant home, the good seed that had been sown with her words of cheer. It is true she felt happy in the thought that she had exerted some little self-denial to pay the visit, and that Ruth had been glad to see her. If more women in an elevated sphere of life comprehended the weight of influence that they carry to the humbler classes of society, more such visits—passing missions of mercy—would be paid. The very air of refinement and intelligence, the judgment that is so relied on, when advice is given, or it may be the momentary association with one who has time to cherish taste and beauty, which they admire all the more that it is placed so far from them, is like a ray of sunshine in the dimness of their seclusion; and, when to this is added an earnest human love, made earnest by a chastened heart, we can scarcely calculate how much good may arise from the words of counsel or comfort thus spoken.

As it was, Ruth went more cheerfully about the next day's task, taking "patience" for her talisman; and when she recollected what Miss Lewis had asked her, she forced herself to take some notice of the poor girl, who from her heart she pitied.

"You have never told me anything about your mother, Ellen," she said, as, in her usual idle way, the girl was sitting with folded hands by the window.

It was a chance touch; but it proved the right one. It did not seem so at first, however, for the only answer was a sullen stare, as if astonished at hearing herself voluntarily addressed. But Ruth did not seem to notice this, and went on questioning her, until she was rewarded by seeing a more amiable expression than usual brighten the really beautiful eyes; and afterwards, when she laid aside her work, and rose to set the dinner-table, Ellen, for the first time, offered to assist her. This was done a little awkwardly, and not quite so cheerfully as Ruth could have wished; and she was a little surprised, when she commended Ellen for her assistance, to hear her say, "Don't tell him, though," as sulkily as before.

From that small beginning matters seemed to mend. It is true, James and Ellen were no better friends: she returned his indifference with

absolute dislike, it seemed, and they avoided each other as much as before; but, when he was away, she was sociable, and willing to do anything she could for his mother, only she constantly repeated the injunction not to tell *him*. Ruth found herself one day opening her heart to her, as they sat sewing together, Ellen stitching almost as fast as she could do, for she had taken a fancy to learn Ruth's trade. She reminded her of Martha now; for since Ellen had combed her hair more plainly, and left off the bright brooches and rings she used to be so fond of, they did not look unlike. Ruth told her about Martha's death, and how hard it had been to her, and how James missed his sister; and Ellen's tears blinded her for a few moments so that she could not thread her needle, though she did not look up or say anything. That afternoon, when she came home from her brother's, she had a little rose-bud one of the children had given her. Ruth noticed it as she passed through the room. When James came down to tea, he had it in his hand, and thanked his mother for placing it in the little vase on his bureau. Ruth would have disclaimed, but she caught a quick warning look from Ellen, which prevented the explanation, and Ruth also saw a deep blush as he placed it in his button-hole. He sat in the kitchen a little while after tea, and talked about the spring weather, and how fond he was of flowers; and he even noticed the improvement of the room, and complimented his mother on it. Ruth longed to tell him it was all Ellen's taste and neatness, but the meaning of that look restrained her.

That night she found Ellen sobbing in her bed, and asked if she was ill: but no, Ellen said, "not ill, only a little nervous." And Ruth, with a rare delicacy, did not question her, but stooped down and kissed her forehead—the first time she had ever done so.

After this, Ruth knew that still brighter days were before them; that is, if James could return the love she was sure was springing up in Ellen's heart for him; and this she nursed by long tales of his childhood, to which Ellen listened eagerly, or of his generosity and good nature, which brought the same loving, tender light always to her eyes, as she bent over her needle. She would willingly have tried to win her son by the same simple means; but sometimes, even when a boast of Ellen's industry, of tidiness, was on her lips, she had checked it, feeling the time was not yet come. James could not but have noticed the improvement in her appearance, though he never spoke of it. She had earned and made herself some neat chintz dresses, for she had invariably refused the money he had put into his mother's hands for her use; at first from obstinacy, and more lately from womanly pride. The broad cotton lace collars were replaced by narrow cambric ruffles, and with her hair parted smoothly over her forehead, and a smile of good nature lighting up her face, Ruth was never weary of admiring her. Love had indeed worked wonders. Whether she went singing with her sweet voice

about their household tasks, or sewed diligently by Ruth's side, it was the same; but the instant James was heard approaching, the song was hushed, the smile was clouded, and she either retreated to her own room, or sat in unamiable silence.

The whole house betokened a change. The books and newspapers, of which James was fond, were always neatly piled up on the bureau, or in the window-seat: the brushes and towels had their appointed places; "chips of cloth" no longer littered the striped carpet, or chips of wood the hearth. The work of a "household fairy" was plainly visible to any but wilfully blinded eyes; but, though James enjoyed it, and even brought home a new table-cover, and a box of mignonette for the now open window, he never seemed to connect Ellen with the improvement. She did not cross his path, or give him cross looks and rude replies, and therefore he felt more at ease. Something of his old cheerfulness came back with the spring sunshine, but it was fitful, and easily driven away. He came home one evening earlier than usual; he had lingered about the house more for several days; and, as if he had something important to disclose, drew his chair up, in the old familiar way, to his mother.

Ruth's heart beat a little quicker: she was sure it was something about Ellen, for he had seemed to watch her lately: she had noticed it several times. But she was not prepared for his proposal, which was that they should find a home for her somewhere among her own friends.

"She is not happy here, mother; and no wonder; and I think, perhaps, I ought to do something for her. The poor girl was no more to blame than I was; and, since it is as it is, I ought to make her as comfortable as I can. I think she seems different lately; and at any rate she hasn't gone gadding off with others, disgracing me, as many would have done. To be sure I set my foot down against it from the first; but there's many wouldn't have minded that. Then you wouldn't have so much to do; and, on the whole, since we can't love each other, perhaps it's best we should separate."

"But why can't you love each other, Jimmy?"

Her son looked up, struck more by the tone than the words. He saw his mother had a more than usually anxious look.

"If I loved her ever so well, she hates me: she must hate me: she never would love me."

"Did you ever ask her if she did?"

"Oh, mother, and we worse than strangers! I could have loved a wife dearly, that you know. Any one who would have cared for me, and tried to help you, and make you happy, I could love almost any one that would do that."

It is no wonder that Ellen's secret was not kept now, and that Ruth's kind heart set forth her improvement in the most glowing light. How she had put up the window curtains and piled up the books, and swept and dusted, and taken care of the mignonette, because *he* loved things tidy; and the story of the rose-bud came

out now ; and, more than all, she had been earning her two dollars a-week with Ruth for a long time, rather than be dependent on him.

"Oh, James, go to the poor girl," Ruth said, appealingly, "and tell her that you will try to love her, at any rate!"

It was no great trial; the choked-up tenderness of years had gone out to Ellen during that simple recital. He saw all that his mother said must be true, and blamed himself for not discovering it sooner. He seemed now so deeply in fault, as if he had so much to make up to her.

"Go and tell her so, his mother urged again.

"But to-night?" he said, doubtfully.

"Yes, to-night; for it will be harder to-morrow, I know; and I am sure she loves you."

Ellen had not yet retired; she was leaning her head on her arm, in an attitude of sadness, and looking very beautiful in the soft moonlight that came streaming into the room. She did not look up as he entered softly, but said, in a voice that showed she had been weeping, "James came home early to-night, mother; I have been lying here listening to his voice. You have been talking a long time."

"Yes, Ellen, of you, my poor girl," James said, with a voice quivering with emotion; and

he stooped down and raised her in his arms. "Do not go away from me; do not be frightened. There, you will not send me away?" and he drew her head down upon his shoulder as they stood there together. "I was coming to tell you that you might leave us; but now I ask you to stay, if you can love me, and be my wife."

"Oh, I have loved you so long!" she said, sobbing; "and I was content, or tried to be, to live, just seeing you every day, and working for you. I know I was wild, and vain, and selfish; but I was not wicked; and everybody loved you; and how could I help it?"

"Do not try to help it, Nelly; it is I who have been wrong; but I will try to make it up to you, poor child. We will be married again to-morrow, that we may feel it sacred and real; and I will try to keep all the promises; only love me—put your arms about my neck, Nelly—love me always; and God bless you for being so good to my poor mother!"

And they were married—married more truly, realizing all they promised before the minister of God; and, loving each other, their lives henceforth were beautiful, through all trial or hardship that could arise.

AUTHENTIC LETTERS OF MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

No. 1.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE REV.
WM. ROBINSON.

MASON'S ELEGIES—LADY COVENTRY—LORD
HALIFAX—LORD GRANBY—HIS AMIABLE
CHARACTER—THE FAIR PENITENT.

Denton, 19th Jan., 1763.

DEAR BROTHER,

I hear my nephew and god-son is a most beautiful child, which I own to you I am glad of, though I hear very often that beauty is nothing in a man, which is as much as to say, one half of the human species is blind. I am of Paris's mind:—

"Soft moving speech and pleasing outward show—
No wish can purchase them—the Gods bestow."

I rejoice that my sister has recovered her health, and I am sure her temper is so suited to the tender attentions of a mother, her happiness in her babe makes her amends for all she has suffered. I begin to think you have been an alien to your mother's children long enough. We wish you and Mrs. Robinson and little man were settled with us. Your friend, Mr. Mason, has published lately some Elegies; there is a very beautiful one on Lady Coventry. The press overflows with ribaldry and garret-born politics, but we have had few literary performances of late. I met in a visit a Mr. Sandford, a well bred, agreeable man, who inquired after you, and desired his compliments. I had a letter last night from my sister Scott; she is at present

well, but has had the head-ache of late a good deal. Lady Bab. Montagu is tolerably well.

It is now said Lord Halifax will go again to Ireland: he may find the second year of his reign not so agreeable as the first. It is designed the Irish should keep an army of fifteen thousand men, which is six thousand more than they used to have in time of peace. Some say Sir George Pococke is to be at the head of the Admiralty, the Duke of York being to be appointed High Admiral. The Duke is to succeed Lord Granville as President of the Council; and, it is said, Lord Gower is to be Privy Seal. Lord Granby is not yet come home: he brings with him, besides the military character, the most amiable one imaginable, for the soldier-like virtues, courtesy and liberality. He is adored by the whole army. Miss Hunter is come back in the character of the *Fair Penitent*; her lover was soon tired of an engagement which had not the sanctions of virtue and honour: shame and a fatherless babe she has brought back. I hope her miserable fate will deter the most adventurous damsels from such experiments. The death of little Mrs. Wharwood has put Mrs. Celia Scott into possession of Captain Wharwood's whole fortune.

Our heroes are not yet returned from Portugal or the Havannah. We have lost great numbers by sickness in both places; at the latter we have lost almost all our common soldiers and sailors, and greatest part of the officers, yet stock-jobbers loathe the name of peace!

My father is as young as ever; Morris and his family are well; brother Charles dined here

on Sunday. Mr. Montagu has a bad cough. I have been well of late, but my eyes are sometimes weak. I will go to Mr. Jones as soon as I can get so far, and pay for the books you have been so good as to buy. I desire a thousand thanks to Mrs. Robinson for the sweets, which rival the fragrance of the Spring. I suppose you have heard Sir Richard Lytton is Governor of Minorca.

My most affectionate compliments attend her, and best respects to Mr. Richardson; Mr. Montagu desires his to you all. My love to my pretty god-son.

Dear brother, ever yours,
(signed) ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

No. II.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS.
WM. ROBINSON.

HARVEST-HOME.

Hill-street, ye 13th October, 1773.

DEAR MADAM,

I delayed writing till I got to London, that my letter might cost less or be worth more. In order to effect the first I made Mr. Burke write me a frank; and for the latter I called on my pretty niece at Chelsea, who I had the pleasure of finding in perfect health, with a little addition of *embonpoint* extremely becoming. She received me very politely, and her governess spoke much in her praise; indeed she is a very good subject for them, appearing to have much good humour, docility, and everything they can wish. I found fault with her stays, which lift up her shoulders, and they said they had your leave to get others, but I did not understand why they had neglected to do it. I was pleased to find my niece perfectly clean and neat, though I called on ye Saturday, a day which is usually the eve of cleanliness. I remember, at Mrs. Roberts's, at Kensington, ye girls used to be so dirty sometimes, one could not salute them. I got to London on Thursday, and Mrs. Scott at ye same time returned to Chelsea: she was a good deal recovered by ye air and tranquillity of the country, till violent fits of the tooth-ache disordered her nervous system.

Mr. Montague is always so loath to change place, that we could not prevail on him to come to London, though he would be better sheltered from the inclemency of the season than at Sandford, where he designs to remain till the approach of Christmas. I had the pleasure of my nephew's company some time at Sandford; they are at the happy period when every day brings improvement. We deferred our harvest-home feast till their arrival, and they added much to the grace and gaiety of the ball. I assure you it was very splendid in its way. We had a

large lamb roasted whole and crowned with garlands of flowers, and much of other good cheer. I have great pleasure in feasting those who are seldom feasted, and there is a kind of neighbourly kindness in thus treating the poor labourers and their families, which is more gracious than simply giving them a private meal. The barns you visited are entirely filled, as well as a large stack-yard, with corn and hay, and you never saw a finer display of rural wealth. We had, indeed, most plentiful crops; I hope, therefore, the distresses of the poor will not be so great, though one good year is not sufficient to make all the plenty one might reasonably wish.

Poor Mr. Botham quitted this world last week. I fear he has left his family very ill provided for.

The tea you were so good to send was as good as ever I tasted, and I shall be much obliged for 2 lbs. more of it. If I knew what I should be in your debt for both I would send the money by my pretty niece, who is counting every day between her and the pleasure she expects at the breaking-up. I do not imagine that your arithmetic is less exact. I do not hear any news in town; it seems to be very empty, and to me it is melancholy, as I have lost a friend who made the circle of my fireside agreeable to me, and to every one, as he made his superior talents a means to please and instruct, and not to insult, those of inferior understandings. The worst effect of living long is surviving one's friends. I have outlived some of my most pleasing connections, but thank God have still some remaining.

With sincere regard and esteem,

I remain your affectionate sister,

ELIZABETH MONTAGUE.

(To be continued.)

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

[WRITTEN FOR A MONUMENT TO TWO ENGLISH CHILDREN IN THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND AT ROME.]

Two Pilgrims for the Holy Land
Have left our lonely door,
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight,
Through floods of drowning tears;
And felt in woe's bewildering night
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
Which called them both to God.

J. T. F.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

All Saints' Day, of the year 17—, had brought with it to one of the collegiate cities of Germany an early fall of snow, as well as its usual supply of students.

Justus Eimer, one of these gay disciples of the muses, having hastily paid his respects to the Professor of the University, proceeded to seek for accommodation in the town, but found all good lodgings in the most agreeable parts already engaged. Without a companion or guide, he traversed the city, exploring every corner, and found himself at length, in the course of his fruitless wanderings, in a remote and solitary quarter, where the town terminated in an old half-ruined castle, and an empty government building, overlooking the broad canal. These buildings were connected with the more inhabited streets by a few straggling and mean-looking houses. From one of these—small, but clean in its appearance—hung a swinging sign-board, which, in addition to the representation of a handsome fir-tree, bore the announcement of a well-furnished apartment for a single gentleman. Justus, in want of shelter, was attracted by the offer, and stepping into the house, found himself in a neat ground-floor room, whose dark, wainscoted walls, brightly-polished pewters, and well-arranged bar, from which gleamed a row of majestic wicker brandy-flasks, produced no bad effect; nor was the favourable impression of the room diminished by the friendly appearance of its sober-looking inhabitants. The lamp hanging from the ceiling, and already burning, threw its light around. In a comfortable arm-chair, near the table, was seated, in plain, neat, every-day costume, a worthy-looking old man, whose silvery locks fell on his shoulders. The mistress of the house, younger than her husband, though perhaps in her fiftieth year, sat near the stove, feeding a most respectable looking tabby: a little fair-haired girl was playing at her feet. There were no customers at the bar, and a peaceful stillness rested on the scene. The student's address and application for lodgings were received at first with scrutinizing silence. At length the old man inquired for what profession the young gentleman was studying? Justus, though somewhat surprised at the unnecessary investigation, replied, "The Church." Upon this the old man gave an approving nod, and desired his wife to light a candle and show the young gentleman to the upper chamber. The woman, with evident reluctance, slowly prepared to obey the command; and Justus observed that she cast looks of surprise and disapprobation at her husband.

"I am afraid," said she at length, "the gentleman may be much inconvenienced by the customers who come here to the bar during the day, and at night—"

"Oh, I do not object to a little noise."

"Perhaps, then, you might find the *stillness* of our street irksome. Except the old commandant, who lives in the castle, and is three parts of the year confined to his bed by gout, you will see no company but a few tradespeople, and sailors who frequent our house."

"So much the better; this quietness, I think, will be an agreeable contrast to the bustle of an hotel, and is besides peculiarly suited to my occupations."

"And," persisted the landlady, "we should not like to have students assembling in our house."

"Have no fear on that point; I am a perfect stranger in this place, and am not likely to form sudden friendships."

"We are old people, and have our peculiarities, to which perhaps you might not like to conform."

"I need not interfere with your household arrangements, nor you with mine; and if the worst comes to the worst, we are only engaged for a month. However, if you do not wish to receive me into your house, say at once, 'No!'"

The woman looked as if she would gladly take the student at his word, and turned to her husband, who answered angrily, "Sara! what is all this for? show the gentleman up stairs at once, and say no more."

They both went up.

If the landlady's opposition had roused the student's determination, he was confirmed in his wish to remain, by the cleanliness of the little room above, with its nicely-arranged alcove. The furniture of the apartment, though not of the newest fashion, was in good preservation, and bore testimony in its snow-white curtains, and bright window-panes and looking-glasses, to the careful overseeing of the hostess.

Justus was again given to understand that probably he might not be satisfied with the accommodation—"former lodgers had complained much of the heat, and other inconveniences." He smiled, however, and intimated that a genial temperature was suited to his taste, that at home he was not accustomed to the luxuries of life; and did his hostess fear that her apartment might be injured from carelessness—he could assure her he was particularly circumspect in the use of ink, never played foolish tricks with fire or candles; above all things he hated the tobacco-pipe, that mortal enemy of white quilts and bed-linen. These assurances produced a more friendly expression in the countenance of the landlady, though the clouds did not entirely disperse from her brow; for afterwards, on joining the old man below stairs, she listened with a sorrowful shrug when the final arrange-

ment respecting terms were satisfactorily concluded between him and Justus.

Our student, congratulating himself upon his successful perseverance, had his effects at once removed to his new lodging, and took possession of it like a victorious general. Weary after his journey, and not inclined for a long ramble in search of amusement, he preferred the idea of an hour's chat with his host. He could perceive through the glass panel in the door of the lower room that no customers had yet arrived, and entered it therefore without ceremony. Groné and his wife were sitting together, conversing earnestly in a low tone. They stopped suddenly as their visitor came in. He apologised for his intrusion, and trying to enter into conversation, brought wind and weather to his aid; but at length, as the answers came dry and short, addressed himself to the little girl, who sat with her playthings in a corner of the room, and who was really a lovely child. Christina was easily conciliated by the kind and pleasant guest, and they were soon on the most intimate terms. Sara in vain endeavoured to coax or call the child away—she would not leave the student's knee; and he soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that the little one's partiality was likely to obtain for him the confidence of his reserved and distant hosts.

The old couple brightened up.

"Is she your child?" said Justus.

They shook their heads sorrowfully, and said it had pleased Heaven to remove their only child at an early age. Christina was the daughter of Sara's nephew—a worthless fellow, who squandered his substance, and had not the means of bringing up his child. He had consigned her to her aunt's care, and both aunt and uncle looked upon her as their own. Justus praised highly such compassionate kindness; but he quickly perceived that their love for the little creature was more idolatrous than parental. She was indulged in every whim, whatever she desired she must have. When she chose it, all must be silent, or laugh or cry as it pleased her fancy. It was not therefore surprising that the little lady should endeavour to establish authority over her new friend also.

"Stay," said she, when she rose to take leave, "don't go away, you shall have some of Aunt's supper."

Groné smiled; Sara immediately invited her lodger to stay for supper, and he accepted without hesitation the pledge of a better understanding.

The table was soon adorned with snow-white cloth and bright pewter plates. A cover was laid for the guest, and as the wooden clock struck eight Sara opened the door that led to the kitchen, and called for supper. It was quickly served, and Justus now discovered another inmate of the house: a girl of about eighteen, whose sweet and touching beauty was not to be overpowered by the coarseness of her dress. With downcast eyes she silently performed the duties of an attendant, and then modestly seating herself opposite the guest, par-

took of what remained from the repast. Justus endeavoured to observe towards her the same indifference that he perceived in the manner of his host, particularly as he thought Sara appeared to watch his looks. But once, when Groné went to the side-table to replenish his glass of rosoglio, and Sara was engaged in fishing the best bit out of the dish for the wayward Christina, the student ventured to cast a glance at his opposite neighbour, and was surprised at the deep earnest look with which she at the same moment fixed her eyes upon him. He turned away somewhat embarrassed, and did not again venture to look at her. The girl was shortly after sent back to the kitchen by the mistress calling to her, "Come, Susan, make haste and set these things to rights again!" Susan obediently removed the supper, and then left the room.

"The girl is a relation of ours," explained Sara to the student, unasked. "Her parents died when she was a child, and we keep her with us for charity sake, though we could dispense with her services in the house, as, I thank God, I am more active still than that poor creature."

"Blessed on the merciful!" said Justus. "Permit me to drink this glass to your good health, and that of your little Christina."

The old couple were flattered by this little attention, and bowed politely. Sara signed to her husband to return the compliment. "The same to you!" said he accordingly, and touched glasses with his guest. "All happiness to you and your worthy house, Mr. ———."

"Justus Eimer is my name," said he; "and if you wish for further particulars of my history, my father is the celebrated preacher Eimer, of Mustadt." They made no observation upon the name Eimer, but both repeated aloud, "Mustadt?"

The student observed that Groné leaned his head thoughtfully on his hand, and that Sara rose from her seat with a sigh, and walked across the room without any apparent object.

Justus got up to take leave, said a few kind words to the little child, and wishing her and the others a hearty good night, retired not unwillingly to bed.

The following days were devoted to the most urgent business. Attendance at the university, the delivery of letters from the academy of which he had been a member, the purchasing of various necessary articles, and the arrangement of his room, completely occupied the time of our student; so that the next Sunday was the first resting point that presented itself in his life. The solemn stillness of the street, when scarcely a door was heard to shut, and the footsteps of a solitary passenger would be distinctly heard, reminded young Eimer of his quiet hosts, and after church he again visited them. This was really a *Sunday* in the little room below—all was bright and cheerful. The polished walls reflected the warm rays of the sun, the canary bird sung gaily in its cage, and Groné and his wife were neatly arrayed in their holiday clothes.

There were no boisterous customers at the bar—indeed Justus had before remarked that there were but few at any time, and that none were noisy. Christina, dressed out like a little queen, sprang forward to meet her friend, and immediately repeated her former invitation. Justus hesitated, but the old couple pressed him so kindly to take share of their Martinmas goose, that he could not refuse. He stole a glance around the room for Susan; but in vain. Her gentle presence was denied, she was banished to the kitchen; and it seemed as if her appearance by daylight was not permitted, for Sara herself carried in the dishes, and placed them on the well-furnished table.

Groné exerted himself to entertain his guest, and to repress Christina's importunities. He related to the young man, how, some forty years ago, he had arrived—a poor weaver—in this city. How Sara, the child of wealthy parents, became attached to him, and brought as her portion the house they inhabited, with its custom; how God had blessed their industrious exertions, and enabled them to spend the evening of their life in peace and quietness; how they were thankful and contented; though they both often regretted, on Christina's account, their not being rich enough to leave her independent. Justus observed in reply, that the possessor of a contented mind, though enjoying but a small portion of this world's goods, might be more the object of God's favour than one of an opposite temper though loaded with riches. "And Christina will thank you for *all* that she has, even should you not leave wealth to her."

Groné smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You may speak philosophically, Mr. Eimer. You are a rich man's son; your gentlemanly bearing shows it, more even than your fine cloth and gold chain. You can settle yourself in a warm nest whenever you please, and know nothing of the weariness which is felt by those who must toil and labour during their whole life to scrape together a sum that you would think little of spending at one stroke, upon a carriage or——"

Justus thought the old man's countenance assumed a very disagreeable expression during this speech, and he interrupted him, saying—

"Be assured that I would not wish to deprive either you or my little Christina here of any of the enjoyments of riches. But to speak of other things—it would have surprised me that you, who live at such a distance from my birth-place, should be so well acquainted with the state of my father's affairs, had I not discovered this very morning, by accident, that a school-fellow and countryman of mine has lodged with you. It was from him, I make no doubt, you heard the particulars that you have just alluded to."

"A countryman of yours?" repeated Groné and Sara, as if surprised.

"Yes, to be sure—my friend Philip Wittenhoff. His name is written upon the window-pane in my room; and this morning, as I was clearing out a drawer of the writing-table, I found, rammed into a corner, part of a letter

that I had written to him some time ago. I had forgotten his address; but now I remember——"

The student, interrupted by a noise, looked round and beheld Susan, who stood near the table, like a statue. She held a dish in her hand; her eyes were fixed upon him.

Eimer lost the thread of his discourse; but Sara, who now also for the first time perceived that Susan had entered the room, immediately sent her back to the kitchen, with a thousand different directions.

Susan obeyed; but as she reached the door, turned once more towards Justus, and lingered for a moment before she disappeared.

"Yes," said the old man, hereupon, "Mr. Wittenhoff did lodge with us for a while."

"A brave young gentleman," added Sara, rather dejectedly.

"Yes, indeed," said Justus, "he was a pleasant, good fellow. There have been so many strange reports in Neustadt about him, that I confess I am most anxious to know the truth. Perhaps you can give me some information about him, and explain why he left the University so suddenly—and whither he went? His friends and relations are still in total ignorance on these points."

Groné, who was profoundly occupied in cutting up the roast, wiped his face with the napkin and shrugged his shoulders. Sara, however, replied to the inquiry:—

"In truth, dear Sir, we are in equal ignorance ourselves. Mr. Wittenhoff was certainly a pious, upright young gentleman; indeed we have always been so fortunate (with a bow) as to have well-conducted gentlemen for our lodgers. We cannot, however, see into the heart. Mr. Wittenhoff came one evening to our room and said, in his usual straight-forward manner, 'I am going away to-morrow, my good friends. It is pleasant to think we have always lived on the best terms. Here is your money.' We never saw him after that, not even the next morning, for a carriage came for him before we were up. We heard afterwards that the conveyance he went by did not belong to this town."

"So? Indeed!" said Justus, whom a slight embarrassment in the manner of his hostess did not escape. "And did you make no further inquiries about him? But that should not surprise me—a lodger is forgotten as soon as the door closes after him."

"What the magistrates were unable to discover," said Groné, "must doubtless remain a mystery to us also."

"May I help you to this wing, Sir?"

"Take some of the chestnuts," added Sara.

"You are mistaken, however, in supposing that Mr. Wittenhoff was forgotten by us. On the contrary," she added, with a sigh, "he is continually in our minds."

"I am glad to hear it," said Justus. He was startled, in the meantime, at the pallor which overspread Groné's face, as the door opened suddenly, and a policeman entered the room.

"So, Master Frank not here?" said the man, ferociously.

Frank was Christina's father.

Groné could not speak. Sara replied, quickly, "No, we have not seen him. What is wrong now?"

The policeman explained that Frank had been concerned in a drunken broil that morning, at an alehouse, and had beaten a man; on whose part he brought a summons for him to appear the next day in court. Having said which, he went away.

Groné crossed himself, involuntarily, as the policeman left the house.

"You don't seem to like these people much," observed Justus.

Groné shook his head.

"Since these blue-coats came into fashion," observed Sara, "no one is left in peace."

A silence of some minutes ensued. Eimer could not understand why he felt so ill at ease with these old people.

"Here is father," said Christina, at length, pointing from the window.

"The reprobate!" muttered Groné to himself.

"Here he is, indeed," sighed Sara; "and drunk, as usual, in the broad noon-day!"

She was not mistaken. A strong, robust man, in his workman's blouse, entered the room, and nearly fell over the seat by the stove. Christina laughed.

"What have you been about now, you good-for-nothing?" said Sara. "The police will have you yet: if you cannot keep your blows for your nails and lasts instead of your neighbour's heads, you will end your days as a criminal."

"Ho, ho!" stammered the drunken man; "what do I care for the police? And if I go to the gallows, you shall all come with me!"

Christina fled from his outstretched arm, and hid her face in Sara's lap. The latter remonstrated loudly against his wicked threats; but Groné, interrupting her, said, in an under-tone, "Hush! Don't you see that he is drunk? Don't let us have a row. You know how inquisitive the neighbours are. I will take him home myself."

"Right," said Sara; "do so, Wolfgang. Take him to his unfortunate wife, and stop his mouth."

"Ha, ha! O yes—stop his mouth?" shouted Frank, whilst he was supported by Groné. "Is that on *my* account, Mrs. Cousin? But not with clay, mind. Do you hear, Cousin? Not with clay; for I would cry 'Murder,' if you had the Pope himself to dine with you!"

Full of indignation, Justus rose from the table, to avoid the scoffs of the wretched man, and went to his own room, while Groné took his relation home.

The student's first glance, as he entered his room, fell upon the name of his school-fellow, scratched upon the window-pane; and oppressed with strange thoughts, he threw himself upon the sofa.

Soon after, with a gentle knock at the door, Mistress Groné appeared, presented a cup of coffee, and endeavoured to make some excuse for her nephew. Justus dismissed her to the

afternoon service, with an assurance of his perfect forgiveness.

In a little time after, Groné himself knocked, and, looking in at the open door, hoped Mr. Eimer would make allowance for the conduct of his graceless relative.

"All is forgotten," replied Justus, cordially; "walk in, Landlord, and let us go to church together."

"Excuse me," answered he; "my old head seeks the pillow; I am accustomed to a noon-day nap."

"Nay, but come in then for a moment," urged Justus; "look how nicely I have arranged my room, as if I were the neatest of young ladies."

The old man cast a glance round the apartment, without passing the threshold, resisted a third invitation to enter, and, remarking that "the outside of the door is the landlord's place," went up stairs to his bed in the garret.

"There is something strange about these old people—so quiet as they were, and yet so anxious," soliloquized Justus, as he arranged his cravat at the glass, and threw on his cloak. He reached up for his hat, but thought he heard something rustle at the door, and wondering, he sprang forward, opened it quickly, and exclaimed—

"Who is there?"

He wondered still more on perceiving Susan, who stood before his door neatly attired in her Sunday dress. She curtsied in some confusion, and seemed uncertain whether to retire again, or to venture upon the interview she had sought. As she stood, with folded hands and eyes fixed on the ground, Justus lowered his voice and said, gently—

"What do you want, my child? How can I serve you?"

Susan listened for a moment towards the upper story; all was still above. She then glided, quietly though timidly, into the student's room.

This visit, though more agreeable to Justus than the former two, appeared still more extraordinary.

"Pardon me, Sir," said Susan, half frightened at her own voice; "I would not willingly mispend *this* day; but such an opportunity will not occur again for a week. My aunt is gone to church with Christina, Mr. Groné is asleep above-stairs. The bar is closed during service. I am supposed to be down-stairs, and you Sir, to be in church. I wish to say something to you, if you will not betray me."

"I could not do so, dear Susan," said Justus, with a smile, and a look of much curiosity.

Susan's countenance did not, any more than her speech, betray the slightest symptom of jest or levity; on the contrary, the traces of grief and suffering were legible there. Her language was simple, but touching; what was denied to her in quickness of apprehension being perhaps more than repaid in depth of feeling. She drew from her bosom a miniature, which she held up before Justus, and said—

"Do you know it?"

"Wittenhoff," exclaimed Justus; "my friend, of whom I spoke at dinner."

"I heard all you so kindly said of him," continued Susan, wiping a tear from her face. "My aunt drove me out of the room, but I listened at the kitchen-door. Dear Mr. Eimer, I have never, to any one, spoken of Mr. Wittenhoff for three years. Since he went I have never uttered his name, except to myself or in prayer to God; but as you are his friend, I must speak to you of him, if you will permit me."

"Most assuredly," said Justus, eagerly. "For your sake and my friend's I will cheerfully give up my attendance at church this evening. Now, my little penitent, what have you to confess?"

Susan looked down, a little abashed, and began mysteriously—"You must know, sir, that I feel great confidence in you, from your open countenance as well as from your holy profession; but certainly not greater than I felt in Mr. Wittenhoff. He had been scarcely three weeks in our house when I loved him: he was also very well pleased with me, and soon told me so. That happened, also, first on a Sunday afternoon. I considered for a fortnight whether I should tell him what I felt; but I was ashamed. At last it came out. When Mr. Wittenhoff was ill, I carried his tea to him. He seemed very low: I pitied him; and so the words escaped me. He was very happy, and said to me so earnestly and kindly, as he always spoke, "Dear Susan, I think we deserve both of us to be happy; but hitherto we have not had much enjoyment. My step-father forces me to study; and though in truth I have no inclination for it, I must obey, as his good-will is important to me. He is very rich, without children of his own; and my poor mother is penniless; so we must remain for the present as we are. Do you, in the meantime, continue to be industrious and pious as you have always been, and the time will not be very long till I shall be able to bring you out of Egypt." He meant by that, out of the service of my relations. I obeyed him cheerfully, and submitted with patience to the severity of my master and mistress, as a forlorn orphan should; and I was full of hope." Susan sighed at the recollection of those happy days, and Justus was touched by this simple tale of innocent love. "We continued for a year in this manner, true to each other, and no one knew of our engagement. My mistress had just taken charge of Christina, who was then an infant, and the old people were so completely occupied with her, that they did not think of watching me. About that time the postman one day delivered a black-sealed letter to Mr. Wittenhoff: he wept very much on reading it, here, in this solitary room, and said afterwards to me, 'Susan, my mother is dead!' In a fortnight after that, there came to him again by post another letter, thicker than the former, and he then said to me gravely, but with composure, 'Susan, my hopes of independence are at an end: my step-father is ruined, and has died of

grief: his creditors have made a division of the property that he left, and this is all that comes to me.' So saying, he shewed me a little, thin bit of paper, upon which was written, six hundred dollars; and the next day I saw him come into the house, with a bag of gold in his hand. 'Are you still willing, said he to me, 'that I should make my proposal to your friends?' 'Why not?' replied I, 'if you still wish, now that you are become so rich, to marry a poor girl like me.' He laughed, but went down stairs immediately, and spoke to my cousin. My heart beat violently, and my cheeks were scarlet, when my aunt came into the kitchen, and said sternly to me, 'What is this I hear of you, my young lady student? so you can discuss a point with the doctor, I find!' I wept, but made no reply. In the evening Mr. Wittenhoff whispered to me, as he passed the kitchen window, 'Your relations have positively refused me, Susan, for the good people do not approve of the learned professions; I shall now, however, give up all claims to the doctor's hat, and try some other method of earning my bread. But you, Susan, I will never forsake, so long as you remain true to me.' I could only weep. He then said he would carry me off, without the knowledge of my friends, to America, and that if I loved him I must go. I did indeed love him, far more than friends or home, and I promised to go with him. 'I shall go to-day,' said he, 'and make inquiries about a boat, as we should be less likely to attract observation on the river than if we went by land. Trust to me, Susan; to-morrow evening, at half-past eight o'clock, I will come to take you away.' Susan paused, and then continued mournfully—"I remember those words well, sir: a thousand and a thousand times I have repeated them to myself: they were the last that Mr. Wittenhoff ever spoke to me."

"The last?" exclaimed Justus, in astonishment.

Susan assented sorrowfully.

"I saw him, indeed, twice afterwards, on the following day. The first time was at noon; he was going out in high spirits, and waved his hat gaily to me. I felt quite happy. About four o'clock in the afternoon I saw him again, as he returned home: he seemed quite satisfied and resolute, and nodded to me from the distance. In about a quarter of an hour after that, as I went up the steps towards the wall, I heard the clink of dollars in his room; but when I came back, my aunt sent me off immediately to an old sick woman, to sit up with her during the night. This was a hard command, but I was obliged to obey. How slowly the hours seemed to pass! At last, about midnight, a friend came to the old woman, and I found myself at liberty. I flew home: the house was all dark and silent; no light in Mr. Wittenhoff's window, which surprised me. I thought he would have waited up to say a few kind words to me. But that was foolish; he could not know that I would return: so I went to bed, anxious and uneasy. When I got up the next morning, I heard that Mr. Wit-

tenhoff had gone away suddenly. But do you think, sir, that he would have gone away without taking leave of me? I had not offended him. He was my only support: he was always so kind and so tender; he never would have had the heart to do it; besides, I am sure he did not go in a carriage: in our end of the town such a thing is a rarity; and no one in the neighbourhood either saw or heard one on that occasion. This room remained always locked: my aunt herself cleaned and set it to rights. Not for a year after that time did I enter it, and then I found no trace of my friend, but his name written there upon the window-pane!"

"Dearest child," exclaimed Justus, "what can be the meaning of all this? Do you know, it terrifies me! Such a mysterious disappearance should have aroused inquiries. What is your own opinion of it?"

"I don't believe, sir," whispered Susan, in an anxious voice, "that Mr. Wittenhoff went away of his own free will. I must tell you, that about that time there was a sea-captain who frequented this house—a rough, disagreeable old man, who indulged in merry jokes about me, and often said—I suppose in jest—that I must be his wife. His ship was in the haven some miles off, as he told us over and over again. Now, from the time of Mr. Wittenhoff's disappearance, he became as distant, I might say morose, towards me, as he had formerly been familiar. He and my uncle often whispered together, and looked at me, and I was sometimes frightened at their mysterious conversations. What alarmed me more than anything else, however, was what Master Frank—who is a distant relation of my parents—once said in the room below, when he was intoxicated and angry. He quarrelled with Groné, and called out, 'Though you do take care of my child, still I am her father; and I won't give up all right to her. I am not to be got rid of so easily as some people: my name is not Wittenhoff, nor—' Here my uncle, quite furious, and evidently frightened, interrupted him, commanded him to be silent, and slipped some money into his hand; then there was no more said. Now, Mr. Eimer, can I avoid feeling uneasy about the fate of my friend and yours? Would he, indeed, have forsaken me so ungenerously, or—? I dare not express the imaginations that have often passed through my mind!"

"I also," exclaimed Justus, starting up, "have thoughts that put me into a fever. What an extraordinary history! How it seems to harmonize with my unaccountable forebodings!"

"I always feared," said Susan, in a low voice, and sighing deeply, "that that wicked sailor had waylaid him, and carried him off to Holland, and there sold him to the soldiers: there have been many instances of such a proceeding. The captain went away in a few days after Mr. Wittenhoff's disappearance, and has never been here since."

"And did Wittenhoff leave no letter behind—not one word of remembrance?" said Justus, thoughtfully.

"None whatever," sobbed Susan. "But I forgot to say—it was about five months afterwards, I think—my aunt was in bed—I was sent to fetch something out of the lumber-room. In searching about, what should I see—Mr. Wittenhoff's trunk in a corner of the room! and lying on the ground beside it, several things which belonged to him. I was frightened; but I did not venture to touch anything, or to speak of what I had seen. But now, Mr. Eimer, can you explain all these things? or, if you have friends—as of course a gentleman like you must have—in other places, Holland particularly, will you not have the kindness to make more particular inquiries about poor Mr. Wittenhoff than his relations have hitherto done? You might still perhaps save him from a wretched fate, and I should not die of the misery which is consuming me."

Justus was so much agitated, that he could not answer: meanwhile some one knocked hastily at the door, and without waiting for permission, Mistress Groné walked in. Upon returning from church, she had let herself into the house by the master-key; and not finding Susan below, she sought her—not without reason—in the lodger's apartment. Susan looked very much frightened. Sara turned towards her, and said in a severe tone, "What is your business here, pray? You leave the house without any attendant, in order to intrude yourself upon the gentleman!"

"By no means," said Justus, speaking for her: "I alone am to blame. Just returned from church, I asked for a glass of water, which Susan was so kind as to bring me."

He pointed to a glass of water which he had poured out for himself some time before, and his composed manner disarmed the landlady.

"Go, then," said she to Susan, in a voice considerably subdued; "give the child her luncheon; that will do."

Susan retreated with downcast eyes. Sara approached the student, and continued in a confidential tone—"I have too good an opinion of you, Mr. Eimer, to fear, on Susan's account, the free manners which are sometimes to be met with in young students."

"You do me justice, Mistress Groné," said Justus, drily.

"Even to you, however, I would venture to say, that it is best to leave Susan to herself: she is a moping, melancholy thing, and often talks very wildly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed; she fancies that she has had great misfortunes, and torments herself and every one else to death."

"Ah!"

"But she has not the least cause of complaint. Though she has lost her parents, she finds a comfortable home with us. When we are gone, indeed, she may know what it is to be left to the mercy of strangers."

"Ah! yes."

"We can leave nothing to her, but an example of honesty and industry; therefore I urge her

incessant y to diligence: in fact, she is in Paradise here, and she will feel it yet."

"Oh no doubt; and yet I should decidedly prefer Christina's place to Susan's."

"You mean on account of her inheritance—ah, my dear sir? We are considered wealthy, but heaven knows how far that is from the truth. Christina will certainly have all that we possess, and more than her good-for-nothing father could give her: but still, for all that, she is not rich, though both my husband and myself spare no means to increase the child's little fortune."

"No means!" repeated Justus, slowly; "well, then, my good friend, may God direct all your exertions. Will you excuse me for the present—I have some letters to write?"

"Certainly," said Sara, smiling graciously, and with a low curtsy she left the room.

Justus was alone, in perfect stillness; not a stir was heard in the house, nor in the street, and twilight came, for once, unwelcomed to the little room. The student lighted his lamp earlier than usual, let the window-curtain down, and settled himself to write. He soon threw down his pen, and seized a book: in vain, however, he strove to fix his attention on the words before him; his mind was following far distant tracks, and his eyes wandered vacantly over the room: he turned them away with a shudder, from the darkness in the corners of the apartment. He took the shade from the lamp, lighted candles, and fancied himself more comfortable from the increased light. He now endeavoured for the first time to consider calmly all that he had heard; but his thoughts were not under his controul. Events and impressions of former times mixed themselves up with the ideas of the present moment, and all the superstitions, dreams, and mysterious forebodings that he had ever heard or read of, passed in succession through his mind. Could Susan have said what was not true? or was she indeed unsettled in her mind, as Sara had given him to understand? No, certainly not! In Susan's eyes shone truth, not falsehood; and her language was not the language of madness. But it is this very conviction that makes me wretched. Why does thy image, Wittenhoff, present itself so palpably to my mind? And shall I, in this

thy former dwelling, lament or *avenge* thee? Speak to me, thou silent form, one word; give me one sign that may dispel my terrible fears! Where dost thou tarry? In Europe, or far to the west, in some distant and savage colony? Dost thou there think no more of those who once were dear to thee, Wittenhoff, that thou leavest them in ignorance of thy fate? Could not thy spirit, by the power of loving thoughts and recollections, transport itself hither, and, by a sympathetic impetus, give an answer to my doubts—here, on this floor, that thou hast so often trod?"

As Justus looked mechanically to the ground, his eyes rested on a board which ran through the centre of the room, and appeared to have been laid down later than the rest. At one spot, the boards on each side of it shewed traces of having been planed: through this planing, however, some spots were dimly visible, which, to the charmed vision of the excited young man, appeared deserving of inspection. He hastily seized a light, rushed to the place, bent himself down to the ground, and—he stood erect; the dark reddish gleam of these spots was a reality; it was no delusion of a heated imagination. The student's hair stood on end: horror-struck, he retreated to the sofa, and throwing himself down, covered his face with his quivering hands. "This was wanting to confound me," said he, with a convulsive smile. "My imagination either trifles with me, or thunders the most horrible certainty. Why should everything combine so frightfully? The anxiety of these quiet-looking people below—Wittenhoff's sudden disappearance? The poor fellow had just received his scanty portion: six hundred dollars weigh heavy in the scales of those who had never known wealth—a hundredfold heavier, when they have adopted a favourite child, to increase whose fortune they shun no means—*no means!* A fearful feature in the vision which obtrudes itself upon me! Wittenhoff's property in Grondé's hands—these spots upon the floor—that sea-captain, his rival—the significant words which escaped from the drunken man this very day! What an abyss of crime and horror opens its jaws before me! Would that I could sleep, and wake to find it but a dream!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

TREES IN THE CHURCHYARD.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" is, and has been for a long period, very familiar to the public: its accomplished author is said to have touched and retouched this pet work of his fancy during five or six years. Oh, had it been an elegy in a London church-yard, appropriate to the year of grace 1852, touching on the ceremony of clearing an overgorged place of consecration by torch-light, a scene worthy of the days of the Plague, and of a Defoe as chronicler

—alluding perhaps to hired mourners, whose grief is of a thirsty nature, and requires perpetual relief; neither detracting from nor adding to all the revolting associations and connexions inseparable from the practice of city burial; the author of *such* an elegy might touch and retouch, paint and repaint for many a long year we much fear ere his poetry would be fashionable among the thoughtless classes, who live and move and have their being not very far

from scenes of corruption and disgust, but who pouh-pouh progress, and associate Chartism and Republicanism, not to say Infidelity, with every attempt that aims at interfering with the "established" abuses of our country. Yet there exists in certain Blue-books a mass of evidence on the subject of intramural burial, which in the present place can merely be hinted at; for so revolting are the details, so sickening the circumstances, that probably not one of our readers would have courage to follow us, even through a few random quotations.

We are not about to put them to a test so disagreeable; all we ask is, that those who do not know the facts for themselves will take our word on the subject: there is not an enlightened physician (the medical profession is generally in the front of the battle against our wicked social errors), there is not a distinguished chemist, or a large-minded philosopher, who would hesitate to aver that town burial is thoroughly and unquestionably a monstrous evil.

At intervals we have very forcible admonitions on this and kindred subjects in the shape of a Destroying Angel, who allows scarcely a household circle to remain unbroken; who sweeps away his thousands and departs, leaving a nation in tears.

We can fancy the messenger of death smiling his broadest amid the poisonous vapours of city burial-places; the ill-drained houses, and other such allurements, by which the sepulchres are surrounded, he likes very well, but the churchyards are his stronghold.

The patriarch Abraham in old times conjured to be allowed to bury "his dead out of his sight;" his family grave was in a field; there he and his dear ones were laid, to submit to the sentence passed on all organic life, to be resolved again into their elements, to mingle with the dust of their native earth, until the Voice which called the human race into being shall restore it; re-collecting its scattered materials, and bestowing on it a new and higher and perfect life.

Such was the intention of Nature; kindly the warm earth, teeming mother of beauty, would take her children to their long rest. Let the green branches wave above them, let the dew and the starlight fall upon their tombs, until the Day of Restoration be come.

But every grave-yard hopelessly shut in among the abodes of the living is a focus of corruption, a generator of disease, a blind aggravation of the sentence of death, which only the ignorance of past ages, on the subject of social economics, could excuse in them; in us, with the light of the nineteenth century beaming upon us, it is unpardonable to continue and perpetuate a custom so pernicious as the burial of the dead among the living.

Could the poisonous gases that hold revel in and about London church-yards take a visible form, suited to their nature, how often, in this our monster city, should we be haunted by shapes of horror! And are they the less to be dreaded because invisible?

The plain fact is that man, in thus burying his dead, suffers his ignorance to frustrate the divine wisdom; for every tree that lifts its dancing branches to the sunlight, every flower that breathes out its fragrance, is an atmospheric regenerator; and a grave-yard full of trees and flowers may be made as fragrant as the ivory wardrobes of Solomon, wherein the garments were laid scented with myrrh and cassia. This idea is so lovely that it seems the offspring of a poetic fancy; but let us consult Dr. Priestley, who made some most interesting experiments on the atmosphere and its chemical composition.

On the 17th August, 1777, Priestley put a sprig of mint into air contaminated to such a degree that a candle would not burn in it; on the 27th of the same month, the philosopher again introduced a lighted candle, which burned perfectly well: nor had the air purified itself; he had provided against objections, and he verified his experiment by dividing the impure atmosphere into two portions; into one he put a living, growing vegetable, the other he left standing over water: the latter portion remained impure, while the former was completely restored. Neither are these restorative powers peculiar to mint; other vegetables have been tried with the same success: the only necessary condition seems to be the vegetating state of the plant; for plucked leaves, though frequently changed, are said by Dr. Priestley to have been tried without effect. After detailing other experiments, this learned philosopher remarks, "These proofs of a partial restoration of air, by plants in a state of vegetation, though in a confined and unnatural situation, cannot but render it highly probable that the injury which is continually done to the atmosphere by the respiration of such a number of animals, and the putrefaction of such masses of both vegetable and animal matter, is, in part at least, repaired by the vegetable creation. And notwithstanding the prodigious mass of air that is corrupted daily by the above-mentioned causes; yet, if we consider the immense profusion of vegetables upon the face of the earth, growing in places suited to their nature, and consequently at full liberty to exert all their powers, both inhaling and exhaling, it can hardly be thought but that it may be a sufficient counterbalance to it, and that the remedy is adequate to the evil."

For "is adequate" read "might be"; we build about and hem-in our burial places, and they are surrounded by living beings, who inhale the poisonous vapours which Providence intended to pass harmlessly into forms of grace and loveliness.

How many a strong man, smitten down in his strength by a strange epidemic, how many a beautiful creature, the victim of consumption; how many a little sufferer slain by fever, might, if permitted, tell us how the poison stole in at every pore of their frame, sapped their health and vigour, leaving them an easy prey to the first disease that stalked abroad! And all this while we have in our own hands the means of prevention. But we are growing wiser; we

acknowledge the evil, and steps have been taken towards improvement.

Wilson, the celebrated naturalist, expressed in dying a wish to be buried "where the birds could sing over his grave"; and surely that silent home, where "brother lies down by brother without a greeting," is more fitly placed among the silence and freshness of trees and flowers than amid the noise and tumult of cities. This is, however, but the poetic side of view: to the dead it matters not, perhaps, where they are interred; the view of importance is the one we first attempted to lay before our readers.

Peace and rest for even our mortal remains are things, however, to be lawfully desired; let "God's Acre," as the Germans simply and beautifully call the church-yard, be unprofaned; let it be solemn and beautiful; let truth only speak from its tombstones, or silence hide alike the faults and the virtues of the dead; let our dissolving elements pass gently into new shapes

of beauty, every atom being watched over by the Benevolence which redeemed and the Omnipotence which will re-create when Death, the last enemy, shall be finally conquered.

Let not my dust infect the breath of life
With wrong insidious; lay me down to rest
Far from the busy streets, the stir, the strife,
With dew-fed blossoms on my careless breast;
And shadowing trees close by, where birds may build
And sing (nor fear Death's happy sleep to break)
Songs that so oft my living ear have filled.

Perchance a word that the Redeemer spake,
Or just a simple cross of fair white stone
To mark the precinct of the sacred plot
While angels watch (as once they watched His own)
My tomb, and showers and sunlight steep the spot
Nursing my changing body into flowers,
Whose yearly resurrections promise ours!

THE BANQUETING HALL.

AN IRISH TRADITION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The Castle Hall was gaily decked with garlands
fresh and fair,
The guests were met, and gallant knights and
beauteous maids were there;
The Castle minstrels joyously a strain of welcome
poured,
And rare and costly luxuries were spread upon the
board.

Lo! at the Castle's massive gates an aged woman
stood,
In feeble and imploring tones she humbly craved
for food;
The vassals rudely thrust her forth, impatient of her
stay,
And 'tis said she murmured vengeance as she went
upon her way.

Days pass—the Castle stands unchanged in pompous
state—but where
Is the treasure of that ancient house, the Castle's
infant Heir?
Gone—gone—they vainly seek for him through
glen and mountain wild,
Some evil hand hath borne away the fondly-guarded
child!—

—The time of trial now is o'er—the lost one has
returned,
Led by the poor and aged dame so lately scorned
and spurned!
"A boon, a boon, a princely boon," the father cried
in joy,
Shall tell my gratitude to her who brings me back
my boy!"

"I covet not your wealth," she said, "of noble
rank possess'd,
I came in mendicant disguise your Christian love
to test;

Yet will I claim a recompence for this, my kindly
deed,
I ask your future charity for those who stand in
need.

"Let none hereafter from your gates be harshly
sent like me,
But when the plenteous board is spread, still let
them open be;
And when the guests have risen, and the minstrel's
lay has ceased,
Let the poor be duly bidden to the remnants of the
feast.

"And at the daily banquet, let a chair still vacant
stand
For the unexpected guest who may your courtesy
demand;
Freely with others evermore the goods of fortune
share,
Nor fear that I shall come again to rob you of your
Heir."

Through the long lapse of centuries, obeyed was her
behest,
The chair stood vacant at the feast to greet the
wandering guest;
And still the poor were welcomed at the old accus-
tomed place,
And evil hand hath never harmed a scion of the
race.

It is a by-gone legend now—a tale of other days --
Yet to the thoughtful and the wise a moral it con-
veys;
Oh! ye, who on an only son your warm affections
rest,
Teach him from early infancy to succour the dis-
trest.

Let him behold your daily alms with ready zeal
bestowed;
So may the baleful things of earth be kept from
your abode,
And the pleading voices of the poor, upraised in
fervent prayer,
May call down angels from above to guard your
cherished Heir!

THE LOST APPRENTICE;

(A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.)

BY FRANCES BROWN.

About the time that Voltaire refused, with many protestations of eternal gratitude, Catherine the Second's invitation to establish himself and his philosophy at the Court of Petersburg, and intimated to his friends a reluctance to live so near Siberia and the knout, French fashions of manner, costume, and language, attained to an ascendancy in that capital which they have never lost, in spite of wars and rumours of wars between the nations. Of course Parisian art was early awake to the profits of the northern market; large importations of its various professors arrived every summer on the banks of the Neva, but the most notable among them was a hair-dresser, named Pierre Cheveau, and Jaques his apprentice, who came in the Princess of Prestoff's train when she returned from her six months' visit to Versailles.

Pierre had served the beauty and fashion of that courtly city for more than twenty years, with a skill that few heads could baffle. Waning belles of the highest pretensions had a special confidence in him. Tresses from his magazin had been set in brooches, by admiring friends, and worn next the hearts of devoted lovers, without a suspicion of their origin; but the only assistant he allowed himself in those mysterious achievements was Jaques, the apprentice. Nobody knew any other name for him; though, in communicative moods, which came frequently upon him, Jaques had been heard to intimate that his surname had something to do with nobility; and but for a half-brother, whom the law had given the advantage of him, and who suppressed his father's will, he might have been a gentleman, or at least had a magazin of his own. The latter prospect was to Jaques far the more delightful, for he gloried in hair-dressing. He had entered Pierre's service under an express bargain to be taught not only the ordinary rules of his craft, in which that master-mind had already initiated many a rising artist, but also the deeper mysteries for which he was celebrated, and for the learning of which Pierre insisted on twice the ordinary apprentice time; and Jaques, nothing daunted, became his bondman for fourteen years.

It was said the master and apprentice agreed wonderfully, though the contrast between them was striking. Pierre Cheveau was a tall, spare man, who seemed perpetually in a brown study, a good Catholic moreover, and the special observer of fast days and Lent; while Jaques, with a hump-back and dwarfish figure, hopped about like a sparrow, talked of everything but the secrets of his trade, and boasted that he minded the priests as little as the greatest philosopher in Paris.

All but Jaques had forgotten how much of

his apprentice-time was passed, and his fame had become little inferior to his master's, when a court poet, whom one of Pierre's best customers had ridiculed, wrote a satirical ode on his establishment, in which he styled him the conqueror of time and the corrector of nature. Somehow business declined after that compliment; but Pierre knew there was money in Russia, and the Princess promised to patronise him. So he packed up his stock in trade, journeyed in her Excellency's train to Petersburg, and established his magazin within call of the Winter Palace. The return of the Princess, and the arrival of the hairdresser, furnished matter of great gossip to the Russian capital. Her Excellency was not only a Princess, but a belle of the empire, and was known to have no rival that she dreaded but the young Countess Eusabia de Lanskoi. At court the Princess would have taken precedence of the Countess, but for the favour of the absolute Czarina, to whom the lady's name was a word of remembrance; but unluckily she had the precedence of her in years also, an advantage which in or out of courts ladies rarely insist on. By way of balance, however, the Princess had a most luxuriant growth of golden tresses, to which eulogistic verses had been written at both Versailles and Petersburg, while her rival vainly employed all her influence with the Empress to have the sable caps (banished since the famous edict of Anne) once more recalled to court costume, by way of covert for a coarse scanty crop of dull brown, which neither cultivation nor arrangement could bring to a resemblance of the beautiful. On that subject the Countess had exerted herself in vain. Catherine knew where to stop with far more powerful favourites; besides, the antiquated head-dress did not agree with the Czarina's own complexion. Eusabia, therefore, put her trust in time, and had been heard to remark that yellow hair was apt to grow early grey; but that consolation seemed indefinitely postponed by the coming of Cheveau, and a great eclipse of the Lanskoi light was anticipated from his art and her Excellency's hair. The approach of a court ball, as the first fair field for the rivals, wound up the interest of this expectation to the highest point: bets were taken on the retirement of the Countess, and her best friends began to despair when it was announced that she had in the meantime gone on a short visit to an old acquaintance in the heart of Finland. Pierre had received special commands not to work for any member of the Lanskoi household on penalty of the Princess's highest displeasure. The fame of that notable artist, and his prices too, had by this time risen high in Petersburg: he and his apprentice had

contributed to the attractions of most of the fair and noble with whom her Excellency was on good terms; and as the all-important evening drew near, nobody was surprised to see a servant in the Prestoff livery coming often, and at rather late hours, about Cheveau's premises. Jaques was congratulating himself on largely assisting to civilize Russia, one night, when about to shut up shop, and retire; but his master, who had just held a long conversation with the said servant in his back parlour, after seeing that they were quite alone, desired him to prepare, without delay, materials for manufacturing a lady's brown wig of the first quality, on which they must work together after hours, as it was a secret, to be handsomely paid for, and finished within the week. Ever alert to execute his master's commands, Jaques set about selecting from among the parcels kept in store the longest and richest brown hair. Pierre having examined it in half a score different lights, said he did not recollect whether it was from a convent, a prison, or a lunatic asylum he had purchased those locks, but they would do, anyway; and he and his apprentice commenced upon them the ancient and oft-quoted process of wig-making.

Popular proverb has long connected that art with the opposite of truth; yet true it was that within the same week, what Pierre designated "an adorable wig," consisting of the largest and loveliest curls that ever flowed over feminine shoulders was completed in his back premises, where he and Jaques had laboured upon it by turns, unknown to all Petersburg, except her Excellency's servant, who came regularly in the twilight to inquire after its progress. Jaques had marvelled much in his own mind what the Princess, with whose golden hair he had made some acquaintance, could mean to do with a brown wig; but he knew his master too well to attempt extracting any information from him; and as watchfulness had before done wonders in similar cases, he did not despair of solving that mystery.

The apprentice had been out late, preparing a Courland Countess for the celebration of her own birthday, and was warming himself at the shop stove, for the early frosts had set in, when a common calashe drove up to the door, and out of it stepped the oft-coming servant. He was wrapped up as if for a winter night's journey, and Pierre ushered him as usual into the back sanctuary, where his master sat. They had not conversed long there when the door was slowly opened, and Jaques beckoned in.

"Jaques," said Pierre, keeping an eye to the shop, which his apprentice had left quite vacant, "Jaques, wouldn't you like to earn one hundred roubles, paid down in hard silver? I know you would, for you are a young man of spirit, and worthy to be entrusted with the secrets of our profession. Take, then, this parcel," he continued, presenting a small box, which was firmly sealed, "accompany the messenger, and do your duty to the all-accomplished lady—remembering that the honour of our unrivalled art for the moment depends on you."

Jaques nodded assent; for the hope of a hundred roubles, and the mysterious importance of the occasion, were too great for his powers of speech; so, placing the sealed box under his arm, he silently followed the servant to the calashe, and they drove rapidly away. Pierre waited long and late that night for the return of his apprentice: he saw the vehicle once again pass his door on its way to the Moscow road; but that didn't surprise him, as the servant had mentioned that he was bound for his own village, far to the northward, that very night, where he meant to settle, having a cottage and land bestowed upon him there by the lady of the soil, for whom Pierre had fabricated that adorable wig.

Right joyful had the hairdresser been that it was the great lady's pleasure to send for his apprentice rather than himself for the purpose of fitting it on—he never cared to be seen with her messenger. Notwithstanding the Prestoff livery Pierre had latterly had his doubts; and notwithstanding the heavy purse of gold with which his secret labours had been rewarded, he had counted it out, but found, however, even more than the promised number of pieces; but as hour after hour wore away, and Jaques did not make his appearance, his master became terribly uneasy, and at length might have been heard muttering to himself, "Has the knave got the hundred roubles, and betrayed me on his way back?" But mutterings and watching were alike fruitless; the long winter night passed with little sleep to Pierre, and no sign of his apprentice; and in the morning his old servant Jeremy, who had attended him for many a year, taciturn and trusty as a wig block, was sent to inquire after him. He returned in about an hour, with the intelligence that Jaques had received his money, and left Madam's dressing-room exactly at half-past eleven, after which no tidings could be heard of him. On hearing that tale, Pierre took a strange terror, which seemed wonderfully relieved when his servant suggested that a hundred roubles were not safe company on the streets of Petersburg at night; that Jaques was inclined to boasting, and bodies were often found in the Neva. But though his faithful apprentice was much missed and mourned, the police were never consulted regarding him, nor could Pierre shake off a haunting dread which oppressed him, till he was sent for by the Princess to do his best on her boasted tresses for the imperial ball. After that evening the hairdresser was himself again, and all her admirers pronounced her Excellency's cheveux a triumph of his art; but Petersburg had more than that to talk of. To the delight of her friends, and the astonishment of everybody, the Countess de Lanskoi appeared at the ball, having just arrived, as she assured them, in time to dress, and gorgeously dressed she was; but her hair—there was the miracle: in her month's visit to Finland it had grown so long, so abundant, so lovely both in hue and texture, as to leave the Princess entirely in the shade; and what was still more wonderful, the Countess herself

seemed almost unconscious of the change. To the compliments of her admirers she replied, in a half-angry tone, that it was too bad to jest at the expense of her poor head; while to her intimates she admitted that it really was her belief her hair had been slightly improved by a pomade prepared for her by a wonderful old woman who superintended the nursery of Madame —, her friend in Finland, and had an extraordinary skill in herbs.

The Czarina was delighted with the improvement in her favourite's appearance.

"The Countess de Lanskoï is now without a rival among the ladies of our court," said Catherine the Great, loud enough to be heard over the whole ball-room; and that very evening ladies murmured to each other in corners, that time was certainly beginning to tell on the Princess. Sundry desertions from the corps under her Excellency's command also took place; upon which the Princess was attacked with a violent headache, and her carriage was called long before supper.

Many a sledge traversed the Finland snows that winter, carrying messengers in the liveries of half the court, to that wonderful old woman, for pots of her pomade, which were bought for more than their weight in roubles—at first to her great surprise; but as the demand increased, so did the manufacture, till old Ivanoc fairly bought out herself and two nieces from serfdom, exchanged the Finland nursery for a back street in Petersburg, where she opened a shop; and having added several marvellous washes and cosmetics to the original article of trade, became a rival, whom nothing but Pierre's French education and artistic command of the human hair enabled him to withstand. The tales that were daily published concerning her pomade and its miracles, might indeed, if collected, have served as models for advertisers in our own day. It made bad hair good, and good hair better. The old used it to restore, and the young for preservation. The Empress herself patronised it; and the quantity consumed by her Excellency of Prestoff could be credible only to her waiting-woman. In short, there was every probability of Ivanoc's pomade taking an important place among the exports of Russia, but one unlucky occurrence upset its credit for ever.

Since her decisive victory at the ball, the star of Lanskoï had been in the ascendant; but it was not in the nature of the Princess to submit without a struggle to a rival's fortune or hair. There was still a sort of balance in their powers; both were widows of independent fortune—both acknowledged beauties at Catherine's court. What the Princess wanted in youth was, as she at least considered, made up by her rank; and the lady was generally allowed to excel in wit and polish, on account of her residence at Versailles, where she had been known as Madame l'Ambassadrice, till the trifling accident of losing the Prince occurred, and she returned with the addition of Excellency to her other titles.

The Count de Lanskoï, whom nobody now remembered, had been, on the contrary, governor

of a northern province. His widow's travels were bounded by the Black Sea and the Baltic; and, favourite as she was, her utmost ingenuity had failed to obtain the imperial permission for extending them to the southward. Without it no Russian tour could take place; and Catherine had reasons of her own, in those days, for keeping the entire Lanskoï family out of France. Perhaps the great Czarina imagined they might be too edifying to court-gossips there; perhaps the late Count had known too much concerning the partition of Poland: however it was, French ground was forbidden to the Countess; but all the lady's aspirations went forth in that direction. Thence came the mode, the millinery, and the science which, at that period, charmed the whole north; thence, also, came her rival's boasted advantages; and since the great question of her hair was settled, it had been the labour of her ladyship's life to carry the war into her enemy's territory by completely Gallicising her own manners, equipage, and household. The strongest proof of her success in that great attempt appeared in the homage of a certain *attaché* to the French embassy, whose perfect knowledge of *ton*, courtly connexions, and abundant conversation made him a sort of lion in Petersburg. The Marquis de St. Roche was believed to possess little beyond his title, and the extremely fashionable wardrobe with which he astonished all manner of assemblies in that imperial city. There were even those who averred that the former was scarcely genuine, as the pecuniary basis of all his grandeur was a small property bequeathed him by his father, a gathering advocate of Paris, which must have been still less had he executed a clause in the old lawyer's will relating to an illegitimate brother. How St. Roche contrived to get over that clause the best informed of his acquaintances could not explain; but they all agreed that he had paid no legacy, and never cared for meeting with a hunchback. Be that as it might, the Marquis had been great at home, and was greater far on the banks of the Neva—particularly at the Lanskoï mansion; wherein he imparted the deep things of etiquette, costume, and scandal to its fair mistress, in long morning visits, after his country's fashion, at her toilette.

Surrounding ladies of the old school considered that this was carrying conformity too far; but it was not the only marvel connected with the lady's dressing-room. The servants wondered among themselves, as servants will remark even in Russia, why none of them were ever allowed to enter that apartment without the honour of their mistress's presence, and wherefore at certain hours all living creatures, not excepting the Marquis, were excluded by strict command, orders being regularly left with the porter touching his replies to visitors; and her ladyship's friends were in consequence astonished at the number of her outgoing and maladies that winter. Her two Polish maids, who, from their position in the household, were rather above confiding in its inferior throng, communicated to the housekeeper their wounded feelings on the fact of never having been permitted

to comb or curl the lady's hair since her return from Finland, though it always appeared in the perfection of order; nor could they forget that on the said journey no one was allowed to accompany her but the confidential footman Peter, who had soon after gone back to his native village on her ladyship's northern estate; at which point of their recollections the Polish maids were wont to shake their heads in concert, and piously hope that all was as it should be; while the superintending matron of the establishment reminded them in her turn that the dressing-room had been locked during the whole time of that visit, and she had heard strange sounds in it, one evening, just before the Countess returned. That apartment had double doors and windows to keep out the frost. It was one of a suite of small rooms situated in the eastern corner of the mansion, which had been built by Eusabia's grandfather, when Peter the Great was getting up his capital after the plan of great houses he had seen on his travels in old Southern cities. The suite communicated with a small court or garden, from which a narrow postern led into an obscure lane; the bars of that gate had grown rusty with time and disuse; none remembered to have seen it open, for the Countess was careless of the garden and its nearest apartment, known as her grandfather's library. There was a tradition in the household of a secret door and an unknown closet in that quarter, said to have been used by a German chemist who had come to teach him the making of gold; but the library was always locked, and it communicated with her dressing-room.

One morning, when Christmas times were coming fast, her now watchful domestics were agreeably surprised to find that, though the wonted hours had arrived, the Countess had forgotten to give her usual orders for the exclusion of visitors. She had been up late and long at a card party, on the preceding evening, and was believed to be engaged in her own solitary and mysterious arrangements, when the Marquis presented himself, and was at once marshalled to her apartments. The door was found to be locked; but at the sound of his well-known voice there was a slight bustle inside, and the Countess herself opened it, with hair half-dressed, some ill-concealed chagrin in her looks, and a thousand apologies for the delay in his admission.

Saint Roche heard them with smiles, for he knew the intelligence which he brought so early would excuse any intrusion. A letter from Versailles had informed him that hoops were certainly going out. There was a rumour that the Empress had been seen to smile on a certain officer of her guards; and an observant lady of his acquaintance had actually detected a grey hair in one of the curls of her Excellency of Prestoff.

The two friends discussed this deeply interesting news, while the Countess played with her half-arranged tresses at a full-length mirror, and the Marquis lounged on an opposite sofa.

"What a change it will make in the poor Prin-

cess," said the lady, with pitying malice: "she was so proud of her hair!"

"It has been long eclipsed," said the Marquis, whose intentions were supposed to be growing serious. "But how fortunate for her Excellency that she has not seen yours at such moments as the present. Envy, you know, is—"

"Fire! fire!" shrieked a voice from the library door, just behind the Countess, which that instant flew open, and out bounded a small, mis-shapen creature, all begrimed with smoke, some of whose garments caught on the lady's wide-spread hair, and away went the whole mass, leaving a shaven scalp behind it; while with that mane hanging from his shoulders, and making the mansion ring with shrieks of fire, the strange visitant cleared his own way to the front entrance, and was seen far along the streets of Petersburg. By the time her ladyship's servants gathered courage to proceed to their mistress's apartments in a body, they found her standing in one corner with a shawl wrapped about her head; and the Marquis lying in convulsions on the other: but the old library was all in a blaze. Some ran for doctors, some for the police, and some tried to extinguish the fire, which was at length happily accomplished, but not till it had consumed many old books and much drapery. An overturned spirit-lamp, and a pair of hot curling-tongs, were found close beside each other, from which it was supposed the fire had somehow originated; but the events of that day gave scope for many a tale. After that the Countess retired to her estates in the country: the Marquis was ill for a week at the Embassy, and Pierre Cheveau recovered his lost apprentice; but both master and man were arrested the same evening, and after a long and secret investigation at the Prefecture, were despatched bag and baggage under an escort of police to the German frontier. This departure was said to be by the special orders of the Empress, to prevent scandal in her court; but the humble people of St. Petersburg have still a story concerning a lady of the Lanskoï family, whose wig was carried off by an evil spirit.

On the following spring, Cheveau's shop was reopened in Versailles, and Jaques was as partner, having, as his master was wont to say, "come to his own by accident." But with his better fortunes a singular change had passed over the apprentice. Jaques had grown more strictly sober and pious than even his master; and to some who expressed their surprise at the alteration, he was heard to say that what reached him through the crevice of a door for two months in Russia would have converted any man. Beyond that his acquaintances could obtain no information; but they all remarked that he never cared to work for foreign ladies; and nothing could induce him to make a brown wig!

THE MAUTHE DOOG.

A MANX LEGEND.*

BY WILLIAM H. LOVELL.

"Oh speed thee, my winsome, oh speed thee to me!"

And the mother sighed sadly, and looked o'er the sea,

For the billows were roaring, and dashed the white spray

To the black mountain cloud that had banish'd the day.

And around and above them the night came apace,
And rode on the clouds in their terrible race

With the wind that rush'd howling and fearfully by,
And mingled its wail with the bitter'n's shrill cry.

The lattice is closed, she has sunk down to sleep,

Though her heart in its sorrow beats heavily still;
She kneels down to pray, and she rises to weep,

While the days that are gone her sad memory fill,
When the child at her knee cried in innocent glee,

"Ah! mother, dear mother, I'll ne'er love but thee."

Alone in the midnight—alone, all alone—
With the thick crowding visions of times that are gone.

Alone! while the wind whistles cold round the cot,
While the fever within her burns raging and hot,

As she opens the door and looks out on the dark,
And over the ocean so dreary and—"Hark!
Didst hear it? Ah me!" and she wrings her clasp'd hands,

The Mauthe doog—the Mauthe doog is out on the sands.

Oh too well she knows it—that low distant cry
Proclaims that her boy's on the sea but to die!

Now high in the heaven—now low in the deep—
Like the wail of a child in its feverish sleep:

Like the thunder's hoarse voice as he battles and raves

With the winds—with the winds in their ocean-bound caves.

Far out rolls the tide, and its distance-hushed roar
Sounds solemn and sad on the desolate shore,

Where the mother stands motionless watching the gloom,

With eyes that would pierce the deep night of the tomb;

And her glassy sight fixed on the horrible Thing
That backward and forward was wandering

Miles, miles away on the sea-washed sand,
Yet she felt its breath on her outstretched hand;

For he filled the world and all around
With his ghastly form and deadly sound,

That echoed to heaven the cry of the drowned.
While away, far away in the ocean's deep bed,

The Seamew alone watched the home of the dead!

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

SERENA'S THREE TRIALS.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

In the days when little girls were brought up very differently from what they are now, and wore slips and aprons, and little round caps, there lived a pretty little child, named Serena. Her father was a widower, and his house was kept by his sister, a single lady of advanced years. At that time, as I have already said, children were brought up in a very different fashion from the present. This fashion was one of exceeding severity. They were kept at an immense distance, being compelled to curtsy whenever they entered or left the room where the elders of the family were seated; to remain silent until they were spoken to, and not even to sit in the presence of their parents, unless invited to do so.

Serena's father, though exceedingly fond and proud of his only daughter, was very arbitrary, what would be called tyrannical now-a-days; and her Aunt Penelope was still more repelling, having an idea that young people were continually in mischief.

One day, one of Serena's playmates gave her a fine new story-book, full of tales about little boys and girls. The back was gilt, and it had many pictures in it. But Serena cared very little for these; the tales were what she liked; and as it was the middle of summer, and the evenings were long and light, when she was sent to bed as usual at eight o'clock, she took her book with her. While she was still reading, she fell fast asleep, though she fancied she was awake all the time, and began to dream. She

thought she saw a little figure, hovering in the air above her pillow, dressed like Minerva, the warlike goddess, of whom she had often read in her mythology. This singular visitor had on her head a small bright helmet, with a white plume. Her breast-plate and shield were also very bright, and her tiny lance looked more like a ray of starlight than a weapon composed of any known metal. The remainder of her apparel consisted of a fine filmy material, so covered with glittering spangles, that the little girl's eyes ached as she gazed. The fairy visitant perched lightly on the book, that Serena still held in one dimpled hand, and the latter then saw that her beauty was equal to her magnificent appearance.

"My dear little girl," she began, in a voice of the sweetest music, "you have long been my favourite child." Serena wondered at this, for she had always believed herself to be her papa's child; but she did not venture to say a word. "I have often been near you in your infantine troubles," continued the fairy. "I have wiped away your tears when your naughty brother has spoiled your playthings, and through my aid you have been enabled to endure in silence Aunt Penelope's lengthy scoldings."

"I never knew that you were there," said Serena, regaining her courage as she looked upon the sweet countenance of her diminutive visitor. "If you please, Ma'am, what is your name?"

* The Mauthe Doog, according to the Legend well known in the Isle of Man, is a demon in the form of a shaggy, black spaniel, inhabiting Peel Castle, and by his howling along the shore indicating approaching disasters at sea.

"Good Temper," replied the fairy, a sparkling smile lighting up her whole face as with a sunbeam. "That is my name among mortals: by my kindred I am called Sophrosyne. Three severe trials await my darling Serena," she continued, "through which she will require all my aid to pass uninjured." The child moved uneasily in her slumber. "Fear nothing," said the vision. "To-morrow morning you will find upon your dressing-table a purple ribbon, embroidered with silver flowers: your dear mother worked it with her own hands, and I have breathed a magic spell upon it. Bind it next your young heart; it shall be a remembrancer in the hour of danger."

With these words the fairy slowly vanished, and Serena lost all consciousness. When the little girl awoke the next morning, she at first remembered nothing of what had passed; but as she lay quietly upon her bed, waiting until the maid should come to dress her, the rays of the early sun flashing full upon the ribbon on the dressing-table, recalled the vision of the night, and she hastened to bind on the magic cestus according to the fairy's directions.

"You are very early this morning, miss," said Susan, when she came in and found her young mistress half-dressed.

Aunt Penelope bustled in after her, and unfortunately spied the new book, which peeped from under the pillow. "You wicked little huzzy!" she exclaimed, looking angrily at Serena, "how dared you bring your book to bed? If you ever do so again, mind my words, you shall have a sound whipping for it!"

"Oh, aunt, please, *please* don't take away my new book! my beautiful new book that Patty Jones gave me," pleaded poor Serena, as her aunt ended a long lecture on the wickedness of reading in bed, by dropping the book into one of the capacious pockets that were then the fashion. But Mistress Penelope only drew herself up with a dignified air of astonishment at the unexpected remonstrance, and walked out of the room.

"Never mind the cross old maid," said Susan, an injudicious, warm-hearted young girl. "There's no peace in the house where she is!"

Sophrosyne, unseen, hovered in the air over her pretty charge, who was by this time weeping passionately, and sorrowfully watched the struggle going on in her little indignant heart. The magic ribbon strained and cracked, and three glittering beads escaped and dropped on to the floor. Serena startled, and the angry words remained unspoken. The fair brow cleared, and the contest was won. The guardian fairy, her task of the moment accomplished, triumphantly floated upwards, away to her ethereal home.

When Serena was dressed, she went down stairs, and entered the morning parlour with a low curtsy. Her father called her to him, and gave her his blessing, which she received on her bended knees; and so mild, and gentle, and pretty did she look, that the old knight actually took her in his arms and kissed her—a great

stretch of parental license in those times. When breakfast was over, and the knight had gone into the city, and Serena had sat down beside her aunt to mark a sampler, who should come in but their gossiping neighbour, Madame Westlow. After talking to Aunt Penelope for awhile, she turned to Serena. "I suppose this little miss is going to the entertainment at Madame Seisin's?"

"I do not know anything about it," said Aunt Penelope, looking severe. "Sir Gilbert and I do not approve of my niece's going out much."

"Nonsense, ma'am: young folks must have a little amusement. You know the proverb—'All work and no play, &c.' All the little misses and masters in the neighbourhood are to go. It is Master Ralph Seisin's birthday, and there is to be a hired fiddler, that the young people may dance and show off their steps. There comes the invitation," added the talkative lady, as a loud knock was heard at the hall-door.

And in fact up came John, the footman, with a note on a tray. When the note was opened, it was found to contain a summons in the language of the day, to a grand child's ball and party that day week, at Madame Seisin's.

While Mistress Penelope was yet reading it, Sir Gilbert came softly in, and looked over her shoulder. "What may that note be about, sister?" inquired he, as soon as he had paid his respects to Madame Westlow.

"Merely an invitation for my niece," replied Mistress Penelope. "I am doubtful about accepting it."

"Pooh! pooh! let her go," said the knight, who was in high good humour for some reason or other. "Young folks must have a little change; eh, Madame Westlow?"

Our young readers may readily imagine how gay and pleased Serena was now. She was to have a new pink silk slip or frock trimmed with real lace, and a little lace apron and cap; the latter of a round shape, decorated with artificial flowers. Then her pearl necklace and earrings were taken from their wrappings for the occasion, and a new pair of pink morocco shoes and a pink sash were bought.

But alas for the poor little girl's promised pleasure! On the very day of the ball the old knight, who, though kind-hearted at bottom, was both testy and capricious, experienced a sharp twinge of the gout; and when Aunt Penelope, in his hearing, bade her niece be ready by five, he turned impatiently round, and peremptorily ordered his little daughter to lay aside all her finery, and remain at home to wait upon him.

Now the knight knew very well that there was no occasion for this, and that he always preferred Aunt Penelope to be about him at such times; because she knew all his ways, and had a better method of handling the tortured limb than any one else. But the gout is a terrible disorder, and apt to render a man both unreasonable and selfish! Poor Serena's heart heaved, and the tears gushed up to her eyes, as

she thought of her pretty silk slip and its appendages. But again the magic belt made its presence known, though not so urgently as before. The flush subsided from the little girl's round cheek, the quivering from her rosy lip, and she sat quietly down on the footstool beside her father, and endeavoured to render herself useful.

But this trial, though happily less severe to the strengthened child, was of longer duration than the former one. Many times that evening, as Serena's efforts to please and comfort were met with rudeness and insult, had the girdle to renew its gentle warning. At length the little girl's trial was over, and she was permitted to go to bed, where she soon fell fast asleep. Immediately the fairy hovered round her pillow.

"Bravely, though sorrowfully, have you surmounted your second trial," she said, in her tiny musical voice. "A prize is awaiting your successful efforts; only be strong and patient. Let no disappointment, no vexation, cause your eye to flash with unlovely anger, or your tongue to utter language unbecoming a gentle, good-humoured little girl. Bind on again the magic ribbon, and remember!"

So saying, and holding up a delicate white finger tipped with pink, and about half an inch long, on which glittered something brighter than a diamond, the fairy floated upwards until her flight became lost to the view amid the moonbeams that shone right in at the old-fashioned casement.

Twice or thrice a week Serena received lessons from a drawing-master, who attended many families in the neighbourhood. It was now the time when each pupil was required to give in her best production, that they might be compared together, and a reward bestowed on the most successful. Serena's, which had been finished a week before, was a beautiful landscape; and as she had a great natural talent for drawing, and had been most persevering in cultivating it, she had well founded hopes of the prize: this was usually a handsome sketch-book, a case of pencils, or some other object belonging to the art. This time it was reported to be, by a favoured few, the most beautiful drawing-box that had ever been seen, with a palette, saucers to hold the colours, and everything to match. The day after the ball at Madame Seisin's was appointed for a meeting of the young competitors and their friends and relatives, in whose presence the worthy professor presented the prize to the successful candidate.

Serena and her aunt accordingly set off about noon, dressed in their best, and upon their arrival at the place of meeting, were conducted by the polite professor to one of the front benches. The drawings were all laid conspicuously out upon a table, and the examination commenced. What was Serena's chagrin to perceive that her beautiful drawing had been defaced by a succession of dabs with the pencil, that blurred it as if with mildew. She was about to speak out and disclaim it as her drawing; but she looked round upon the number assembled, most of

whom were strangers, and her courage failed. The prize was decreed to a tall, clever, but disagreeable looking girl; who, envying Serena for her beauty and popularity, had often sought to annoy her, and now cast a glance upon her full of spiteful exultation. That look raised a storm of indignation in the little girl's breast, and she was about to denounce her rival in no measured terms, when the girdle gave way, and a shower of spangles fell to the ground. The tumult was stilled. Serena went up to her rival with a pleasant smile, held out her hand, and said in her sweet, cheerful voice, "I congratulate you, Miss Thompson, on having won the prize. Your drawing is very beautiful."

There was a murmur of applause from the little crowd of pupils, for all knew how anxious and hopeful Serena had been about the prize; and the old professor, taking up her spoiled drawing, examined it minutely:—

"I am sure this is not Miss Serena's doing," he said. "She is not used to turn out untidy work like this. There has been foul play somewhere."

"Yes," said a little girl, rising hastily. She was the youngest child there; and the tall girl, who had remained unsubdued by Serena's magnanimous behaviour, frowned at her so tremendously that she sat down again as hastily as she had risen.

"Come forward, my dear," said the professor, who still stood with the blurred drawing in his hand, and observed what passed. "Have you anything to say? Speak fearlessly."

"When you allowed a few of us to come the other day with mamma to look at the drawings, replied the little girl, "she," pointing to Miss Thompson, "was doing something to Serena's drawing in a corner. I am sure she was."

"Can this be true?" said the professor in a severe tone.

Guilt was visibly portrayed in the tall girl's face, but she turned stubbornly away, and refused to answer.

"There can be little doubt how the case stands," said the professor. "However, as there is no positive proof, I fear we must let the matter remain as it is. Be assured, my dear," he continued, turning to Serena and taking her hand, "that ill-gotten gains profit no one. You are happier in your rectitude than your rival with her coveted drawing-box. In future," he added, "I admit no one to a private inspection of the drawings."

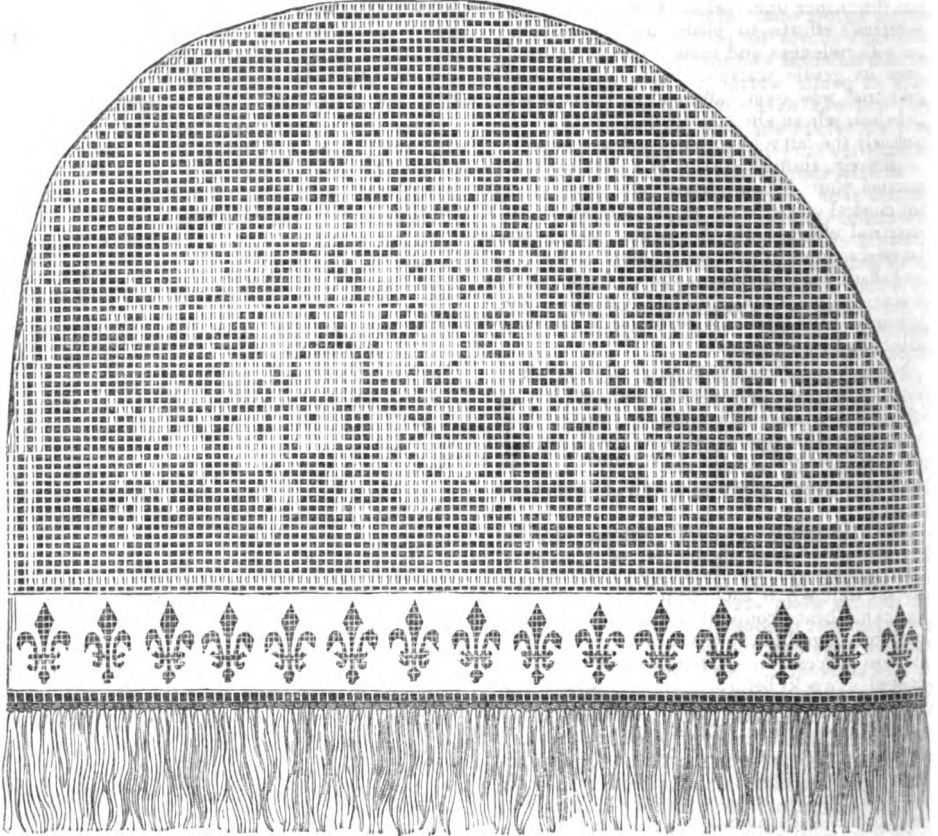
A wreath suddenly rested on Serena's head, a wreath composed of some unknown glittering material, and which shed a strange lustre over the little girl's countenance, increasing its natural beauty of expression. No one knew whence it came, but a solemn strain of music sounded through the hall, which appeared to shape itself into the following words:—

"Maiden, well done; the fairy prize is thine;
Henceforth thy brows with magic lustre shine;
Temper subdued improves the meanest face,
And e'en the loveliest borrows thence a grace."

THE WORK-TABLE.

ANTIMACASSAR FOR A SOFA.

MATERIALS.—6 Skeins of W. Evans and Co's. Boar's Head Cotton, No. 4; 1 ditto of No. 8; 50 rows of Turquoise-beads, No. 2; and Boulton and Sou's Crochet-hook, No. 16.



The style of these antimacassars is a very great improvement on the square ones which have hitherto been used. They are made double; that is, one half only is seen, and the back is either of crochet, or any other material that may be deemed suitable. Both sides are the same shape and size; and when the edges of the tops and sides are sewed together, they form a bag which is slipped over the arm of the sofa, or the back of a chair, and is not, like the old antimacassar, liable to be displaced with every movement of the head.

The border worked with beads, and trimmed with fringe, which is worked on the right side only, assists, by its weight, in keeping the antimacassar in its place.

All the open part is done in No. 4 cotton, in open square crochet. Begin immediately above the head border, by making a chain of 316 stitches, on which do one row of d c:

2nd row. A close square at each end, and all open between.

3rd row. 1 close, 1 open, all close but the last two, 1 open, 1 close.

The remainder may be worked from the engraving. When you begin to decrease at the sides, do so by making a slip-stitch on the 2nd d c of the last row. S c on the next stitch; and on the next stitch (which is the first of the second square) make a d c. Reverse the process for the end of a row, if it has to be decreased. If it is to be diminished two squares at the beginning, as is sometimes the case, make the slip-stitch on the *fifth* of the previous row.

FOR THE BORDER. Thread all the beads on the No. 8 cotton, and work on the *wrong* side of the foundation chain in a c, thus:

1st row. $\times$ 11 stitches in cotton, 1 with a bead, 9 cotton, $\times$ 15 times. Every pattern is to be repeated the same number of times in the

row. There is one stitch over at the end of every row.

2nd row. Like the 1st.

3rd row. $\times$ 10 cotton, 3 beads, 8 cotton, $\times$.

4th row. Like 3rd.

5th row. $\times$ 9 cotton, 5 beads, 7 cotton, $\times$.

6th row. Like 5th.

7th row. $\times$ 6 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton $\times$.

8th row. $\times$ 5 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, $\times$.

9th row. $\times$ 4 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton, $\times$.

10th row. $\times$ 4 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, $\times$.

11th row. $\times$ 5 cotton, * 1 bead, 2 cotton, * 4 times, 1 bead, 3 cotton, $\times$.

12th row. $\times$ 9 cotton, 1 bead, 1 cotton, 1 bead, 1 cotton, 1 bead, 7 cotton, $\times$.

13th row. $\times$ 7 cotton, * 1 bead, 1 cotton, * 4 times, 1 bead, 5 cotton, $\times$.

14th row. $\times$ 8 cotton, 7 beads, 6 cotton, $\times$.

15th row. Like 12th.

16th row. Like 13th.

17th row. $\times$ 8 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 6 cotton, $\times$.

18th row. $\times$ 10 cotton, 3 beads, 8 cotton, $\times$.

19th row. Like 18th.

20th row. $\times$ 11 cotton, 1 bead, 9 cotton, $\times$.

Turn the work on the *right* side, and do one row of d c; then one row of open square crochet, which finishes the border.

FOR THE FRINGE. Take a card five inches long, and wind over it twelve strands of No. 4 W. Evans and Co's. Boar's Head Cotton. Slip them off, having cut the thread from the reel, but without cutting the strands, and draw the loops sufficiently through one of the open squares at the edge of the border, to bring the other end of the loops through them. The loops should be drawn through from the right side to the wrong. Pull them quite tight, and cut the ends for fringe. **AGUILLETTE.**

EMBROIDERED, OR BRAIDED ANTIMACASSAR.

MATERIALS.—A yard and a quarter of book muslin; 4 knots of Russia mohair braid (for braiding), or a skein of Shetland wool (for embroidery). For either will also be required 12 skeins of Berlin wool, to match the braid or Shetland, and 6 skeins of white ditto.



The new and fashionable style of anti-macassar is so great an improvement on the old oblong form, that we are quite sure our readers will be pleased with it. The engraving represents one half of it only, as there is a *second* side for the back of the chair. The two pieces being joined together along the sides and top, the bag, thus formed, is passed over the top of a library or arm-chair; and not being liable to slip about with every motion of the head, is very much

more convenient than the old ones. Muslin antimacassars are usually braided with fine narrow mohair braid, of any colour that will harmonize with the draperies of the room; but if worked in chain-stitch, with fine Shetland wool, it is not much more trouble, and the effect is greatly improved.

The design is to be enlarged for the required size; or the patterns may be purchased ready marked. We give a monogram in the centre,

in preference to a simple group of flowers or scroll-work, to show the effect of initials prettily arranged, which we think will be generally preferred. The other side of the antimacassar may be worked or not, according to the taste. A row of chain-stitch should be worked over the join, if the rest of the antimacassar is done in the same style; if not, it may be braided. The end should be hemmed and finished with a border and fringe, netted in Berlin wool.

Begin with the coloured wool, making a sufficient number of stitches to extend across the width of the antimacassar, and work three or four

plain rows in the common stitch; then, with the white wool, do three stitches in every one, using a bone mesh for all this, half an inch wide; take a steel mesh, about No. 15, and do one row; then make a row with the bone mesh, of a stitch in every stitch, and another row, taking three stitches together.

These four rows may then be repeated in coloured wool; and after three plain rows, in white, a fringe of coloured wool, about four inches deep, is to be knitted on, or the fringe may be in colours, and white, mixed.

AIGUILLETTE.

LADY'S BRIDAL PURSE.

MATERIALS.—1 skein of soft stone-coloured netting-silk, 1 skein of pink ditto, 4 skeins of silver thread, No. 0. French garniture to correspond. If not required for a wedding purse, the following colours may be used:—Rich claret, instead of stone; light blue, instead of pink; and gold in lieu of silver. Tassels and cord to correspond. The silk must be of the same size as the metal thread.



With the pink silk make a chain of 120 stitches, and do one plain round of s c. Join on the stone silk.

1st pattern round. $\times$ 4 pink, 5 stone, 6 pink, 5 stone, 4 pink, $\times$ 5 times.

2nd. $\times$ 3 pink, 7 stone, 4 pink, 7 stone, 3 pink, $\times$ 5 times.

3rd. Join on the silver. $\times$ 1 silver, 4 pink, 5 stone, 4 pink, 5 stone, 4 pink, 1 silver, $\times$ 5 times.

4th. $\times$ 2 silver, 2 pink, 7 stone, 2 pink, 7 stone, 2 pink, 2 silver, $\times$ 5 times.

5th. $\times$ 2 silver, 2 pink, 1 stone, 4 pink, 2 stone, 2 pink, 2 stone, 4 pink, 1 stone, 2 pink, 2 silver, $\times$ 5 times.

6th. $\times$ 1 silver, 1 pink, 2 silver, 4 pink, 2 silver, 4 stone, 2 silver, 4 pink, 2 silver, 1 pink, 1 silver, $\times$ 5 times.

7th. $\times$ 1 stone, 4 silver, 2 pink, 4 silver, 2 stone, 4 silver, 2 pink, 4 silver, 1 stone, $\times$ 5 times.

8th. Like 7th.

9th. Like 6th.

10th. Like 5th.

11th. Like 4th.

12th. Like 3rd.

13th. Like 2nd.

14th. Like 1st.

Do two rounds of pink only; then two of silver only; after which, fasten on the stone, and work the open part, thus:

1st. $\times$ 4 s c, 4 ch, miss 4 $\times$; repeat all round.

2nd. $\times$ 4 s c, beginning on the 2nd s c, and ending on the first chain, 4 ch, $\times$ repeat.

3rd, 4th, and 5th. Like 2nd. Change to the silver; and do two rounds with it in the same manner. Then two rounds with pink, then two more silver, and end with five rounds of stone-colour, all done in the same way as the 2nd.

The next round is done with the stone thus: $\times$ 1 d c, 1 ch, miss 1, $\times$ all round.

2nd to 6th. (All stone). $\times$ d c under ch, 1 ch, miss 1, $\times$ all round.

The lace round the top is done as follows:

1st round. (Worked on the third from the top with the pink). $\times$ 5 d c on one stitch, 1 ch, miss five, $\times$ repeat.

2nd. S c on every stitch of the last round with the silver.

3rd. (Stone). $\times$ 5 ch over the centre of the last five, 1 ch, $\times$ all round.

4th. Like 2nd.

This completes the top. Now, on the original chain, do two rounds of s c with the silver thread. Then, with the stone silk, repeat the open work from the first round to the fifth; do two rounds in the same way with silver, two with pink, and two more silver.

1st decreasing round. (Stone). × s c on 2nd s c, miss 1, s c on next, and on one chain, 4 ch, × repeat all round.

2nd. × 3 s c, beginning on the 2nd, 3 ch ×, repeat all round.

3rd. Like 2nd.

4th. × 3 s c, beginning on the 2nd, 2 ch, × repeat all round.

5th. × s c on 2nd s c, miss 3rd, s c on 1st ch, 2 ch ×, repeat all round.

6th. (Silver). × 2 s c, beginning on 2nd, 2 ch, × repeat all round.

7th. × 2 s c, beginning on the 2nd, 1 ch, × repeat all round.

8th. (Pink). × 1 s c on the 2nd s c, 1 ch, × all round.

9th. S c all round, decreasing one-third. Do one more round of pink, decreasing to eight stitches, which sew up when the tassel is put on.

Cord is run in the top of the purse, the joining of the ends being concealed by small bullion slides; and a tassel like that at the bottom, but smaller, at each side of the purse, is a great improvement to it.

It is essential that the silk and metal thread should be all *fine*, and the latter pure. That which we have from Paris is far superior to any made in England, and the tassels and slides are only to be had at those shops that procure them direct from the Continent. For some inexplicable reason, no English workman can make them.

AIGUILLETTE.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

(AN AMERICAN SKETCH.)

All who have lived in the world long enough to attain any degree of maturity; long enough to lay plans, and found expectations and hopes upon these plans, have learned by experience that disappointment, in a greater or less degree, is the lot of all. It is true, there is a vast difference in the fortunes of mankind; for, while some are in the main successful, and experience vexations in the less important affairs of life only, others seem born to be, as Shakspeare expresses it, "the footballs of fortune," tossed to and fro continually. And not only is there a difference in the amount of misfortune which they are doomed to contend with, but there is also a great difference in the effect which disappointment produces upon different minds. Some sink paralyzed under its power, and remit all effort; while it only rouses others to more active exertions, seeming to create new energies to meet new emergencies. These remarks, however, apply more particularly to the disappointments of active life; and, as such, fall of course mostly upon men: the disappointments of the gentler sex are more frequently those of the affections, and therefore less apparent to observation and discussion, but perhaps not less difficult to bear on that account. Indeed, the very necessity which exists with all delicate minds for concealing such sorrows as far as possible, only adds to their poignancy. Disappointments of this kind are not unfrequent in the early life of woman, and their effects upon her are also various. With some it is a mere wounding of vanity and womanly sensibility, which is of course but a temporary grief; while with others it is the destruction of hopes long cherished and dear, the rending of which is like uprooting the foundations of life itself. But let not my unpractised pen stray upon that ground which has been consecrated by the immortal author of the "Sketch Book." Besides, it is not of "broken hearts" that I wish to write; but the object of my humble tale is to show that such disappointments, even in hearts of exquisite delicacy and sensibility, may not only be often overcome, but that, like much of the discipline

sent by our kind heavenly Father, they may in the end prove to have been "blessings in disguise."

"Mary, my dear; had you a pleasant party last night?" asked Mrs. Benson of her daughter as the two sat sipping their coffee at the breakfast-table, which was spread—not, gentle reader, in some luxurious boudoir, into which the morning light streamed through silken curtains, after the manner of most romances—but in the neat and comfortable, but by no means magnificent back parlour of Mrs. Benson's modest mansion on ——— Street, in a city which shall be nameless.

"Oh yes, Mamma, a delightful one," answered Mary, with much animation; and, as she looked up and met her mother's eye, she unconsciously blushed. This blush did not escape Mrs. Benson's attention; for, though Mary possessed one of those transparent complexions through which the "eloquent blood" delights to speak, she was not in the habit of blushing entirely without cause. Her mother, as we have said, noticed the blush, but made no comment, though she mused for a few moments. At length she said—

"Were there any strangers present?"

"Yes, Mamma;" and she blushed again. "Miss Crawford and her brother, besides some others, whose names I do not recollect."

"And who are Mr. and Miss Crawford?"

"Oh! she is a very pretty young lady, and he—yes, he," added Mary, stammering a little, "is quite handsome too. They are, I believe, the son and daughter of a wealthy gentleman who has just come into the city to reside. At present they are staying at the ——— Hotel, but they have taken one of those fine houses on ——— Street for a residence; and when they get settled, Mamma," continued Mary, "I wish you would persuade Aunt Lucy to go with you and call on Mrs. Crawford. They seem to be very pleasant people."

"I will think of it," said the mother; and here the conversation dropped; which was very well, as it affords us a desirable opportunity to

introduce our heroine (for such, in a limited sense of the word, we intend Mary to be) to the acquaintance of our readers.

Mary Benson was the only child of a lawyer, who died in the prime of manhood, about six years before the commencement of our story, and when Mary was twelve years of age. Mr. Benson was a man of superior abilities, well cultivated, and, had he lived, would doubtless have acquired both fame and fortune; but, dying before his talents became generally known, or his professional practice very extensive, and, like many men of fine minds, possessing no peculiar faculty for acquiring property, he at his death left his family comparatively poor. The house in which they lived, and a sum of money loaned on good security, the income of which was merely sufficient for their comfortable support, were all they possessed. However, being connected with many families of wealth and influence, Mary and her mother had access to more aristocratic society, as it is generally termed, and occupied a higher position in social life than their limited fortune would otherwise have entitled them to; for in our republican country, where people profess to repudiate all aristocracy, the aristocracy of money often obtains the high places of social life.

Months rolled on. Mrs. Benson and Aunt Lucy (one of Mrs. Benson's fashionable sisters) had called upon Mrs. Crawford, as Mary requested. The call was returned, and succeeded by numerous other calls, visits, &c. In short, the two families had become very intimate, and the young people were almost inseparable. As for Edward Crawford, the marked attentions which he had shown Mary the first time they met, and which, as we have seen, caused her to blush at the mention of his name, had been continued to the present time. If there was a concert or public lecture of any kind, he expected to accompany her as much as he did his sister; and from all evening parties, to which she often went without her mother, who was an habitual invalid, he seemed to establish his right to escort her as a matter of course. Many were the expressive glances, the significant words, and the stolen pressures of the hand, which seemed to declare as plainly as language could have done, his passion and his intentions. Therefore, though he had never spoken of marriage, all looked upon it as a settled thing, and supposed a declaration would come in due time. Meanwhile, our gentle Mary—for gentle and good she truly was, as well as highly gifted and beautiful—had suffered her affections to become strongly fixed upon him. She saw him handsome, intelligent, and highly polished; she believed him to be all that was manly, generous, and noble. Regarding him as her affianced husband, she loved him fondly, and looked forward to the future with unsuspecting confidence and joy. It was during this state of things that Mrs. Benson and Mary left the city on a summer excursion for three or four weeks. The morning after their return, and just a year from the first introduction of the parties to our

readers, the mother and daughter were again seated, at about the same hour of the day, at the breakfast-table, in the same room. Again Mrs. Benson asked the question which she asked before.

"Mary, had you a pleasant party last evening?"

And again her daughter replied as she had done before—"Yes, Mamma."

But though the words were the same, the meaning seemed totally different. There was a hesitancy about Mary's manner which contrasted strongly with the alacrity with which she had spoken a year before, though she blushed as she had done at that time. Something was wrong, thought the mother, but she said nothing. After a few moments, Mary added—

"There were some strangers there, Mamma. At least they were strangers to me, though a good many in the company seemed to know them—Mr. and Mrs. Downe, with their daughter."

"Oh yes," rejoined Mrs. Benson, "that is the family of whom Mrs. Forbes was speaking when she called here yesterday. They came into town while we were absent, and live next door to her. They are said to be immensely rich."

"I dare say they are; certainly they have all the airs which vulgar people are apt to assume," said Mary with a petulance very unusual to her amiable and even temper.

Again her mother thought something had gone wrong, but she did not speak. That evening it rained, and it had been Edward's almost invariable custom, for a long time, to spend the rainy evenings at Mrs. Benson's, as he knew that Mary seldom went out on such occasions; but that evening he did not come. Mary seemed ill at ease, though she tried to sew and converse in her usual manner. Once or twice the door-bell rang, and she looked up with a flushed face and an agitated manner, evidently hoping to see him enter; but it was only a servant with a note or message, and her hopes died away. Reader, the faithless Edward spent that evening at Mr. Downe's, playing the agreeable to Julia with as gay an air as he had ever worn. But we must go back a little to explain this change in the young man.

During the absence of Mrs. Benson and Mary, as has before been mentioned, Mr. Downe had come with his large family into the city, and taken up his residence not far from Mr. Crawford's. As report had said that he was "immensely rich," and as his family had all the appliances of wealth around them, their neighbours lost no time in making their acquaintance, and showering civilities upon them. Amid the straight-laced decorum and formality of society in our larger towns a poor family may remain unnoticed for ever; but even in this stagnant life, the coming of persons of unusual wealth creates a sensation: such is the power of money. Of course Mr. Crawford's family were not behind their neighbours in making the acquaintance of the new comers, and the young people

were soon thrown much together. Julia Downe was a handsome girl—almost as handsome as Mary Benson—though infinitely her inferior in talent, education, and amiability; and it was not long before Edward detected himself in some such train of thought as the following: “Julia is a fine-looking girl, quite as handsome as Mary, though certainly not quite so prepossessing; but then her fortune! I do really wish that Mary had a little more money. To be sure my father will give me something of a fortune, but not enough to support a family without the aid of my profession—and, to tell the plain truth to myself, I do hate my profession. (He might have added that he hated exertion of every kind.) Now if Mary had a fortune to unite with mine, I might live a life of ease and pleasure.”

It was not long before this train of thought suggested the following: “Why cannot I marry Julia? I am really under no engagement of marriage to Mary.” But here his conscience, though not very sensitive, gave him a little twinge, for he knew that in honour and justice he was as much bound to her as if a spoken, or even a written engagement, had been exchanged between them. Besides, he was attached to Mary; but, unhappily, still more fond of ease and money. However, when he had proceeded as far as this with his self-communings, it did not take him a very long time to overcome all his scruples, both of conscience and affection, and resolve to retrace his steps with the greatest possible haste. During this time it may seem strange that, weak and unprincipled as he showed himself to be, he did not experience any anxiety with regard to the effect which his desertion might have upon Mary. But this seems to be an error into which men of his stamp naturally fall. They judge of other hearts by their own, and consequently believe that all the tender emotions are weak, and of course easily effaced.

As we have said, Edward had resolved to transfer his attentions, not to say affections, to Julia; and the absence of Mary enabled him to set about it with less awkwardness than he could otherwise have done. Before the return of the latter, he had made such progress in wooing that any attempts to recede would have been met by a prompt demand for explanation on the part of Mr. Downe; for, unlike poor Mary, Julia had a father to maintain and defend her rights.

When Mary, who was quite unconscious of the change in her prospects, returned home with her mother, it seemed a little surprising that Edward did not come to welcome her; and when the day passed without his appearance, she began to conjecture that he was out of town. That evening she attended the party, an invitation to which she found awaiting her return; and the first object which greeted her eyes, on entering the handsomely lighted parlours, was her truant lover, seated on a sofa beside a splendidly dressed young lady, a stranger to her, with whom he was carrying on an animated conversation. When he saw Mary he coloured

and looked a little confused in spite of himself, but bowed and smiled, without speaking or endeavouring to approach her. She, poor girl, was shocked; and, having less self-possession than he, could not so well conceal her feelings. She turned pale and, for a moment, seemed as if about to faint; but, recovering herself by a great effort, she followed her hostess to another part of the room, and found a seat. It was a trying evening. Edward never once came near her; and she could not help seeing, or fancying, that many in the room were watching her countenance with a curiosity not very far removed from impertinence. When, after an hour or two, she was, by change of places, brought beside Miss Downe, and introduced, that young lady, having received a hint that Mary had once been a rival, and perhaps fearing that she might, by bare possibility, become so again, treated her with all the coolness and contempt which a person making any pretensions to good breeding could exhibit. The party at length broke up, and Mary was escorted home by one of her young cousins and his sister, and retired to her chamber, to shed, we must confess, some bitter tears of disappointment and regret.

The events of the next day we have already recorded. From that time, Edward came no more to Mrs. Benson's, and Mary, who grew pale and pensive, and seemed to have lost her relish for society, but seldom went out. In the presence of her mother she made a great effort to appear natural and at ease; but it was only too evident to the penetrating eye of parental affection that she suffered deeply, though uncomplainingly. Meanwhile, no word or comment on the transaction had been exchanged between the mother and daughter. Mrs. Benson felt an unwillingness to allude to a subject from which Mary obviously shrank. One day, however, a young lady called, and gave a most animated account of a party which she had attended, the evening before, at Mr. Downe's. The rooms were so brilliant, Julia's dress so becoming, and Mr. Crawford so devoted in his attentions, that everybody remarked it. She maliciously added that people thought they would soon be married; and, having given all this pleasant intelligence, and talked herself out of breath, took her leave. Mary, who had found it very difficult to control her feelings, the moment she was gone threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. Mrs. Benson could no longer refrain from speaking. She drew a chair beside her daughter, and, taking her hand in her own, waited in silence till she became more composed. She then addressed her:—

“My dear child, I have too long delayed speaking to you on a subject which has been much in my thoughts, as well as your own. I have some time seen that you are unhappy, but a kind of morbid delicacy has prevented my alluding to it. You, and I must confess I also, are disappointed in the conduct of Edward Crawford. You, probably, and certainly not without reason, looked upon him as your future husband, and permitted yourself to become

strongly attached to him. Now, without any justifiable cause, you find yourself neglected, and apparently forgotten, and you suffer cruelly. My disappointment is of a different kind. I am not so much affected by the breaking off of the connection as I am by the change in the man; or rather by finding myself so much deceived in my estimate of him. I looked upon him as a man of *one* character; he proves to be of a totally different one. It is this view of the subject, my dear Mary," continued she, "which I hope may enable you to overcome your regret. In giving your affections to Edward, you gave them to one whom you believed to be not only gifted and pleasing in a high degree, as he certainly is, but, what is far more essential, a man of honourable feelings and fixed principles. This he has not proved to be, but quite the reverse; since to nothing but the most sordid and mercenary feelings can I attribute the change in him. Learn, then, to regard him in this, the true light, instead of investing him with all the perfections in which your youthful fancy had arrayed him, and you will soon cease to regret the loss of one whom you have ceased to respect. There is another view of the subject," added the judicious parent, "which I wish to present to you; for, though we should be governed by higher motives than the opinions of those around us, yet these should have their proper influence. You can easily see that your manners and appearance are the subject of observation, and probably of remark. You must learn, then, to exercise such a degree of self-control as shall preserve the respect of others, as well as your own self-esteem; and in order to do this you must try to feel differently; for, with one so ingenuous and unpractised as you are, the manners must necessarily be influenced by the feelings. Were it practicable, I would leave town with you for a time, to give you the aid of change of scene: but, as we have recently returned, we could not go again without exciting suspicions of our reasons: besides, I have confidence in you that your own mental firmness and dignity will be all that are necessary. I shall not mention this subject again," continued Mrs. Benson, rising, "but remember that, whatever may be your sufferings, I must sympathize most acutely:" and, kissing her daughter, she left the apartment.

From this time there was a perceptible change in Mary. She no longer drooped and grieved in silence, but exerted herself to banish painful

recollections by interesting herself in what was passing around her. She read, she walked, she busied herself with her needle; and, when inclined to despondency, cheered herself and her mother by a tune on the piano. For a time she wisely avoided general society, lest she should meet Edward and his now betrothed, and all her painful associations be revived. By this course of mental discipline and effort, she obtained such mastery of her feelings as to be enabled to control herself perfectly, and gradually her thoughts ceased to revert to the subject at all; so that, when she heard of the marriage, which took place in about three months, it was almost with indifference; and when, after their return from the bridal tour, she met the newly-married pair (for she had begun to mingle again in the world), it was with unaffected dignity and composure.

As for Edward, he was not a little disappointed, as the reader may suppose, when his father-in-law, after the marriage, handed him a check for five thousand dollars, hinting that this was all he must expect, "as there were so many younger ones to provide for; and the truth was, he was not nearly so rich as people supposed."

Poor Edward! it seemed likely that he might be obliged to have recourse to his profession, after all; especially as his wife replied, on his making some economical suggestions, that she expected to be supported in the style to which she had always been accustomed, having married a rich man on purpose. He took a fine house; but, as it was in a different part of the city from that in which Mrs. Benson and Mary lived, they seldom met.

Four years passed away, and Edward Crawford, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, produced by his own indolence and his wife's extravagance, was one evening pacing his parlour with a moody brow. His wife, seated by the centre table, read the evening paper. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Listen, Edward! 'Married, this morning, at church, by the Right Rev. Bishop ———, Hon. Henry Seymour, Member of Congress elect, to Miss Mary Benson, only daughter of Mrs. Ellen Benson, of this city.' Henry Seymour!" added Mrs. Crawford; "why he is as rich as a Jew!" Then, turning to her husband, she said, maliciously, "She has done as well as if she had married you."

His only reply was to snatch his hat and leave the room, closing the door behind him with a *bang*.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S-INN ROAD.

Our attention has lately been especially directed to this noble institution, which differs in one important respect from the perhaps more famous Hospitals, which raise their lofty walls and spacious domes in so many quarters of the metropolis—monuments of the munificence of its denizens, but alas, also of their sufferings and necessities. These, we believe—except in

the case of accidents—only receive patients who bring letters of recommendation; whereas the Free Hospital, on the true Samaritan principle, opens its door to suffering destitution, this awful condition being itself the only voucher required. The hearty, the robust, they of strong frame and iron nerve—the few whom sickness or sorrow has never shattered, are to be pitifully

forgiven if they sometimes turn a deaf ear to the appeals for aid in afflictions with which they have little sympathy; but what shall we say to them, who knowing or remembering the rack of pain, even when stretched on the soft, warm, home bed, with some gentle affectionate friend nurse to smooth the pillow, and beguile the hours with cheerful words; when there is no anxious thought for the morrow's troubles; and when the fee'd physician seems like the oracle of hope—what shall we say of those who, having the means, have not the will to assuage the pangs of the Sick Destitute!

It is only a half, or rather a quarter truth to say, that money will not purchase health. Certainly, in an undisciplined and short-seeing nature its possession may lead to excesses which undermine the constitution, and luxury will always have its drawbacks; but it would be a very agonizing page of statistics could there be shown the amount of disease which proceeds from want of proper food, clothing, and shelter; from over and too early toil; from the ignorance of physical laws inseparable from the poor neglected masses of our great towns; and the sickness which is perhaps scarcely more remotely to be traced to the mental distress of the poor and struggling. Surely it is a duty of those whom Providence has so mercifully lifted above such conditions of trouble and temptation to give freely, not to the importunate beggar who nine times out of ten is a rogue and a cheat, but to the noble charities whose organization forbids imposture. We confess that we know few of these charities with which our sympathies go more strongly than with the Free Hospital, which was first projected from the following circumstance:—

“In the winter of 1827, a wretched female, under eighteen years of age, was seen lying on the steps of St. Andrew's Church-yard, Holborn Hill, after midnight, actually perishing through disease and famine. She was a total stranger in London, without a friend, and died two days afterwards, unrecognized by any human being. This distressing event being witnessed by Mr. William Marsden, Surgeon, who had repeatedly been struck with the difficulty and danger arising to the Sick Poor, from the system of requiring letters of recommendation before admis-

sion to the Public Hospitals, and of having only appointed days for admission; he at once determined to set about founding a Medical Charity, in which *destitution and disease* should alone be the passport for obtaining *free and instant relief*. On this principle the *Free Hospital* was established in Greville Street, Hatton Garden, under the name of ‘The London General Institution for the Gratuitous Cure of Malignant Diseases,’ and opened to the public on the 28th of February, 1828. Through the influence of the late Sir Robert Peel, the Patronage of King George the Fourth was conceded to it; and, the following year, the Duke of Gloucester became the President. Under the countenance and support of many noble and distinguished personages, as well as private individuals, of the Corporation of London, and other public bodies, its means and utility went on increasing, in a corresponding degree, till 1832, when that alarming and destructive scourge, Malignant Cholera, appeared in London, and when, in order to carry out the great principle of the Charity, the Governors at once threw open the doors of the Hospital to all persons afflicted with that dreadful malady, notwithstanding the other Hospitals had *closed theirs* against them. Upwards of *seven hundred* Cholera Patients were consequently admitted. In the year 1849, when that awful epidemic again visited the metropolis, more than *three thousand* were, upon the same principle, relieved by the Royal Free Hospital.”

Within the last few years this hospital has received from its Patroness, our munificent Queen, the title of Royal, and has increased in usefulness and prosperity. We have authority for stating, that its finances never were so flourishing as at present; but this very circumstance renders the indefatigable committee more than ever anxious to enlarge their sphere of activity by completing another Ward. In conclusion we will observe, that since its establishment the Royal Free Hospital has relieved no fewer than Three Hundred Thousand Patients; and that in the year 1851 alone, the total number relieved were 30,929, of whom 906 were “totally destitute persons admitted into the Wards, of whom 40 died, and 866 were discharged cured.” And yet—a stern proof of the need of such a Hospital—the cry still is for more funds and more space.

THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. G. SYDNEY DAVIES.

The Voices of the Past! how like
Sweet solemn music do they fill
The heart's lone depth! Strange chords they
strike,

That through our inmost being thrill;
Making a harmony that hath no end,
And doth for ever with the Present blend.

The Voices of the Past are here!

That from the shadow land arise,
Telling in accents soft and clear

Of human hopes and destinies.
They come and pass, as doth the summer cloud,
Folded in sunshine as a golden shroud.

The Voices of the Past! they sound

Glad childish laughter in our ears,
Bringing back joyous tones, that found
Too soon, alas! the need of tears.

Where are ye now, ye happy ones? ah! where?
Earth holds ye not—ye were too bright, too fair.

The Voices of the Past! ye twine

Around the things that *are*, and cling
With loving energy, with power divine
To waken thoughts all glad, and bring
Joy to the stricken heart, as when of old
Youth had no sorrowing memories to unfold.

The Voices of the Past! not all

Are gladsome in their by-gone tone:
Some with a sighing whisper fall
Upon the spirit, sad and lone,

R

Evoking spectres that tell not of joy,
But with deep harrowing memories, destroy.

Others, like winged angels wait
Around us with a guarding voice,
Shielding what might be hapless fate,
And bidding hopeless hearts rejoice;
The Future borrowing the pallid light
Of Memory's Past—Day growing out of Night!

Oh! be ye evermore *glad* sounds,
To waken Hope within the heart—
The sweetness breathing from the wounds
Of broken flowers, the echoed part
Of long-remembered melodies, whose power
Hallows the Past, and soothes the Present hour.

WHIMSIES.

BY E. C. W.

ON A CERTAIN LADY.

Melissa lavishly bestows:
She daily gives, 'tis said,
To Frisk, her lap-dog, kicks and blows,
And warning to her maid.
She is all generosity—
Her spouse her kindness shares;
She gives him—cause for jealousy,
And gives herself—great airs!

OIL AND TOIL.

"So late, yet working still, good Dick? Yours is a
life of toil:
It troubles me to see you thus burning the 'mid-
night oil.'"
"We don't use that," said Dick (an urchin better
fed than taught),
"For Master never buys no oil but this here
common sort!"

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Why does Kate sneer at lovers' bliss?
Was her gallant a bad one?"
"No, bless your heart! The reason's this—
Because she never had one."

EPIGRAM.

My Aunt seems surprised that old Carlo and Puss
Should keep up the din of perpetual strife:
But why does she wonder? Why make such a fuss?
Theirs *must*, it is plain, be a cat and dog life!

THE DAMSEL OUTWITTED.

"Although I said 'No,' when you ask'd me to wed,
I thought my real wishes you surely would guess;
And dreamt not you'd thus by a word be misled—
My eyes, had you look'd in them, Arthur, and
'Yes.'"

"No, Kate, that won't do: you shan't make me a
fool,
Though sweet be the lips whence your blandishments
flow.

If 'No' had the meaning of 'Yes' in the school
In which you were taught, by the very same rule,
Your present affirmative signifies 'No.'"

THE KING AND THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

A monarch to an humble maid
Confess'd an ardent flame
(Her dad a tailor was by trade,
Jeannetta was her name).

This king himself a tailor's boy
Should properly have been,
Seeing his heart was *cor-du-roy*,
And wholly set on *Jean*!

MUSICAL TASTE AND MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

(From the Musical World.)

Although the two subjects which head this article are essentially distinct, they are, at the same time, so closely allied, that we have resolved to discuss them in company. To give out that we intend to employ our pen on these oft-debated themes, is at once to sound the *tocsin* of war and controversy. However, we do not fear a little wholesome discussion. We would court it rather than otherwise, because we believe that the more such subjects are investigated, the sooner will the vexed questions be set at rest. Hardly any two writers agree in their definitions of taste and expression. Each seems to have a theory of his own, and almost all carry with them an air of plausibility and a show of reason. Let us try to account for this strange contrariety of opinion, more especially as it regards taste. It is quite true that with many the seeming difference of opinion is a mere strife about words, and that in others the difference is caused by viewing the subject in various aspects; but the chief cause of all this

contradiction is, that we try to accomplish too much in our definitions, and thus push the matter too far. In our extreme anxiety we want a definition that will suit all minds and all time. This can never be while man is capable of progress or retrogression. We should remember that mental science has its limits, and that there are domains into which it cannot safely be carried. That, certainly, is the best definition which comes nearest to absolute and abstract truth. Our life here is one continued and restless yearning after the perfect and the true. We can and do approximate nearer and nearer to perfection, but we can never wholly arrive at it. For this reason our standard of taste must move as we move, and shift as we shift. When human nature in its infirmity sinks, the standard of musical taste must sink with it; and when human nature rises towards the perfect and the true, the standard of taste will be elevated. A sentence or two on the condition of the world and its history will be sufficient to show that we

never can have a standard of taste perfect and unchangeable. What is considered good taste in one country is not so viewed in another country. The leading nations of Europe all differ from each other in this matter. Hence we have French taste, Italian taste, and English taste. Again, each particular nation is found to differ with itself when different periods of its history are compared together. The taste of a nation in the seventeenth century is very different from that same nation's taste as displayed in the fifteenth century; and what was considered to be in good taste in the opening of the eighteenth century, will hardly pass muster in the middle of the nineteenth.

We have said enough to show that, because man is a being constantly progressing towards perfection or receding from it, as the case may be, his standard of taste must always fluctuate. The fair and beautiful ideal of absolute perfection is deep concealed in the bosom of eternal truth, and will not be revealed to us in this incipient and earthly stage of our deathless being.

Musical taste may be defined as being that capacity by which we select the best in music, according to the most approved standard of the age in which we live. It may be further amplified and particularised into place, capacity, and occasion. What would be in perfect taste at one time, would be in bad keeping at another. How melancholy and chilling the silence that pervades the family circle when some beloved member of it has recently been removed by death. It is always hard work and harrowing to the feelings to sit down to music for the first time after such painful visitations; for those we loved, alas! are no longer at our side. The first gloomy sounds of the long-neglected instrument, as they sorrowfully respond to the trembling touch, tell strangely on the bereaved heart. The dashing song and the jovial hunting air might be correctly performed, but at such an hour of sadness their performance would be shocking to the taste and martyrdom to the feelings. Some deep-toned and solemn strain, that breathes a pious resignation, and helps the soul to shake the tears of misery from off her weary wings, would alone be suitable for the first music after the loss of a friend. Good taste will sometimes require us to laugh, but it will also sometimes lead us to be very, very sad. When we are called on to worship God, good taste will demand that all musical ornament connected with his praise shall be chastened by the severest criticism. Anything light and sparkling ill becomes the holy exercise. Only that music is most suitable for public worship which best enables us to express the trembling adoration, the joyful reverence, and the humble love, with which we ought ever to appear before the Maker of us all. Good taste will never lead us to play a beautiful symphony or fantasia to a listening rustic. Would we give him pleasure, we must touch his soul with those simple melodies of the olden time—something which he can imitate, and by which he can

arouse the echoes of his native vale as he whistles at the plough. In all musical matters, good taste will require us to regard the conscientious scruples of those with whom we may be brought in contact at our social assemblies. A well-bred person will never sing or play anything that will, on the score of conscience, give pain to those who listen, when the ends of social enjoyment can be equally well secured by the performance of something else. As we are now viewing musical taste in reference to miscellaneous topics, we may as well adduce and censure a certain practice to which some musical young people are strangely addicted. If the parties to whom we now refer happen to be acquainted with some particular incident in a person's life, they will, if possible, contrive to sing something bearing upon that incident—yes, they will do it in the very presence of the unfortunate person; and all this for the demon-joy of giving pain. Let such a thing be far from us. There is sorrow enough in this world—it needs no malicious increase. The brutal practice which we here condemn is at the furthest possible remove from anything like taste. It is cruel in *extremis*. We observed that good taste must also be viewed in its relation to capacity; and here we must expose the folly of persons attempting that in music which is beyond their reach. Many a fine voice is lost in trying to execute music unsuited to its quality and register, and many a performer is put down for a very poor player, simply because he obstinately and ambitiously attempts those pieces which do not lie within the latitude of his capacity. Let people well ascertain what their powers really are; and having done so, let them confine themselves to the sphere for which nature made them, and they will be almost sure to shine. There is plenty of music within the reach of ordinary ability, and plenty of songs for every kind of voice. We are not at liberty to be romantic in a grave article like this, or else we would say—hie away to the woods, and let the thrush keep to his *alto*, the nightingale to his warble, and the lark to his song. Every bird to his own note the round world round.

It is a law alike of nature and revelation that for everything under the sun there is a place and season, and that individual's taste is vitiated to the last degree who can neglect or proscribe this immutable canon of universal being.

We now proceed to make a few observations on musical expression. Some have said that to execute music with a strict regard to its ornaments, and the signs of expression employed by composers, is *expression* itself. We beg to differ from this. A performer may study and master these things, and yet want expression in his execution. The electric telegraph may be worked according to the most approved rules, but if there be no electricity on the wires, it will be all in vain. Musical expression is something more than mechanism. It is the pouring forth of the soul through the medium of musical sound—the electric fluid on the wire. Some music is in itself infinitely better than other

and the heart of one audience is more easy or more difficult to reach than another; but with these exceptions, there is very little passion or feeling in music, save what the performer himself puts into it. A man without deep feeling and strong passion can never be either a great orator or a great musical performer. Musical expression is the fire and metal of the steed; musical taste is the hand that holds the reins, and guides the chariot on its living, fiery way. The one is the channel, the other the stream. The one is the precious gem, the other is the polishing hand of the lapidary. Setting aside the difference which must result from the ever-varying state of the human feelings, we have often been struck with the different impression which two performers will produce by the exe-

cution of the same piece. Such inspired persons as Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Goddard (we mean no flattery to the pretty lady), with their perfect command of abundant feeling, and good taste to deal out that feeling, can accomplish anything they choose in the way of refined musical effect. In contrast with this, let us put the case of some worn out provincial music teacher, who long since lost both in the jar and discord with which the poor fellow has been stunned for the last fifty years. He sits down to execute a composition which has made men feel and weep a thousand times, but the impression he makes is the reverse of pleasing. There is no flow of soul; all is dead: it is repulsive, and while the heart sickens, we feel that a machine or skeleton could play as well.

AURELIAN.

DIVINATION.

"The passion for prying into futurity," says a writer on this subject, "has been frequently noticed as forming a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations." And it may be some entertainment to trace its remains among ourselves, as well as in other countries. We give those superstitions which are the least known. The following is a Scottish custom:

DIVINATION BY STONES.

In Perthshire, on All Saints' Eve, they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected into the form of a circle. A stone is then put in near the edge of the circle for every person who desires to know his fate. Whatever stone is found moved out of its place on the following morning, the person represented by that stone is considered devoted, or *fey*; and it is supposed that they will not live twelve months from that day. In more ancient times it was the custom, in addition to this practice, to receive from the Druid priests on the following morning the consecrated fire, the virtues of which were presumed to continue for a year.

DIVINATION BY FLOWERS.

A singular custom is still observed in the village of Sutton Bangor, in Wiltshire. When two young people become attached to each other, their friends take two plants, the buds of which have not yet opened. These are placed together by themselves, the names of the parties represented by the plants being attached to their stems. They are then left in solitude and secrecy, watched only by the friends who are interested in their ominous growth. If after ten days one plant twines the other, it is settled as a match. If any flower-bell turns a contrary way,

it indicates a want of affection. If any flower droops low on its stalk, sickness is indicated. If any flower withers, it denotes the party's approaching death.

DIVINATION BY GEMS.

This is a Polish superstition. Each month has a peculiar gem assigned to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born during that month. It is customary among friends, and lovers particularly, to present each other, on their birthdays, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with its appropriate wish.

JANUARY: *Jacinth*, or *Garnet*, denotes constancy and fidelity.

FEBRUARY: *Amethyst*, ensures peace of mind.

MARCH: *Bloodstone*, denotes courage in danger.

APRIL: *Sapphire*, or *Diamond*, signifies penitence and innocence.

MAY: *Emerald*, ensures a return of affection.

JUNE: *Agate*, betokens health and long life.

JULY: *Ruby*, or *Cornelian*, ensures forgetfulness of evils.

AUGUST: *Sardonyx*, implies conjugal felicity.

SEPTEMBER: *Chrysolite*, preserves from, or cures, folly.

OCTOBER: *Aquamarine*, or *Opal*, denotes misfortune and hope.

NOVEMBER: *Topaz*, ensures fidelity in friendship.

DECEMBER: *Turquoise*, or *Malakite*, denotes the most brilliant success in every circumstance of life.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sept. 21.

MY DEAR C—,

Do not tremble in anticipation of a long and minute account of the journey of the President because you receive a letter dated Paris. I am not going to tell you of where he started from, where he arrived—of the addresses he received, or the answers he made; the papers are full of all these details, and it really is a great thing for them to have a subject, for never was there such a dearth in the journals as during the last few months: besides, they are always in terror of being suppressed, which is done with very little ceremony, and on very slight grounds. But I must not talk treason, so I will merely tell you that the President is received with enthusiasm, and people predict the Empire more than ever. I suppose at last he will resign himself to his fate, and for *le bonheur de la France* consent to let himself be made Emperor. Some say the question of his marriage is quite at an end, at any rate with the Princesse de Wasa; others say such is not the case, and that none of the parties concerned have abandoned the idea. Some say the Empire will precede the marriage; others affirm the contrary.

Those who wish to see the Paris of the olden times must not put off doing so, for day by day the streets disappear, and houses, interesting from their antiquity, or from the souvenirs attached to them, are being pulled down.

A few years hence the *ville musée par excellence* will have lost many of its claims to that title, the Paris of our fathers will have ceased to exist; in its place we shall have the Paris of our sons. The prolongation of the *rue de Rivoli* is making havoc in the sites of many of the old legends and events, overthrowing all before it, to replace their ruins by its broad open way and more peaceful architecture. There is nothing to object to in all this; it is just to give light and air, and enlarge the space of the districts inhabited by the people. Salubrity must pass before the picturesque; a selfish love of art must not make us indifferent to the welfare of our fellow-creatures.

All this is very true, but does not prevent some involuntary regrets in the presence of these scenes of destruction. There is something sad in the contemplation of these half-demolished houses, leaving exposed the floors in decay, the smoked ceilings, the walls, some of them still covered with flowers of the old tapestry. But the alterations and improvements are not confined to the neighbourhood of the *rue de Rivoli*; the Champs Elysées are to come in for their share; the avenue Gabrielle is to be considerably enlarged. The Hotel Sebastiani, which has been purchased by government, is to be pulled

down, and a fine wide street, leading from the *rue du Faubourg St. Honoré* to the avenue Gabrielle, will be opened: by this means the palais of the Elysées National will be completely isolated from any other building.

Pedestals will be erected on each side of the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées, from the Horses of Merly (place de la Concorde) to the fountain of the *rond point*, for the statues of the great men who have contributed to the glory of France, in literature, science, art, agriculture, industry, commerce, and navigation. It appears also that the works for embellishing the Bois de Boulogne are to commence immediately, and a railway is to be established, running from the *quartier François I.* below Chaillot, and traversing the plain of Passy.

The fair of des Loges, which takes place every year the first Sunday after the 30th of August, may not be uninteresting to you. This fair is held in the forest of St. Germain, just in front of the building called the Loges, where the daughters of the Members of the Legion d'Honneur commence their education, preparatory to entering the Maison de St. Denis.

The Loges is situated at the end of the road in front of the château.

Here Anne of Austria founded, in the year 1644, the Convent d'Augustins de Chaussées. Not far from the convent, in a corner of the garden, she built a small *pavillon* which still exists, and there she often reposed when she went to St. Germain. This *pavillon* was assigned to Madame Dubarry, exiled during the last illness of Louis XV., by the sisters of the king.

In 1816, the Convent des Augustin, suppressed during the Revolution, was made the *succursall* of the Maison de St. Denis, for the education of the daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour. The house itself presents nothing remarkable in the way of architecture. The chapel is very simple. The young girls brought up there are confined to the care of the nuns, who have a rather picturesque costume of black; you may sometimes see them peeping curiously through the grating of the windows. Near the house is a statue of the Virgin, for which a niche has been scooped in the trunk of an old oak, and which has long been believed to possess miraculous virtues.

The *fête* this year was in a great measure spoiled by the wet weather, but it was numerously attended; crowds flocked from Paris and the neighbourhood spite of the rain.

Madame Emile de Girardin has written a novel, which appears in *feuilletons* in the *Presse* newspaper: as far as one can judge from a thing only just commenced, it promises very well; it is interesting, and extremely well writ-

ten, and has a character of originality very rarely met with. The title is, "*Marguerite, ou les deux Amours*."

George Sand's new piece, produced at the Gymnase, has not had a brilliant success by any means; it is called "*Le Démon du Foyer*," and the principal character is represented by Rose Chéri; here is a sketch of it.

The *Maestro* Tanturelli is director of the Theatre La Scala at Milan; at the death of their mother he has adopted three young girls (Camille, Flora, and Nina) whom he treats as his children: these three young girls are as different as it is possible to be; Nina is the careful house-keeper of the family; Camille (Rose Chéri) the eminent *cantatrice*, whose talent is only equalled by her modesty; and Flora, the giddy, noisy, headstrong coquette. A piece has just been represented at the Scala, an opera of the *Maestro*, in which Camille has been extolled to the skies; she is pronounced, from her *début*, the star of the season: this triumph of her sister renders Flora furious from jealousy; bouquets enveloped in sonnets, and complimentary verses, arrive in showers at the house where the girls reside, and arrives also a certain Marquis, a former pupil of the *Maestro*, enraptured by the voice of the *cantatrice*. The Marquis, it appears, during the performance of Camille, had remained rapt in admiration at the back of his box, and did not obtain a view of his divinity; on arriving at their residence he takes Flora for Camille, and his error is only dissipated in listening to her giddy chattering. Camille appears with the calm serenity of a Malibran or a Pasta; and the Marquis, immediately attracted to her, quits Flora, thereby adding to the spiteful and envious feelings she has conceived for her sister: she determines to quit the scene where her vanity receives such rude shocks. Just then an Italian prince, a friend of the *artiste's*, steps in and proposes to carry her off, and obtain for her an engagement at Naples at the Theatre San Carlo; the petty vengeance of rivalling her sister makes her decide on taking this step, and overcomes her scruples; and on returning from a walk, the family discover that Flora has fled. The *Maestro* would willingly leave her to her fate; but Camille, superior to any feeling of jealousy, and indulgent towards the spoiled child, determines to set out in search of her sister and bring her back. The Marquis orders his horse, and swears to return with the fugitive. The Prince, accompanied by Flora, has arrived at the *Abergo Reale*, in Genoa, where they are obliged to wait to have the carriage repaired, and they are then to continue their journey to Naples with all possible speed. In spite of the respectful demeanour of the Prince, Flora nevertheless begins to feel not a little ashamed of the step she has taken, and were it not for her jealousy she would regret having quitted the calm abode of her adopted father; but there she is, completely compromised, and she asks herself will her successes, however brilliant, cover the fault she has committed? At this crisis, the Marquis appears and demands of the Prince to

give up Flora. To this the other replies, "You are not her relation; by what right do you interfere? A challenge is the consequence, and a duel will be the result. In the mean time Camille, unable to conquer her impatience and uneasiness, has induced the *Maestro* and Nina to set out with her for Genoa. Camille finds Flora; caresses her, pities, soothes, and finally moves her, on the condition, however, that Camille will never give her hand to the Marquis. Camille consents: the family, reconciled, are about to set out and leave the Prince to console himself as he best may—when the door opens, and the Marquis enters pale and trembling, and kneeling down, asks Camille to become his wife. Camille feels heart-broken, but she will keep the promise given to Flora. The wound which the Marquis has received from the Prince's sword opens afresh, and he is carried to an adjoining chamber. Flora then understands the extent of her fault, and the ravages caused by her jealousy, and she releases Camille from her promise. Under these circumstances of course the Marquis will recover from his wound, and all will go well.

But all does not go well between George Sand and the critics. A Monsieur Jules Lecomte, who writes in the *Indépendance Belge*, reviewed this piece, and in admiring certain parts criticized, but with moderation, some others. George Sand immediately answered the reviewer, but with less moderation; and a paper war has been the consequence, in which George Sand does not come off very easily; in the *Journal des Débats* there is a letter from the celebrated Jules Janin, which must have made her regret not a little that she did not let pass the criticisms of M. Jules Lecomte. How extraordinary that a woman of such acknowledged genius should attach so much importance to a critique by no means severe, and shew, in a manner so undignified, how sensitive she is on this point.

Madame Laffarge is no more; she died at the Baths of Ussat. The twelve years' imprisonment, but still more the mental torture endured by her since her condemnation, had destroyed her health. In the beginning of August she arrived at Ussat to take the baths: she was accompanied by her cousin, Mademoiselle Collani, who has, ever since her imprisonment, continued to devote herself to her; and a Colonel Andoury, an old friend and fellow-soldier of her father.

Madame Laffarge scarcely ever appeared in public, except to go to the Baths and to attend divine service: she remained in her apartment, where she received the visits of those persons who expressed sympathy for, or interest in her; and she gave autographs to those desirous of possessing them. Her friend, Colonel Andoury, died the 15th of August, at Ussat: on this occasion Madame Laffarge expressed a wish that her death also might take place on one of the *fiéte* days of the Virgin; and it happened as she wished: she died on the *fiéte* of Notre Dame. Her last moments were soothed by the consolations of religion: she received the sacraments, and those around her were edified by her pious

resignation. She declared her innocence, and added that she pardoned those who caused her death. Madame Laffarge was thirty-six at the time of her death; she leaves, I hear, memoirs, entitled "*Dix années de captivité.*" There are many persons who are firmly convinced of her innocence, and look on her as a martyr. Were she guilty, she expiated her crime; and were she not, her martyrdom was cruel; but she now reaps the reward.

And now, my dear C., I will bid you farewell for the present. Who knows but my next letter may announce the end of the Republic, and the beginning of the Empire? To use a wise, and not a very compromising saying, I only add, *Qui vivra verra.*

Au revoir, yours most truly,

P—*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

THE LAKE OF HAARLEM—that interesting inland sea, which burst through the dykes of sand and willows, and swallowed up some of the richest meadows of North Holland, more than three centuries ago—has been nearly expelled from the territories on which it had seized in spite of Dutchman and Spaniard. In the year 1539, while the people of the district were groaning under the oppression which afterwards drove them into the insurrection now considered one of the noblest up-risings of the world—the North Sea broke over the artificial dams and the triple ridges of sand formed by the action of wind and tide on that stormy coast, and showed the inhabitants how to isolate their cities and cut off a besieging enemy—a lesson afterwards turned to effective account by them at Leyden and elsewhere. But the invasion of the water brought horror and desolation into the fertile flats of North Holland. Twenty-six thousand acres of rich pasture land, with meadows, cattle, and gardens, were covered by the waves which would not ebb: and the village of Nieuweinkirk was submerged, and all its inhabitants were lost in the tremendous calamity. More than two centuries elapsed before any one began to dream of recovering this vast estate; and then, although the lake was only six feet in depth, the recovery was long believed to be impracticable. Again and again the project has been started since the present century came in. In 1819 a scheme was submitted to the king for the drainage, and approved; but it led to no result. Even as late as the session of 1838 a motion for the same purpose was rejected by an immense majority in the Dutch House of Representatives. But as the engineering science of the age grew more daring and confident, even Dutch phlegm gave way, and the works were, as our readers are aware, commenced. They have been long in progress, and it is now reported that the task is near its final accomplishment. The remains of the unhappy village of Nieuweinkirk have been found, with a mass of human bones, on the very spot where the old charts of the province fixed its site. In a few more weeks it is believed that the Lake of Haarlem, famous for its fishing and its pleasure excursions, will have become mere matter of record.—*The Athenæum.*

ANECDOTES OF CONVICT LIFE. — Among my two hundred and twenty companions, I

found one—I am sorry to say only one—in whose society and conversation I found solace and amusement. He was a fine young man, with an intelligent countenance, and not quite twenty-one years of age. His was a sad story. He had been a merchant's clerk, and in an evil hour had been tempted, by the offer of a promising speculation, to create himself a capital by forging acceptances. These he renewed as they became due, until an accident led to his detection. He had a young wife, to whom he had been married only three months. On the very night of his apprehension, he had been reading aloud to her "*The Diary of a late Physician;*" and, having finished one of the short stories he turned the page, and his eye caught the title of the next. It was the episode of the "*Forger.*" He hesitated a moment; but, as he told me, he felt his wife's eye upon him, and a guilty fear of awakening her suspicions compelled him to read on. The details of the story sank deep into his heart, and he observed with a superstitious dread his wife's intense interest in the hero of the narrative. He had not laid down the book an hour, when the officers of justice arrived: he was torn from his wife, tried, and convicted! He had read extensively, and possessed an extraordinary memory—would to heaven that all who are tempted to sin, as he had sinned, might picture to themselves his mental suffering! Sometimes we spent many hours of the night together, standing at the foot of our berths, discoursing of every conceivable subject that could serve to lift him for awhile above the feeling of his degraded position; but there were periods when he sank into a low despondency for days together. In vain I sought to cheer him with the prospect of future liberty, and an honourable career that should atone for past error, far away from the scene of his first crime. It may be of interest to the reader to know something of the routine of management of the convicts on the voyage. The medical superintendent, as I have mentioned, is invested with absolute controul over the prisoners, and is responsible for their safety. He was assisted in our vessel by two overseers who had been non-commissioned officers in the army, and were to be overseers in Norfolk Island: one of them was, by his own account, as profligate and unprincipled a vagabond as ever I met with. The most recent piece of scoundrelism which this

officer—selected for carrying out the great probation system—frequently related and chuckled over to the prisoners, was a promise of marriage he had made to a servant, who was to accompany him to enjoy his “colonial appointment,” and by which he had got her watch and several years’ savings. The latter fact was considered highly amusing, and contributed not a little to his popularity. He had promised to marry her on a day when he knew that the ship would have been at least a week at sea. As it eventually turned out, the maiden was not so easily disposed of; for she took a passage shortly after in another ship, and on her arrival in the colony demanded the fulfilment of his promise, under pain of an exposure, which it seems the wretch had not the courage to brave. Whether matrimony, under the circumstances, made either of the parties happy, is more than I can say. At six o’clock every morning the prison-door was unlocked by one of these overseers, who called out “Beds up!” whereupon every man arose from his berth, rolled up his bedding—consisting of a thin mattress and one blanket, and took them on deck, where they remained all day to be aired. Then the floor of the prison was scraped and swept in turns by the prisoners who did not fulfil any special office, such as schoolmaster, clerk, captain of the mess. The captains received the day’s rations for their respective messes. Those who liked it got something of a wash, with salt water, introduced from the fore-castle with a leathern pipe. Ablutions performed under such difficulties led to many practical jokes, and not a few battles. At eight o’clock a pint of cocoa was served out to each man, which, with his biscuit, made his breakfast. Immediately afterwards school was commenced; books were distributed, and exchanged; the surgeon examined the sick, heard complaints, and awarded punishments. These consisted of confinement below deck, heavy chains, imprisonment in a kind of sentry box on deck, resembling a Chinese cage, in which the inmate can neither sit, lie down, nor stand upright. We had only one case of flogging. In the afternoon we usually had prayers read by the chaplain; sometimes with a moral exordium, which was delivered in an impressive and earnest manner. At five o’clock we had a pint of tea. Neither our tea nor our cocoa bore much resemblance to the beverages which I had previously known under those names; but they were warm and comforting. At six o’clock the beds were taken down and arranged; and at half-past six we were mustered, and returned, one by one, to our prison, where we were locked in, a sentinel with loaded musket and fixed bayonet being placed at the door. Our night was thus nearly twelve hours long. It being too dark to read, and as it was impossible to sleep much more than half the time, I was compelled, for four or five hours every night, to hear little else than narratives of offences and criminal indulgences of the most revolting character. Obscene and blasphemous songs were nightly composed and sung; and schemes for

future crimes were proposed and discussed, with a coolness which I shudder to call to mind. The only check on them was the sentinel at the door, who now and then thrust his bayonet between the bars, when it was getting very late, or the men were unusually uproarious, and called out “silence.” Considering our miserable plight as to clothing, food, and everything else, it might be supposed that the thievish propensities of the men must, perforce, have remained in abeyance. Not a day or night, however, passed without some robbery. The worst of them seemed to take a delight in “keeping their hands in,” no matter how contemptible the prize might be. Knives being forbidden, fragments of tin plates, to serve roughly the purpose of cutting, were eagerly sought for. As I have mentioned, a tin pint pot was delivered to every prisoner at the commencement of the voyage, which served to receive his cocoa, as well as his pea-soup. I had not been at sea a couple of days when I found that mine had been changed. But, as they were scarcely distinguishable one from the other, I gave the new comer a thorough cleaning, and adopted it in lieu of my own. The very next day, however, a man sidled up to my mess, and suddenly clapping his hand upon the pot, exclaimed, “Holloa! what are you a-doing with my tin pot?” “How do you know it is yours?” I inquired. “There’s my mark at the side,” he replied, “and there should be a round O at the bottom.” I turned it up, and seeing the mark of identity referred to, felt bound to surrender it. The pot was received with an appearance of indignation, and I was treated as if I had attempted to do a dirty trick, and advised “not to try that game on again.” My messmates chuckled at the scene; and it was subsequently explained to me that this trick of exchanging was a common trick amongst prisoners. I suffered much inconvenience in consequence for several days; and, for want of my pot to receive them, was deprived of my rations of cocoa, tea, and soup. At length I got another, for happening to mention the trick which had been played me to one of the prisoners—a rough fellow with a most ferocious cast of countenance—he insisted upon my taking his, saying he would try to get the use of his messmates’, and reminding me that I had written a letter for him at Woolwich—a circumstance which it is not remarkable that I had forgotten, as I had written at least fifty, while in the river. I had, indeed, frequent proof that a kindness is sometimes long remembered, and often gratefully requited, by even the worst of criminals.—*From Mr. Barber’s Narrative in Household Words.**

* We are glad to have another opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to this extraordinary case, and to refer to two most interesting papers on Mr. Barber’s treatment and sufferings, in Nos. 123 and 124 of *Household Words*. This unfortunate gentleman is gradually gaining a more unbiassed hearing and more influential supporters; and we hope that the next Parliament will

EFFECT OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON LOCOMOTION.—Mr. Uriah Clarke, of Leicester, has called our attention to an article in the "Mechanics' Magazine" by himself on the influence of the earth's rotation on locomotion. It is well known that as the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours from west to east, the velocity of any point on its surface is greater nearer the equator and less farther from it in the ratio of the cosine of the latitude. Mr. Clarke says:—"Some rather important conclusions in relation to railway travelling arise out of the view now taken. The difference between the rotative velocity of the earth in surface motion at London and at Liverpool is about twenty-eight miles per hour; and this amount of lateral movement has to be gained or lost, as respects the locomotive in each journey, according to the direction we are travelling in from the one place to the other; and in proportion to the speed will be the pressure against the side of the rails, which, at a high velocity, will give the engine a tendency to climb the right hand rail in each direction. Could the journey be performed in two hours between London and Liverpool, this lateral movement or rotative velocity of the locomotive would have to be increased or diminished at the rate of nearly one-quarter of a mile per minute, and that entirely by side pressure on the rail, which if not sufficient to cause the engine to leave the line, would be quite sufficient to produce violent and dangerous oscillation. It may be observed, in conclusion, that as the cause above alluded to will be inoperative while we travel along the parallels of latitude, it clearly follows that a higher degree of speed may be attained with safety on a railway running east and west, than on one which runs north and south." There is no doubt of the tendency Mr. Clarke speaks of on the right hand rail, but we do not think it will be found

to be so dangerous as he says. It will be great-est on the Great Northern and Berwick lines, and least on the Great Western.—*Herapath.*

ODOURS OF FLOWERS.—The peculiar odours of plants depend on various secreted volatile matters, which are often so subtle as to be incapable of detection by the ordinary chemical means. Nothing is known of the causes which render one flower odoriferous and another scentless. In some cases the odours of plants remain after being dried, but in general they disappear. Some leaves, as Woodruff, become scented only after drying; and certain woods, as Tenerife Rose-wood, give out their odour only when heated by friction. Meteorological causes have a great influence on the odours of living plants. Dew or gentle rain, with intervals of sunshine, seems to be the circumstance best fitted for eliciting vegetable perfumes. Light has a powerful influence on the odour as well as the colour of flowers. Plants when etiolated by keeping in darkness generally lose their odour. In certain cases, the perfumes of plants are developed only in the evening. White flowers present the larger proportion of odoriferous species; the orange and brown flowers often give a disagreeable odour.—*Balfour's Botany.*

A DEFENCE.

You tell me I never once thought of you, dearest,
Though, close as my angel you walked by my
side!
I know, I confess it, O sweetest and nearest!
I own it, but not with contrition—with pride.

The hand that we feel with, the eye that we see with,
No separate notice receive from the heart;
And so that one friend whom 'tis natural to be with,
Is too much one's-self to be thought of apart?

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Fanny. I saw you reading the second volume of "Jerdan's Autobiography:"* is it as interesting as we found the first to be?

Mrs. Smith. Perhaps not in some respects; and yet the reminiscences it brings to light, and the information it contains, render it, I think, the more valuable of the two.

Fanny. To what date does it arrive?

Mrs. Smith. Only to the end of the year 1818; but then it tells of people and events which make history, and Mr. Jerdan has the

see him righted. In our opinion no complaint ever more thoroughly deserved investigation and redress.
—ED.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN, &c., &c.; with his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence during the last Fifty Years Vol. II.—(*Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.*)

skill to place his characters so vividly before the reader, that one seems for the time being to live in those bygone years. The volume is dedicated to the memory of George Canning, and is accompanied by the portrait of that great statesman, and, as might be expected, many pages are devoted to descriptions of interviews between the writer and Canning; and in fact, to the progress of what appears to have been a long-standing and most sincere friendship. But it would be a long catalogue were I to enumerate half the celebrities who are mentioned. What, however, I think well worthy of remark and recollection, and which must strike every thoughtful reader, is the fact that Mr. Jerdan, editor of the influential *Sun* newspaper six or seven-and-thirty years ago, advocated—though what was called a Tory writer—many of those measures of enlightenment and humanity which it took the party warfare of a score of years to make practical. He proves himself, by the ex-

tracts here given, to have been essentially the man in advance of his age, and all honour be to him accordingly.

Fanny. To what opinions do you particularly allude?

Mrs. Smith. To those expressed in arguments for the removal of what were then called the Corn War Charges long years "before the party cry of Free Trade was invented, or Protection had assumed that title"—eloquent arguments too, worthy of being the texts of the League preachers. Then his voice—as listened to through the *Sun*—was the first, it is believed, publicly raised in the cause of prevention of cruelty to animals: and this alone, in my opinion, is a good deed to be weighed heavily in the scale of his deserts. Altogether it is impossible for an impartial reader to feel other than deeply interested in the man as well as in his book; and for my own part I look anxiously for the succeeding volumes, which will give the history of the *Literary Gazette*, reminiscences of the writers connected with it, and glimpses of English society in later years.

Fanny. I see announced a book called "Uncle Tom in England." * I suppose it is a mere catchpenny to attract the readers—and they are all the world—of Mrs. Stowe's great work?

Mrs. Smith. It deserves much better than to be called a catchpenny, although for the author's sake I am sorry it has been published.

Fanny. Why?

Mrs. Smith. Because it evinces powers that might have been turned to a more distinguished account; in fact, if we consider the rapidity with which, as the preface tells us, the story has been written, we must acknowledge it to be a wonderful performance.

Fanny. But why such haste? A really good book does not depend for its success on the precise date of its publication.

Mrs. Smith. Precisely so. Mrs. Stowe, as you and I happen to know from good authority, occupied years in gathering her materials; and I will answer for it put them together in no hurry, only with that proper speed which in works of truth-telling fiction is necessary in order to keep up the dictating enthusiasm. "Uncle Tom in England" has evidently been produced by a clever imaginative writer, fresh from the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" for the sensibilities awakened by such perusal make themselves known in every chapter, in fact, the little book is a sort of echo of the great one. But if authors who themselves attempt to carry forward into new works of fiction the characters from their old ones, rarely succeed, it is not to be expected that a new hand attempting such a task should overcome its inherent difficulties. Nevertheless, "Uncle Tom in England" can do no harm, and may even do good, since truths require to be constantly repeated on the world's dull ear. If, among reading men, women, and children, there should be a "micro-

scopic minority" who have not yet read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I hope "Uncle Tom in England" may fall into their hands first; for I think under these circumstances they would be more likely to do justice to its merits than I can; still I will read you a page or two, that you may judge for yourself. I must premise that Mr. Harris of this book is supposed to be the former master—and it is insinuated something more—of the George Harris of Mrs. Stowe. The Reverend Mr. Ginger will speak for himself:—

"What can I do?" said Harris; "I have tried every method with my slaves, and I cannot get them into that submission which is necessary for the working of my plantation."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ginger, "you are too severe. There is a power in kindness which all of us have felt, and it seldom fails to make conquest of the most stubborn heart."

"I have tried kindness," said Harris; "I have tried harshness, and I have tried a middle course; but nothing avails. They thieve, they lie, they steal; they are adulterers, and would idle away their time from morning until night. Ought I to tolerate these things?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Ginger; it is very perplexing. Let me go down to some of these people, and talk to them."

"If you can do any good, you are welcome; but I doubt the success of your mission."

Receiving, then, some intimation of who the parties were to be sought out and admonished, Mr. Ginger set off; and as he walked, he ruminated in his own mind the arguments he should employ, and made a selection of those things he thought most likely to operate upon benighted minds; he resolved, in fact, to be as *gingerly* as his nature would allow.

Coming, then, to the shed where Marossi and Rosetta lay, still faint and suffering from their wounds, he looked down upon them, and said, "My good children, what's the matter?"

The young people were somewhat astonished by the presence of a stranger, and, overawed by his demure appearance, and feeling ashamed of the stripes which they bore, they drew close together, and tried to conceal their wounds, but they spoke not.

Mr. Ginger said, again—"My good children?"

"We are not *good* children," said Marossi; "or, why are we beaten?"

"But you *should* be good children," Mr. Ginger said, "and then your master would not be angry, and would not punish you!"

"We are as good as we can be," said Marossi; "but nothing pleases him, and he treats us as if we were dogs."

"It is wrong to speak of your master so!" exclaimed Mr. Ginger. "I see that you are a self-willed boy—and that self-will will bring much misery upon you. It is imparted to you by the devil."

"Where does Mr. Harris's ill-will come from, then?" said Marossi.

"Mr. Harris is your master, and has a right to correct you when you offend him!"

"He is *not* my master, and has *no right* to me!" said Marossi, rising up with indignation. "I tell you he has *no right* to me!"

"I see," said Mr. Ginger, "that the evil of discontent has crept into your heart. You should be contented with the lot which God has given you."

* UNCLE TOM IN ENGLAND—A Proof that Black's White.—(Bennett, 69, Fleet-street.)

It is wicked to murmur at His decrees. If there were no masters in the world, there could be no rule; and, without rule, nothing could exist. It is the lot of man to work, and you are no worse off than millions of your fellow-creatures. Take heed, therefore, that you yield not to this discontent, for it will lead you into wicked ways, and may bring you to a dreadful end."

At this moment Susan entered.

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Ginger of her.

"Susan, sir," said she, modestly.

"I have just been speaking to Mr. Harris about you, and I am anxious to talk with you, for your soul's good."

"I am anxious to hear anything of that tendency," said Susan.

"Well, then," continued Mr. Ginger, "you have lately troubled your good master very much; you, and others upon the plantation. Now, as a minister of the Gospel, I warn you that you destroy the interest your souls have in the coming kingdom, by being undutiful to those who are in authority over you."

"Of what Gospel are you the minister?" asked Susan.

"Of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!" responded Mr. Ginger.

Susan's heart was beating with indignation, as she exclaimed—"Do you *dare* to tell me, sir, that the Gospel of the blessed Jesus authorises any man to steal his fellow-creatures?—to buy and sell them?—to force them into unwilling bondage?—to torture them if they complain of that bondage?—and to heap up riches by destroying the lives and promoting the wretchedness of their fellow-creatures? Look upon these young creatures, sir! A few years ago, they were stolen from their father and mother, and brought to Charleston by a wicked man, who every day of his life blasphemed against God. For the love of worldly gain, he brought them there, and sold them to the man who now claims to be their master. He drives them on, as if they were beasts of burden, to most inhuman labours; and, when they refuse to do the task which he exacts from them, he beats them with cruel stripes, until they are brought to the condition you see now. Do you mean to tell me, sir, that the Gospel of Christ"—here she spoke emphatically, and raising her hands towards heaven—"authorises such wicked deeds as these?"

Mr. Ginger was unexpectedly taken to task; and with a faltering tone of voice, he said, "Now look at the matter dispassionately. The Scriptures do not authorise that which is wrong. It is the duty of masters to be *kind* to their servants!"

"But answer me this question," said Susan, "for I will not let you move from it. Had the man who owned the slave-ship any right to steal these children from their homes?"

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Ginger.

"Say 'Yes!' or 'No!'" said Susan.

"Well, *No!*" said Mr. Ginger, somewhat embarrassed.

"Then, had Mr. Harris a *right* to buy them, knowing them to be *stolen*?"

"Why, being stolen, it is well that somebody should take care of them."

"That is no answer to my question," said Susan; "had he a *right* to buy them as slaves?"

"The laws of the country allow it," said Mr. Ginger.

"The laws of the country allowed the Jews to

take our blessed Saviour, and nail him to a cross; but did they do right?" asked Susan, triumphantly.

"Of course not," said Mr. Ginger; "but we cannot change the laws when we wish, even though they may be wrong."

"But we may *try* to change them," said Susan.

"Now, if people did not *buy* slaves, nobody would *steal* them; and if you are a *true* minister of Christ, you will go to Mr. Harris, and tell him, that he has no right to these poor creatures; and that God will hold him accountable for their wrongs."

"I have told him that he should be kind to them," said Mr. Ginger, hoping that this would relieve him from any further difficulty.

"And let me tell you, sir," said Susan—looking Mr. Ginger full in the face—"that it is you professors of religion who accommodate yourselves to this barbarous institution of slavery—it is you who, being *kind* while you are *unjust*, throw a shield of protection around that which, if it were left even to the common sense of mankind, would soon crumble to decay! I had a mistress once who was all kindness to me; she educated me, and treated me and my daughter as if we were her own children. I was so happy then, that I cared not to assert my right to freedom. She taught me to know that I was equal with her in the sight of God, and the chain of natural affection which bound me to her, was stronger than all the fetters of slavery. But, through the dissipation of a son of hers, I, her equal heir to eternity, and my own darling child equal heir with us, were thrown into the market, like dogs, sheep, pigs, horses, or what you will, and the price of our flesh and blood paid for the debaucheries of an abandoned spendthrift. If your religion, sir, allows *this* to be right, my prayer is that God may forgive you for entertaining it, and deliver me from the sufferings it brings upon me!"

Mr. Ginger was so overcome by the inspired manner of the woman, that, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a piece of silver and presented it to her.

"I am not ungrateful, sir, for any kindness you would show to me; but I ask not *charity*—I DEMAND JUSTICE!"

Mr. Ginger then turned and offered the coin to the children, but Marossi, presenting to it the upright palm of his hand, and pushing it away, said, "That which Susan refuses, we refuse; and that which she demands, we demand also!"

Mr. Ginger was considerably abashed, and appearing to have lost something from his pocket—disappeared, to return no more.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE ELEMENTARY CATECHISMS. (*Groom and Sons.*)—"Physical Geography," and "The British Empire," form numbers of this cheap, well-designed series, and we recommend them with great confidence to our readers. School-books grow rapidly out of date, and such books as these, incorporating recent discoveries and new information, are extremely valuable to parents and teachers.

THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. By Spencer Thompson, M.D.L.R.C.S., Edinburgh. No. 9.—(*Groombridge & Sons.*)—This is a work

we have often had occasion to praise, and to recommend especially to emigrants and country residents. Its instructions are clear and sensible, and precisely of the character to be available in an emergency, when illness or accident may occur far from professional advice.

ADVICE TO HER GOD-DAUGHTER. By a Lady.—(*Seeley, Fleet-street.*)—This is a very well-intentioned little book, but contains nothing more than a repetition of the customary advice offered to little girls by rather common-place, but well-meaning people.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE HAYMARKET.—Mrs. Keeley having sufficiently recovered from her very severe accident to resume her theatrical duties, made her re-appearance to a crowded house, on the 6th ultimo, in "Jack Sheppard." This old Adelphi favourite, adapted by Mr. Buckstone from Harrison Ainsworth's popular novel, is the *only* dramatic version which has ever been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain; and certainly there is as little in it that can be considered objectionable as it was possible to give. But, whilst according to Mr. Buckstone all due praise for the taste and discrimination with which he has arranged the story for the stage, we cannot think it one well adapted to improve the morals of the class who occupy the galleries of a theatre. It is much to say of such a theme that it is as *little* objectionable as possible; and the admirable acting of Mrs. Keeley redeemed her part from all approach to coarseness. Her make up was admirable, and her personification of the character throughout most life-like. The piece is as popular as when it was first brought out, and at the conclusion the plaudits of the audience are prolonged and vociferous. We were glad to see that Mrs. Keeley retained but few traces of her severe illness, although evidently a good deal exhausted by her arduous exertions. "Paul Pry" continues to be the second piece, and Wright is as popular in it as ever: he seems so completely identified with the Adelphi, we can scarcely imagine how his place is to be filled up. In his peculiar line he has no rival, and we must regard his proposed absence from the Adelphi more in the light of a temporary separation than of a divorce.

SADLER'S WELLS has re-opened for the season under the able management of Mr. Phelps, whose exertions in the cause of the legitimate drama are too universally recognized to need more than grateful acknowledgment from all who really love the stage. Those who remember what Sadler's Wells was, before his directorship, would certainly fail to recognize either the audience or the theatre, so wonderfully are both improved. The fact is, Mr. Phelps has educated his audience to the appreciation of excellence, so that, accustomed to see the best plays performed in the very best manner, they have become too refined and too discriminating to endure any discrepancy in a performance. We have seen, during the last fortnight, two of Shakespeare's plays at this house, "King Lear" and "All's well that ends well," and both were intellectual feasts of the highest order. King Lear is too well known to need much comment, save in the

acting, which showed the careful and studious training which Mr. Phelps is celebrated for bestowing on his company. His own personification of *Lear* was a marvellous piece of nature; differing greatly from the usual version of the character, and widely varying from that especially which Macready made popular, it was to our fancy at least as true. It is the very imperfection of *Lear's* nature, his headlong passions, his blind impetuosity in following the dictates of feeling—the very fact that his errors of judgment so fearfully punish themselves, that enlist all our human feelings in his cause; and we almost grieve at the rough plainness of *Kent's* remonstrance, whilst we feel how well it is deserved. Mr. Phelps's *Lear* was, emphatically, that which Shakspeare seems to have intended; and from first to last it held the sympathies and feelings of the audience enchained: not for a moment did the interest flag, although the tragedy is one of the longest on the stage. The minor characters were all carefully studied, though in some of them we could desire to see an improvement. Mr. Bennett, as *Kent*, rolled out his words too slowly for the honest speaking plain man he ought to have seemed; he appeared to forget that the sound should seem an echo of the sense; for the most abrupt speech fell from his lips with a measured accent far more suited to the utterance of a courtly compliment. Mr. Marston, as *Edgar*, played well; but not with that infinite variety of talent which the very arduous part of a feigned madman demands. Miss T. Bassano, on the contrary, played the *Fool* with infinite grace and elegance; her acting was evidently the result of very careful study, as well as great talent. The part of *Cordeia* was prettily played by Miss Cooper; but that young lady is too much addicted to the melting mood to be always true to her author. The characters of *Goneril* and *Regan* (the most hateful, perhaps, in the whole range of English plays) were well sustained by Mesdames Ternan and Barrett. Mr. F. Robinson, as *Edmund*, gave considerable promise of excellence; but, at present, his voice is too even; it lacks point and weight. "All's well that ends well" is a play not often seen on the stage, nor is it one well adapted for scenic representation. Mr. Phelps, however, sustained the part of *Parolles*, and his original reading of this character evidently amused the house in the highest degree. Miss Cooper spoke her part well, and looked extremely pretty; but we cannot imagine her to be the woman who could seek so resolutely to win the husband of her love; she gave the im-



pression rather of one who would grieve to death at the barriers between her and the object of her affection than of one who would do and dare so much to achieve her aim. Miss Bassano, too, quite misunderstood her character (*Diana*), especially in the closing scene, in which she exhibited a boldness and audacity of manner which we cannot imagine a young girl capable of showing, when speaking, for the first time, in the presence of majesty, and on a subject which

would naturally make her bashful. We should be glad to see this young lady act the part in a very different manner, and we are sure it is in her power to do so. The scenery, dresses, and entire *mise en scene*, were of the first order, and showed that every endeavour had been made to give our great poet a home worthy of him. The crowded audience testified, too, that those do still exist who love and appreciate the works of "The sweet Bard of Avon."

THE TOILET.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

C O S T U M E F O R O C T O B E R .

The autumn *modes* are, it seems, decided to be little more than a series of innovations on the summer ones. Fashion, instead of following her usual course of gradually modifying one season's creations to suit the exigencies of the succeeding one, waves her hand, and lo ! all is changed *in toto*.

No doubt there will be many rebels ; the eye that is accustomed to a certain style of dress, will at first find the new one wholly unsuited to its ideas of taste and becomingness—*mais c'est la mode*, that is sufficient, and in a very little while the most resolute oppositionists will yield to the fiat, and, like *les moutons de Panurge*, leap resignedly after the leader.

Let us begin with the bonnets. Adieu to the *chapeau à coup de vent* : the new ones are to be round and close, framing the face in a regular oval, neither very large nor very small ; the interior is to be trimmed very fully, principally with two ribbons, a wide and a narrow, *assortis* ; but wreathes of flowers, and blonde will also be worn. The *calotte* is extremely small, so much so, that the hair will have to be dressed to suit it, being twisted or plaited tightly, and in a small circle at the back.

At present straws continue to be worn, but no longer the light, transparent *paille de dentelle* of the summer ; they are generally composed of bands of straw, variously plaited and decorated, brown, grey, mixed, &c., and interlaced with *crevés* of *taffetas* ; the trimming of *ruches* of *taffetas* round the front and the *bavolet* are of course of the same colour, and a bunch of curled feathers to match is generally placed at each side.

These, however, will soon give way as the season advances, and be replaced by a novelty which will probably go through the winter. It consists of *chapeaux de soie de Schwieich*, which are in a sort of plush, and are to take the place of the beavers and *feutres* of the last two years. They are to be in every colour, the grayer ones trimmed with plaid ribbons, half satin, half velvet ; or for dress, with bouquets of feathers, ostrich or casoar, the colour of the bonnet.

A very pretty novelty is the *chapeau damier*. The *fond* is composed of bands of satin and *velours épinglé* woven together—by the *modiste*, *bien entendu*—like the squares on a draught-board, from whence it takes its name ; the *panse*, in *tulle bouillonné*, is surmounted by the *rouleaux*, somewhat flattened, and placed in relief, the one in satin, the other in velvet, to match the *fond* ; the edge is bordered with *blonde*, and on each side are the mara-

bouts *étoilés*. Nothing can be more elegant or more distinguished than this bonnet, more especially when in white.

The flowers of the season are principally in velvet : they consist of anemones, dahlias, poppies, and more than all, tulips, in which the *fond* is of *battiste*, with the streaks in velvet : these, it is said, are to be the favourite flowers for the winter, both for outdoors and in. *Apropos* of *coiffures* : a whisper goes round that a modified *style Empire* is likely to dethrone the *bandeaux bouffants* ; and that short curls and *boucles frisées* will be much worn, particularly in evening dress.

Cloaks are beginning already to make their appearance : the principal shapes are the *Rob Roy*, the *Charles IX.*, the *Camargo*, and the *Montmorency*. All partake more or less of the style *Talma*, being round, and falling in ample draperies towards the bottom ; some have sleeves, some large *cols rabattus*, some *capuchons*, but the general cut differs but little. They are trimmed with lace, *galons*, fringes, *frange guipures*, *ruches* of satin, with narrow black lace sewn on the edges ; in fact, there is no limit to the fancy exercised in this respect. As yet, however, it is somewhat premature to enter into minute descriptions on the subject of cloaks, and we will defer till next month further details on the matter.

Gowns are undergoing fewer transformations than other articles of the toilette, though no doubt the winter will bring considerable changes in this important point.

Volants linger on ; they are so elegant, so becoming, so graceful, that their reign is not easily ended. The latest novelty in this respect consists of one deep flounce, with a *ruche*, or *plissée à la vieille*, at the bottom ; while a second flounce, much narrower, with a similar trimming both at the head and at the edge, falls over it. The *volants* are, almost invariably, cut on the straight.

For evening dress gowns are to be made *en tablier*, that is to say, with *devants* of coloured silk covered with flounces of *point d'Angleterre*, *de Venise*, *d'Alençon*, &c. For balls, it is said, these *tabliers* are to be in the most splendid *étoffes*, embroidered with gold and silver, pearls, and coloured stones. Most of the winter materials are likely to be rich and heavy ; silks, embroidered in raised patterns, and large *bouquets* in velvet for the morning, both in gowns and *mantelets*, and for the evening *brochées* and *lamées* with gold and silver.

A variety of new and pretty materials in wool, or

wool and silk, are being prepared for *négligé* and half-dress. For walking dress, cloaks in cloth will be principally adopted.

The *petite plis* are more the rage than ever. They appear in *chenises de nuit* and *de jour*, in *peignoirs*, in *fichus*, in *manchettes*, and in caps, mixed with *entre deux* of muslin and lace, and borders of *Valenciennes*. They have even made their way into evening toilette, where they are seen in caps of *tulle*, with no other trimming than a *touffe* of flowers at each side.

Among the novelties in flowers is that of having the blossoms and foliage all in one colour and ma-

terial, to go with dress *capotes* of the same nuance; for instance, for a white *capote* there are convolvulus leaves, &c., all in white satin, relieved by having the stamens in green. For a blue one are blue *clochettes* with the same foliage, and *ainsi de suite*.

You see we are already pretty far advanced into the mysteries of the winter modes, thanks to the advancement of the season, which has certainly taken Time by the forelock and dragged him forcibly at a much quicker rate than he is wont to advance, almost into the winter, while we ought to be still in early autumn, out of which season we are being completely cheated.

THE GARDEN.—OCTOBER.

“ In saffron vest, and crowned with oaken wreath,
Behold the gleamy month upon his way!
At chilly evening, fading woods beneath,
He views the year's decline, his 'minished ray.
Now fitful moans are heard upon the breeze,
(Some spirit voice, perhaps, or viewless fay,
Lamenting beauteous summer's transient stay),
And yellow leaves fall fluttering from the trees.
The ear, deep list'ning, gathers by degrees
The booming sound of winter with his host,
Mustering his myriads on the polar coast,
To pour, ere long, tumultuous o'er the seas
Hail, snow, and storm, and whirlwind's rushing might,
Like Chaos rolling through the realms of night!”—J. S.

PLANT-HOUSES.

It is now quite time to have green-house and conservatory plants of all sorts housed in their winter quarters—choose a fine day for the operation, and let the plants be perfectly dry; take off all decayed leaves, tie up straggling growths, root out weeds, and, if necessary, give the plants a top-dressing. If the conservatory has had a thorough revision, such as cutting-in climbers, forking-up borders, &c., the most desirable plants should be selected to make good all deficiencies in that house, but be careful to avoid overcrowding. Large plants in pots may, with great advantage, be sunk into the border; overcrowding must also be avoided in every other structure where plants are stored for the winter. It is far better at this season to throw away the worst of the stock, than run the risk of injuring the best plants. Favourite sorts will be better replaced by young plants in the spring. In arranging the plants in the mixed green-house, some regard must be paid to the state of the growth of the plants at the time of housing, as it is not to be expected that all will be gone to rest alike; on the contrary, some will still be growing, and in that case they will require to have the best situations selected for them, so that they can secure a good supply of sunlight and air, to perfect the growth, after which the quantity of water must be gradually lessened; but observe that with hard-wooded plants there is a point beyond which water must not be withheld. In fact I may here observe, that with such plants, watering, for the next four or five months, will be the most important operation connected with them. They are, or soon ought to be, in a state of rest, and of course require no more water than is necessary to preserve their vitality; and it is their artificial condition, by having the roots confined in a pot,

which renders this the more difficult, because, under such circumstances, the equability of temperature about the roots, so necessary to their well-being, cannot be kept up, and not only varies with the changes of temperature to which the circumfluent atmosphere is subject, but in consequence of the porosity of the pots, moisture is continually escaping from the roots, which is an artificial condition. The greatest safeguard is the most perfect drainage. If the water passes freely though slowly away, the plant is safe; if it stagnates, there is danger. I like a plant, even in a perfect state of rest, to want water once a-week. Of course these remarks apply to hard-wooded plants; with such as are of a more succulent nature, a much greater latitude may be taken, and anything short of positive dryness will not injure them. There is another point to be attended to in arranging the plants, which is, to take care that such plants as *Leschenaultias*, *Aphelexes*, *Polygalias*, *Boronias*, *Pimeleas*, *Crowzeas*, *Dracophylums*, are not so placed as to be subject to any cold and cutting draughts of wind, which we may now soon expect. It is a good plan to keep such plants as these at one end by themselves, so that they may only have a free circulation of air in calm fine weather.

FORCING-HOUSES.

Pinerias.—As the influence of the sun becomes lessened, the interior temperature must be gradually lowered. Air, however, must be carefully admitted, according to external circumstances. Open the ventilators as early as possible in the morning, and close early, so as to shut up plenty of solar heat. Stir up the surface of the bed of plunging materials, and syringe over it and about the lower parts of the plants, but by no means over-head. The bottom

heat may be allowed to decline a point or two for the succession plants, but fruiters will require to have it maintained from 85 to 90 deg. A drier atmosphere in general must now be aimed at, in order to assist the plants which have made their growth to go to rest for a time.

Vinerias.—Continue to pay every attention to the lato houses carrying fruit, as their greatest enemy at this time is a damp atmosphere. Fires must be occasionally lighted, taking care at the same time to admit air liberally, otherwise too much heat will induce the berries to shrivel. Keep all decaying berries constantly cut out.

Peach-Houses.—The whole of these will now have the wood well ripened, and the leaves may be all brushed off, and the shoots loosened from the trellis. If the practice has been to remove the lights for a month or two, it may be done at once, but I do not advocate the practice; still, I would let down the moveable lights, and take off the ropes, and open all the front ventilators. Take an early opportunity to put the houses in thorough repair, but leave the whitewashing until they are closed.

Pits and Frames.—Great care must be used to keep up a kindly bottom-heat to Cucumbers, whether obtained from pipes or by means of fermented dung. Let them be double-matted at night, but open early, and give a little air to dissipate stagnated moisture. Melons will also require a kindly bottom-heat, but care must be had to keep a tolerably dry atmosphere about them, or else they will be little better than gourds.

FLOWER-GARDEN.

Many things to supply the wants of another season still remain to be propagated, and amongst them I would recommend that a nice place should be selected under a north wall, filled with light porous soil, and a few hand-lights to be placed thereon, to be filled with cuttings of the different varieties of *Calceolarias* for bedding out, such as *Kentish Hero*, *Kayii*, *Viscoclasmia*, *Sultan*, *Angustifolia*, *Rigosa*, and *Thyriflora*: they will only require protection in very severe weather, and will furnish a most abundant supply of plants next year. Put in more store pots of *Verbenas*—the smallest cuttings are best, two joints being plenty. Use plenty of silver sand—I never had a finer stock of bedding stuff than this year, and the whole were struck and preserved through the winter in silver sand alone, with good drainage, and a layer of moss to prevent the sand from percolating away. Strict attention to neatness is very desirable at this season, when we are naturally anxious to prolong the beauty of the flower-garden. Continue, therefore, the constant removal of all decaying matter, as well as staking and tying all autumn flowering plants. Pay attention to late-budded *Roses*, by the removal of bandages, and slightly shortening top-heavy plants. Cuttings of *Chinese*, *Hybrid*, *Bourbon*, and many perpetual *roses* may now be put in under handlights, in the shade of a north wall, or they may be put in store-pots, and kept through the winter in a cold pit.

Auriculas.—In consequence of the present damp and showery weather, these plants will require a little extra attention; give all the air possible on mild and open days, and all decayed leaves should be carefully taken off, to prevent the stock from becoming cankered. Use water very sparingly; in short, the dampness of the atmosphere is quite sufficient to sustain them for some time. Towards the

autumn many of the strong plants will throw up their trusses of blossom, which will inevitably injure spring blooms, and likewise produce a great weakness in the plants. To prevent the latter as much as possible, as well as to throw strength into those that have flowered, the bunch of blooms should be immediately taken off at the top of the stem; for if taken lower down, the remainder of the stem would melt or slime, which is certain destruction to the plant, and if the stem is left too short, there is a difficulty—when ripe—of taking it out at the socket.

Polyanthus, Primrose, &c.—The named varieties of the former, and the double kinds of the latter, that have been grown in shady borders during the summer months, should be immediately potted, for the purpose of getting them well rooted before severe weather sets in. When sufficiently rooted give all the air possible; for the more hardy they are kept at this season the better, as doing so produces strength, and the plant will consequently flower in the spring with much finer and larger blooms.

Carnations and Picotees.—Continue potting those layers that are properly rooted, placing them into small pots, in compost, but avoiding all manure in the mixture. Some of the stock that were layered fully late in the season will be found not to have rooted sufficiently; should the autumn prove cold and wet, these would be much benefited by placing frames over them, with a brick under each corner to admit of a current of air passing through. The delicate and weakly ones that are yet remaining on the old stools, should be kept rather dry, more especially if they have been exposed to the late showers.

Pinks.—The late planted out sorts should be looked to, and any that may have been loosened by worms should be well firmed previously to bad weather setting in.

Pansies.—Attend to former instructions.

Tulips.—The named offsets of the scarce varieties may be planted any time this and the following month, the beds having been well prepared to receive them. Later in the season will do for planting the strong-blooming bulbs.

Pelargoniums.—These plants will require great attention in the winter months, particularly those that have been growing in damp situations. We have seen large collections lately, completely covered with that fatal pest the spot; warmth and keeping them dry afford the only counteraction.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Continue the earthing-up of *Celery* whenever the foliage is dry. Thin-out late *Turnips*, and make a sowing in light soil to come on in the spring. Sow *Radishes* and small *salading* for late purposes. Tie up *Endive* and *Bath Cos Lettuce* for blanching, but be sure to do so only when they are perfectly dry. Plant out a good breadth of *Cabbage* for early spring use, and prick out the last sowing thickly in nursery beds. Prick out the seedling plants of *Walcheren* and other *Cauliflowers*, in frames, and select, enrich, and trench-up a nice piece for hand-lights, to be planted in about a fortnight or three weeks hence. Manure and trench-up all vacant ground, laying it up as rough as possible. Keep the surface-soil well stirred amongst all advancing crops, such as *Spinach*, autumn *Cabbage*, and the *Brassica* tribe generally. Sow a few *Carrots* in a sheltered situation, and before sowing prick in a layer of quick lime.—C.

NEW AND RARE PLANT.

PHYSOCHLAINA GRANDIFLORA (Hook., Solanaceæ).—*Bot. Mag.*, Sept., 1851.—An interesting herbaceous, perennial plant, with much branched terete

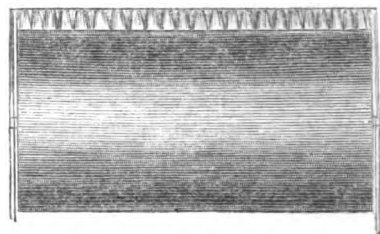


Physochlaina grandiflora.

stems, clothed with downy pubescence, and having alternate, petiolate, ovate, acute leaves, about thrice as long as the petiole. The flowers are produced in terminal panicles, and are of a pale-green colour, having a slight tinge of purple, and marked with longitudinal lines, which are again connected by oblique transverse ones, also of a purple colour. Our figure represents a portion of a branch about half the natural size. It is a native of Thibet, and was raised from seed sent to Kew by Lieut. Strachey, who gathered them at an elevation of 15,000 feet

above the level of the sea. It forms a strong-rooted, hardy plant, and will thrive in any kind of garden soil.

IMPROVED GARDEN ROLLER.—To prevent the gravel sticking to the roller, fasten immediately



above the roller a double row of short brushes, made of wire, whalebone, or any other material that will answer the purpose: this is a very good plan. The brushes are attached to a bar of iron or wood, which may be easily secured to the lower extremities of the handle at each end of the roller, as shown by our figure. Placed above the roller, and not at the side in front, as some persons have them, the brushes may be adjusted so as to brush the gravel to either side, according as the roller is drawn or pushed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERCIE.—His contribution is duly received, and accepted.

VENETIA and A VOICE are both declined.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Clifton.—The magazines you mention are now incorporated.

A LADY cannot have had much experience of periodical literature, or she would know that a review of a book cannot be purchased in any respectable publication.

A CONTROVERSIALIST.—We really do not pretend to be any authority on military matters; but judging from facts, we are inclined to think that it would have gone hard with us at Waterloo if the Prussians had not arrived in time to turn the tide in our favour. Those who say that the victory was won before our allies made their appearance, forget or are blind to the incidental admission made by authorities on the subject, that the Prussians "opened their fire at four o'clock," although the battle was not decided till seven o'clock. Now at whom could the Prussians have been firing during these eventful three hours? Surely not at themselves or their friends, but at the foe; and we know how soon disastrous or welcome intelligence spreads through an army, and depresses or inspirits them: it is sometimes felt and detected, even without any direct evidence, by that secret instinct which amounts sometimes to a revelation. However humiliating it may be to our national vanity, the truth is that the operations of Blücher on the flank of the French saved the day. Thank Heaven that we have greater things to be proud of than mere military renown, and can well afford to dispense with the exclusive

claim to any particular victory, while we occupy the position of being the teachers of constitutional liberty to all the world.

JESSICA.—The limbs of children should be properly, not luxuriously, covered. We have heard physicians say that many a child has been ruined in its constitution by attempting to turn it into "a little Highlander."

NEPHEW TOMMY.—The review in question is simply bigoted, if not stupid. Slavery is either good or bad; and if its badness is admitted, we fear that a cowardly and discreet toleration of the system will never work its cure. It is only such books as Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that can stir us up to active resolutions and sterling conduct in advocacy of the right. Such books are not revolutionary, except so far as they produce a revolution of feeling; and that great and necessary object gained, the acts of legislation may afterwards proceed with proper gravity, decorum, care, and determination, so that society may not be injured in the reconstruction of its parts. With regard to the "sudden conversions" narrated, it must be observed that such things are more frequent in a half-civilised community, liable to be very roughly and powerfully acted upon by what is new and quite out of the sphere of their ordinary observation, than in more cultivated society, where polishing influences are constantly wearing away the tendency to supernatural enthusiasm. For the sake of dramatic effect, also, it is allowable in a book to bring cause and effect into closer relation and manifestation than in ordinary life, the gradual and minute details of which would be tiresome and unartistic.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

BLACK AND WHITE:

A REAL INCIDENT IN THE FARMER-LIFE OF MISSOURI.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Far, in the far West, where the ice-crowned mountains force their jagged summits against each other, and the mountain torrents send their waters to two different seas, to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; far beyond still, where bursting its rude way through the formidable masses of rock, which with mighty force it seems to have rent asunder, or hurling itself along in mad daring, dancing and foaming onward as if rejoicing over its accomplished exploit, comes down the mighty Missouri, the "muddy river," as the Indian terms it, on account of the ravages which it commits on its own shores; or the "Roaring River," as the white man christened it when he first beheld its source, where, fall after fall, like the pursued panther, it sprung out of the abysses of the mountains, and became calm only as it reached the screening thickets of the low lands, and there, between the giant stems of the primeval fuel, completed its course, gliding into the arms of its strong brother, the Mississippi.

There, where in the shade of oaks and hickories the wild vine wound its powerful shoots from branch to branch, and bound the stately trees in their tenacious arms; while with a more showy exterior, indeed, with blossoms glittering with many colours, and more tender leaves, other climbing plants also ascended the great branches, and appeared to clasp them in loving embraces, but at the same time infused poison into their veins, and only sought the power to cling fast around the noble trees, to rob them of light and air, till they finally perished in their grasp, and dried up. There, in the yet almost unreclaimed wilderness, stood a small, rudely-built log-house, with wide gaping chimneys, constituted of clay; the north side close set against the dark wood, whose colossal tops soared high above the humble roof; but the three other sides, in the true sense of the word, pallisaded by an actual chaos of felled trees, high-piled bush, or upper wood; huge lopped boles and knotty wide straggling boughs.

The owner of this place had apparently settled down here only a short time, and begun the

tilling of the ground, which also a waggon, with a canvas tilt, standing near the house, testified, and which probably, with a cart not far removed from it, had conveyed the whole amount of the farmer's goods and chattels to this his new found home.

The sun glanced at this moment with its red and glowing rays in the tops of the trees, as a horseman, mounted on a small Indian pony, following a narrow cow track, approached the place, and had reached the opening where the stems and branches of the fallen timber lay in the wildest confusion. He stopped his pony for some seconds, and raising himself aloft in the stirrups, appeared to be looking for an opening, by which he might make his way through these heaps of wood and so reach the house. The wish, however, might have remained unfulfilled, for, uttering a light oath, he pressed the one spur, aimed but against the flank of the pony, and compelled her to leap over the first log that obstructed his path.

The little lively horse saw quickly what his master purposed, and accustomed to overcome obstacles that were perpetually presenting themselves in the wood, continued to approach, with admirable address, ever nearer and nearer to the house; here vaulting over a tree-trunk, there threading his way through splintered and widely-scattered boughs, till suddenly he saw himself, after an especially daring leap over, or rather through the top of a fallen oak, so hemmed in by insurmountable obstructions, that he stood stock still; and in the firm persuasion that he had done his utmost, waited with patience what next his rider should resolve on, who indeed had the most interest in the matter.

He, however, looked round in vain for a way out, and finally did that which he should have done at the first; he shouted to the house, and that with a powerful and vigorous "Hallo!" which was instantly answered by a choir of ten or twelve yelling and howling hounds.

Immediately afterwards the rude door of boards opened, and a slender and somewhat

stately matron appeared at it, who gazed round in quest of the person calling, and wholly in vain; while the dogs, at the sight of their mistress, became constantly more excited, and raised so terrible a noise that for a time every other sound was lost in it.

"Be quiet, Muse! down with thee, Watch! wilt thou be still, Dick? Dogs! you drive me to desperation! be quiet, there—can't you hear!" cried the woman, stilling the riot, which appeared at length to abate itself, when a second "Hallo! the house!" roused their rage afresh, and it appeared no longer to know any bounds.

The patience of the matron had evidently reached its limit, so taking a drinking-cup, shaped out of a large gourd, which swam in a full bucket on a bench at the door, she dashed the clear, cold fluid over the furious animals, which sent them howling and whimpering hither and thither.

For the third time, profiting by this momentary silence, the voice shouted, in augmented importance, its "hallo!" and the matron now first became aware of the horseman, whose head was raised only the least in the world above the surrounding mass of boughs.

"Mr. Hennings, is that you?" exclaimed she, laughing, as she perceived the situation of the young man, "how in the name of heaven have you lost yourself thus?"

"Lost!" cried he, in comic desperation, "I should like to know how I could lose myself here; I am fixed as fast as a wolf in a trap. Where the deuce is the entrance to your house? I am here actually on the footpath, but it does not appear particularly frequented."

"You should have ridden round the clearing, through the wood," replied the matron; "my husband has been felling trees here."

"Yes, nobody can deny that," said the horseman, laughing; "the evidence lies at hand."

"Remain there a little, Mr. Hennings," called out now the tittering voice of a maiden from behind the matron; and close to her, at the same moment, appeared two most charming heads, which sought to discover with every symptom of curiosity the dilemma of the young man. "Only remain there awhile; father has said that in the course of the next week he will clear all the wood away, and then the footpath will be open."

"Thanks, Sally, thanks!" cried Hennings, laughing; "but the time might seem long to me, if I heard your dear tongue constantly so near, and yet could not get over to it. Nay, my pony may see how he can get out alone; I will make it easier for him."

And with this he sprang from the horse, took off both saddle and bridle, laid them over his arm, and clambered, though not without some violent exertion, his way to the house, not more than sixty paces distant. The pony, when he saw himself deserted by his master, remained at first quietly standing, and only pricked up his ears very noticeably; but when he perceived how the case really stood, and remembered the trough at which he hoped to be fed, he flung up his head, neighed several times loudly, and then

flew, having no longer any burden to restrain him, with determined leaps, right over trunks and tops, till snorting, and kicking fairly out with his hind legs at the assailing dogs, he stopped at the door of the hut, and there greeted his master joyfully, who, struggling on, now approached too. His master, however, flung down the saddle and bridle, sprung up the steps, formed of logs laid one over another, into the house, and seizing the hand of the mistress, and heartily shaking it, exclaimed, "How are you, Mrs. Draper? How are you, Sally and Lucy—your hand: all well?—look, at least, all sound as acorns! But where is the old man?"

"Father is still out in the wood: he is seeking the horses," replied, after the brief greeting, Sally, the younger of the two girls, who might be about nineteen years of age.

"Have you seen no traces of them in the wood?" asked the matron, as she put aside the great cotton spinning-wheel into a corner, and stirred up the fire in the chimney with the long poker to a fresher glow.

"They must have come down out of the hills this morning," said Hennings; "at least their course was along the creek, and if I am not mistaken, I heard the bells just above the cross-road!"

"Oh, then, father will certainly not find them," cried Sally, vivaciously. "He would go up to Potter's Creek, and thence to the left seek them down the valley."

"Nay, he is probably already on their trace," replied the young man, "for on the soft swampy ground I saw distinctly the impression of a shoe."

"Father has his mocassins on to-day; that must be somebody else."

"Ay, certainly in that case; but who wants the horses? Is there a dance somewhere? It seems to interest you all immensely whether the father finds the horses or not."

"Dance! fie, Mr. Hennings! I thought you knew that we don't dance!" retorted the matron, somewhat piqued.

"The dickens! yes, I have heard you have joined the church, and are become religious—father too?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Draper, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but to-morrow morning, early, we are going to the camp-meeting, and I hope the best from it: God, in his goodness, will perhaps open his eyes, that he may discover the right path."

"That will be, that will be, Mrs. Draper; but whether in such a fashion as that I very much doubt. The old gentleman takes his glass freely, and when anything comes across him he swears a bit too; and I hardly fancy that he will so easily give up that. And what needs he to belong to any church? A better man never set his foot in the Missouri Bottom. He does nobody any harm."

"We are all sinners, Mr. Hennings," said the old lady, very seriously; "and my poor husband especially: he swears and curses, indulges in spirituous liquors, and lately called the travel-

ling preacher, who spent the night with us, and read prayers, a hypocrite; yes, even was so untruthful, that he got up during the prayer, and pretending that his nose bled, left the house. I examined the handkerchief afterwards; there was not a single drop of blood on it; and the poor stranger waited a full half-hour with the prayer before he proceeded, so that he might not lose a syllable of the sacred word."

Hennings laughed aloud.

"Poor Draper! so his little fib of necessity did not help him at all!"

"Little fib of necessity, Mr. Hennings!" said the matron, with a greater degree of severity than she was accustomed to; "you speak wicked words there, very, excessively wicked words; for, independent of the moments in which he should devote himself to God, permitting no lies of necessity, there are no lies of necessity: nothing in the world can move a pious man to a lie; not even necessity: for the heart which is not true and upright, cannot be an offering well-pleasing to God."

"But dear Mrs. Draper," replied Hennings, "you will certainly concede to me that there are cases in human life in which a lie of necessity may not only be no sin, but even good—"

"Nay, but I do not admit," interrupted the matron quickly, "that I cannot admit; and such a thought itself is wrong."

"But for example, now; if your husband, or one of your children, were dangerously ill," said Hennings, "and if you knew that any excitement for him or her would have the most painful consequences; if, for instance, a dear friend of the invalid was dead, and he inquired after him, would you not conceal it? Would you not rather have recourse to a lie of necessity than expose the life of your beloved one to peril?"

"Mr. Hennings, you fill up a great many suppositions in order to obtain an answer suited to your purpose. These are the snares that the devil lays, in order to perplex us as to what is good and right; and if we extend him but a little finger, he speedily seizes hold of the whole hand and with it the soul of the fallen one. Draper called the pious man a hypocrite too."

"Ha, yes, Mrs. Draper. But Draper told me that he said most prayers full seven quarters of an hour, and that is certainly rather strong."

"It was very edifying, and as he recounted all our sins, it would of course be long," responded Mrs. Draper.

"Won't you go with us to the camp-meeting, Mr. Hennings?" now asked Sally; and looked at the young man entreatingly with her large dark eyes.

"Certainly, certainly," cried he, quickly; "in such agreeable company I would go even to — camp-meeting," said he, correcting himself in good time as a very wicked word hovered on his lips; "but really," said he, looking round the little room, "Draper must have been—that is excessively industrious, in the four weeks that he has been here he has made everything actually quite comfortable; the roof can hardly have been on a fortnight."

"Draper has indeed been very industrious," replied the matron; "but how long will it last before he is seized again with the wretched thirst for rambling, and he will sell stock and flock for a few dollars, that which has cost him years of labour, and will draw westward and ever farther westward, and ever deeper into the woods amongst wild men and beasts."

"Nay, much farther west he cannot go," said Sally, very seriously, as she set a chair by the fire for the guest; "father has said himself that we are now not far from the Indian territory, and in that no white people are allowed to settle. Moreover," said she, archly smiling, "here is Mr. Hennings come into the forest, and therefore the country must possess attractions that at the first glance one would not expect."

Lucy turned and set herself to her work on the great cotton spinning-wheel.

"This wandering you must consider a merit in us," replied Hennings, who also appeared desirous not to notice Sally's raillery, and yet who in real embarrassment began cutting the chair on which he sat, with his pocket-knife. "We are through it pioneers, or squatters, as the good Americans call us. But America needs such people, who neither fear wild beasts nor wild men, but boldly enter the realms of nature, and dig the ground for her, which then belongs to them and their diligence, according to the saying of all knowing people."

"Yes, that is all very fine," said Mrs. Draper; "but I had rather have remained in Illinois."

"What! in Illinois? In that unhealthy, dry desert, amongst prairie-hens and prairie-wolves, and in the company of the actually world-renowned *Corncrackers*?"* cried Hennings, in astonishment. "Nay, give me our strong lowlands; they won't kill me. And if we must have prairies, well; we shall find them to the west from here, more beautiful and splendid than all the east, with all its loudly boasted advantages, can show."

"That may be," replied Mrs. Draper; "but Illinois, however, is no slave-state; and let this country be as free and good as it will, it is still to me dreadful only to live amongst people who sell their brothers and sisters like cattle."

"Ah Heavens! yes, Madam, there may be a deal of truth in that," said Hennings, shaking his head; "many a time, as I ponder over it alone, it seems to me as though it were not quite right to sell negroes, and to try to get for them, as for other wares, the highest price we can. But it cannot be reckoned a sin, since our fathers and grandfathers did it. The law too sanctioned the slave-trade, and the Bible itself appears to regard the matter as something very natural; at least I lately spoke with the Presbyterian minister, who also holds slaves, and he contends that God himself foreordained that the heathen people must serve the Christian. That sounds sensible enough."

"I know it—I know it," said Mrs. Draper; "they defend slavery even out of Holy Writ it-

* Nickname of the inhabitants of Illinois.

self; but God only knows if they are right: I would not pass a too hasty judgment. We women, however, feel ourselves far more nearly concerned than the men. It pains me to the heart when I have killed a chicken, to see how the old hen goes chucking round the whole place where it was used to be, and seeks the lost one; and how much more sympathy must I have with a mother out of whose arms strange men tear the child, in order to sell it for a few dollars, while she would willingly give her heart's blood for it, and is yet too poor to pay for it. I wish we had remained in a free state."

"Well, here in Missouri slavery is not yet so harshly carried out," said Hennings; "in the south it may probably be worse; but here we very seldom indeed hear anything of escaped negroes, and that I should think is a favourable sign. Where a free state is so near and yet the slaves, spite of it, remain with their masters, their lot cannot be so very dreadful."

"And where could they fly to?" demanded Mrs. Draper. "Must not a negro, when he would merely pass over to the next farm or plantation, have a passport, without which he can be seized by any white man; and even when the fugitive negro has actually reached a free-state, does it not deliver him, when taken, to his master again? How then shall such a poor man escape, when he knows no one to whom he can turn; when there is no one who will support or help him; for whoever does that has the house of correction to expect."

"That delivering up, however, must be," said Hennings; "how could the United States remain united if they withheld each other's property? That would occasion an endless hatred and division. Well, it is certainly bad that we have slaves; and I myself would thank God if a means could be found to be rid of them, and to send all that have negro-blood in their veins back over the sea to their native home, as indeed they have begun to do so by sending them to Liberia; but as the wisest people in the land have for many years beaten their brains in vain how best to help them off, we will not irritate one another about it. The existing state of things the individual must obey."

Lucy, in the mean time, had taken down out of an opening over the fire-place a folded newspaper, spread it open, and held it before the young man.

"You assert that no negroes run away here in Missouri from their masters?" said she, with a slight reproof in her tone; "there, convince yourself; here three are advertised, and before each of them a little picture—a poor negro with his bundle on his back. One is from a neighbour out of the next county, from Squire Wallis."

"That speaks for and against me," said Hennings. "Against me, on account of the running away; for me, because this very Wallis is one of your so-called pious people; he has even preached already, and the Presbyterians hold him for an especial light that has arisen on the

State and in their church. God defend us from such lights."

"Does Mr. Wallis really treat his slaves so severely?" asked the matron.

"Of that Draper and I were recently witnesses," replied Hennings. "We were riding by just as he had bound one of his young slaves to a tree, and was smoking his pipe quietly near. Ever and anon, as if to make himself a little diversion, he arose, and with his own hand lashed the unhappy creature till the clear blood ran down his back. We asked what had induced him to inflict so terrible a punishment; but he replied that he did it out of Christian mildness, as it was contrary to his principles to punish one of his slaves in anger, and therefore he cooled himself always a little down in the intervals, so as to remain calm, and not to become heated."

"And do you call this a free land?" exclaimed the mother indignantly.

"And that you call a pious Christian!" retorted Hennings. "Is not your husband, with all his little failings and peculiarities, weaknesses if you will, ten times more estimable, even if he now and then left the bottom of the whiskey-jug higher than the top, and eases his heart with a rough-sounding, but by no means an ill-meant, word?"

"But he might leave that impious cursing alone," said Mrs. Draper, already much more mildly disposed.

"Yes, and you too, sir, said Sally laughing; "Lucy has often said you would be a thoroughly good man if you did not constantly —"

"Sally!" cried Lucy, "how can you —"

A sudden barking of the dogs here interrupted the conversation, and immediately after Draper stepped into the house with his cap pulled down over his forehead and his gun in his hand, which, without looking round, he laid on the wooden pins over the door.

"Here am I again," said he; and at this moment, turning towards his family, his countenance was remarkably pale; his whole frame appeared excited, and he started evidently as he discerned a stranger on his hearth, but in one instant recovered himself and extended his hand to the quickly recognized friend.

"And without the horses?" asked Hennings, as he shook lustily the offered hand with the empty bridles. "The ladies here seem confidently to have expected their arrival."

"Then the ladies must still have some patience," said Draper smiling, and taking off his cap, laid it on the corner of the mantel-piece above. But his thoughts seemed again to have wandered far away, and with his hand still resting on the mantel above, he stood for several minutes gazing into the glowing coals of the fire as if sunk in deep thought.

"Mr. Hennings has seen the traces of them in Potter's Creek, father," at length said Sally. "They must have gone down to the low ground, and then you know if they get into the reeds they are not easily found again. Well, we must give up going to the camp-meeting to-morrow."

"That would be dreadful," said the old man laughing, who had now recovered his equanimity, and sate himself comfortably down on the chair placed for him. "Then you and Lucy could not show your new dresses and bonnets, and mother must let that handsome wrapping-shawl lie a fortnight longer in the chest."

"But husband!" interrupted Mrs. Draper reproachfully, "will you then say that on account of such sinful vanity we would ride to the camp-meeting? Have I ever given occasion for this?"

"Father is particularly odd to-day," said Sally suddenly, going up to him and looking him keenly in the face. "It struck me instantly as he entered. I don't know—"

"But I know what Miss Chatterbox has to do," said the old man, seizing her smilingly by the chin; "There stands Mr. Henning's pony without, impatiently neighing all the time I have been in the house, for some of the hoarded maize. Go and give him half-a-dozen cobs, and then we will hobble him and let him seek his own fodder about; but you must first put the little bell about his neck: it hangs at the back corner of the barn."

Sally sprang, singing, out to execute the received commission; but Draper went to his wife, stroked her half turned-away cheek, and said good-humouredly—

"Don't be angry, old one; you know well how it is meant. But you are all a little vain though, you must allow it; for I know that none of you would go to the camp-meeting in your every-day dress."

"That would not be proper either, Draper; that would not be proper either! If we pray to the Lord we must also show that we have regard to come with an orderly exterior before him."

"As far as I know anything of God, it would be all one to him," said Draper good-humouredly. "But you are right; you mean it well, and are besides good and reasonable; that hypocritical brood, however, I cannot bear. But, Hennings, where did you see the horses?"

"Not the horses, only the traces," he replied. "They came down from the hills, and passed over the cross-way down to the low ground; and, if I was not deceived, I even heard the bell of the bay one."

"Yes, that is heard farthest off; it is possible. Well, then I shall find them in the morning at the Buffalo-lick; there they generally betake themselves when they have once hit the direction."

"I saw besides that the print of a man's foot," continued Hennings, "and thought at first it must have been yours; but he who left it wore shoes; it was probably a hunter."

"Yes, yes, it was probably a hunter," said the old man, getting up and walking a few times to and fro in the room; "yes, I saw it too; it went southwards, towards the settlements; probably a hunter. But what newspaper is that?"

"The same that the Sheriff left here this morning, father," replied Lucy; "we have been looking it over."

"Well, is there any news from St. Louis?" asked Draper, and passed his left hand over his hard, open brow as though he would drive all other thoughts thence. "How is the election? What says our democrat there? Has Polk a chance?"

"Well, Missouri certainly won't leave him in the lurch, laughed Hennings; "but that was not it; we were reading here some advertisements of runaway slaves."

"Runaway slaves! Where? Let me see!" cried Draper quickly, and that with an interest that to a close observer must have been striking; but Hennings, ascribing the movement to curiosity only, held him out the paper, calmly saying—

"Three of them. Wallis has again caused one to be pursued."

"Nineteen years old," read Draper; "slender form, open, high forehead and particularly woolly hair: colour—ebony black: size—five feet seven. Just settles everything."

"What settles?" demanded Hennings.

"What settles? Well, the—oh, I know the fellow who has probably run away," replied Draper, and turned as if the better to get the light upon the paper.

"Is it probably he that he caused lately to be so dreadfully flogged?" said Hennings.

"The same, the same; his back is still bloody and mangled; the wounds had not had time to heal; the poor devil could not close his eyes by day or night for agony, and yet must work. Mother, where is the whiskey-bottle?" suddenly exclaimed Draper, and stooped to see whether it was in its usual place under the foot of the bed; then, hastening to the door, he suddenly started back and exclaimed, "Death and Satan!"

The wife and daughters sprang terrified forward, and did not long continue in doubt as to that which had so surprised the father. A young negro, with bare head, and clad in only a thin linen jacket, and trowsers as thin; his naked feet in coarse ox-leather shoes; his sable features sunken and distorted with the terrors of death and excessive exertion, sprung upon the door-sill, cast his shy, wild glance upon those who now stood round him, and clasping the old man's knees, fell half fainting against them.

"Ben, Ben! for heaven's sake, what does this mean?" cried Draper, looking anxiously towards Hennings, who stood astonished, and not knowing what to make of this singular scene.

"Save me, sir! save me, if you do not wish that they should burn me alive, as they did the poor negro in St. Louis; save me, for the Saviour's sake; they are close behind me!"

He looked up imploringly to him, and now for the first time could Hennings see his features. Scarcely, however, had he looked him a moment in the face, when he sprang forward, seized the kneeler by the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"Heaven and earth! that is Wallis's run-

away negro. Hold, fellow; how came you here, and where are you going?"

The unfortunate Ben cast a beseeching glance at the old man, and sank down, letting go his knees, in a swoon to the ground.

"The youngster probably could not have gone further," said Hennings, as he clasped him, and felt how motionless the poor fellow lay in his grasp. "Well, a drop of cold water will bring him to himself. But we must keep him here till we can let Wallis know. He will be not a little glad to have his negro back again."

"But you would not deliver him up?" cried Lucy in terror.

"Not deliver him up, Miss Lucy? Would you have us aid the escape of a negro, and do penance for it in the house of correction?"

"They will burn him alive!" cried Sally, and folded her hands in the agony of death on her breast.

"Oh, God forbid!" said Hennings, smiling. "That would be contrary to his master's interest to destroy his own slaves. No, Sally, he will escape with a few lashes, and that the scamp too well deserves. What does he run away for? He knows that he will be retaken."

Draper stooped in silence over the unhappy man, and pointed to his back. The twilight was growing deep, but they could see how the red blood had soaked through the thin linen jacket, and had fast glued it to his back in long strips, partly dried and partly fresh.

The women uttered a cry of horror and anguish, and even Hennings turned away shuddering. "The poor devil!" muttered he to himself. Draper at length broke silence, and said, with a hollow and almost inaudible voice, while he still continued to support the negro on his arm:—

"This boy three weeks ago saved my life. I bathed in the river, and only by his assistance was I able to climb the steep rugged shore, against which the powerful stream had driven me. To-day I met him in the wood, and though I knew that he was a runaway slave, I let him pass unopposed. I turned and would not see which way he fled; and now, by what chance I know not, God conducts this unhappy one to my hut, and there are only two things for me. I must either betray the saviour of my life, and give him up to his executioners, or I must run the risk of being accused of assisting a runaway slave, and then the house of correction is my punishment."

"There is, it seems to me," said Hennings, "another way out of it. Wallis knows that a labourer can only be of use to him when he is sound and well: he, moreover, relies a good deal on your word, and if you ride over to him and say that you will get him his negro back, on his promise that he shall not further punish him, as he has been so ill-used already, I believe he will listen to reason, and not be a monster. Deuce take it too, he belongs to the church, and so he dare not, for the look of the thing, play the tyrant."

"He opens his eyes," said Mrs. Draper, who had been rubbing the negro's forehead and temples with vinegar; "he is coming to himself. Great God! how wretched the poor fellow must be. Father, if our son, who now wanders about in Texas or Mexico, lay thus amongst strangers, what would you wish they should do with him?"

"I don't believe, Mrs. Draper, that much danger threatens him," said Hennings, again taking up the word. "If you wish it, I will myself ride over with Draper, and try to persuade Wallis to mercy; but delivered up he must be; for why should two white people put themselves into so much jeopardy for only a negro?"

"For only a negro, Mr. Hennings!" said Sally, with a bitter tone of reproof; "that sounds, let me candidly say, very shocking of you. Father was only a white in his eyes, and yet he drew him out of the water; and this I know, that if you deliver him up, and I were Lucy, I would never say another mortal word to you in my life."

"Take pity on him," now implored Lucy, and looked beseechingly at the young man, who stood with his hat in his hand and scratched himself behind the ear.

"But, dear Lucy," said he at length, "what good would it do him, if we did not reckon our own security at the value of a rush, he cannot escape. How can a negro escape hence to Canada without a passport? If we do not deliver him up, by which we might be helpful to him, some one else will, and thus it will go harder with him."

The negro had opened his large, expressive eyes, and gazed on them with a look of indescribable agony of soul. He now whispered, scarcely audibly, "I am lost! The pursuers are just at my heels: I met one of them in the woods, and despair only gave me strength enough to escape him in the thick underwood, where he could not follow me with his horse. I fled hither as the last resource. I cannot go farther; my back is laid bare, my strength is exhausted, my wounds burn like fire, and my limbs refuse to obey me. If I am given up all is over; there is an end of this wretched life."

"It is not so bad, Ben," said Hennings good-humouredly. "We will go ourselves over to your master, and beg him to spare you. He won't further ill use you."

"In vain! in vain!" groaned out the unhappy man, and stared on the ground. "That were useless. Last Friday he flung me on the ground, and trampled on me: the hard stones tore open again the not yet healed wounds of the whip. Frantic with pain, and not knowing what I did in my desperation, I snatched up the haft of an axe that lay by, and struck my master to the earth."

"Unhappy wretch!" said Hennings pitifully. "Then you are utterly lost."

"No, no!" cried Draper. "I will perish before I will deliver him up. I know what I risk. I know what threatens me if I am discovered, but never mind; and, at worst, I can but leave

this piece of labour already done here, and go on to Iowa; but I will not, day and night, my whole life long, have the image of this unhappy youth haunting and tormenting me, and have always to say to myself, "He only saved thy life that thou mightest deliver him up to his executioners. Cheer up, Ben; nothing shall happen to you. I will yet see whether old Draper is so stupid that he can't find a way to help you."

"But Draper! Draper! think of your wife and children!" said the young man, warningly.

"O don't dissuade father!" Lucy begged imploringly: "let him complete his work; and if you would show yourself as a right dear, dear friend of us all, help this once to save this poor fellow from his terrible punishment!"

"Dear Lucy," replied Hennings, still undetermined, "I could do with all my heart anything that could give you the very least pleasure; but really I do not see how we are to help the poor devil! If the pursuers are so close on his heels as he says, then we may expect them every moment; and in his present condition it would be impossible for him to flee. To hide him here is equally impossible."

"We must write him a passport," cried Mrs. Draper, quietly: "a negro with a passport nobody detains."

"But," cried Lucy, in great distress, "we have neither pen, ink, nor paper; even the only bit of pencil that was over the fireplace is lost; at least I have not been able to find it."

In the meantime the negro gazed with anxious looks from one to the other of the speakers, and his eyes flashed as he heard the passport spoken of; but when this last hope was cut off, he hid his face in his hands; and though no sound, no sob broke the silence, yet the trembling and convulsive working of his whole frame betrayed the agony that agitated him.

"Some means must be hit upon," cried old Draper, and paced the room with quick steps. "Ben must away, that I see; and for that it is absolutely necessary that he has a passport. He must be hidden in the house, and I will ride to 'Squire Mapel's, and get ink and paper."

"But the whole country is up!" cried Ben in agony. "He who chased me to-day knows that I had struck a white man. Twice he could have shot me down; but he cried with curses that he would have me alive, that he might see me roasted! They are most horribly determined!"

"Holloh, there!" suddenly resounded a voice from the other side of the felled timber; and, as at the arrival of Hennings, it was immediately drowned in the howling of the dogs.

"There they are!" groaned Ben, and sunk in despair down in a chair, the back of which was wetted with blood, that had oozed through the thin jacket.

Draper went instantly to the door, quieted the dogs with a curse, and called out, "Who is there? and what do you want?"

"Who is there! the devil! Pitt is there, or properly he is not there; for he sticks fast here in a chaos of all possible confusion; and can't

tell how he is to get out. Which in all the world is the way, Draper? On the track that I have come, there lie at least twenty loads of timber!"

"Are you alone?" shouted Draper.

"Ay, to be sure; but there will presently be a whole troop of people; I met them not far from here, and they said they meant to pass the night with you."

"I'll come immediately, Pitt," cried Draper: "keep still only a moment, or your horse may injure himself on the numerous splinters," and with that he threw the door to again, and stepped back into his hut.

"It is too late!" said he, mournfully, as he gazed fixedly at the unhappy lad: "they will be here before we can hit on a feasible way of escape, much less carry it out."

"If he were but hidden out in the wood," said Sally, timidly, "I would right willingly bring him food and drink, and then in the early morning we might be able to help him."

"Nay, that is impossible: the dogs would not let him pass thither unobserved; and besides this, the pursuers bring, without question, their hounds with them, and then his discovery would be inevitable."

"Then hide him between the beds!" said Sally, suddenly: "he can lie there till some way of escape is discovered, even if it be till early morning."

"That is the only thing. Heaven and earth, Pitt will be out of patience: I must fetch him in; so hide him quickly, and God grant that he may remain undiscovered, or my good name in Missouri is gone, and I myself must flee from the vengeance of its inhabitants."

Deeply sighing, he quitted the hut, to bring in his, to-day, so unwelcome guest, while the women in the meantime prepared a tolerably soft bed for the poor runaway, and so concealed him among the feather beds, and by clothes hung over a chair, that unless an actual search of the house were made—a thing not to be feared here—his retreat could not be seen by those in the room, especially as no American is curious to thrust himself into the sleeping apartments of the ladies.

The visitor soon reached the small, open place before the hut, and already from without loudly greeting the ladies, stepped into the room, which was lighted by a home-made candle.

Mr. Pitt was a little, well-dressed man, with hair so blond, that he often called it in joke, "Isabel coloured;" with large, grey blue eyes, and buttoned up in a pepper and salt great coat. Good-natured as he might be in many particulars, and much as he cared for his horses and cattle, that he never permitted to be overworked, yet he hated the negroes excessively; and though, as he called it, he foddered his slaves well too, he treated them with the greatest contempt. The slaves of the whole neighbourhood feared him extremely, and hated him still more, every one calling him "the negro devourer." And yet was this man a thoroughly good citizen, upright and honourable in all his transactions, and one who had through his own exer-

tions amassed a considerable property. His ambition had been sufficiently gratified by being appointed justice of the peace of his township, which took place when the agitation for General Harrison penetrated to the very "Far West." He prided himself on his zealous Whiggery, and notably was a warm partizan of Henry Clay, and especially of Frelingburgsen, who, according to him, was the most pious man in the world, and deserved rather to be president than vice-president. He was in religion a Presbyterian, and adhered so zealously to his church, that once, when he was present at a great meeting, and it was announced to the waiting audience that the preacher was suddenly taken ill, himself, all unprepared, ascended the pulpit, and with powerful words, and an action never before witnessed there, related to the people how it was with his own heart. Such was the effect, that he was earnestly entreated to dedicate his life exclusively to spiritual eloquence. But Mr. Pitt declined this, asserting—and perhaps not without reason—that he could "much more astonish the natives by remaining a layman," than if he made a regular profession of religious teaching. He was, moreover, highly gallant and polite towards the ladies, though, as an old bachelor, he had many a sly cut and jest to bear from them; and he had even, not so very many years ago, been concerned in an abduction in St. Louis. When he spoke of this, however, he never failed to make the remark that it was before he was a justice of the peace, and that now he would hinder anything of this unlawful kind by all the means in his power.

So Mr. Pitt entered the door of the hut, and not only extended his hand to each of the ladies with a "good evening," but also inquired so particularly after the health and well-doing of his "new neighbour"—his house was eleven English miles off—that he did not observe the confusion and excitement in which they were, but placing for himself a chair by the fire, with his back to the door, and his face therefore turned towards the beds, he addressed to Draper and Hennings a thousand different questions at the same time.

Draper was too much excited to give answers to these, but on his part only asked, whenever the good man gave him a chance of stopping for breath, what strangers he had met in the wood, what they were doing, and when they would be likely to arrive.

"Stop, sir! stop!" cried the little man, and turned towards him with an air of comic despair, "there are many different articles that must first be prepared, and then individually brought forward. Before all things, ladies, I fear that your space will be a little confined, for I can myself announce eight men who will drop in here before an hour is over. That is, properly only seven, as one of them already sits here most comfortably before the fire, and congratulates himself no little that he is out of the thorns and rascally briars there without."

"Who were the others?" Draper impatiently interrupted him.

"Who were the others?" replied, smiling, the little justice of peace. "The pride of the State; the bloom and ornament of ours and the neighbouring counties; brave farmers, in fact, like mounted Nimrods with their guns and dogs. Apropos, Draper, have you the wolf-hound yet that you bought of Hilbert? That was a famous puppy, and must certainly be now a noble hound."

"Were the people hunting?" now added Henning.

"Hunting? Yes," said the justice; "but an especial hunt: high game—man's flesh."

"Man's flesh!" said the women, in horror.

"Don't terrify yourselves, ladies, it is nothing more than a runaway nigger," smiled the good-humoured justice of peace: "perhaps they have him already, and will bring him with them immediately."

Not one of them in the house answered a syllable, and the talkative guest went gossiping on.

"Wallis, as you probably know, recently was obliged to give one of his negroes an exemplary chastisement. The scamp, as he himself said, on Sunday of all days, had fallen into the river, with all his new clothes on."

"Heavens! did he punish him on that account? Was that the cause of it?" exclaimed Draper, in horror.

Pitt looked at him in amazement. "Well," said he, "that was one cause of his punishment, and he had a certain portion of it on that account; but that was only a more distant cause of the punishment of which I speak, for the canaille had got cold through it, and could not do his ordinary work. Wallis is a little hasty, and I don't know rightly how all came about; this, however, is certain, that Ben, the nigger, gave a saucy answer, for which, of course, he must also be punished. Then only think, he next fell upon his master, and felled him to the ground with the handle of an axe, the axe-head, luckily, being wanting, and fled. But far he will not flee: Hilbert met him quite close by this afternoon, but unfortunately had not his dogs with him. Immediately afterwards he fell in with the regular nigger hunters; and now, as these had brought hounds with them, they will beat over the hurricane ground,* and then pass the night here. They remain, perhaps, in the wood; but it looks like rain, and they will find it better to seek the protection of a roof."

"But, ladies, you leave all the talk to me—none of you speak a single word."

"We must think of the supper, sir," said the mother; "for if we are to have so many guests, they must have at least something warm, to make amends for the other inconveniences that they must necessarily put up with. About what time will they be here?"

* Portions of the forest over which a hurricane has passed, and which after some time becomes an impenetrable thicket of fallen trees and bushes.

"They will not be very long, not very long," said the little man, and elevated his eyebrows impatiently; "in three-quarters of an hour they can have beaten the whole over—the hurricane is not so immoderately large, and the dogs they have with them are excellent. The mother of your wolf-hound, Draper, is with them. In fact, they may find the fellow immediately, and then they won't stay out longer."

Draper and Hennings exchanged some words in an under tone; and the latter now took his chair and set it on the other side of the fire, requesting Mr. Pitt to do the same, that the ladies might not be so much hindered in their going to and fro about their cookery.

Mr. Pitt obeyed very alertly, seized his chair by the back, and carried it further round; but suddenly fixed his eye in turn on the pocket of his coat, felt at it, and then gazed by the clear fire-light at his hand.

"Blood!" he exclaimed in astonishment, and stared at the chair on which he had just sat; but Mrs. Draper sprung quickly to it, wiped the

back with a cloth, and said with a voice half choked by anxiety and surprise, "Oh! don't be angry, Mr. Pitt; we have killed a turkey to-day, and some of the blood was spilled here."

Hennings stooped towards Lucy, and whispered, smiling, "Just jog mother's memory about that chapter on lies of necessity."

"O, I beg pardon! I beg pardon!" cried the polite justice, "it is nothing to speak of. I beg pardon; don't concern yourself, I have a pocket-handkerchief; yes, it is merely an insignificant little spot. I was only alarmed at first, lest I had in riding broken a little ink-bottle which I carried in my coat-pocket; and that would have been dreadful, for then my light trou—then my light dress would by such a wetting have been spoiled."

"You have ink with you?" cried Hennings, quickly, and sprung in the excitement of the moment from the chair on which he had just seated himself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AUTUMN LEAVES, FROM THE THOUGHT-FOREST.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

I.

God. What a vast idea—a meeting-point
Of all ideas! Centre, Sun, and Life,
Whose children we; for us He piled the earth
Story on story, each with treasure rife,
Like mighty King house-building for his heir.
Dear brother, hast thou lost Him? Jarring creeds,
Sectarian quarrels, have they quenched the fire
On thy soul's altar?

Come and read His ways
In rocks, stern histories which cannot lie,
In texts no human pen interpreting
Hath marred or mingled; from the scrutiny
Thy soul will come ennobled, thou wilt see
How these rock-piles, these continents upheaved,
Still bearing traces of volcanic force,
Are picture-books to tell us of the past.
Perchance while waiting in this outer porch,
Humbly prostrated at Creation's shrine,
Thou may'st regain thy Faith, and see how Truth,
God's golden circle, perfect, fresh, and fair,
Is set by him for crown upon the brow
That once wore thorns.

II.

Oh! Heaven, how sick at heart
Of life and all its littleness I feel
Of life and all its greatness! how unsure
To reach the height my spirit longs to scale!
Just on the threshold of all good I stand,
Attaining sometimes, lightning quick, a glimpse
Of the high Altar and the kindled flame
In Thy great Temple. Sudden shuts the door;
The choral songs begin; and I without
Am shut, a prisoner in this lower world,
With prejudice, half knowledge, ignorance,
Eager to stifle all my upward cries,
And drag me, earthy, downwards to the earth.
Forbid it, Heaven! Dear Faith, still tread the path

Where stars like dust are sprinkled. Up, still up,
Till, thy wings strengthening with continued flight,
They land me in the Paradise of God.

III.

Oh, for a breath, up-blowing from the sea,
On some fresh mountain brow!—a breath of life,
That like the wind among Æolian strings
Makes music on the worn and weary nerves.
Or breezes playing sweetly overhead
In woodland paths entangled, where the shade
Falls chequer-wise all dark among the gold
And glistening sunlight; and the voice of birds
Rains down a flood of ever-fresh delight
Upon the ear below.

THE OLD TREES.

Ye proud ancestral monarchs of the wood!
Still 'mid Time's changes have ye changeless stood;
While Lords of our vain race passed swiftly by,
Unheeded in thy feudal majesty.
Thy stalwart arms spread here the welcome shade
Where the young cradled heir in pastime played;
The sunbeam that he chased among thy leaves
Still o'er the turf its golden lattice weaves,
Streaks each rough trunk with rich fantastic rays,
As when it gleamed to mock his eager gaze.

The child, no more a child, still loved to roam
'Neath thy green beauty, for the spell of home
Gave the proud Hall he loved a name more sweet
Than blazoned History. Here the fairy feet,
He fondly watched for, oft the May-dew brushed
From the wild flowers beneath, that still uncrushed
Looked up and smiled *her* welcome. Ye have seen
Glad meetings, and farewells, that oft have been
Shadowed by jealous Doubt, by tears wept o'er,
To make Love's April brighter than before.

A fainter foliage thy light branches flung
When from the ancient pile the bridal throng
Issued without the porch. Do ye recall
When with fond words to his ancestral Hall

The bridegroom welcomed there the blooming bride,
 And here at evening, wandering side by side,
 They looked on Life's long vista, while Love threw
 Upon its darkest paths his own sweet hue?
 Touched he the lofty thought and graver theme
 With the warm fervour of young manhood's dream,
 While the dark eyes where yet the tear-drops shone
 Reflected back the rapture of his own?

The lone, the aged man did haunt this spot
 That Youth's pure dreams had hallowed (unforgot
 Amid Life's darker memories), when the laugh
 Rung lightly from his lip. Upon his staff
 His feeble hands were clasped as he surveyed
 His spacious, fair domain. His eager tread
 Lost all its energy, his dim eye fell
 Upon that ancient pile he loved so well;
 He knew that onward to a distant bourne
 His steps were bent—that summer would return,
 With bee, and bird, and flower: but to him
 The summer's glory and the midnight dim
 Would be alike. For strangers' steps would fall
 In youthful gladness in that ancient Hall,
 And blither voices, saddened for awhile,
 Speak of the old man with a gentle smile.
 And when he passed in silent pomp again
 Dark plumes waved o'er him, and a mourning train
 Moved slowly on its way. Say, did ye hear
 The words of wailing o'er that quiet bier?

Ye who did shade the little tottering feet,
 And echo lisping words, in numbers sweet
 As birds among the branches, keep ye still
 At Evening hour no treasured tone to thrill
 The listener's ear? Surely, ye whispering trees,
 Ye must have garnered up sweet harmonies,
 As from the lute the hand unconscious brings
 Some ancient melody that once the strings
 Rang forth in joyous measure; some old song
 Whose numbers to a bygone age belong.

Why are ye silent now? What honied vows
 Have breathed their faith beneath thine aged boughs?
 What whispers, trembling with a rapturous thought
 Or passionate pleading, or the low sighs caught
 As echo and reply? Could ye reveal
 But the heart's music, weary ones would steal
 From the world's din, that all of peace denies,
 To listen for thy holier harmonies.

A. S.

THE WAVE OF LIFE.

BY ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

"Whither, whither dost thou wander,
 Restless little billow? say!"
 Cried the Water-Lily, "tarry
 With me here and let us play."

"No, e'er restless must I wander
 Till I Ocean's grave attain:
 Let thy blooming vesture teach thee,
 God hath made me not in vain."

Man, thus restless must thou wander,
 Like the streamlet's crystal wave;
 For thy workings, good or evil,
 Tend alike to Ocean's grave.

On, then, like the little billow
 Tarry not in idle sport!
 Let the golden fruit of virtue
 Trace thy journey to the port.

TRUST NOT TO THE SUNNY SMILE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Trust not to the sunny smile
 Which plays round a shaded brow,
 For joyless the weary while
 Are the thoughts which lie below;
 As flowers whose rosy bloom
 Is over a tombstone shed,
 A smile may the face illumine
 When the heart within is dead.

The winds may release the waves
 In their hour of brief repose,
 But the faithless Deep hides graves,
 Though its tide so softly flows;
 And when the rude whirlwind's breath
 Hath banished that calm serene,
 The wrecks which have slept beneath
 On its heaving breast are seen.

The saddest may sometimes seem
 All that souls most bless'd could be,
 But such mirth is a fleeting gleam—
 The calm of a breezeless sea.
 The winds will the billows shake
 Till arise the wrecks of years;
 And chance-words the heart may break
 Which conceals a fount of tears.

Ramsgate, July 2, 1852.

DOWN, DOWN IN THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

He lieth hid in a coral cave,
 Far, far from the light of day;
 And he soundly sleeps in his lowly grave
 As none but a dead one may.
 On a pillow of pearls he rests his head,
 And the waves, so wild and free,
 Are sporting for ever around his bed,
 Down, down in the deep, deep sea.

With a fairy robe of the sea-weed wrought,
 By the mermaids o'er him cast,
 He lieth there, and he careth nought
 For the wild wind's wildest blast;
 But above him, though raging tempests roar,
 Right merrily sleepeth he,
 A thousand leagues from the nearest shore,
 Down, down in the deep, deep sea.

It matters not where to rest we're laid
 When our earthly race is run;
 We shall sleep as well 'neath the yew-tree's shade
 As we can sleep beneath the sun;
 But still, if I could, before I die,
 Choose where I would buried be,
 Like that sailor youth methinks I'd lie,
 Down, down in the deep, deep sea.

WALTER WELDOX.

A STORY OF THE SPRING OF 1852.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Randall Rawley's father was a country squire, "whose constant care was to increase his store, and keep his only son at home." Mr. Rawley frequently boasted that "he was an old-fashioned man, and never went along with the times:" nor is there any instance on record of a person having been found hardy enough to contradict him.

Mrs. Rawley was a "restless matron" of the old school, perpetually tying up preserves, jingling keys, and holding mysterious colloquies with a young woman in her establishment, who rejoiced in the obsolete title of "the still-room maid." Randall Rawley, as might be expected from the son of such a couple, was narrow-minded, shy, and conceited. The Rawleys had not even gone to town to see the Crystal Palace: vague and terrible ideas haunted them that London would at that time be full of chartists, thieves, and swindlers—that you would be inevitably victimized by lodging-house keepers—probably run over by omnibuses, and possibly subjected at the corner of some sequestered street to the summary discipline of the garotte! Mr. and Mrs. Rawley had an intense horror of foreigners, and of everything bordering on foreign customs. They, however, had one exception to their rule: they considered the plan of the parents of France in making up matches for their children, instead of allowing the young people to choose for themselves, as peculiarly judicious and commendable.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawley's nearest neighbours and dearest friends, were a certain Mr. and Mrs. Hayley, with an only daughter; and Hannah Hayley they deemed worthy of being the wife of their cherished Randall. The young lady in question was a cherry-cheeked, buxom, simpering damsel, as fond of red ribbons as Farmer Flamborough's daughters: she was as narrow-minded and as shy as Randall Rawley, but was superior to him, inasmuch as she was totally free from conceit. She was quite ready to give her hand and heart to Randall whenever she was asked to do so: but Randall told his parents that "he was not inclined to be hurried; that Hannah Hayley was a good, inoffensive girl, but that he thought he was entitled to expect something superior in a wife!"

Randall was not only in a general way perfectly unconscious of his own deficiencies, but when forced to acknowledge them to himself, he was careful to prevent anybody else from becoming a partaker in the information. For in-

stance, Randall was remarkably short-sighted. Now, short-sightedness is an infliction which is generally borne extremely well by those who suffer under it. In the first place it is perfectly aristocratic, and in the next it affords idle people the pleasure of spending a great deal of time and a great deal of money in selecting, purchasing, parading, and talking over sundry elegant eye-glasses, gold-mounted spectacles, and colossal double opera-glasses. To such persons, the names of Dollond, Harris, Solomons, &c., are as "household words;" and they look upon the world with considerable satisfaction, albeit condemned to view it through a crystal medium. Such, however, was not the accommodating spirit of Randall Rawley. The Earl of Snowdon, in Theodore Hook's clever tale of "Pride," says, "A Plinlimmon never catches cold!" and Randall held it quite inconsistent for a member of the house of Rawley to plead guilty to any sort of physical defect. Randall was once introduced at the house of a friend to a very pretty girl, and as he sat next her at dinner he had a full opportunity of scrutinizing her features. She had a fairy-like form, and cheeks tinted with the hue of the wild rose. She was incomparably superior to Hannah Hayley. Randall thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night, for a week. At the end of that time he went to a Flower-Show in the neighbouring town; but the geraniums seemed to lack freshness, and the tea-roses to lack fragrance, and the Floral Devices to lack ingenuity. Poor Randall! he continually passed and repassed the pretty young lady and her party—nay, she cast a glance of encouragement upon him; but it elicited no answering glance, because he was not aware of having received it! When she next met with him at a dinner-party, she was silent and reserved. Randall heard the reason of her change of manner, and he might have exonerated himself at once if he had confessed to her that he was short-sighted; but nothing less than the thumb-screw could have forced such a confession from Randall. He preferred to be thought rude and capricious; and the fair damsel with her slender waist, and wild-rose complexion, soon passed away from his thoughts, and the plump, good-humoured Hannah Hayley was restored to the inconsiderable place that she had held in them. About this time Randall received a few days' visit from an old schoolfellow, of the name of Dawes. He had a situation in the Custom

House, and was now enjoying his yearly holiday.

Whichcote says, "Take away the self-conceited, and there will be elbow-room in the world;" and Dawes was quite as well qualified as his friend Randall to create a vacancy in the population, had such a method of thinning it been authorized by act of parliament. Dawes could not boast of his family or fortune, but he fancied himself a "man about town;" because he went to minor theatres, cheap concerts, and tea-gardens. He made himself up for conversation by the means of penny magazines, and greatly pitied rustic simplicity and ignorance. He talked much to Randall of the attractions of beautiful actresses, dwelling especially on a certain Fanny Fairleigh, at whose Cinderella-like feet he should certainly have laid his Custom-house stipend of two hundred a-year, had she not just retired from the stage, to bestow her hand and heart on a country gentleman of large fortune.

Randall felt dazzled and bewildered, and had a dim perception that an accomplished actress would be a more entertaining sort of companion than Hannah Hayley. Dawes proceeded to the house of an uncle in the next county, and in less than a week Randall was on the road to London, not in a spirit of enterprise and adventure, but on a plain matter of business. Mr. Rawley had received a letter from his solicitor, which rendered his presence in London desirable; but a threatening fit of the gout made him resolve to send his son in his stead. Randall was to go on Monday, return home on Wednesday, and spend the intervening time at the house of the solicitor in Norfolk-street, Strand. Nothing could well appear less brilliant, less dashing, less exciting, than such a sober plan: yet Randall's heart beat high: he was going to London; he was going there alone—it seemed as if he were about to turn over a new page in the very dull, dronish record of his uneventful existence.

Randall arrived in London on Monday night, transacted the necessary business on Tuesday morning, and on Tuesday evening determined to visit a theatre, and gaze on one of those fair paragons of histrionic perfection chronicled by Dawes. He had some thoughts of repairing to the Haymarket, but before he had reached the end of the Strand, he overheard a few words spoken by a party of young men, walking a little in advance of him. They also were about to visit a theatre, and they named a piece that was performing at it, founded on an Arabian tale which had been the delight of Randall's childhood. He resolved to follow their steps, and in a few minutes found himself within a pretty, neat little theatre. The first piece had just begun: he could not procure a seat near the stage, but he could see just well enough to be aware that the dresses and scenery were in extremely good style. A gentleman sat next to him, who was looking at the performers through a double opera-glass, which resembled a pair of moderately-sized telescopes. He prof-

fered the use of it to Randall, but Randall declined, undauntedly declaring that "he could see extremely well without it." Had Randall accepted this courteous offer, the passage in his life which I am about to illustrate would never have occurred.

After a few scenes the heroine of the spectacle appeared. Splendidly dressed, beautiful and elegant, she looked as unlike Hannah Hayley as possible, and Randall had no doubt that she was extremely like Fanny Fairleigh. He applauded vehemently, sighed deeply when the curtain fell, and bitterly lamented the necessity of quitting London the next morning, so anxious did he feel to endeavour to introduce himself to the fascinating actress. Randall, however, had no idea of delaying his departure; he knew that his mother would immediately feel certain that he had been crushed in one of the tunnels, and that his father would conclude that the house in Norfolk Street had taken fire, and that his only son had been consumed in the flames.

Randall returned a changed young man to his paternal mansion; his mother appeared tiresome, his father prosing, and Hannah Hayley inveterately rustic and unpolished. A week elapsed; he knew that Dawes must be in London; he wrote a letter to him, entreating him to ascertain the name, life, parentage, and behaviour of the beautiful actress who had captivated his affections; he mentioned the piece in which he had seen her; he doubted not that Dawes would easily find out her residence. Randall then sought his parents, and boldly acquainted them with the daring step he had taken. My readers may well imagine the consternation of the "harmless pair" at the idea that they might be called upon to receive an actress as "their daughter-in-law. Mrs. Rawley, being the more imaginative of the two, conceived that actresses must somewhat partake of the nature of the water-spirits, who drag down young men to destruction by their witching song of "Lurley!" Mr. Rawley professed to have more practical ideas on the subject; he was a great admirer of Pepys's Diary, and believed that all actresses were typified by Knipp and Nell Gwynn. No reply came to Randall's letter; but on the third day Dawes answered it in person. Randall and his parents were sitting together when the visitor was announced, and the seniors were determined not to quit the room, but to know the worst of the affair at once.

"This is an extraordinary fancy on the part of my son, Mr. Dawes," said Mr. Rawley, speaking, as he flattered himself, in a very dignified tone of voice.

"Very extraordinary, indeed, sir," replied Dawes, the corners of his mouth betraying an involuntary inclination to smile.

"Probably," said Mrs. Rawley, "you have communications to make to the disadvantage of the young lady, which will open the eyes of my son to his folly."

"Not so, madam, I assure you," said Dawes. "Then her character is perfectly unblemished," exclaimed Randall with delight.

"Calumny itself never insinuated a word to the contrary," said Dawes.

"Has she any debts?" asked Mrs. Rawley.

"I am convinced that she does not owe a shilling in the world," answered Dawes.

"Perhaps she has poor relations," remarked Mr. Rawley.

"Not one," said Dawes.

"Is she forward and overbearing in her manner?" inquired Mrs. Rawley.

"Decidedly not," returned Dawes.

"Of course," said Randall, who congratulated himself greatly on the turn events had taken, "she is much admired by young men. I hope she does not encourage their attentions."

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Dawes.

"Then," said Mrs. Rawley, with newly-awakened hope, "if she has refused so many admirers, perhaps she will say no to Randall."

"Do not flatter yourself with such an idea," answered Dawes, "I have good reason to feel assured that she would *not* say no to Randall."

"It will be a sad task to me to break this business to poor Hannah," said Mrs. Rawley, as genuine tears started into her eyes at the idea of the daughter-in-law she was going to lose, and the daughter-in-law she was about to gain.

"Nay, dear Mrs. Rawley," said Dawes, kindly, "do not give yourself unnecessary uneasiness. I have a few words to say to my friend Randall, which will effectually, I think, cure the wound that his heart has sustained. Dawes, as he spoke, gently drew his friend into the recesses of the bow-window, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice, while Mr. and Mrs. Rawley stood gazing on him as if he were one of the snake-charmers of the East, or the "whisperer" who was so famed in Ireland for taming unruly horses. The communication could not have occupied more than a minute. Randall looked very red, and very much ashamed of himself; uttered a remark in reply, of which his mother only caught the words, "Be secret;" and finally came forward, and told his parents that he had thought better of the matter, and that he was quite ready to comply with their wishes, and offer his hand to Hannah Hayley. He proposed to her the very next day, and she accepted his offer, under the pleasing delusion that she was his first love. In six weeks the

wedding took place; and Dawes, in consideration of his late friendly offices, was an honoured guest at the Hall on that occasion.

After the hospitable and abundant collation had been discussed, the party walked in the grounds, and Mrs. Rawley found an opportunity of speaking in private with Dawes.

"My dear Mr. Dawes," she said, "I am far from being an inquisitive person, but I am very anxious to know the nature of the few words spoken by you to my son, which so completely changed his opinion regarding the beautiful actress whom he so warmly admired. You had previously said that she was modest, quiet, of unblemished character, free from debt, and without poor relations; now, what could you say to render all these recommendations of no avail?"

"Did you not overhear a single word said by me or by your son?" asked Dawes, bending a scrutinizing glance upon her.

"I heard my son say, 'Be secret!'" replied the truth-telling Mrs. Rawley.

"Then you heard him lay an injunction on me, with which I hold it my duty most strictly to comply," said Dawes; "be contented, dear Mrs. Rawley, to 'take the good the gods provide you.' I doubt not that you will have much happiness in your daughter-in-law."

"And I should most likely have been very unhappy with the one of Randall's choice," said Mrs. Rawley.

"Far from it," replied Dawes; "she would never have contradicted your most erroneous observation, nor have refused to comply with your most unreasonable request, and time only can show whether the present young lady will be equally pliable; however, we will hope for the best, abstain from all references to the past, and, as Mrs. Malaprop says, 'let all our retrospections be to the future!'"

Mrs. Rawley was fairly baffled in her endeavour to penetrate the secret of her son; but I am not going thus to trifle with the curiosity of my readers, but will make them *au fait* of the subject in a very few words.

The theatre to which Randall Rawley went was in the Lowther Arcade, and the heroine who ensnared his susceptible heart, was—one of the prettiest Marionettes in the company!!!

MEMOIR OF MADAME GEOFFRIN.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Concluded from page 174.)

The Abbé Morellat was another of the chosen band who frequented Madame Geoffrin's coterie. With a mind stored with useful knowledge, and a memory that rendered its treasures available, no man was more capable of originating interesting conversation, and of sustaining it with undiminished spirit, than he. He excelled in giving an ironical turn to disputed points, and is railery was as brilliant as playful; but his

wit never degenerated into satire, and those who enjoyed its luminous flashes felt sure that, like summer lightning, however frequent and bright they might be, there was no danger in them; for his heart was as kind and indulgent as his mind was gifted. The Abbé Raynal, much less brilliant in conversation, possessed as much general knowledge as the Abbé Morellat, but not the same tact in bringing it out. It rushed forth

like a flood, breaking down the barriers that should have restrained it, and overwhelming every obstacle; while that of the Abbé Morellat was like a stream fertilising all that it touched, but never overflowing its banks. Morellat excelled in dialogue, Raynal in monologue; but in it, like the flood to which we compared his conversation, might be found many valuable things as it hurried along.

Saint Lambert, another of the *habitués* of Madame Geoffrin, greatly resembled his works; sensible, polished, and thoughtful, his manners were as easy and pleasing as his turn of mind, and both were marked by an elegance that lent them a peculiar charm, and bore the unmistakable stamp of a man accustomed to the best society. His freedom from jealousy and envy, of which so many literary men have been accused, won him the good will of all; while the amiability of his disposition led him to conciliate those who, unblest with a similar mildness of temper and kindness of heart, were prone to provoke disagreeable discussions, or to resent them.

Thomas,* also one of Madame Geoffrin's guests, was perhaps the person who least contributed to the attraction of her *salon*. Bent on attaining distinction and celebrity, he was too much occupied in reflecting on the best mode of securing both, to bestow any portion of his time in making himself agreeable in the circles he frequented. Generally silent and thoughtful, he was much esteemed for his high moral character, and the solid knowledge and ability he was known to possess; for few who met him in society could have given him credit for the vast store of information with which his mind was filled. Thomas, to be truly valued, must be judged by his works, and to those his contemporaries rendered justice. His eulogies were esteemed among the best ever written; for while bringing into view the merits of those on whom they were composed, he so clearly demonstrates their claims to commendation and respect, as to leave no doubt that the praises were overcoloured.

Marmontel—the frank, the good-humoured, artless Marmontel—was one of the most welcome visitors to Madame Geoffrin; indeed, he for some considerable time took up his abode beneath her roof, and was treated by her with great kindness; unless when he had incurred any censure from those in power, or suffered any persecution; in which cases, she waited not to inquire whether or not he merited these punishments, but instantly added her stern reproofs to him for having drawn them on himself. Like most other of Madame Geoffrin's guests, Marmontel was perfectly aware of this peculiarity in his hostess—a peculiarity originating in two causes; the first, a fear of having her comfort

disturbed by being obliged to defend the actions or writings of her friends; and the second, a want of moral courage which led her to dread offending the great.

With a *naïveté* seldom to be met with in a man who has lived some years in general society, Marmontel possessed sufficient tact to comprehend even the fine and almost imperceptible shades of character in those with whom he was on habits of familiarity. This tact enabled him to guard against the peculiarities of Madame Geoffrin, and to procure her good will, without making any painful sacrifices to retain it. One of her peculiarities was, that too much attention from her friends, instead of awakening gratitude in her heart, rendered them cheap in her eyes, while the appearance of too little greatly offended her. Marmontel steered his course smoothly between both these extremes, and managed so judiciously as to let her understand that the hours he devoted to her society might have been very agreeably passed elsewhere, had he not accorded her the preference. It has been truly remarked, that those are most prone to exact sacrifices who are least disposed to make them; and this truth was illustrated by the conduct of Madame Geoffrin. Her own comfort and convenience were not merely, as is the case with most persons, the principal object and aim of her life, but were the whole and sole study, that of others never entering her mind. Nor did she make any attempt to conceal this extreme selfishness by the politeness with which many cover it; for though she did not declare it by words, the whole tenour of her life let it be fully revealed. How well Marmontel comprehended her, may be proved by the fact of his having passed ten years of his life beneath her roof without a quarrel; and with all his good temper and amiability, and above all, with his fine tact, without having ever warmed her cold heart into a real friendship. Marmontel relates an amusing anecdote of his hostess, highly illustrative of the susceptibility of authors. When very desirous to be elected a member of the Academy, an ambition then, as now, shared by every literary man, Madame Geoffrin, on every fresh election, reproached Marmontel at the postponement of his, as if the fault, or disappointment, was occasioned by himself. Among the members of whose votes he was not sure, were the President Hénault, and Moncrief. Madame Geoffrin having spoken to them one day, returned to Marmontel in extreme anger, and demanded why he passed his life in making enemies. "Here," said she, "is Moncrief, who is furious against you, and the President Hénault, who is no less so."

"And why, Madame, what have I done?"

"Your book on Poetry. You have always the rage to write books. For Moncrief, I know," replied the Lady, "he does not conceal it, he tells it loudly. You quoted a song of his, and maimed it. It had five verses, and you only quoted three."

"Alas! Madame, I quoted the best, and only retrenched those which repeated the same idea."

* Thomas wrote *Reflections Historical and Literary* on Voltaire's poem on Natural Religion, and an excellent essay on the Character, Manners, and Mind of Women, besides several poetical works.

"That is precisely of what he complains; you wished to correct his song, for which he will never forgive you to his dying day."

"If he should die my enemy for two verses of a song, I must support my misfortune. But the good President, how have I offended him?"

"He did not tell me, but I believe it is also your book of which he complains, but I will find this out."

She did find it out, but when I pressed her to tell me, he says it led to a most comical scene, of which the Abbé Raynal was a witness.

"Well, Madame, you have seen the President Hénault, has he at last told you my crime?"

"Yes, I know it; but he forgives you—he wishes to forget it; let us speak of it no more."

"At least, Madame, I ought to know the involuntary crime which he is so good as to wish to forget."

"What is the good? it is useless. You will have his vote, that is enough."

"No, Madame, it is not enough. I am not a person to support complaints without knowing the cause."

"Madame, observed the Abbé Raynal, 'I think M. Marmontel is right.'"

"Well, it is always your book, and your rage for quoting. Have I not your book?"

"Yes, Madame, here it is."

"Look at the song of the President, which you quoted à propos of drinking songs—'Avenge me on an ungrateful mistress,' &c."

"Who gave you the song?"

"Géliote."

"Well, then, Géliote did not give you a correct copy. There is an O which you have left out."

"An O, Madame!"

"Certainly, an O. Is there not a verse which says, 'What charms?'"

"Yes, Madame—

'What charms, ye Gods! how beautiful she was!'"

"Precisely, there is the fault. It should have been—

'O Gods! how beautiful she was.'"

"But, Madame, the sense is the same."

"Yes, Sir; but when one quotes it should be faithfully. Each person is jealous about what he writes; it is natural. The President did not ask you to quote his song."

"I quoted it with praise."

"But you should not have changed anything in it. As he wrote it, 'O Gods!' you should have quoted it so, that would have pleased him better. What had he done to you that you should have left out his O? Nevertheless, he assures me that this will not prevent his rendering justice to your talents."

"The Abbé Raynal and I were ready to burst out laughing," writes Marmontel, "but we restrained the impulse, well convinced that Madame Geoffrin was not a woman to pardon any symptom of our finding her in the wrong."

Chastellux must not be omitted in the list of Madame Geoffrin's guests. He was a general favourite among them, and deserved to be so, for the candour, amiability, and freedom from vanity and pretension, which characterised him. With considerable powers of mind, and a vast store of knowledge, he did not, however, possess the art of bringing either to bear on the topics generally discussed. He was deficient in clearness of ideas, and in precision in expressing them, yet there were moments in which his intellect shone forth from the confusion of ideas that often embarrassed him, as the sun pierces through a cloud, and he made those around him sensible of his merit. He was so wholly devoid of envy, or jealousy, that he was never more pleased than at witnessing the success of his associates in the circles he frequented. He was the first to seize the point of an epigram, the spirit of a *bon mot*, or the fine traits in a story; and delighted in discovering in others that readiness of wit, and terseness of expression denied to himself. He liked discussion, but not as most persons do, as a medium of displaying their own acuteness and talent, but for the sake of instruction; and readily and gracefully yielded to the arguments brought forward the moment he was convinced of their truth.

We have now briefly sketched the individuals who regularly frequented the salon of Madame Geoffrin, but her guests were not confined to these. All foreigners of distinction were presented to her; and these visits were received more or less frequently, according as she found them capable of contributing to the pleasure of her circle. Some of those who resided some time in Paris, became *habitués* at her house, and many of them greatly added to its attractions. The spirituelle, and witty Marquis Caracciolo, so well known for his originality of mind and sprightly *bon mots*, was a frequent guest before, and after he was appointed ambassador from Naples to the French court. His total want of personal attraction did not prevent his pleasing all who had opportunities of becoming acquainted with him; nor did his incorrect mode of speaking French preclude his wit, vivacity, and eloquence from shining forth when he conversed in that language. He paused not to find the precise phrase he wanted, when recounting some capital story in French, but substituted one in his native language, the meaning of which he aided his hearers to comprehend by the animated gestures peculiar to Neapolitans, which greatly added to the effect of his conversation.

The Abbé Galiani, the countryman of Caracciolo, and no less lively and witty than he, was a great acquisition to the parties of Madame Geoffrin. The activity of his mind was not less remarkable than that of his person. Both were always in movement, the animated portions of the body seconding the brilliant and playful sallies of the mind. He had seen much, read more, and forgot nothing. He had some applicable illustration to offer for every subject introduced in conversation, whether by others or

himself, which gave great point and pungency to them. His vivacity did not at all impair a profoundness and justness of reflection which revealed itself even in his most playful moods, showing an under current of thought beneath the bright and sparkling bubbles that glittered on the surface of his mind, as deep rivers sometimes maintain their depths undisturbed, while their bosoms are rippled by the light breezes that skim them. A true philosopher of the Epicurean school, he was more disposed to smile at the follies of mankind than to attempt correcting them; and yet there was more of pity than contempt in these smiles, for with all his vivacity in society, a certain sentiment of melancholy pervaded his mind, which gave but increased interest to his conversation, by proving that his wit did not originate in high animal spirits, or depend on them, but had its source in a mind fully stored by a knowledge which not only fed the fertile stream, but kept it in motion. He might often be seen, after having delighted his hearers, and been the focus of attraction in the circle he frequented, retiring to some desolate corner of the room, where, plunged into a reverie, he seemed to forget how lately he had been charming those present. It was often remarked by his acquaintances, that even his most brilliant sallies, his most piquant observations, had in them such severe good sense, and deep knowledge of the world, as to prove that they were the offspring of a mind profoundly imbued with reflection, and the not displeasing cast of melancholy so apt to be engendered by a knowledge so fraught with grave thoughts. He liked to have attentive, as well as intelligent auditors, and this desire was fully gratified, for he had the power of interesting and enchaining his hearers.

The Count de Creutz was one of the most popular of Madame Geoffrin's *convives*, without ever making the slightest effort to acquire this popularity. His knowledge was as profound as it was universal, not only in literature and the fine arts, but also in the sciences, in many of which he had made a remarkable proficiency, and in nearly, if not in all of them, he was so well versed as to be able to converse not as an amateur, but as a professor. An admirable linguist, he spoke most European languages with the same facility as his own, and he had an exquisite taste, a brilliant imagination, a fine temper, and great sensibility; but, above all, so high a sense of virtue, and such firm principles of morality, that he justified the attachment he inspired in all who knew him, and excited the respect of even those whose morals were of a much less elevated standard than his own. There was an indescribable charm in his manner, the influence of which was universally felt, and the more so that it was perfectly natural; and a total freedom from pretension, that rendered his claims to esteem the more readily acknowledged.

With such men as those we have described, it is not to be wondered at that the circle of Madame Geoffrin became a focus of attraction, and that persons of the greatest merit and dis-

tingtion sought to enter it. The hostess of such guests was sure to have some of the fame appertaining to them reflected back on her; and thus, while enjoying the most agreeable society in Paris, she was assuring for her name a celebrity which it would never otherwise have obtained, a celebrity that has long outlived her century, and is handed down to ours. One of the most remarkable features in the salon of Madame Geoffrin was, that no ridicule ever attached to it. Unlike the reunions of the Hotel Rambouillet, where affectation banished ease, and the pretension of purifying the language led to a style of artificial refinement, that by rendering such attempts absurd, drew on the circle the ridicule with which it was visited, and occasioned it to be termed "*les Galères du bel Esprit*," good sense, ease, and gaiety, reigned over the Society at Madame Geoffrin's. Labruyère well described the *coterie* of the Hotel Rambouillet, when he wrote, "One saw, not long ago, a circle of persons of both sexes, drawn together by conversation and an exchange of wit. We left to the vulgar the art of speaking in an intelligible manner. A thing said between them not originally clearly expressed, drew on another still more obscure, and on this they so tried to improve, as to render the whole discourse enigmatical: and the less comprehensible was it, the greater was the degree of applause bestowed. *Ménage*, one of the members of this Bureau d'Esprit, relates that one day in it some of the members, speaking of the spots lately discovered on the disk of the sun, and which gave cause to fear that it might indicate a growing weakness of this luminary, Voitière happening to enter at the moment, Madame de Rambouillet inquired of him what the last news? "Madame," replied Voitière, "bad reports are circulated about the sun"—just as he would have noticed an injurious rumour relative to the reputation of a woman. As specimens of the absurdity of the false refinement adopted at the Hotel Rambouillet, it was the habit to designate a piece of water, "a celestial mirror;" while they termed a mirror "the counsellor of the graces." A night-cap was called "the innocent accomplice of a falsehood;" and a fiddle, "the soul of the feet."

Molière, in his comedy of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," aimed the most successful, though not the first blow at the Hotel Rambouillet, Scarrow and Boileau having previously assailed it, and he followed it up by his "*Femmes Savantes*," which threw such ridicule on their male and female servants, as deterred their successors from indulging in the same follies.

However free from the foibles that drew down the censure of Scarrow, Boileau, and Molière, on the Hotel Rambouillet, Madame Geoffrin did not escape the attacks of her contemporaries. These attacks were chiefly, if not all, from persons envious of her success, and not admitted to her society; and with the exception of the comedy of "*Le Bureau d'Esprit*," by the Chevalier de Rutledge, only given to the public the year of her death, they attracted little no-

tice. Even this comedy failed to draw attention, or at least to turn her at whom it was aimed, into ridicule, for it was felt to have no real foundation, and therefore fell harmlessly.

A dangerous illness, which led the family of Madame Geoffrin to fear a fatal result, induced her daughter, Madame de la Festé-Imbault, to close her doors against the Encyclopedists, and her friends d'Alembert, Marmontel, Morrellet, and others, were excluded from a house in which for many years they had constituted the principal attraction.

When Madame Geoffrin's health was restored, she made no attempt to resume her former friendship with these philosophers. Whether that, with the timidity peculiar to her, she dreaded incurring the displeasure of her daughter, who had been always inimical to them, or that some religious scruple induced her to forego the society of men to whom she had been for so many years partial; they nevertheless entertained no resentment against her for her desertion of them, but invariably wrote and spoke of her with undiminished regard and respect.

Among those who lent celebrity to the name of Madame Geoffrin in their writings, were Fontenelle, D'Alembert, Thomas, Snard, Delisle, and La Harpe; and praise from such men was then deemed of no slight importance, and excited not a little jealousy. It was not any literary merit, wit, or talent in conversation in the lady which elicited these panegyrics: they were offered to the generous benefactress, whose purse was ever open to the necessities of men of letters; and to the hostess who had the art of drawing around her the cleverest men of her time, and of rendering her salon the most attractive in Paris.

That Madame Geoffrin possessed the generosity attributed to her no doubt can be entertained. In 1760 she presented D'Alembert with a life annuity of six hundred livres, and afterwards added eighteen hundred livres per annum to revert to him after her death: and when a complaint in his eyes precluded Thomas from pursuing his literary occupations, Madame Geoffrin seized the occasion of forcing on his acceptance a life annuity of twelve hundred livres, and afterwards presented him with a gift of six hundred livres. She evinced no less generosity towards the Abbé Morellet, to whom she gave fifteen thousand livres: and what enhanced her gifts, was the occasions selected for bestowing them, which proved that she studied the wants of her friends, and supplied, if she did not anticipate them. Nor did she bestow these favours on ungrateful men; for they not only acknowledged them with gratitude, but to the end of their lives spoke of her with the esteem due to her generosity. The munificence of Madame Geoffrin, however, was not confined to men of letters; for on many occasions it relieved the poor and consoled the unfortunate. One of her servants having remarked that her milk-woman served her badly, she replied, "I knew it; but I cannot change her." "And why,

Madame?" inquired the servant. "Because I have given her two cows." The servant, astonished at this strange reason, made some remark. "Ah, well," said Madame Geoffrin, "she used to sell milk at my gate, and some of my household came and told me of her despair at the loss of her cow; so I gave her two, one to replace that which she had lost, and the other to console her for the chagrin she had endured for eight days, before I knew her misfortune. You see, therefore, that I cannot change this milk-woman."

Having ordered two marble vases of considerable value from Bouchardon, they were sent home by workmen, and Madame Geoffrin discovered that the cover of one of them was broken. "Alas! Madame, replied one of the men, "it is true; and our comrade, who had the misfortune to break it, is so grieved, that he dare not present himself before you. He is greatly to be pitied; for if our master should find it out, he will dismiss him; and the poor fellow has a wife and four children." "I shall not speak of it, you may be sure," answered Madame Geoffrin. When the workmen were gone, she said to herself, "That poor man has had much alarm and vexation; I must send him some consolation. Go to Monsieur Bouchardon's," said she to one of her servants, "inquire for such a man; give him these twelve livres, and three to his comrades, who spoke so well of him to me."

Age did not, as too frequently occurs, harden the heart, or decrease the charity of Madame Geoffrin. She was heard to say in her declining years, "I feel with pleasure, that in growing old I grow *more good*, I dare not say *better*, for it is possible that my goodness originates in weakness, as does the badness of many others. I have profited by the opinion of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, who often told me that the charity of a good man should not be confined to assisting those who suffer, but should extend to an indulgence of their faults; and I have taken, like him, for my device, these two words, 'give and forgive.'"

Madame Geoffrin undertook the long journey to Barsovie, in order to pay a visit to her friend Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland, when she was at the advanced age of seventy-six, and bore the fatigue with great courage, and little suffering. She experienced marked attention and hospitality throughout the route, and was welcomed by the king as if she were indeed his mother, as he was wont to term her. It was during this visit that she received a letter from the Abbé de Breteuil,* who was remarkable for the illegibility of his writing, and to which letter she returned the following answer:—"On seeing the scrawl, more scrawling than can be described, of my delightful neighbour, I said, one can well perceive the trouble and pains he must have given himself, in order to render this writing so perfect in its kind. This *chef d'œuvre*

* The Abbé de Breteuil, brother to the Marquise du Châtelet.

was announced to me by my being informed that you had a pen cut that you might surpass yourself. Alas! you should not have given yourself such trouble; the pen of the first cut which might have fallen in your way, would have been just what you required. To give to this beautiful *piece* the celebrity which it merits, I spread it on the table, and called aloud, 'Hasten here, all ye Princes and Princesses, Palatans and Palatines, Castellans and Castellanes, Staristes and Starostines—in short, all people hasten here; behold a hieroglyphic to be interpreted, and six ducats to be earned!' All the States summoned arrived, but my ducats were not earned. I had no resource left but the sorcerers; but those of this century were so little so, that I should have again lost my time. I then simply consulted my heart; that heart so clear sighted, and which feels so sensibly all that is made to touch it, instantly divined that what was illegible to the eyes, was perfectly readable to it. It assured me that these *pieds de mouche* expressed the proofs of the tender friendship of my delightful neighbour. I charged this good decypherer to assure you of the perfect return on my part."*

The visit of Madame Geoffrin to the King of Poland furnished a topic of conversation that occupied the French capital for some time. When she set out on so long a journey, she was much censured for so bold an undertaking at so advanced a period of life. Her friends prophesied the worst results, and more blamed than pitied the evils they foresaw. The distinction with which she was received at Vienna soon changed the censure of the prophets into praise of her courage, and devotion to the King of Poland, and she became an object of increased interest to those who frequented her house. Such is the effect of Court-favour, wherever the Court may be, that it reflects a lustre on those on whom it shines.

The knowledge of the world possessed by Madame Geoffrin, joined to a considerable shrewdness peculiar to her, was often revealed by her observations. When the splendid house of the Farmer-General Bouret was shown to her, the person who accompanied her over it asked if she had ever seen anything more magnificent, or in better taste.

"I should find nothing to object to if Bouret was the scrubber," was her reply.

M. de Rhulière, having written a work on Russia, which Madame Geoffrin was anxious should not be published, she made considerable offers of money to engage him to commit the MS. to the flames. He made a very eloquent speech to prove to her that to do so would be a most unworthy and cowardly action on his part. Her only reply to his protestations of honour, virtue, and sensibility, to which she had appeared to listen with great patience, was—

"Do you want more?"

Madame Geoffrin continued to receive her friends as usual, retaining at her advanced age

the clearness of intellect which seemed to triumph over time, until an attack of apoplexy, which at first threatened death, compelled her door to be closed. Her good constitution, however, enabled her, after some weeks, to recover sufficiently to become conscious of her situation, and to see again many of the persons who had been accustomed to frequent her house. Among these were not included any of the Encyclopedists; for Madame de la Ferté Imbault, her daughter, taking advantage of the illness of her parent, excluded these gentlemen, in the belief that her mother's happiness in a future state might be endangered by the presence of those who had contributed so much to it in this. It was said that the Confessor of Madame Geoffrin had used his influence with Madame de la Ferté Imbault to carry out this measure.

This exclusion, which was not softened by the politeness which a woman of more tact and good breeding would have evinced under similar circumstances, occasioned much scandal at Paris, and became the subject of general conversation. Madame Ferté Imbault wrote a very foolish letter to M. d'Alembert, which he took the vengeance, and a more bitter one he could not have taken, of showing in society, which covered the writer with ridicule and drew on her the anger and contempt of all the encyclopedists, a dangerous party to excite into enmity. It was generally supposed that on her recovery Madame Geoffrin would again open her doors to her old friends, but she did not; and although she censured her daughter for the manner in which she had excluded the philosophers, she took no step to recal them, and even praised the zeal which led to the exclusion. "My daughter," said she, laughing while she spoke, "was like Godefroi de Bouillon, she wished to defend my tomb against the Infidels."

Madame Geoffrin continued in a languishing state for some months, but never recovered her strength, and expired in October, 1777. No less than four encyclopedists offered their tributes of respect to the memory of Madame Geoffrin. The first was M. Thomas, the second the Abbé Morellet, and the third M. d'Alembert. It was said, as characteristic of the three writers and their tributes, that the first had reflected, the second had relented, and the third had wept.

THE MORAL OF LEAVES.

BY E. C. W.

Fading leaves! falling leaves!

Thickly scattered o'er the ground,
Curling leaves! dying leaves!

When my pathway ye surround,
I think upon the general doom—
Death—desolation—and the tomb!

Peeping leaves! opening leaves!

When in spring ye re-appear,
Growing leaves! living leaves!
When ye come, man's heart to cheer,
My thoughts, divested of all gloom,
Turn to a life beyond the tomb!

* Grimm, tome iii., page 130.



Portrait of the Duke of Wellington

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(With a Portrait.)

Oh let not Britain mourn the man
Whose life's an epic story,
It timely rose and fitly set
A planet bright as glory:
Let her not mourn—his work was done,
He lived to see her reaping
The peaceful fruit of all his deeds,
And calmly joined the sleeping!

Yet if my country's voice must aid
The unconquerable surges,
That hoarsely roll about her shores
And chant the warrior's dirges,
Let her in listening to their sound
From them a lesson borrow;
Those white-winged waves that cbb to-day,
And flow afresh to-morrow.

Nor think that with that eagle front
Her safety is departed,
For Heaven in all her sorest needs
Has given her men true-hearted:

Yet never knew she night more dark,
Or battle-fields so gory,
As those in which the strong right arm
Of Wellesley wrought her glory!

Oh fully did he earn his rest;
And his great watchword Duty
Has decked the memory of his life
With wondrous moral beauty;
Whose actions ruled by truth and right
'Gainst tricky genius pitted,
Raised high his country's drooping flag
And left the Foe outwitted.

Nor only Britain thus he saved,
Nor Europe he befriended:
Far wider lies the great idea,
The influence more extended.
'Twas Freedom's cause he took in hand,
And long as great hearts beating,
Nobly rebel against the wrong,
His memory shall need no song,
His deathless name no greeting!

October, 1852. MARIA NORRIS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.*

BY MRS. WHITE.

Few of us, looking at the ramifications of society, can doubt that as far as women are concerned, many of the evils of which they are the victims, crying aloud for eradication and reform, can only be ameliorated by the sympathy and earnest efforts of their own sex—evils continued from year to year; blotting with the stains of the past the surface of the present, and raising up, as in the instance for which we are about to beg consideration, a race of Pariahs of our sex, in a land whose fair boast it is, that women are more considered than in any other. Where then should we advocate her cause—where plead for pity and redress of those moral wrongs and degradations to which Society (first washing its hands of the sacrifice—but so did Pilate) relentlessly consigns her, if not in these pages, dedicated to womanhood, in its more refined, pure, and elevated condition?

* A military friend to whom we have submitted this article is of opinion that unquestionably there is much truth in the description given of sufferings endured by the wife of a private soldier; nevertheless, that a knowledge of the working of the "interior economy" of a regiment, which no lady can possess, would have shown some compensating circumstances; still that the reality of suffering and wrong is amply sufficient to demand speedy and thorough reform. Neither does he consider that the private soldiers, taken as a class, are so depressed and degraded as our author seems to think; but we let the text stand, with this note as a corrective.—ED.

Behold, then, in this slipshod, weather-beaten, want-worn, finery-faded, or wholly-soiled and wretched-looking woman our client! Nay, start not, Madame; she is no nameless outcast, which the virtue taught in schools is of purer eyes than to behold—and, with a giraffe-height of head (as if virtue never fell), turns from askance or overlooks, feeling itself contaminated should its white robes be but so much as touched by it in passing—but another form of womanhood, condemned to social degradation, and the compulsory outrage of all her nature's delicacy, by rule and ordinance; and yet she glories in the name of wife! A holy name; but in her case desecrated to contempt, and the type of all that is degenerate, worthless, and to be scorned in womanhood, according to the cant of the refined portion of that service whose regulations have helped to make, and irrefutably keep her so: in brief, a soldier's wife!

Very abject, and drabish, and half-fed, and worse-washed she certainly is, with (if she has followed the regiment, as the phrase goes, only for a few years) the marks of many a bitter care deep-written in the furrows of her still young forehead; but however hard-featured, and shrill-voiced, and untidy she may have become, she is still a woman, and moreover a great moral influence (humanizing even while she herself deteriorates) the figurative myrtle round the blood-stained sword—the link between humanity and soldiership. Bear with her, therefore, while we

analyse the details of her position—a process for want of which most of the evils which affect our sex and seem irremediable are suffered to continue; either because we are not yet awakened to their interest, or have not courage to escape from the leading-strings of prejudice, and examine them for ourselves.

Soldiers hide human feelings and affections under the show of brass and steel, and horse-hair and scarlet cloth, with which modern warfare emulates the war-paint and feathers, and necklace of teeth, and skins of wild-beasts, and scalps of enemies, that render terrible barbaric warriors; and women are said to be attracted by these gauds, as we know they are by the gallant bearing and the courage presumed to be a characteristic of the wearers. So the steadiest and best inclined men in a regiment generally marry; but as before leave is obtained for this step from the commanding-officer the character of the future *soldier's wife* is strictly inquired into, the one she afterwards acquires in garrison leaves us but one inference, that the material was not originally bad, but that the system to which it was subjected destroyed it.

Let us glance at her circumstances; she has left perhaps the service of a lady, from whom she has imbibed the mania for a man in scarlet, or, more often still, some humble village home or rustic shieling; and ye whose condition exempts you from all knowledge of want and its exigencies, but whose imaginations may perhaps excite some general idea of its unpleasantness, ask if it be really indifference to the decencies of life—to the reservations of her sex, which induces her (it may be after the first blush of wifehood has passed in lodgings) to throw in her lot with the rest of the married women who are privileged (*that is the word*) to live in barracks, and share her husband's room (supposing there be two or three other women in it, with sixteen or seventeen unmarried men); or is it not rather that the miserable pittance of 14d. a-week (all her husband is allowed for her out of it) is found wholly inadequate to the cost of her support? Fourteen-pence a week! Which of us can imagine the misery consequent on fine-drawing such a sum into a provision for lodging, food, and firing—not for the wife simply, but if there be a family (and who ever saw a soldier's wife without?) for them also.

It seems scarcely credible that, recognizing the fact of the man's having a legitimate claim to his support, such a sum should be deemed sufficient for the purpose; but the thing is patent, and looks little less than a tacit compulsion to the petty trickery and speculation which are amongst the faults ascribed to these women, whose characteristics (we are especially speaking of those connected with marching regiments) are as wide-spread as the *depôts* at which, from time to time, they are located; and who bring mistrust with them to the hearts of small shopkeepers in towns, and terrors into country places little short of those occasioned by a flight of locusts in the east, or the appearance of a gipsy-encampment on the outskirts of a

farm or rustic village. In the last locality, indeed, the same class of depredations ensue; vegetables vanish from the gardens, orchards and hen-roosts suffer, fences are broken down for firewood, and woodstacks sensibly diminish—even the nut-boughs and the blackberry-hedges (the perquisites of village boys and girls from the beginning) have their scarce ripe fruits carried off wholesale in military canteens and haversacks, to help to fill the hungry stomachs of those poor out-of-barracks children who haunt its purlieus under the name which the more fortunate for the time insult them with of "cook-house rats;" forgetful, in the fulness of bread, that their own prosperity will have an end; for after a month or six weeks' battenning on the remainder baked-meats and soup of the mess,* the justice of military rule, even in its injustice, removes these sometime pampered roisterers, and the starvelings take their turn of the shelter, food, and firing of the barracks for the same period.

It is the loss of these privileges which falls so heavily on the married soldier when his own and his wife's womanly scruples occasion her voluntarily choosing the misery and want consequent on lodgings. While those in barracks have not only house-room (*home* we dare not call it) rent-free, with plenty of fire and candles, and a share of whatever is left from the men's tables towards the support of their children; the only advantage of which the conservation of her feminine prejudices does not deprive her is her portion of the company's washing, which she shares with those in barracks, increasing by as much as it amounts to her weekly stipend. Can we therefore much wonder that nine women out of ten, in consideration of the practical benefits resulting to their husbands and families by their submitting to it, regard the living in garrison as a privilege, though purchased at the sacrifice of every feeling most sacred to a woman's heart?

Everybody knows the elements whereof the bulk of a regiment is composed. The recruits of our own times are not greatly in advance of those with whom the Fat Knight refused to march through Coventry, "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace:" Men, some of whom have passed through every phase of social and moral degradation, sometimes of actual crime, and hover between habitual resort to it and beggary, when the alternative of the recruiting sergeant occurs to them; while the remainder comprise not a few ne'er-do-wells and outcasts of other classes, amongst whom, (however the stern discipline and rigid attention to the etiquette and duties of the service may reduce them to an outward level) the evil ever preponderates.

Yet with such men as these must women, bearing the name of wives, and having young children round them, daily and hourly associate, or, if not associate, exist.

"It was a hard trial, indeed, at first, Ma'am," said a poor young woman, of whom we made

* The children of the company share the food left from the men's mess.

some inquiries for this paper, "a bitter trial, and one I thought I never could have gone through, but we don't know till the time comes what sorrow may force us to endure."

She was the daughter of a cloth-bleacher near Belfast, so that she had been used, she said, to a good home, and full and plenty; but the "boy" that was "courting" her from the time they were children together—a neighbour's son, and as fine a lad as you'd see in a summer day's journey—got into *misfortune* (*irlandois* occasionally for crime), and was obliged to leave the place; but two years afterwards came back a soldier, and, with his officer's leave, though her people were greatly against it, married her.

"I didn't fret about anything, Ma'am, all the while I was able to keep in lodgings, for Flory (Florence*), the poor fellow, had been saving up a long time before, little by little, knowing how bad it would be for me to go into barracks; and besides, I could clear-starch and wash, and one or two of the neighbours gave me a little to do, so that when his board was gone, I managed to keep on the room myself; but the rent, and firing, and candles, made it come very hard upon me, with only 14d. a-week besides what I earned, to keep myself and a child.

"Sometimes Flory used to come home to me, looking very sorrowful when he'd see me hard at work, and wish himself anything in the world but a soldier. 'You're wearing yourself out entirely, Mary darling, he used to say, and getting nothing the better for it; work, work, work—and the little *weeneen* in the cradle there, God bless it! having all the comfort, and you without a ribbon to your cap!'

"Ye, Flory, I used to say, what signifies the ribbon, the cap's there, and it's clean. 'And no thanks to me for that same,' my poor *gra* would say, shaking his head. 'If I was like any other man, I should be keeping my wife and child; but my hands are tied to a firelock, and for a shilling a-day I must care for that, and tend it, and carry it about the world with me; and you and the child there never a *screed* the better for me. Misfortune to the day that ever I entered the army!'

"Then, Ma'am, when I'd see him getting into this sort of humour, I used to talk to him well, for I knew that wasn't the way for him to do his duty; and I used to point out the stripes he had on his arm for good conduct, and remind him, if he got to be a serjeant, how comfortable we might be; and that he ought not to mind me, since I had health and strength, and was willing to work, and that all I asked of him was to try and get more good-conduct stripes if he could, which would give me so much extra money; for every man is allowed a penny a day for each of those marks, and it is afterwards added to his pension; and, thank God, he minded me, and kept steady and sober, and in a little time had two more stripes on his arm.

"We had had three removes up to the time

my second child was born, which were always attended with some expense to us; but the men are allowed fourpence a day extra on a march, and out of this the removal of his wife and children and baggage have to be paid for.

"Living, you know, Ma'am, is so cheap in Ireland to what it is here; besides that, the soldier has thirteence a-day there instead of a shilling,* that we managed to get on pretty well; but when we got the route for England, what with the difference in the price of provisions, and even the rent of a room, besides that somehow I couldn't get a bit of washing but the Company's to do, the townspeople seemed to be afraid to trust me with it, since I was Irish. I didn't know sometimes what to do to get my children and myself one meal a-day—even the penny a day difference in my husband's pay left us so much bread the less; and at last I grew weak and ill, and could do nothing; and indeed I am not telling you an untruth, Ma'am, when I say that Flory, for all he had his three good meals a-day, looked almost as pinched and pale as I did. After the doctor had seen me, he spoke about me to the wife of the serjeant of my husband's company, as kind and generous-hearted a woman as ever breathed, and who came down from the barracks to see me the moment he told her I was sick and in want. She was a fine, tall, handsome woman, bold-looking, but as tender as a child; and her dark eyes filled up, as she looked from me and my little ones that were playing alongside of me on the bed, round the room in which there was neither food nor fire, for it was not like a country place, where one might gather about the woods and lanes a handful of *kindling*.† And though she said nothing to me then, when I began to get better she talked to me of the sin I was committing in starving myself and children, when I might be so much better off in barracks. 'Proper feeling,' she said to me one day, 'is much too rare in soldiers' wives, for me to make light of it where I find it.' (She was an English-woman, Ma'am, and a fine scholar, and spoke beautifully.) 'But when I see you depriving not only yourself, but your children, and indirectly your husband, of comforts which would cost you nothing' (she was thinking of money, Ma'am," suggested the poor soldier's wife delicately), 'and would enable you to add to them, or even to save a little by your industry, I think you are carrying prejudice too far. There you will have no rent to pay—no coals to purchase—no lights to buy; and your children will be pretty nearly or entirely fed; while if you are seen by the officers' wives, a neat, decent little woman,' (so she called me, Ma'am," said Mrs. O'Brian, blushing to repeat her own praise), 'you stand a chance of being employed by them in many ways. Such persons are not sufficiently common in garrisons to pass unnoticed. There are usually about twenty men

* The value of the English shilling is in Ireland 13d.

† Firing.

* A common male name in Ireland.

in a room, with either a corporal or serjeant in charge of them, so that you will meet with no personal interruption; and all you have got to do, is to be quietly civil, say as little as possible to any one, but your own, and hear as little as you can of what goes on about you. In a word, think that your husband is everybody, and everybody else nobody. You will be allowed two beds, which you must do the best you can with for yourselves and children, and curtain nicely off from the rest.' In short, Ma'am, she made so light of what was before me, and persuaded my husband as well as myself, that at last we agreed it was the only way for us to better ourselves; and Flory with a sore heart fetched us in. But oh, Ma'am, for a long time starvation itself seemed better to me than life in a barrack-room, amongst a crowd of men, with every other word an oath, and who, though they dare not interfere with you, had no regard for common decency in their discourse, or how they scalded a woman's heart, by the things they said in her hearing and her children's. Then the sleeping, Ma'am—God help us!—no wonder for the world to think soldiers' wives bold and bad: but whose fault is it? I often hear the English talk of the disgraceful way in which the poor Irish country-people live. A whole family may be sleeping in one room—and how can they help it, when they have no other? Don't the poor English, by all account, do the same? But the soldier's wife has no choice left her between open shame and want: if she stays out of barracks, she and her children must starve; and if she goes in, she may as well throw away her woman's nature at once, or every hour in the day she'll be blushing for it. Then think yourself, dear lady, what it is for a wife to find herself in the same sleeping room, with fourteen or fifteen single men, the beds nearly touching each other, and only a strip of calico or counterpane dividing them! I used to steal away myself and children before the drum beat, or bugle sounded of a night: but then, Ma'am, you can't help hearing the coarse jests and brutal conversation, that even the presence of the non-commissioned officer cannot entirely put a stop to; and many a hot tear fell on Flory's bosom, before I learned to think of all that was going on about me, and of my own condition as a matter of course. In the same way I used to start up before the *réveille* sounded in the morning at six o'clock, and dress myself and my little ones under the shelter of our bed-curtains, and wash them afterwards in the yard. But one could hardly get the chance for themselves: so it is little wonder women grow careless of appearance, and become untidy and dirty: it is very hard for them to be otherwise in barracks. It used to go to my heart sometimes to wake my children at this hour out of their peaceful, rosy sleep, with their senses sealed to everything that was bad and hurtful around them; but I was obliged to it, in order that the beds might be made up, and the rooms cleaned, as soon as the men should have brushed their boots and clothes, and

washed themselves; and very often the poor things would fall off again while I fastened their clothes on them: and I have had to lay them on the cold stones with which the room was flagged to startle them out of their drowsiness!* But the worst trial of all was to come; for just as I was beginning to harden myself, and to make the best of what I was obliged to go through, the regiment was ordered to Canada; and as only a certain number of the women were allowed to go with it, we as usual took our chance of the privilege by lot, and I, God help me, lost!

"Some of the officers and their wives, on account of Flory's and my own character, did their best with the Colonel to get me a passage, but on account of its unfairness to the other women, he would not hear of it; and as we had no money to pay for our going, it will be three years, if the Lord spares us to one another, before I or my children see husband or father again!"

By this little history, which I have preserved as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator, it will be seen that the slightly-spoken-of and little-cared-for Soldier's Wife occupies a position of greater moral and social temptation than almost any in which her sex can be placed: for if she be young and pretty, worse temptations than poverty and hunger assail her, and the licentious looks or bold audacity of men who scorn her position, but have no aversion to superringing sin to its shame, is an additional anguish to a virtuous wife, and stimulant to evil in a wicked one. What can be more painful, irksome, and degrading than her condition in barracks? No defence between her (in her husband's frequent absence on duty) and the ribald, coarse, disgusting language passing around, and which is so much the worse if at any time she has discovered her repugnance to it. There she sits, a wife and mother, unpreserved by the sanctity of the one, or the holiness of the latter claim, from having the best feelings of both hourly violated, her ears scorched with oaths, the common expletives of a soldier's discourse, her lips quivering with wounded modesty, as profligate remarks and brutal jests are hazarded in her presence, with as little regard to it as if her blood were water, and the blushes burning on her cheek, or the tear stopped in its course by the baby head she hides it on, had no shame in them.

In our gaols, previous to the efforts of Mrs. Fry, such a system of things existed, and men and women were herded together promiscuously through the day; but at present, as far as regards their social arrangements, both poor-houses and gaols are in advance of our barracks. Something surely should be done to awaken attention to the state of the married soldier and his helpmate. Why should they, of all classes of the community, be reduced to this unwholesome state of forced indifference to the proprieties of civilization, and the sacredness of married life! What can be expected of daughters

* Fact.

thus early inured to the disgusting details of life in barracks, but a girlhood unconscious of delicacy, and womanhood scarce innocent of vice? The privacy of home, however humble, denied them, the sanctity of domestic life, stripped of all its fire-side confidences, its pure endearments, and surrounded by a moral atmosphere, the pollution of which in too many instances proves contagious.

Why, in the palmy days of West Indian slavery, our planters discovered more respect for these ties, even in the persons of their slaves, than the Government shows towards the married soldier! They brought up their little ones in separate huts; but the soldier's wife, in taking upon herself the tie most honoured amongst us, sinks to a state of social degradation, which renders her almost an outcast even amongst those humble and needy as herself. Her condition in

barracks is known to most people, its alternative considered by few. Still less have persons, till very lately, troubled themselves to question the right of Government to impose on a body of the community, so immediately under its own inspection and control, a state of things so incompatible with morality and decency. Let us hope that, since the subject has been mooted, it will not be suffered to die out; and that women in every class of life will lend their influence to obtain a better state of things for her, who, in scenes of peril, suffering, and death, true to the best emotions of her nature, throws off the roughness acquired in camps, and shines forth the representative of her sex's tenderness—charity and endurance. Surely no better time could be chosen for such a reformation than that in which a beloved Queen rules these realms, herself the Daughter of a Soldier!

AUTHENTIC LETTERS OF MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

(Continued from page 184.)

No. 3.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MISS ROBINSON.

MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Sandleford, Jany. ye 10th, 1777.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I return you many thanks for your very pretty and polite letter. It gave me great pleasure to observe that you write one of the finest hands I ever saw, which I consider as a very valuable accomplishment, though I have the misfortune to write an indifferent one myself; but this advantage attends every perfection, that it is admired by those who do not possess it, and loved by those who do.

Your letter convinces me that you take as much pleasure in an instructive book as in a pretty cap, and they are things by no means at an irreconcilable variance. Sense and knowledge give a value to even the most trifling circumstances that adorn the person possessed of them, and beauty and grace of person adorn knowledge and sense. Those persons fall into an unhappy mistake who fancy they must be respected everywhere for being wise, or admired everywhere for being pretty and well dressed. The accomplishments of the mind have a great many superiorities over those of the person, for they last through life, and have their advantages in retirement, ill health, affliction, adversity and old age.

I dare say you have passed your Christmas very agreeably. I believe it was unnecessary, and now it is too late to wish you a merry Christmas, but I may still wish you a New Year happier than any you have yet enjoyed, but to be succeeded by many and very many yet happier. This wish, which is perfectly sincere, you

may also communicate to your brother and sister.

I am, my dear niece,
Your most affectionate aunt,
(signed) ELIZ. MONTAGU.

No. 4.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS. ROBINSON.

TUNBRIDGE WATERS—MILITARY CAMP AT COXHEATH—LORD KAIMES.

Tunbridge Wells, October the 3rd, 1778.

DEAR MADAM,

If in this wicked world one was not glad to enjoy more pleasures and favours than one desires, I should have felt more shame than joy at receiving your obliging letter yesterday, but I will not do myself the unmerited honour to say I was not perfectly delighted with such an instance of your kind attention. I got two franks on purpose to write to you from Northumberland, and though it is a county as little famous, perhaps, for the flowers of rhetoric as the flowers of the pasture, yet I flattered myself that as soon as the hurry of my business was over, I should be able to collect something of news, military or civil, that might amuse a distant correspondent; but alas! I had been there only ten days when the epidemical colic seized me; it did not stay with me many hours, but left me languid and enfeebled, so that I was not able to perform more in a day than my necessary business and situation required. As I go seldom into Northumberland, I have a great deal to do, and many people to see in the short residence I make there. I had two returns of the disorder, on the last attack, though every return was less

severe; I determined to try Tunbridge Waters, as I believe them to be great restoratives; however, I grew so much better the first four or five days I was in London, that I changed my plan, and settled everything for going to Sandford; and in this faith I went to bed on the Friday night, dreaming that on the Monday following I should retire to the peaceful scenes of Sandford; but, on Saturday morning, finding a little return of the disorder, I wrote to a friend at Tunbridge to take me the house the Duke of Leeds had just left, and was therefore well aired, and on the Monday I transferred myself to Tunbridge.

I have not had a moment's indisposition since I arrived, so I presume the bile that had plagued me had carried itself off. I am sure the waters do not disagree with me, for I am very well, and hope they will confirm my health: the last time I drank them, which is three years ago, they did me harm, and I was never without fever the whole six weeks. I find the epidemical colic has been as severe on the water-drinkers here as on other people, so I rather believe I was lucky in not coming hither till it had left me. I am so little subject to disorders of this kind, I was the more alarmed lest my constitution, always bad enough, should acquire a new defect. I propose to stay here as long as the weather is at all favourable to drinking the waters; for I imagine they will not heat me after the preparation nature gave for them, and the punishment I suffer in being here grows lighter by habit. I love London extremely, where one has the choice of society, but I hate the higgledy-piggledy of the watering places. One never sees an owl in a flock of wild geese, nor a pigeon in the same company as hawks and kites. I leave it to the naturalists to determine on the merit of each species of fowl; all I assert is, that nature has designed birds of a feather should flock together; in the menagerie of the pantries there is not so just an assortment. However, I have been fortunate now in finding Lady Spencer, Lady Clermont, Mrs. Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Wedderburn, and many of my voluntary London Society here. There was a pretty good ball last Tuesday, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess of Devonshire were so good to *chaperon* Miss Gregory, so I did not think it necessary for me to sit and see the Graces of Messieurs l'Epy Valpouys and Mademoiselle Heinch exhibited by the Misses. I understand there are not above three dancing men, and the Master of the Ceremonies makes one of the number. Minuet dancing is just now out of fashion, and by the military air and dress of many of the ladies, I should not be surprised if back-sword and cudgel-playing should take place of it. I think our encampments excellent for making our men less effeminate, but if they make our women more masculine, the male and female character, which should ever be kept distinct, will not be more so than they have been.

I am glad my nephew has quite recovered his fall and jaundice: as the first was an accident, and the second, perhaps, owing to the remarkable

heat of the summer, one has good reason to hope the like may not befall him again. We have still fine weather here, and I agree with you that the dust and little inconveniences that attend a dry season are not to be put in any account. I would bear months of dust for one fine day. I beg of you to assure your consort that I have a very agreeable and grateful remembrance of the kind visit he made me at Sandford, and I hope that you, she, and the dear little ones will do me the like favour next summer; and pray tell my nephew, as he loves a pony, I have a choice of ponies; one of them is hardly so large as the Recorder's dog. I thought my brother Robinson looked well when he was in town; I am glad he continues so. Next week will carry off a great part of our company, but I flatter myself it will bring Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, who are very amiable and agreeable.

I have not said anything yet of my poor father; the subject is a very melancholy one at present; all one can hope for is an easy exit: the great decay of his mental powers has for some time rendered him an object of great pity, yet, to my unspeakable indignation, I was told by a gentleman here that one of the whist party at the coffee-house some months ago had not only refused to pay a debt of eighteen guineas, which he owed my father, but had triumphed over him in a shocking manner, asserting his loss of memory and imbecility. What a wretch must it be that could insult an old man! Extreme old age is little to be coveted; in long life one must outlive one's friends, and, perhaps, one's-self. I imagine, by the accounts of to-day, I should suppose the Great Deliverer from human woes has, before this time given him his release. My porter calls every night, just before the post-letter bell, to let me know how he does.

I rejoice to hear Mrs. Best is well; perhaps I am the more interested in it, as it is a little alarming to find the play-fellows of one's youth dropping off in a kind of autumnal decay.

It is much the fashion to go from hence to visit the camp at Coxheath, and I intended going on purpose to show Miss Gregory an encampment, which she has never had an opportunity of seeing, but she has lately received an invitation to a friend of her's, who is now in that neighbourhood, to pass a day or two with her, so I hope we shall get such information of their Majesties' motions that she may see Coxheath while they are there. My father's illness would make it impossible for me to go, and I had much rather have the honour of seeing their Majesties at St. James's: and of all fields the field of Mars is that I like least. The fields which sustain mankind are pleasant objects; those in which they are destroyed suggest melancholy ideas.

The fine condition in which I found my estates in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and the universal prosperity there, made me wish we might enjoy our plenty in peace—run no new hazards, and incur no new taxes. The labouring people in the north do not suffer the poverty we

see in the same rank in the south; and our parish rates are very low.

It was a great mortification to me that my health urged me to leave Denton so soon, but it was impossible to stay longer without losing the Tunbridge season. I had the pleasure of receiving visits from some of my Scotch friends; part of Miss Gregory's were so good as to come to me, and Lord Kaimes, and Mrs. Drummond, his wife, came from Edinburgh, which is a hundred miles from Denton, on purpose to spend a few evenings with me. His lordship is a prodigy; at eighty-three he is as gay and as nimble as he was at twenty-five—his sight, hearing, and memory perfect; he has a great deal of knowledge and a lively imagination, and is a most entertaining companion. I have promised to return his visit two years hence. I think, as he has not grown old in the space of eighty-three years, two years more cannot have much effect; if it should abate a little of his vivacity, he would still have enough left.

I beg my most affectionate compliments to your consort and little family, and also to the Recorder and his family, and my love to dear Miss Arnold. She is very happy in being with you, and I can easily believe you are so in having her; she has good sense, good humour, and discretion, which are excellent qualities in a friend. I must again repeat my thanks for the agreeable favour of your letter. Miss Gregory desires her best compliments.

I am, dear Madam,
Your most affectionate Sister and sincere Friend,
(Signed) ELIZ. MONTAGUE.

No. 5.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS. WM. ROBINSON.

ADMIRAL RODNEY AT GIBRALTAR.

Hill-street, Feb. 10th, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

Though I have great love for Miss Gregory, and have a present strong sense of her very tender and kind care and attentions during my invalid state, I cannot spare to her the pleasure of answering your very friendly letter. I am, thank God, very well again, but was much indisposed for some days. At the beginning of the winter, I had the fashionable disorder in the bowels, which did not carry itself off with that violence it did with stronger people, who were more ill at the time, and felt less bad consequences of it afterwards. I thought myself well, and on that presumption I undertook a great deal of fatigue. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton offered me three hundred guineas for my house here for four months. This great seducer, gold, tempted me, and I determined to vacate the house for them a month sooner than I had intended before to go to Bath, thinking that, partial as I am to London, the money would more than compensate for the difference. As their graces were in haste, I had only a very few days to move books,

papers, &c., to my new house, and despatch much other business, and take leave of my friends, in short, I fatigued myself so much, I was obliged to send to Dr. Fothergill, who said rest and quiet could alone repair the damage done by fuss and hurry; and that the weather being so severe, it was not proper to travel just after an illness. So I gave up my noble tenants, and sat quietly by my fireside. I have not had any fever, and except two days my appetite has been good; however, I live still like an invalid, for fear of being one again in earnest. I admit only a few friends, and I intend to be very careful of putting myself in a hurry. I propose to go to Bath some time this month, but shall not attempt it till the weather is agreeable.

I am informed that our minister at Lisbon sends an account that Admiral Rodney fell in with the Spanish Fleet in the Gut of Gibraltar—has blown up the Admiral's ship of ninety guns—taken four or five ships, and only one has got into Cadiz. This news is but just arrived—"Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves!" There is an admirable work of Mr. Anstey's just published, called "Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind, a Poem."

I am glad of Miss Brydges's good fortune, and I think one may live in sure and certain hope my pretty nieces will not want for good offers; for whether beauty or sense be the object, they will answer, and such as are unreasonable enough to require both will find it in them.

Miss Gregory desires her best compliments. My sister dined with me. My nephew Morris called this morning. Montagu is still at Harrow, where he increases in learning and reputation. His master says more of him than it becomes an aunt to repeat; so I will for once in my life show more discretion than vanity.

My best love attends my brother and the sweet young folks.

I am, dear madam,
Your most affectionate sister
and sincere friend,
(signed) E. MONTAGU.

To Mrs. Robinson,
Denton, near Canterbury.

AN AUTUMN SONNET.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

Autumn, with finger chill, now newly maps
The grove and garden; softly weeping too,
Not diamond drops of early morning dew,
Such as the summer sunbeam laughing laps,
But plenteous tears, that flow for storm-mishaps,
And saturate Earth's heart. Yet fond and true
She makes the most of every fading hue,
And o'er the soil her sombre covering wraps,
'Brodering its dank, dark green with brown and gold,
And weaving in the few, poor, scentless flowers
That do not drop from out her trembling hold:
Quick at her task, for coming Wintry Powers
With icy shroud shall soon the Earth enfold,
While the Past Seasons mourn their perished hours.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

(Concluded from page 192.)

Sleep came not, however, to Eimer's relief. The night was passed in forming plans to unravel the mysteries that had presented themselves to his mind; but he arose without having come to any determination. Casting a furtive glance towards the dreaded spots, he approached the window and leaned out, to cool his fevered brow. The street looked empty and dismal. At last a man appeared, coming towards the house. It was Frank. His appearance betrayed the excess of the preceding night. The lassitude which accompanies a stupified brain and empty purse sat upon his brow. He lowered his hat, with a deprecating air, to the person whom he felt he had insulted.

Justus, struck by a sudden thought, called out to him—

"Come up here, Master Frank; I have some commands for you."

"I must speak one word with my Uncle here below, and then I will wait upon you."

From this *one word* sprung many, and somewhat loud ones. Groné seemed to speak slowly and steadily. At length the door was clapped, with a threatening "Adieu," and the hopeful nephew stumbled up-stairs.

"I want a pair of boots."

"I am your man!" pulling out his rule. "I have, besides, to beg your pardon, Sir, for my behaviour yesterday. But it is no great wonder if a poor tradesman, who has much to perplex him at home and abroad, should sometimes take a glass or say a word too much."

"That is all past and forgotten, my good friend. My profession inculcates forbearance. Would you like a glass of Dantzic? Here is my travelling-flask: help yourself."

"Thank you, Sir."

Frank seized the flask, and helped himself freely. Pushing up his hair, at the same time, from his flushed forehead—

"I ought not to take a drop of this, however; for Master Groné has been preaching me a sermon."

"You seem indeed to have very respectable relatives. A quiet house accords with a peaceful mind."

"Hem!" (Another application to the bottle.)

"Peace is all very fine. Who knows though but the cuckoo may lay her egg in the most peaceful nest? 'All is not gold that glitters.' There are people who could tell tales. They fancied they had made everything quite smooth when they took my little Christina. But every one for himself! They knew very well *why* they took her. But her father must be considered *also*, if he is to hold his tongue."

"My good fellow, I have no desire to pry

into your family jars; so if you have nothing else to talk about—"

"Family jars? Why the whole town would rise if I were to speak out! And why should I not, when the old miser doles me out ten beggarly dollars, that I must hand over to the police for a fine? Another man would have cried 'Fire' long ago! But who knows what I may do yet? Only that I should be sorry to annoy you, Sir, who have been so kind as to give me employment in these hard times—only that I should wish, I say, to spare you the unpleasantness—God knows—even if it were to my own cost, I would—"

"Take care of yourself, Master Frank. But how can all this concern me?"

"Very much, Sir; and just for this reason: because you live in this room. O, Mr. Eimer, if this room could speak! I pity you from my heart for having engaged this lodging. Have you not yet discovered anything? So much the better. But, as I said before, this room—this room—No, I will not speak!"

"In the name of Heaven! but I do not see how this nice little room can be connected in any way with danger."

Frank cast a hasty glance round the room; his eyes rested for a moment on the identical board, his finger seemed inclined to follow his look; but he drew it back suddenly, and said, as one conscience-struck—

"Mr. Eimer, you are a learned man; and such men, we all know, fear neither man nor ghost; but I could point out people who are horribly afraid of this room, and would not come into it on any account—not even by daylight, and still less by night. For my own part, I have courage; but try my Uncle—eh? He fears this room as he does the police."

"I have not the least idea of what you are talking about, Master Frank. I see a secret is quite safe in your keeping. I have met with nothing unpleasant in these quarters, except the want of success in my inquiries about my friend Wittenhoff."

"Ah! poor Mr. Wittenhoff!" said Frank, mournfully. "It was his evil genius that brought him here. Dear Sir, take my advice—get out of this place as quickly as possible. You cannot be too much on your guard with these people. The place is so solitary I would undertake to murder a man in the middle of the street, if it were only a little dark, without a dog's barking at it."

Justus started back in horror at the man, who, quite unconcernedly, went on—

"One might cry long enough for help here. The nearest neighbours are two hundred paces

apart, and they are all bad people who live here. Catch your man near the wall; tie a stone to his heels; into the canal with him, and there is an end of the matter. You, Mr. Eimer, are a holy man; a confessor—if I were to tell you—”

“Frank!” cried Groné, from below.

Frank stopped suddenly, let the empty flask glide gently to the floor, and said, in an undertone, to the astonished Justus—

“More another time, Sir. My Uncle I suppose, from his calling me, has yielded to my demands. He is right, for I could have told the magistrates a tale that has been talked of before now, of the emigration times. However there is no harm done. My Uncle will wonder why I have been so long with you. I will cheat the old fox. You have been reading me a lecture upon card-playing! Good morning, Sir; another time—when I bring home your boots—”

He went off in high spirits; leaving Justus, however, in a very different mood.

He listened: Frank and Groné whispered together; then came the sound of money clinking, and then Frank went off with a friendly “Good morrow.”

“So then,” said Justus to himself, “it seems that I am established in a regular den of murderers! It is quite consistent with their avarice! But at all events I will not have to reproach myself with indifference to the fate of my friend; or with cowardice in searching it out. I fear the poor fellow has encountered more than a voyage to Batavia. My blood ran cold as that wretched man spoke of the canal. And these marks on the floor—undoubtedly blood-spots—Wittenhoff’s blood, spilt in order that his scanty pittance might increase the dower of their adopted child. But the guilty deed shall not remain concealed—that I swear!”

Still agitated by these thoughts, he was obliged to attend lectures. At the coffee-room he inquired particularly what character Groné bore in the town; but could find nothing against him. His house certainly was not frequented by the best classes. People said it was considered more the resort of smugglers; but that even was not known with certainty. Frank’s idle talk led to the supposition; but his name was held in such bad repute by the whole town, that his testimony bore little weight.

Without having obtained much satisfaction, Justus, towards evening, returned homewards. He was surprised, as he drew near, to find the usually empty street thronged with people. Several hundreds, mostly of the lower order, in their blouses, were collected, and stood gazing at the shoemaker’s house, whence proceeded the loud wail of a female voice. Susan appeared at the door, and came out, forcing her way through the crowd. Justus met, and accosted her—

“What is the matter?”

“Ah, Sir; how shocking!”

“What is it?”

“Cousin Frank is dying.”

“How?”

“He has just been carried home from the

tavern, mortally wounded. He released himself this morning from the police, and his antagonist took the punishment into his own hands. My Uncle sent me to see about Frank, if he was still alive, or—”

Justus did not wait for more. In a moment he was by the bedside of the dying man, who, in wild despair, had rejected all religious consolation. The phlegmatic physician, with perfect composure, was leaving him. The unfortunate wife—at a distance, however, from her husband—was wailing with frantic grief, surrounded by her neighbours and her terrified children. Justus stood shuddering at the sight. Frank trembled, too; and with difficulty raising himself a little, his eyes staring wildly, he murmured—

“O, is it you, Mr. Eimer? My Uncle must come—my Uncle and the magistrates! I will—yes I will. Blood! God have mercy upon me!”

It was all over. A violent struggle deprived the dying man of consciousness—and, in a few moments, of life.

Justus escaped as quickly as he could from the horror of the scene, and went home. He hastily raised the latch of Groné’s door. The old man rushed forward, as pale as death; his knees trembling under him. Sara sat by the stove, looking like a ghost, and endeavouring to quiet the sobbing Christina.

“Mr. Eimer! Is he still alive?” demanded Groné, with quivering lips.

“No,” said Justus.

“God be praised!” escaped from the lips of the old man, involuntarily; but with the most heartfelt sincerity.

Justus recoiled.

“God be praised!” he repeated, in horror. “Miserable old man! Do you praise God for the murder of your nephew? Now, may God forgive you this crime, as well as those that are gone before it! But the few words that the wretched Frank on his death-bed spoke shall swell into the roar of thunder, and bring destruction upon you and your house!”

He rushed up-stairs, leaving the old couple overwhelmed with dismay.

“This night shall be my last in this den of iniquity!” exclaimed the student. “Do not death and destruction every moment hang here over the unsuspecting stranger? But there shall be an end of it—yes, with the help of God, an end of it!”

He gave himself up instantly to the business of packing. A light was struck, the wardrobe and press emptied out, all the books thrown on the table, and the trunk dragged forth from underneath the bed in the recess. This operation was performed with considerable haste and violence, and the heavy trunk striking against the surbase which skirted the wall, displaced a piece of it, when an object that had been concealed behind it came to light. The student seized it, unfolded it in the light of the candle, and shuddered as he discovered that he held in his hands a waistcoat stained with blood, and covered with mould and dust. Damp and time

had done their best to destroy the garment; but the blood still clung to it. On the left side were two cuts through which the murderous weapon had entered. From the richness of the velvet, it was evident that this waistcoat had belonged to a person of fortune, and its make showed that it was not of recent date. The surbase, originally set on firmly, appeared, after the concealment of the bloody witness, to have been fastened up hastily with two slight nails, which had been destroyed by rust.

Justus still clutched his booty, when the door was slowly opened, and Susan looked timidly in. She started at Eimer's agitated appearance, and said, hastily—

"My Uncle and Aunt seem quite in despair below. Sara has just, with trembling hands, put Christina to bed, and she weeps now incessantly. The master is alarmed at the noise that you are making up here, and wants to know what you are about. You must not, he says, aggravate his misfortunes. He hopes that you will grant him a few words in the morning."

"Infamous hypocrites!" cried Justus, holding up the fatal vest. "A silent and long-hidden witness proclaims the horrid deed of murder. Behold this blood-stained garment, Susan, and imagine the fate of Wittenhoff!"

"Ah! Father of Mercies!" shrieked Susan, full of horror, and rushed down-stairs.

In a few moments Groné and his wife appeared advancing, with candles in their hands, towards the door, and glancing with haggard looks into the room.

"Not another step forward," shouted Justus, seizing at the same time his pistols. "You would send me to keep company with those who have already been robbed of life in this infernal hole! Back, monsters! What have you done with Wittenhoff?"

"Dearest Sir," they both began, trembling and weeping. But Justus interrupted them, violently—

"A truce to your hypocritical tears! Do you know nothing of this? Are you still ready with lies?"

Groné fell, almost senseless, into his wife's arms.

"The Chevalier's waistcoat!" he stammered out, half choked with anguish.

"Away—away!" cried Justus, beside himself at this sight. "Justice at length shall reach you. To-morrow I will expose you and your iniquities."

"Mercy!" sobbed Groné, falling upon his knees. "Mr. Eimer, you are a servant of God; you preach mercy to others. Exercise, yourself, this virtue towards us."

"I am innocent!" cried Sara, bathed in tears. "I know nothing of the dreadful deed."

"Lie not! Confess your crime, miserable, wicked pair; or I will call in the ministers of justice, now—this very night!"

This threat was the consummation of the old man's despair. He started wildly up, and exclaimed—

"Oh, if I had listened to your advice, Sara;

if I had never admitted into our house this man, who now, in cold blood, ruins us! Our name—our character—our property—perhaps our lives, are gone!"

A knocking at the house-door interrupted his lamentations.

"Who comes?" cried he, affrighted. "Can it be the officers of justice? Who knocks, at this hour of the night?"

The knocking and ringing continued, and the old couple, endeavouring to compose themselves, hurried down the stairs without saying another syllable to Justus. The old man's last words, however, had made an impression upon the student; and he began almost to reproach himself with having been too severe with these wretched people.

"The sword of Justice does not belong to my profession," said he to himself. "I will consider a little. Perhaps they may spare me all further proceedings by flight to-night. But then to remain another night in the abode of murder? How can I answer for it that they may not ensure their own safety at the price of my life?"

He now perceived that he still held the bloody waistcoat in his hand, and, flinging it wildly from him, he proceeded to fasten the door; but the key was nowhere to be found. Still more perplexed on perceiving this, he listened on the threshold, and heard the bolts undrawn below, and the door opened. Then the sound of many voices, male and female, in Groné's room. It did not, however, seem the rude greeting of companions in crime. Justus thought he could even distinguish the tones of pleasure, followed by those of loud complaint. Then a deep, earnest voice continued to be heard for a long time; and then at length sunk into a whisper. Then all was silent.

Whilst thus engaged listening so deeply to what was passing below, the student did not perceive that his light had burned out; and he now stepped back into total darkness. In the midst of all this turmoil of his feelings, a weariness came over him, which was absolutely irresistible. Fear still reigned in his mind, and a consciousness of the dreadful fate that perhaps awaited him. He wished to pack the tables and chairs against his door for security; but felt himself involuntarily approaching the bed, and suddenly he dropped his head upon the soft white pillows; still, however, resolved only to await the dawn, and in the meantime to let no movement from below escape his attention. But fatigue, both of mind and body, with the want of sleep the previous night, at length overcame even his fears, and he slept soundly.

Though his mental agitation had not been able to resist this powerful influence, it was suddenly put to flight by a movement from without. He started.

A dim light glimmered in the room. The figure of a powerful man leaned over him, pressing its hands upon his breast. Consciousness and terror at once returned.

"Hollo! Murder—murder!" gasped Justus,

endeavouring to push the assailant from him.

"Oh, Justus, my friend—my dear fellow; and do you not know me?" murmured a deep, manly voice.

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Justus, starting up and staring wildly. "Are you then alive; and is that actually your voice, Wittenhoff, my friend?"

"In good faith it is I myself, dear Eimer," said Wittenhoff, seating himself quietly on the bed, and grasping the student's hand.

"I am, indeed, weary enough after my journey, but I was determined to see you to-night, to extricate you from the labyrinth in which you have lost yourself."

"Indeed! speak then my friend, by brother."

"You are already acquainted with the history of my love for Susan, so I will not dwell upon that chapter; rejected by her uncle, and despised as a poor penniless student, I resolved to carry her off in spite of him. I soon found a ship, but the master of it betrayed my plans to Captain Beitsch, and he to Groné. They both represented to me, on the evening we were to have gone, the impropriety of my conduct. I confessed it, and had nothing but my love to plead as an excuse. Beitsch was touched by my candour. 'Let him have the girl,' said he; but after a little reflection, Groné replied, 'He has not the means of supporting a wife; if he even understood a trade I should not object, but—' and so forth.

"Let him prove the sincerity of his love," said Sara; 'there is no magic in learning a trade; let him do so, and we will keep Susan for him; but neither she nor any one else must know, otherwise if the gentleman change his mind, and do not return, she may fret herself to death, and the whole town would laugh at her.'

"I consented to this proposal. I had been a turner in my youth for my amusement. I now resolved to pursue the trade in earnest, and I went off that very night, without taking leave of anyone, and carrying only a hundred dollars in my pocket. I left the rest of my goods in Groné's charge, as they would have been a burthen to me while travelling. I also gave him five hundred dollars, which I destined for Susan in case of my death. My heart was depressed by fear and doubt, and though hope for a time bore me up, she deceived me in the end. The corporation laws opposed insurmountable obstacles to my advancement. I had no indentures, certificates, &c. &c.; I could get no employment, and my purse was rapidly collapsing. I would not write to these good people, still hoping soon to make a better report. Groné and his wife supposed me either dead or false, and therefore more anxiously than ever preserved the secret. Nobody knew anything about it but Captain Beitsch, who was absent. Frank suspected only.

"I now felt out of conceit with journeywork, and turned my steps towards France, in the

hope of making my knowledge of domestic economy available. From this point fortune smiled upon me. I became the agent of Madame de Mirail, and the friend of her son, who after the death of his mother established my prosperity for life. He is now come to Germany on business, and I have accompanied him, for the purpose of claiming Susan's hand, and taking her back with me to France, as I now feel that I have the power of supporting her in comfort."

Justus gazed at him earnestly, and, shaking his head, replied, "You little know, my Wittenhoff, what a connexion you are about to form, or what has passed here in other times. Till now I feared for you; but——!"

"I guess what you mean," said Wittenhoff; "but here again you have made a mistake, or been led into it by others."

"Indeed?" asked Justus: "Let me, however, shew you what I have discovered."

He drew back the curtain of the alcove, but started on perceiving that the room was not empty. A light burned upon the table, and near to it was seated a young man dressed in deep mourning. His eyes were fixed on the ground, his left hand supported his head, and in his right he held the bloody waistcoat which Justus had flung down. Upon the floor near him knelt another person, clothed also in black: his silvery locks proclaimed his age, and his cowl and tonsure indicated the profession of the church. In his hand he held a breviary, from which he read in a low and earnest voice. Neither of these persons observed the listeners, but seemed completely absorbed in their own melancholy feelings.

Justus looked inquiringly at his friend, who, however, signed to him to keep silence; and withdrawing again behind the curtain, they waited till the priest had ended his service for the dead. The young man then rose, embraced the holy father, said a few words to him in French, and after standing for some moments in deep meditation, he left the room, taking with him the waistcoat: he was followed by the abbé.

"You have now," said Wittenhoff, "seen my patron, M. de Mirail, and his tutor, a worthy and excellent clergyman, who has educated his pupil with the greatest care. The history of the young man's parents is a melancholy tale. The Chevalier de Mirail fled, in the revolution, from France to Germany, accompanied by his wife and his son, who was then only seven years old. To this town they came, and lived here in this very room, in the greatest poverty. In an evil hour they were visited by a wealthy compatriot, who openly offered his purse to the husband, while in secret he urged his love to the wife. The Chevalier, perfectly unsuspecting, and counting upon the recovery of his property, joyfully accepted the proffered assistance. He left home with the intention of making a short visit to France; but returning unexpectedly, discovered the designs of his supposed friend, and in a fit of ungovernable fury he drew his

sword—a struggle ensued. Groné was sitting in the room underneath with Frank and another neighbour; upon hearing the noise they rushed up stairs, and found De Mirail on the ground, weltering in blood, which flowed from two mortal wounds inflicted by his furious antagonist. Groné and his companions were horror-stricken: the murderer rushed out unpursued. Madame de Mirail threw herself upon the body of her husband, weeping in despair. The witnesses of the crime, when on the point of giving the alarm, were moved by the beauty and heart-rending grief of the lady, and by the prayers of her innocent boy. They promised silence, and having partly undressed the body of the unhappy Chevalier, and ascertained that no spark of life remained, they sunk it in the canal. Madame de Mirail fled in less than four-and-twenty hours, with her son. It was reported in the town that she had followed her husband to France. The murderer was never seen again. Groné and his companions obliterated as well as they could, without raising suspicion, every trace of the deed; but the broken surbase escaped their observation, behind which Madame de Mirail, in her haste and anxiety, had concealed the waistcoat. The three witnesses bound themselves by an oath never to speak of the transaction. One of the party soon sealed his oath with his death; but Frank, always a worthless fellow, was not to be depended on. Groné, who now trembled not only at the thought of the room, but at the sight of every officer of justice, made sacrifice upon sacrifice to bribe him to silence; and put upon himself such a restraint, that he did not even venture to relate the circumstances to his wife, who was absent at the time of the fatal occurrence. To-night, for the first time, Sara has heard from him the transactions of that dreadful night.

In the mean time, Madame de Mirail returned to France, and recovered her possessions. Her life was passed in the severest penance; when at the point of death, she conjured her son to visit this spot, to pray here for his father, if possible to possess himself of the hidden waistcoat, and to set Groné's mind at rest by the intelligence of her death. Young De Mirail willingly undertook to perform this sacred duty, and confided his intention to me as

well as to the abbé. Fate has assisted him, through you, to obtain what he sought; he counts upon your silence, and will to-morrow again leave this city, which forces upon him so many painful recollections."

Justus remained silent for some time.

"How wonderfully," said he at length, "how ridiculously we may lead ourselves astray! I fancied myself caught in the lowest den of murder. In this quiet house, everything from the very first has been so mysterious, from Sara's unwillingness to receive me, till——"

"Ah!" said Wittenhoff, smiling, "Susan's beauty, and the frailty of woman, made Sara unwilling to admit any more students. Still hoping for my return, she wished to preserve Susan's faith to me."

"Could they then doubt that I would remain true to you, Mr. Wittenhoff?" said a gentle voice, and Susan's little head appeared at the door.

"Ah, my dearest Susan!" cried Wittenhoff, embracing her warmly. "Now, Justus, I think the joy of this meeting will put the finishing stroke to your satisfaction, and drive away all traces of your horrors."

Justus embraced the happy pair, and congratulated them heartily. He shook Groné and his wife by the hand, silently imploring their pardon. He assured the young Frenchman of his eternal silence; bestowed a liberal gift upon the fatherless Christina—but nevertheless he quitted the house the following day.

By the generous assistance of Wittenhoff, who soon set out with his wife for France, Groné was enabled to rebuild his quiet little house almost from top to bottom; and he and his wife passed there the peaceful evening of their lives.

But now that they are both long gone to their last home; that De Mirail has fallen in battle, and his race become extinct with him; that Wittenhoff and Susan are settled in America, and Christina has followed her husband to his home; now that the quiet house has passed into other hands, and that the name of the city in which it stands cannot easily be guessed—now, Justus, the student of those days, thinks that he betrays no confidence in relating to his friends, and simply as it happened, his singular adventure.

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN HOLE.

A TALE OF HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

BY "ESPÉRANCE."

CHAP. I.

Amidst the broad plain that the Rio San Jacinto bounds on the north, and the Brazos on the south, rises the small but well-known stream of Clare (now called *Clear*) Creek. Like all streams or bayous of its class, it presents nothing remarkable in its appearance. During the Summer and Fall—the dry season—the bed

near its source remains nearly destitute of water; but, as you descend, the waters increase, the banks become wider, and the timber, which was but small and scattering at first, assumes a larger and thicker growth, graduating its density and size with that of the bayou, the course of which it follows until finally it swells out to a large forest as the creek enters *Clear Lake*; through the lake the bayou forces its way on,

winding along through prairie and woodland, until it empties its waters into the broad Bay of Galveston.

As I remarked, there is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of this creek, either in its size or length, to distinguish it from many others similar, and in the same section of country; and it probably never would have been so but for a scene enacted on its banks—the memory of which is still green in the recollection of many. Some six or eight miles from its source, the bayou swells out around a kind of point or projection of the bank, and then, contracting again, forms a basin or pond which remains full, or nearly so, of sweet clear water, during the entire summer. This is a lovely spot, and the one our tale refers to—it is known as Indian Hole.

“ Here, scattered wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes; here cowslips hang
Their dewy heads, and purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade.”

Look around you whilst we are here, and behold this vast extended plain that spreads out before us in solemn grandeur, its unbroken view extending far away in the distant horizon, where the blue-arched sky seems to descend and meet it in gentle embrace! What author's pen can do justice to this boundless prairie ocean? Its magnitude reminds one of the Atlantic; and its grassy ridges waving in long rolls, with the sunlight glistening in the valleys, also recall to mind the ocean's swell after the gale has passed. Who can paint the bright flowers of rainbow tint that stud its bosom, whose odour—the prairies' breath—scents the air, transporting the weary hunter into an elysium sweeter than that created by fairy music, or the Mussulman's vision of his future Paradise!

Let us dismount, and, whilst our horses are grazing the tender young grass, we will recline under the shade of this oak, and, in the mean time, enjoying the soft air from the Gulf, and the warbling of birds overhead, I will relate to you the history of this place—the Legend of Indian Hole.

CHAP. II.

For ages these green woodlands and plains were unknown and untenanted—the deep, oppressive silence, which reigned over all, unbroken save by the war-whoop of the savage, the howling of beasts, and the tramp of the wild horse and buffalo. But anon a change came over the spirit of the scene. The fame of the country spread abroad—its rich lands, salubrious climate, and abundance of game, were strong inducements to the emigrating portion of the Western people. The white man appeared—his rifle rang through field and forest; the gigantic old trees—patriarchs! venerable in years, and gray-headed with their mantles of moss—bowed beneath the sharp strokes of his axe. Soon cabins arose, forming the nucleus of a settlement. Hundreds of hardy pioneers poured in from the Valley of the Mississippi, bringing

with them their all. Settlement after settlement was formed, and their foothold made good against the nations of the wilderness.

The Red Men soon sought the destruction of the intruders, for it needed no prophet's warning voice as to the result of this encroachment on the hunting-grounds of their forefathers. Now came the strife for the supremacy, and, in the struggle that followed, the red tribes of the forest were scattered like leaves before the whirlwind. Many were the bloody scenes enacted; but, for every white man's scalp taken, a dozen aborigines bit the dust. The Indians fled—leaving their hills and plains, their homes, and graves of their forefathers, in the possession of the conquerors. Unhappy race! Years have passed away, and the places that once knew you know you no more! The forest that once sheltered the lodges of your tribe, and echoed to the dance and war-whoop, is now usurped by the rising city! The ploughshare has again and again passed over the bones of your ancestors—the golden grain of Ceres waves over their tombs!

“ Your day is o'er

Your fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for you the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on your hunting grounds.
The pale man's axe rings through your woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er the floods;
Your pleasant springs are dry;
Your children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West—
Your children go—to die.”

Among the many hostile tribes with whom the white men were often engaged in deadly strife, there were none they encountered more frequently, or who made more desperate resistance, than that of the Caronqueways. This tribe inhabited the entire coast of Texas; and, from their number, bravery, and savage character, were more dreaded than all others. Numerous and deadly were the encounters they had with their white foes—defeat, instead of weakening their courage, served but to exasperate them the more—they fought long and well, and were among the last to retreat. Their battlefields extend from the forests and canebreaks of the Trinity to the surf-beaten shore of the Gulf of Mexico.

At the time of our tale, but a few years had passed since this part of the country had been settled by immigrants; and the feud was at its height. Scarcely a month would pass away without witnessing the blazing of some lonely “squatter's” hut—the murder of his wife and children, and the quick and fearful retribution that followed. Such was the state of affairs when a report came to the settlers, on and near the Brazos, that a large party of Caronqueway Indians had just returned from a successful foray against a tribe friendly to the whites; and that they, flushed with their late victory, were now preparing to attack and exterminate the settlers. This news spread like prairie fire, and very soon every man and boy within fifty miles, capable of bearing arms, had shouldered his gun

and marched to a designated point, where all were enrolled into a company. As soon as possible, they reached the encampment of Indians, and the memorable fight with the Caronqueways, near the pass of that name, took place soon after. Many of the combatants say the fight was well and bloodily contested. The Indians finally gave way—not before, however, they had lost half their number, and made their escape with their prisoners towards Clear Creek.

With the *white* men engaged in this fight was a tall, finely-formed, young Indian warrior. He belonged to the tribe whose village had been lately sacked and destroyed by this band. He it was who brought the intelligence to the whites, and had eagerly supplicated their aid in chastising them, and rescuing some of his tribe still prisoners in their hands. During the encounter he fought with great bravery—his war-cry ringing like a trumpet's note above the din of battle—cutting down all who opposed him, and following the white men in every charge that was made. But after the enemy had given way—when the noise and confusion of the conflict had subsided—and the whites were busily engaged in burying the dead and relieving the wounded, Coshatte—for such was his name—retired to a short distance, and, covering his head with his robe, seemed to be the prey of great emotion. The captain of the company, seeing him evidently in distress, and fearing he was severely wounded, called him up, and, with a friendly speech, sought to know of him the cause of his trouble. The Indian drew himself up, and, dropping the buffalo robe which had covered his breast, so as to give full freedom to his gestures, spoke to the following effect—

“White brothers, listen! This day has the red wolf been struck. The white man's bullets are deep into his body! Already do the black vultures scent his blood, and are wetting their beaks for the feast. Many a warrior will be missed from the council fire of his tribe. There will be mourning in the lodges of the Caronqueways. Coshatte has fought by his white brothers; his tomahawk has been buried in the brains of their enemy; his knife has drunk their blood—it is good, but the heart of Coshatte is not happy. White men, listen! But two moons have passed since I accompanied the warriors and young braves of my tribe to the big plains of the west, to chase the wild horse and hunt the buffalo. Our old men, our women and children we left behind us—for we were at peace with the white man, and we dreamed no harm from our *red* brothers: but we were mistaken; the Caronqueway wolves had their spies upon us, and but a few days had we left when they attacked our village. They killed our old men, they carried off our women and children, and our tents are but a heap of ashes!

“White men, listen! Among the prisoners is our head chief's daughter, Keleotuc—‘the wild flower’—the pride of our tribe, and the betrothed wife of Coshatte. His heart cannot be happy, nor will he rest while *she* remains a prisoner among the destroyers of his tribe. Co-

shatte has spoken. Will his white brothers aid him in taking the young bird from the clutches of the hawk?”

The Indian's gestures were so vehement, his looks so appealing, and the grief he felt evidently so sincere, that, although the white men were worn down by fatigue and excitement, they with one accord determined to pursue the robbers and rescue the prisoners, if alive, at all hazards. As soon as the dead were buried and the wounded properly attended to—a few being left to guard them—the company proceeded at once on the track of the fugitives. The Indian took the lead, showing all the eagerness and instinct of a bloodhound; and often, when every vestige of the trail was lost, he would, by unerring sagacity, find and pursue it with a rapidity that left the others far behind. On the evening of the second day, about sunset, the party reached Clear Creek about four miles below, where we will leave them, for the present, pursuing their course which led direct to this spot.

CHAP. III.

It was midnight. A large fire burned brightly in the bottom of this ravine, throwing a strong glare upon the forms of about forty warriors, who stood, with bows and war-clubs in their hands, in a circle around it. Many a head and limb bore frightful marks of a recent conflict; and every face wore an aspect as hideous as paint and rage could make it. Some few lay around wrapped in skins, and appeared, from their restless motions and the occasional groans that proceeded from them, to be desperately wounded. Some exciting topic had evidently been lately discussed and settled by the warriors in council; and, from the large heap of brush and dry-wood that lay piled up close by, and from the angry gestures that were occasionally directed to a particular spot, it was not hard to divine *what* it was, nor *that* which was soon to follow. Close by the group of warriors, and in full view, tied hand and foot to a tall stake, was an Indian girl. Her feet and arms were swollen and bloody from many wounds inflicted by thorns and briars. An embroidered and highly dressed skin of some wild animal hung in strips from her shrinking body, disclosing a form youthful and full of beauty. Her head was bowed in deep dejection, from which the long dark hair flowed wildly over her heaving bosom. Now and then her eyes would wander restlessly over the painted faces of her captors, seeking, but in vain, to catch some ray of hope in their un pitying glances: but for this, she neither moved nor stirred, and, to all appearances, was as inanimate as the trees that towered around her. As well might she expect mercy as the young lamb when the jaws of the wolf have fastened upon him—or her sweet namesake, “the wild flower,” when winter's icy breath has touched it. Her fate was sealed! Soon, very soon, would her fragile body be given to the fiery heat of the blazing fagot, and her gentle spirit would pass

away amid shouts, and taunts, and yells of exultation. There she stood, bound and helpless, a feeble, unresisting woman—a sacrifice to be offered on the altar of Indian superstition! She knew that even now those chosen for the purpose were preparing to commence their infernal offices upon her. But her thoughts were far away. Before her mental vision arise the home of her childhood, her aged parents, and the young brave to whom her troth was plighted. Now her fancy roves through the green woodlands and wide fields where she had so often strayed, listening to the singing bird and running water. No more shall the songs of the one, and the plaintive rippling of the other, gladden the heart of Keleotuc! No more will she greet them *living*!

Now are the warriors gathering around her. See! they are heaping up the fagots. Listen to the taunts they cast upon their gentle victim; but she answers not—she hears them not. Like the dying swan, she pours forth her latest breath in touching melody. Her soft, flute-like tone of voice comes floating through the midnight air. In solemn chant, she sings, "Green earth! bright flowers! running waters! bear hence, far away unto Coshatte, the young brave, the last sigh of Keleotuc! Spirit of the waving trees! whisper forth through the air—let the fate of the 'wild flower' reach the home of her kindred—let it burn in the hearts of her tribe. Companions of my childhood, ye birds of sweet note, sing my requiem! Silvery stream of the mountain, murmur forth my name! And now, Great Father, listen to thy suffering child! Oh! send forth thy winged messengers—speed them quickly on—let them shield and bear me to thy bosom! Hark! like meteors flashing through the sky I see them! Their snowy pinions beat the air, and songs of joy are floating round. Welcome, sweet shadows of the spirit land! Welcome, bright sisters of the starry robe! To your outstretched arms I come! I come!"

Thus sang Keleotuc, as a warrior seized a lighted torch and hurled it at her feet. Quickly the dry brush ignited, and a canopy of smoke, black as a volume from hell, rose fiercely to the sable sky. One wild shriek of agony burst forth from the dying girl as the flames, wreathing round, blasted her with its fiery breath; a mad-dened howl of derision from the infuriated savages answered her. A moment more, and a crushing sound from the tramp of feet was heard, and, before the Indians could gain a cover, the party of whites burst forth from the adjoining thicket, and poured out the contents of their rifles upon them—

"Then arose so wild a yell
Within this dark and narrow dell,
As if the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed their banner-cry of Hell!"

The Indians, although losing several of their number, and taken entirely by surprise, main-

tained their ground for some time, fighting hand to hand with the courage of despair and the ferocity of tigers. The blow of the tomahawk, the thrust of the knife, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, were now intermingled with the shouts of encouragement from one party and the yell of defiance from the other. None expected or asked for mercy, but fought desperately, like the wolf, to the last gasp.

In the mean time the flames rolled on, lighting up the scene of battle with all its horrors, bringing every combatant into full view. Foremost, from the commencement of the affray, was Coshatte, who, wielding his war-club, fought with the fury of a maniac, in the direction where he had discovered Keleotuc bound and enveloped with fire. None withstood him, for he struck down all who opposed, and made his way through flame and smoke to the side of the Indian girl. With one sweep of his knife he severed the bonds that held her, and springing back, bore her out of reach—but, alas, too late! No sooner did the blackened and charred remains of the young girl meet his gaze, as he bore her body off, than, with a cry like that of a wild beast, he dropped his burden and rushed amid the fight. Already were his arms, face, and breast deluged with blood, and now his knife at every thrust was deeply painted with its gory colour. On he rushed to the very centre of the enemy, and, in despite of the wounds and blows he received from all sides, he grappled with the chief, and bore him, writhing and struggling, to the blazing fire that still roared and hissed for its victim. With a bound like that of a panther, he sprang with his enemy full in the midst of the roaring column of flame that shot forth its forked tongues for yards around. For a moment a cloud of ashes and smoke obscured the view; then thousands of bright sparks ascended and fell again like hail on the green sward around. An instant more, and Coshatte—his whole person, even to his long scalp-lock on fire—burst forth, with his blazing shroud, like a tortured devil loosened from his chains, and, feebly sounding his war-cry, dashed again among them. His enemies—the few Caronqueways that were left—fled in terror before this blazing, frightful apparition; and to this day they believe that the white men were guided and assisted by a supernatural being at the fight of "Indian Hole."

Coshatte lived but a few hours after the battle: his body, as well as that of the Indian girl, was taken some three miles from the Creek, and laid side by side at the edge of the prairie—his war-club and knife being placed with him—and a strong enclosure of young trees and brush built around them, which can be seen to this day.

The fate of Coshatte the brave, and Keleotuc the "wild flower," forms the legend of "Indian Hole!"

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

When summer breezes bend the grass,
 Each wave its nestling flowers disclose,
 While fitful storms that whirling pass
 Evolve the spirit of the rose;
 Though crushed—returning good for ill—
 Intenser all its odours rise,
 As grief-worn spirits soften still
 Hard hearts with loving liquid eyes.
 Oh, more than rose, sweet blossom pale,
 I love thee, Lily of the Vale.

Beside the graceful golden broom,
 And sturdy, stubborn, daggered whin,*
 I first beheld thy arch of bloom,—
 Fair virtue on the marge of sin;
 So *one* with chaste retiring grace,
 I in the world's great tumult found,
 In word and deed, in form and face,
 Meek loving kindness clothed her round,
 And thou to her love's message bore:
 Be thou love's herald evermore.

No prickly spears, or burning stings,
 My fondling hand or eyes repel;
 Listen! and love triumphant rings
 From every tremulous silver bell.
 Around thee hosts of glittering blades
 Sharp-pointed, broad, and burnished green—
 Thou, lovely virgin of the glades,
 Art guarded, Nature's forest queen:
 Most modest gem of earth thou art,
 I'll wear thee ever near my heart.

The stars above are letters bright,
 By which we spell the heavenly plan;
 But flowers below, when read aright,
 God's goodness teach to wayward man:
 Dear offspring of the bounteous earth,
 Fair children of the glorious sun,
 Whether of high or lowly birth,
 I love you all—yet love I none
 Like thee, sweet blooming trembler frail,
 Timid white Lily of the Vale.

Blackheath, 1852.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY E. C. W.

The opening of Autumn's reign
 Brings back thy natal day again,
 And leads me to indite this strain
 To Thee.

As heretofore, I send, this year,
 Congratulations most sincere,
 And heartfelt wishes, Mother dear,
 To Thee.

My first, my waking thoughts, this morn,
 Rememb'ring *who* this day was born,
 Were fondly turned, at early dawn,
 To Thee.

But think not there is any need
 Of days like this—there's none indeed—
 My thoughts, my truant thoughts, to lead
 To Thee.

They ne'er—I trust they never may—
 Have learnt, thank God, to disobey
 The heart's *first* impulse. Oft they stray
 To Thee.

Mem'ry rejoices to renew
 Past scenes, recalling to my view
 Proofs of affection, not a few,
 From Thee.

Each little infantile distress
 It was *thy* province to redress;—
 The remedy was a caress
 From Thee.

And when the youth, in later days,
 First put aside his childish ways,
 The motive to *improve* was praise
 From Thee.

Yes, in a word, since life was young,
 Since love within my bosom sprung,
 My heart unceasingly has clung
 To Thee!

As Time creeps on, new feelings rise;
 But, though now bound by other ties,
 That heart retains its sympathies
 For Thee.

And while it beats, while in my breast
 Thine image is a treasured guest,
 My thoughts must ever fondly rest
 On Thee!

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

EVA'S STEPMOTHER.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"Now, hold your head up, there's a pretty dear. I'll be bound my darling will look as well as the best of them. And take care not to tumble your frock, nor shake out your pretty curls, there's a beauty."

This very foolish and pernicious speech might have been spared, for the motherless little girl to whom it was addressed was already vain enough, and thought much more of her pretty curls and fine dresses than of her kind papa,

* Furze.

and the pains she ought to take to please him and improve in her studies. Her little head was just at this time especially filled with vanity, for Mr. Lyman had invited a grand party to celebrate her birth-day; at which a great many ladies and gentlemen were to be present, as well as little boys and girls. The carpets were taken up in both drawing-rooms, and a band of music was engaged for the occasion. Eva expected it to be quite the happiest evening of her life.

At length the hour of festivity arrived, announced by the roll of carriages through the square, and the loud rat-tat-tats at the hall-door. Eva, dismissed from the hands of her old nurse with the foolish flattery above recorded, entered

the front drawing-room, where her papa met her, and taking her by the hand, introduced her to such of the visitors as she had not before seen. At length he led her to a sofa in a recess, where a beautiful but very pale lady was sitting all alone. She smiled when she saw Eva, and held out her hand; and the little girl was soon nestled by her side in the corner of the sofa, looking up into her gentle countenance, and hearkening to her conversation with her papa. She was surprised to find that this turned upon herself.

"My little Eva has been rather neglected of late," Mr. Lyman said.

"Ah!" sighed the lady; "children know not what they lose in losing a mother. But Eva shall suffer from her loss no longer. I have no fear if I can only gain her affection. Will you bestow it upon me, my little girl?" she continued, turning to Eva. "I am coming to live with you and take care of you. Will you endeavour to obey me, and attend to all that I tell you for your own good?"

"Are you to be my governess then?" asked Eva wonderingly.

The lady's marble cheek became slightly suffused, and she turned to Eva's papa, as if embarrassed for a reply.

"I will answer that question another time, Eva," said Mr. Lyman gently. "You are wanted now to make up a quadrille. Go, my darling, and let me see you do your best."

So Eva went and danced in her best style, though she could not help thinking continually about her papa's mysterious manner, and the strange lady who was to live with them. She did not take half so much pleasure in the ball as she had expected, because of these engrossing thoughts, which made her even forget to admire the transparent folds of her Honiton lace dress, and the glitter of the silver sash that bound it. Besides, she overheard one old lady say to another, "Susan Fairbairn dances much better than Miss Lyman, and is altogether more pleasing and correct in manner." Eva's vanity was sorely wounded by this remark, and it was in the hope of having it soothed that she hastened up to the pale lady as soon as the dance was concluded, and asked coaxingly, "Have you seen me dance?"

"Yes, my dear," was the simple reply. Eva was inclined to be exceedingly mortified at the absence of the desired commendation, but she thought to herself, "Governesses never praise like other people."

The evening wore on, and refreshments were handed round, and little boys began to look sleepy, and little girls' ringlets became uncurled; and even Eva herself, the queen of the day, wished it was all over, that she might close her eyes, and be quiet. At length the juniors dispersed to their several homes, and nurse came to the door of the drawing-room for Eva.

Eva thought the old woman was unusually quiet while she took off her silver sash and lace frock, and throwing a little dressing-gown over her shoulders, began to brush out her curls,

By-and-bye, looking up into her face, she perceived that she was crying.

"What is the matter, nurse?" asked the little girl. "What makes you sorry?"

"Ah, my darling! and have they told you nothing?" sobbed the old woman, throwing her arms around her, and passing at once from quietness to passion. "Don't you know that your papa has got married unknown to any one, and that you are going to have a nasty, cruel step-mother?"

"A step-mother, nurse?" And Eva began to cry bitterly. "Who is it, nurse? Is she here now? I *won't* have a step-mother."

"Yes, she is here, and your papa's own servants knew nothing of what had happened until an hour ago. She is very pale, and dressed all in blue. Your own mamma, that you're the picture of, had cheeks like roses. Oh dear! mercy me! how soon the dead are forgotten!" continued the old woman, rocking herself backwards and forwards.

"I know who it is, nurse," said Eva, while her bright eyes sparkled with indignation through her tears, and her rosy cheeks glowed. "I know who it is, and I will go this minute, and tell papa before her face that I *won't* have a step-mother, instead of my own dear mamma."

And before the nurse, now repenting of her interference, could prevent her, the child bounded out of the room, all undressed and in disorder as she was, and rushed down stairs into the drawing-room. There were only a few grown-up visitors now remaining, and these were gathered in a cluster round her papa and the pale lady: dashing into the midst of them, Eva fell at her papa's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Papa! Papa!" she sobbed, "I *won't* have a stepmother. Send the pretty pale lady away, she has no business here. She is a step-mother, and she will scold me and beat me."

Mrs. Lyman, at the beginning of this address, had drawn near to soothe the child, but Eva pushed her hand violently away.

"Hush! my child," said her papa, placing his hand upon her mouth, "there are no cruel step-mothers here, only a kind lady, who has a little boy of her own, and will love my Eva as her own dear mother used to do. Nurse," he continued, sternly addressing the old woman, who had stopped trembling at the door, "this is the effect of your folly. You may consider yourself at liberty to quit my service."

"Wait, my love," said his wife; "allow me to speak to nurse."

Mrs. Lyman's gentle voice was heard speaking for some time to nurse in the passage. What she said did not transpire; but certain it is that from that time the old woman, whatever she might think within herself, was careful not to prejudice Eva any further against her new mamma.

But the little girl herself was not to be so easily managed: the foolish words of her nurse had sunk deep into her memory, and ever on the look-out for ill-will from Mrs. Lyman, the entire

absence of the "scoldings and beatings" she so much dreaded did not suffice to reassure her. The slightest remonstrance against any idleness or carelessness—and in both these respects Eva was abundantly faulty—was sufficient to excite the determined rebellion of the latter against the "step-mother:" and Mrs. Lyman's extreme care to avoid nurturing a vanity already ridiculously intense, was set down in the child's mind to a want of affection for one who was not her own little girl. The gentle lady began almost to despair of effecting any good in so apparently hopeless a case.

While affairs were in this state, Eva was taken dangerously ill. The disease turned out to be fever, and for a fortnight the little girl lay insensible to everything that passed around her, raving of her "step-mother." Awakening at length as from a horrible dream, her dim, but perfectly rational gaze rested on the mild face of Mrs. Lyman, paler than ever from watching and anxiety. Eva at once comprehended all the tenderness of care of which she had been the object; for she had a faint remembrance, as in a

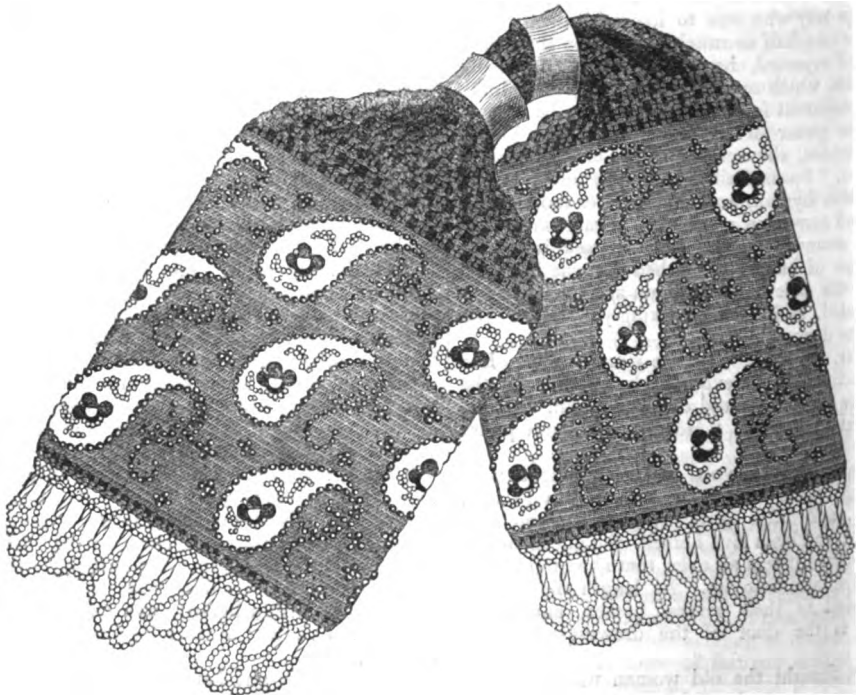
vision, of tender arms that had supported her many times during her delirium, and of a kind shoulder that had cradled her aching head; while her parched lips were moistened with something deliciously cool and refreshing. Making a feeble endeavour to stretch out her arms, she murmured "Mamma, dear mamma!"

All prejudice now at once disappeared: Eva was convinced that step-mothers are *not* the selfish, cruel beings that common report too often represents them to be. She endeavoured, as day by day her health and strength returned, to show her gratitude for the tender care of her "new mamma," as she still sometimes called Mrs. Lyman, in the very best way; that is, by attending to her counsels, and becoming continually more gentle, humble, and painstaking. So great was the improvement, that even her old nurse at length openly confessed her error in thinking so badly of step-mothers, affirming that "she did not believe her own mother, if she had lived, could have brought up Miss Eva any better or more tenderly."

THE WORK - TABLE.

GENTLEMAN'S PURSE.

MATERIALS.—4 skeins of emerald green silk, 6 skeins of white sewing silk; a bunch of transparent white glass beads, a hank of each of the following:—Gold, steel, blue steel, all No. 5. Steel garnitures W. Boulton and Son's Crochet-hook, No. 12.



Thread the steel beads on the green silk, allowing half the quantity on each of two skeins; and the glass, gold, and blue steel on the white silk. With the green silk make a chain of 120

stitches; form it into a round, and work one round of sc.

1st pattern round. × 6 green, 1 steel, 12 green, 6 steel, 5 green, × 4 times.

2nd round. × 5 green, 3 steel, 1 green, 3 steel, 5 green, 2 steel, 6 white, 1 steel, 4 green, × 4 times.

3rd round. × 6 green, 1 steel, 1 green, 2 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 3 green, 1 steel, 4 white, 3 gold, 2 white, 1 steel, 3 green, × 4 times.

4th round. × 8 green, 1 steel, 3 green, 1 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 8 white, 2 gold, 1 white, 1 steel, 2 green, × 4 times.

5th round. × 8 green, 1 steel, 3 green, 1 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 1 white, 5 gold, 1 white, 1 gold, 3 white, 1 steel, 2 green, × 4 times.

6th round. × 1 steel, 11 green, 1 steel, 1 green, 1 steel, 2 white, 1 gold, 5 blue steel, 1 white, 1 gold, 2 white, 1 steel, 2 green, × 4 times.

7th round. × 2 steel, 9 green, 1 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 1 white, 1 gold, 2 blue steel, 2 white, 2 blue steel, 1 white, 2 gold, 1 white, 1 steel, 1 green, 1 steel, × 4 times.

8th round. × 1 steel, 7 green, 4 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 2 white, 2 blue steel, 2 white, 2 blue steel, 1 gold, 1 white, 1 gold, 1 white, 1 steel, 2 green, × 4 times.

9th round. × 7 green, 4 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 3 white, 7 blue steel, 2 white, 1 steel, 3 green, × 4 times.

10th round. × 3 green, 1 steel, 2 green, 4 steel, 3 green, 1 steel, 4 white, 2 blue steel, 1 white, 2 blue steel, 3 white, 1 steel, 3 green, × 4 times.

11th round. × 2 green, 3 steel, 1 green, 2 steel, 5 green, 1 steel, 1 white, 3 gold, 7 white, 1 steel, 4 green, × 4 times. Fasten off blue steel silk.

12th round. × 3 green, 1 steel, 1 green, 4 steel, 4 green, 1 steel, 3 white, 1 gold, 3 white, 1 gold, 3 white, 1 steel, 4 green, × 4 times.

13th round. × 5 green, 5 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 2 white, 1 gold, 1 white, 5 gold, 2 white, 1 steel, 5 green, × 4 times.

14th round. × 1 steel, 4 green, 2 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 2 green, 1 steel, 1 white, 2 gold, 2 white, 3 gold, 2 white, 1 steel, 6 green, × 4 times.

15th round. × 2 steel, 3 green, 2 steel, 4 green, 1 steel, 2 white, 2 gold, 5 white, 2 steel, 6 green, 1 steel, × 4 times.

16th round. × 1 steel, 5 green, 5 steel, 2 gold, 5 white, 1 steel, 9 green, × 4 times.

17th round. × 7 green, 2 steel, 8 white, 3 steel, 10 green, × 4 times.

18th round. × 9 green, 8 steel, 13 green, × 3 times, 9 green, 8 steel, 21 green.

Now begin again by a plain round, and repeat the pattern, when the pines will fall between every two of the last set, in consequence of the 21 stitches instead of 13, which were done at the end of the 18th round.

The 36th round is to be done in the same way, which will throw the third set of pines between the second set. Do one round of sc, then for the centre × 2 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, × all round. Turn, 5 ch, × 2 dc under 2 ch, 2 ch × end with 2 ch, 1 dc.

Continue working backwards and forwards like the last, until 35 rows are done.

Work another end to correspond with the first, and crochet it to the middle, having previously slipped on the rings.

TO CLOSE THE ENDS:—Work a round of open square crochet; then hold the sides together, and sc closely under both chains.

Trim with steel garnitures.

AIGUILLETTE.

FRONT OF A CHILD'S DRESS,

IN MODERN POINT LACE.

MATERIALS.—W. Evans and Co's. Point Lace Cottons, and No. 7 French white cotton braid.

We give the patterns for the stomacher of an infant's dress of the full size, that our friends may be able to cut the leaf out, and work on it. A piece of linen should be pasted on the wrong side, and the edges turned over, to prevent the paper from being torn. We shall next month give a trimming for the sleeve, and an edging which may also be worked on the paper. The braiding, with the exception of the two parallel lines forming the border, is done in one piece. The engraving gives the various stitches so clearly, that they cannot be mistaken, and it only remains for us to specify the cottons to be employed for them:—

Brussels edging and Brussels lace (Nos. 1 and 3). W. Evans and Co's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70.

English bars (No. 2), Mecklenburgh 100.

Point d'Alençon (No. 4), Mecklenburgh 120. Cordovan lace (No. 5), Boar's Head, No. 150.

English lace (No. 6), Boar's Head, No. 90.

English rosettes (No. 7), Mecklenburgh No. 100.

Mechlin wheel (No. 8), Boar's Head, No. 100.

Raleigh bars, forming the ground (No. 9), Mecklenburgh No. 100.

Venetian bars (No. 10), the same thread.

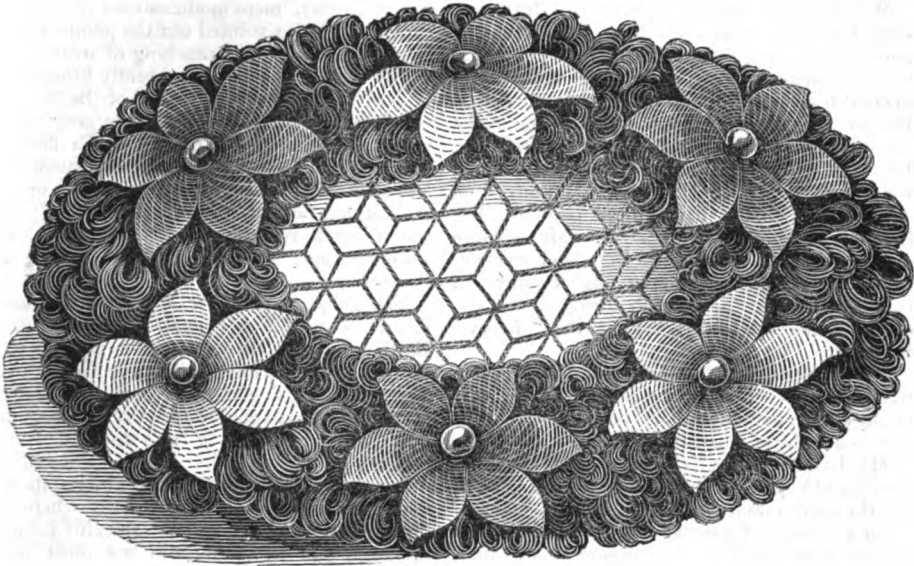
All these threads and cottons are contained in W. Evans and Co's (of Derby) Point Lace Cotton-boxes.

AIGUILLETTE.



FLOWER MAT.

MATERIALS.—Two skeins of green crystal wool, one dark and one light; one skein of white ditto; one of lilac ditto. A piece of white satin. Three yards of stout wire. A bone mesh $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, and one $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, also six silvered beads.



The centre of this mat is of white satin, covered with netting. The latter is done thus:—On a foundation make, with the lilac wool, 14 stitches, using the narrowest mesh. Do two plain rows.

3rd row. Miss the first stitch, net the second, then the first; continuing this for all the fourteen stitches.

4th and 5th rows. Plain netting.

6th. Like 3rd.

Do altogether fourteen rows, which will make a square piece.

Cover a round of card-board with satin on one side, and calico on the other. Tack this square over the satin.

The flowers are alternately white and lilac. Each one has six petals, which are made by bending a piece of wire in the form of a leaf, and darning them closely (from edge to edge), beginning at the base of each petal, darning to

the point, then taking an overcast stitch at the end, and slipping the needle down the centre. Six petals must be tied together, in the form of a flower, and the points bent. A silvered bead is sewed in the centre of each.

FOR THE MOSS.—Bend the wire into a round, exactly the size of the rim of the mat. Bind the ends with wool for greater security. Take a coarse rug needle, and thread it with a very long thread of each of the green wools. Work on the wire in button-hole stitch, over the large mesh, taking the stitches as close together as possible, to make a very full fringe. Work all the wire round in this way. Make another circle, somewhat smaller, and cover it with moss fringe also. Sew the large round at the edge of the mat, and the other just within it, and set the flowers, at equal distances, between the two borders.

AIGUILLETTE.

POPULAR BOTANY IN SCOTLAND.

We learned from the Scottish *Athenæum* some time since that the efforts of several botanists were being directed towards popularising their favourite science, by means of lectures delivered in several of the provincial towns, so that Botany would seem at present to be one of the most attractive departments of popular science. In a series of lectures on various subjects, which were delivered at St. Andrews, Botany was, as elsewhere, one of the subjects chosen. The lecturer in this department was Mr. George Lawson, of the Edinburgh Botanical Society, whose exertions in popularising Botany, in connection with the British League, we observe noticed in a late number of the "Leisure Hour."

The lectures were attended by large and attentive audiences, chiefly composed of ladies, who on all occasions show their special appreciation of this delightful department of science.

Mr. Lawson's first lecture was on "The Phenomena of Vegetable Development." He pointed out the more remarkable features in the anatomical structure of plants, noticing the various tissues of which they are composed, and incidentally alluding to the importance of these tissues in supplying important articles of manufacture and commerce. By thus elucidating the organization of vegetables, and the processes which go on in their living structures, he illustrated the varied phenomena of plant-life, and pointed out the true nature of the phenomena of vegetable development. After giving an account of the origin and birth of the plant, he traced its gradual progress from the period of germination to the period of maturity, noting its various phases of existence, and the phenomena presented at different periods of its growth. This led the lecturer to allude to the doctrine of Morphology, "the sublime dream of the German poet, Goëthe" (now received as a scientific truth), which traces the organic origin of the flower and fruit to the leaf of the plant, the two former

being, in fact, mere modifications of the latter organ. He also pointed out the points of relationship between the branching of trees and the venation of their leaves, as recently brought into notice by Professor M'Cosh, of Belfast, and concluded by noticing some of the peculiar phenomena exhibited by plants at the flowering period, such as the production of latent heat, and the influences of light and heat in opening and closing flowers, which were agreeably illustrated by a reference to the flower-clock of Linnæus, and the human clock of Jean Paul Richter.

The subject chosen for Mr. Lawson's second lecture was "The Climatic Features of the Earth's Flora." It was chiefly devoted to an exposition of the more important facts illustrative of botanical geography, and to a depiction of the physiognomic features of vegetation in different lands, resulting from differences in climatic conditions. The lecturer showed that while the vegetable kingdom exhibits its most luxuriant aspect in warm regions, where it is represented by the noble and graceful forms of the palm and tree-fern; still the most inhospitable regions are not without their appropriate plants, which minister to the wants of man. The relation of the existing Floras was alluded to, and the distribution of economic plants, as well as man's influence in modifying the range of certain species. The remarkable agreements in physiognomic features and botanical characters which characterise the gradual changes of vegetation observable on receding from the equator, and those which are seen on the gradual ascent of a tropical mountain, present interesting facts to the students of the relation between climate and vegetation.

Both lectures were illustrated by a profusion of drawings and diagrams, for the use of which the lecturer expressed his obligation to the kindness of Professor Balfour.

A MATRIMONIAL COLLOQUY.

BY E. C. W.

"You don't observe these gems, my lord,
I'm wearing in my hair:
I purchased them, upon my word,
A bargain, and——now there!
You're angry without any grounds;
You are not ruin'd, quite:
They only cost a thousand pounds,—
But you're so cross to-night!

The love you once profess'd I vow
I've done my best to keep:
Then why are you so alter'd now?
Why hold your wife so cheap?"
"You're wrong, my love. Nay, do not weep!
You know me not tis clear;
So far from holding you so cheap,
I find you——very dear!"

M A D A M E L A F F A R G E.

Within these few weeks the newspapers have announced the death of this unhappy woman ; and the following letter, addressed by her to M. Emile Girardin, on the occasion of her liberation from prison a few months since, will not be read, we think, without interest. M. de Girardin was among the many who believed in her innocence, and he was mainly instrumental in obtaining her release ; too late, it is true, for her miserable life to be greatly prolonged, for her sufferings had induced a fatal disease. But surely her release at all was a recognition that she had been too sternly judged—and to die free, and in the arms of those friends and relatives who had believed in her throughout, must have been no ordinary boon.

J'ouvre votre lettre à mon oncle, Monsieur, et je salue des yeux et du cœur ces chers petits points d'interrogation, qui comblent la distance, en me donnant le droit de vous confier ma joie, mes appréhensions, mes projets, et jusqu' à mes rêves—confier, n'est ce pas aimer ?

Les derniers verroux de St. Paul se son tirés sur moi le Lundi de la Pentecoste, et le même jour à 9 heures du soir, après un voyage *inaperçu* et charmant on m'a porté de la voiture dans les bras de mon oncle.

J'ai retrouvée un chez moi, une famille ; je me sens fière, je suis libre, et je me comprends aimée. Ah ! merci, Monsieur, merci ! car tout mon bonheur est votre œuvre.

Mon oncle vous à sans doute écrit combien il m'avait trouvé changée au retour de son providentiel voyage de Paris. L'émotion de la *bonne nouvelle* n'a augmenté que très peu, la fièvre et la toux qui depuis trois mois déjà ne me quittaient plus, et les bons soins de ma tante, une *vraie mère*, qui m'aime comme l'enfant gâté de ses larmes, acheveront bientôt, je l'espère, l'œuvre de la résurrection que vous avez si heureusement commencé. On m'a déjà menacés des eaux bonnes, mais je tremble à l'idée de quitter mon nid, et cette peur seule m'aidera peut-être à guerir vite sans changer de lieux, et sans surtout m'éloigner des miens.

Quant à mes projets, souhaits, ou rêves d'avenir, je n'en forme aucuns ! et je n'ai plus qu'un but aujourd'hui, celui d'incarner ma reconnaissance dans toutes les actions de ma vie pour changer un acte de démençe en un acte de justice, celui de prouver au monde que j'étais digne des nobles et chères sympathies qui m'ont sauvées, celui de lui prouver qu' à défaut de mérite, le malheur immerité peut devenir une vertu. Peut-être est ce là beaucoup à espérer, ou beaucoup prétendre, mais Dieu et la vérité aidant, je ne saurais croire à l'impossible, et si je mourrais à la tâche—oh ! bien Monsieur, vous protégeriez la mémoire de la pauvre morte comme vous avez protégé la désespoir de la pauvre captive ; d'un trait de plume vous éloigneriez l'infamie de ma tombe—d'une larme vous me vengeriez du malheur. Votre amitié

n'est elle pas tout à la fois pour ceux auxquels vous l'accordez un honneur, un egide et une vertu ?

J'arrive maintenant, Monsieur, à votre dernier petit point interrogateur, et j'y répondrai à la façon de Job. Je n'ai rien, absolument rien, mais depuis douze ans que la pauvreté est mon amie, j'ai appris d'elle à estimer la valeur d'une vie laborieusement gagnée, et je n'ai qu'un désir celui d'être enfin classée parmi ces intelligences militantes et viriles qui acquièrent l'indépendance à la sueur de leur fronts. Depuis que je suis à Montpellier, c'est à dire depuis de longues, bien longues années, l'adorable bonté de mon oncle s'est ingéniée à trouver *la part* de la captive dans l'humble revenu, à peine suffisant pour donner le nécessaire à lui et à ses enfants. Sublime dans le pieux exercice de sa paternité d'emprunt, il n'a pas voulu que mon malheur devint *une charge* pour des cœurs indifférents et oublieux, et a repoussé loin de moi les mains qui menaçaient d'offrir une aumône à qui méritait un appui.

Grâce à lui, la pauvreté m'est apparue comme un titre aux plus touchants respects, aux plus absolus dévouemens. Quel serait donc mon bonheur aujourd'hui, si je pouvais, en utilisant mon travail gagner l'aisance de ces chers miens qui m'ont rachetés de la misère, de l'humiliation et de la mort ! Quel serait mon bonheur, si je parvenais à combler vite les petits emprunts qui ont contractés pour l'amour de moi—avec que de perte bon Dieu, je parerais leur vie du luxe de mon travail—avec quelle émotion profonde je recevrai ce premier argent *gagné* qui assurera mon indépendance et qui me permettra d'être leur *filie* à mon tour.

J'ai quelques manuscrits qui n'ont besoin que d'être revus à tête libre et reposée ; mais il me semble que la *voix intérieure* parle surtout en moi sous le flux et reflux des courants vifs de la pensée militante et actuelle ; je me sentirais la vocation, *ou du moins le gout* de ces articles écrits au jour le jour, un peu à propos de tout, et beaucoup à propos de rien—à vous, Monsieur, de me faire tomber la plume des mains, d'éclairer mes incertitudes, de me guider enfin dans cette voie de labeur et d'étude. La transformation qu'a subi la presse quotidienne me semble favorable à la réalisation de mes projets. Il y a évidemment quelque chose de nouveau à tenter, mais comment y arriver ? et surtout comment parvenir à mettre un chiffre quelconque au devant des tristes zeros qui forment aujourd'hui l'actif de mon avoir ? je serais bien heureuse et bien fière si vous me permettiez de ne rien faire que d'après vos conseils, et le plus heureux jour de ma vie serait celui en je renoncerais à ma volonté pour sentir peser le cher vouloir de votre amitié sur mon cœur.

Je vous tends la main, Monsieur, et je m'incline respectueusement au devant de votre souvenir. (Signé) MARIE CAPPELLE.

S I L E N C E.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

"Good Master Silence, it well befits you to be of the Peace."

Madame Dacier, being requested to write in the album of some distinguished person, wrote her own name, with the following verse from Sophocles, translated into English—

"Silence is a woman's ornament!"

Granting the wisdom of Madame Dacier—as far as the album was concerned—we may yet be permitted our own reading of the Greek poet's dogma. "Silence" is indeed a "woman's ornament"—a gem to be worn upon occasion. St. Paul has said, "let a woman learn in silence." So be it: but the teachers of the world must not be dumb. The old, stale, out-worn cry against the tongues of women is fast dying away in the distance of Time; and we are among those who hope that no echo will survive to perpetuate the "erroneous breath." A gentler and a worthier creed with regard to women is gradually usurping the place of the old superstitions. Poets, touching now on Silence, deal with it lovingly—no longer in the harsh old strain. Wordsworth, in four lines, teaches us its beauty. Describing one of his heroines, he tells us—

"She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts."

The greatest objection to be urged against a too diligent use of the tongue is that, "like the race-horse, it runs the faster the less weight it carries." The above truth has been reiterated over and over again, in phrases as various as the calibre of the minds which have advanced them for our learning. Let us take them to heart, lest we, too, be caught tripping. Dean Swift says, "the common fluency of speech in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for, whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door." This idea is more poetically rendered elsewhere by the simile of the ripened wheat. When the ear is empty, it lifts its head ostentatiously; but modestly inclines it towards the earth when filled with grain.

From the lives of men of genius, numerous examples might be brought forward of incapacity for mere talking. The most profound thinkers have generally been the most silent in society. Rousseau, who has been described as

a "miracle of sensitiveness, a creature of nerves," expressed a wonder that any reasonable being should be hardy enough to talk at all in society, since the utterance of the simplest sentence involves so many conditions, the knowledge of facts, persons, and all sorts of complicated relations. La Fontaine was remarkable for his quiet, silent, and reserved manner. A lady, at whose house he became domesticated, alluding to the discharge of her servants, wrote thus to a friend:—"I have got rid of all my animals except my dog, my cat, and—La Fontaine!"

Demosthenes, meeting in company a man who chattered a great deal, said to him, "If you knew a great deal you would speak little;" adding this maxim, "He is wise who speaks little, and who refrains from speaking much." Simonides, being blamed for his habits of taciturnity, answered, "I do not speak little enough, but for me often to repent of having spoken so much: I never yet repented of having kept too strict a silence." Isocrates was so timid that he did not dare to speak in public: he said of himself on this subject, that he was like the whetstone, which did not cut itself, though it caused to cut, because his works had served as models for the greatest orators. Besides the above, may be cited Descartes, Marmontel, Buffon, Nicole, and doubtless a host of others. Opposed to these, however, a few names present themselves, as those of men fluent alike with the tongue and with the pen: Fenelon, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Diderot. Of the last it is said, "L'enthousiasme Diderot s'exprimait avec une chaleur qui n'était point factice; son éloquence venait de son âme; le désordre de ses pensées se communiquait à ses discours." But these occur rather as exceptions, proving the rule. How often have the greatest and wisest spirits been misjudged through this half-revealing of themselves to the world. They may be likened to trees reflected in water. Society is the shallow pool which carries the impress only of that portion of their being which is above the surface—the light leaves that flutter and tremble with every passing wind: the rooty fibre that sustains and vivifies, that lies deeper. "At Lausanne," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "I met with the Abbé Raynal; but I saw him with no admiration either of his talents or his character. Having read the eloquent passages in his celebrated work with delight, I had formed the highest expectations of him; but those expectations were sadly disappointed. I was filled at this time with horror at West Indian slavery and at the slave trade, and Raynal's philoso-

phical history of the two Indies had served to enliven those sentiments; but when I came to talk on these subjects to him, he appeared to be so cold and so indifferent to them, that I conceived a very unfavourable opinion of him. His conversation was certainly so inferior to his celebrated work, as to give much countenance to the report which has been very common, that the most splendid passages in it were not his own." The learned Abbé, could he have heard the strictures of Sir Samuel, might pertinently have answered, in the words said to have been retorted by Corneille when reproached for his dulness, "I am nevertheless Peter Corneille."

That such a total want of the ordinary powers of conversation must be keenly felt by those who labour under it, no one can doubt. It has been seen, however, that such want does not necessarily imply an absence of those capacities and qualifications which are necessary to the enjoyment of a life of seclusion. On the contrary, unreadiness in society arises more frequently from fulness of mind than from vacuity. How this lack of the powers of expression must operate on those who are denied by nature or education the compensating inward "faculty divine," is a sadder question. A story is related of a man of fortune who, though possessed of every worldly good, destroyed himself from mere bitterness of spirit, simply because he could not talk! He was condemned to take his place in society, and brood over his absolute unfitness for it; but, having no resources within himself, could not live out of society any more than he could live in it.

Few men have in them sufficient of the stoic to bear with equanimity the stigma of dulness. "Oh," said the poet Cowper, "wherever else I am accounted dull, dear Mr. Griffith, let me pass for a genius at Olney!" Blessed are they whose minds are armed against all such humiliations from without. The solitary student-life which unfits for the world, what joys does it not confer upon those who devote themselves to its

teachings! He who would live wisely and well who would live his life to its utmost—to the full extent of its powers and capacities for good—must be frequently alone. This necessity of man's nature Miss Martineau has touched on as a "weighty truth which can never be explained away. The silence, freedom, and collectedness of solitude are absolutely essential to the health of the mind; and no substitute for this repose (or change of activity) is possible." Henry the Third of England said that he would rather converse one hour with God in prayer, than hear others speak of him for ten. In the same spirit it has been beautifully asserted, that he who as an artist has trained his eye to learn the wisdom of God, is for the most part slow of tongue to babble the vain conceit of man. "I, for my part," says Goëthe, "should be glad to break myself of talking altogether, and speak like creative nature, only in pictures. The more I reflect upon it, the more it strikes me, that there is something so useless, so idle, I could almost say so buffoonish in talk, that one is awe-stricken before the deep solemn repose and silence of nature, as soon as one stands withdrawn into one's self, and confronts with her before some massive wall of rock, or in the solitude of some venerable mountain."

Perhaps the most beautiful tribute to Silence is that addressed to it by the poet, Richard Fleckno:

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart;
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind;
Secrecy's Confidant, and he
That makes religion mystery;
Admiration's speakingest tongue—
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells;
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our hearts and strike us dumb!

G O S S I P F R O M P A R I S .

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Oct. 21.

MY DEAR C—,

The Prince President—or His Imperial Highness as you may prefer to style him—has made his triumphal entry in Paris. There were triumphal arches, deputations, a plentiful sprinkling of eagles and imperial crowns, Latin and French devices, &c., &c.; but impartial observers declare that the decorations were tawdry, and the reception decidedly less enthusiastic than had been expected; nevertheless, we may consider that the Empire is proclaimed. I hear that the police are actively engaged in going from *atelier* to *atelier* trying to induce the workmen to write an address, beseeching Louis Napoleon to fulfil the desire of the nation by ac-

cepting the Imperial Crown. The most interesting sight by far, on the day of the President's entry, to my idea, was the poor old *Invalides*, who were drawn up at the foot of one of the triumphal arches, and who certainly cheered with all their hearts; many of them were the soldiers of the Emperor. It is a positive fact that in the departments many of the peasantry believe that Louis Napoleon is the Emperor himself, come back from imprisonment. I suppose, however, that the *Invalides'* ideas on this subject are somewhat clearer, and that they distinguish the Nephew from the Uncle.

At last Abd-el Kader is released. On returning from his tour the Prince Louis stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise, and presenting himself

to the captive, addressed him in the following terms :—

"Abd-el Kader. I come to announce to you that you are at liberty! You shall be conducted to Brousse, in the dominions of the Sultan, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, and you shall there receive a pension from the French Government, in accordance to your former rank. For some time your captivity has, as you know, been a subject of regret to me, by continually recalling to my mind that the Government which preceded mine had not kept its engagements with an unfortunate enemy; and nothing appears to my eyes so humiliating to the government of a great nation as the misjudging its strength to the point of failing in its promises. Generosity is always the best guide, and I am convinced that your residence in Turkey will not be injurious to the tranquillity of our African possessions. Your religion, like ours, teaches to resign ourselves to the decrees of Providence. If France is the mistress of Algiers it is by the will of God, and the nation will never renounce this conquest. You have been the enemy of France; but I do not the less render justice to your courage, your character, and your resignation under misfortunes; this is why I make it a point of honour to put an end to your captivity, having full confidence in your word."

The ex-Emir appeared moved by these words, and after expressing his gratitude, swore on the Koran never to attempt to trouble the French dominion in Africa; he added that it would show a total ignorance of the law of the Prophet, in the letter and in the spirit, to believe that it sanctioned the violation of engagements formed with Christians; and he then pointed out to the Prince a text in the Koran condemning, formally and unreservedly, any violation of faith even with the unfaithful. It is to be hoped that this is the beginning of a better state of things, and that feeling more confidence in the security of his position, Louis Napoleon may accord a little more liberty to his own subjects.

The theatres have been too busily engaged in making triumphal arches, and searching out appropriate Latin devices for the return of the President, to have much leisure to devote to the production of new pieces; there is a great dearth of new plays at present, but here is an amusing anecdote of one which came out at the Ambigu, called *Marie Salmon*. A short time after the piece had been announced, a woman came to the theatre, and requested to see the director. On being shown in to where he was, she began thus: "Monsieur, I am the descendant of that Marie Salmon, whose adventures the prying author of the play has discovered amongst one of the celebrated trials the least known. I oppose myself to the representation; I will not allow the sanctity of the tomb, the majesty of death, to be thus scandalously profaned on the stage!" The director observed, that in the drama there was nothing in any way calculated to wound the memory of her ancestor; on the contrary, her virtue and innocence were exalted

in it. The descendant of Marie Salmon still repeated her *belles phrases* on the sanctity of the tomb and the majesty of death; but seeing the director did not pay much attention to her, she went away, and afterwards returned with her husband, to say, that on consideration they would consent to permit the profanation of the tomb and the majesty of death, on the following condition: they were to receive twenty francs a day, a box which they might dispose of, and two places in the balcony besides, where they might be present at the representation, and weep over the misfortunes of her ancestor. The director turned a deaf ear to these proposals, and showed them the door. They then sent a lawyer with another offer, which was, that the descendant of Marie Salmon should be announced on the play-bills as assisting every evening at the representations; and that she should also be allowed to sell in the theatre an account of her ancestor's misfortunes. The director was touched at the idea of the poverty to which these people must be reduced, to excuse these repeated solicitations, and he very goodnatureedly offered to allow a representation for their benefit. They had the folly to refuse this offer; and to put an end to the matter, the director changed the name of the piece from Marie Salmon to Marie Simon. It is written by MM. Alboire and St. Yves, and is very successful, even without the attraction it has lost.

Some expectation has been raised on the subject of a piece for the Gymnase, which had been left anonymously with the *concierge* of the theatre. It was read, received, and in preparation for the re-appearance of Madame Rose Cherie. Advertisements were put in the papers, begging the unknown author of it to come forward and remove the veil of mystery in which it was enveloped. After a little persuasion, the authoress did come forward, in the person of Madame Boisgoutier. But it does not justify the expectations formed: it is very much in the style of Madame Sand's Claudie, and the Champi; but Madame Sand's peasants are real country peasants, if I may so express myself, and Madame Boisgoutier's peasants are more like those of the Opera Comique. Rose Cherie always is all that is charming, natural, and modest; but I confess I do not admire the morality of this play.

Alexandre Dumas (*fils*) is preparing, I believe, a drama for the Gymnase, and for Rose Cherie, which has excited the astonishment and indignation of the Vaudeville and Madame Doche, who cannot understand how M. Dumas can offer a part to Rose Cherie after the immense success that she, Madame Doche, gained in his former piece, "*La Dame aux Camellias*;" but I hope he will not give such a part to Rose Cherie as that in which Madame Doche distinguished herself.

I told you in my last letter of the alterations being made in Paris; here is a true history of a house which may be seen any day. In a street, situated in one of the most elegant and most frequented parts of Paris, stands a house of four

stories, each story having six windows to the front, which has, ever since the Revolution of February, been an object of wonder to the passers by. This house, the value of which was considerable, has remained during four years closed, deserted, and uninhabited; its aspect has even become singular and repulsive: its closed shutters, the stains and cracks in the walls caused by the succession of dust, rain, and wind, have added to the air of desolation pervading it. The ground floor, formerly let out in shops brilliantly lighted, has long had its closed doors and windows covered with a succession of advertisements of every colour, which the *chiffonniers* tear away in their nightly rambles, leaving remnants fluttering in the wind. What was the mystery attached to this house which had gained it the name of the *Maison maudite* (the accursed house) in the neighbourhood? This is now to be revealed. It was the 24th of February, in the year 1848, in front of the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*, a number of the people forming a column advanced along the *Boulevard* in the direction of the *Madeleine*, whilst a battalion of soldiers was drawn up in three sides of a square, before the hotel of M. Guizot; one side of the square extending quite across the *boulevard*, and completely interrupting the passage. The column of the people was headed by an officer of the National Guard, who demanded permission to pass, which was refused: some individuals detaching themselves from the body of people united in seconding the request of the officer of the National Guard. Confusion soon ensued; the line of the soldiers was broken; some of them retreated a few steps to get space to cross their bayonets; but these movements weakening the barrier hitherto formed by them, some of the boldest of the opposite party penetrated the breach thus made, and soldiers and people were pell-mell together.

At this moment a shot was fired, whether from a mischievous desire to rekindle the ardour of the struggle extinguished the preceding evening—whether from a pressure occasioned in the crowd, causing a gun to go off accidentally, none can say: all that is certain is, that this one shot served to revive all the ardour of the revolution. On hearing this explosion the troops, believing that they were attacked, returned the fire; two hundred guns were levelled and discharged. An immense number of people had been forcibly compelled to stop here, among whom were many inoffensive passers-by. Women and children staggered and fell, some killed, some wounded. The crowd, terrified and exasperated, rushed in all directions: in a few moments, the fear of a second discharge had cleared the *boulevard*; there remained only the dead, amounting in number to fifty-two, and the wounded still more numerous. Among the killed was a young man of five-and-twenty, Edmund F—, affianced fifteen days previously to his cousin, Mademoiselle R—, who had quitted her family residence in Bretagne in order to complete their marriage. This day (the 24th

of February) Mademoiselle R— had dined with her aunt and future mother-in-law, Madame F—. The house of the family was the house I have described, and is situated in a street so near the scene of this event, that some of the windows were broken by the explosion of fire-arms. On hearing the noise, Mademoiselle R— flew to the balcony, and the first sight she beheld was her *fiancé*, in the agonies of death! She fell senseless on the floor, convulsions ensued, fever and delirium followed, and her life was despaired of. Mademoiselle R— went mad, and six weeks after the death of her son, Madame F— died of an acute disease, caused by these fearful shocks. As for the poor young girl, it was found impossible to remove her from the house; she insisted on inhabiting the room of her cousin, left just as he had quitted it before the frightful catastrophe, and during four years she continued to live—or rather she lingered—on in this retreat, allowing no one to approach her but her old servant, who had reared her. One by one the inhabitants of the house quitted it, and by degrees it became deserted, as I have described. Mademoiselle R— is just dead; Madame F— had left it to her for her life, and it is now to be disposed of; but, by a clause in the will of Madame F—, the chamber of her son is to be walled up, the person who purchased the house having consented to this condition. The lovers of the marvellous add, that the bodies of Edmond F— and of Mademoiselle R— are embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin in it; but for this I do not vouch, though the floor to which this room (which is to be built up like a sepulchre) belongs has been offered for nothing, to a young architect to whom the repairs of the house are entrusted.

The weather is beautiful, that is to say, it very bright, but very cold; and the wise ones say we are to have a severe winter. I hear, also, it is to be a very gay one; that numerous balls and fêtes will be given. This will render Louis Napoleon more popular, I suppose, with those who are fond of dancing, and exhibiting their pretty *toilettes*, and pretty persons also.

And now adieu, my dear C., always yours faithfully,
P—*.

THE PRODIGAL SON.—“If we are bound to feel and act with *Gospel love and tenderness* in regard to the *offender*, it is equally incumbent on us to remember that *Gospel righteousness and wisdom*, without which we encourage the *offence*. In the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, we do not read that he had *more* than his *own* portion bestowed upon him; and, gladly and fondly as he was welcomed on his return, the father who had yearned after his lost child never sent him *fresh supplies during the period of his infatuation and extravagance*. No, he left him to experience the natural consequences of his prodigality, and reserved for him *at home* that competence and those privileges which would ultimately attract him to the paternal bosom; the father left *himself* the power to help his penitent child *when* assistance would avail.”—*Home Truths for Home Peace.*

OUR CONSERVATORY.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches, or water-marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing probably to gradual elevation occasioned by subterraneous causes. If this supposition be correct—and all appearances conspire to support it—there must have been here at some former period a vast *inland sea*, extending for hundreds of miles; and the isolated mountains which now tower from the flats, forming its western and south-western shores, were doubtless huge islands, similar to those which now rise from the diminished waters of the lake. At our feet and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreary haze hovering over this still and solitary sea threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme. The Salt Lake, which lay about half a mile to the eastward, was covered by immense flocks of wild geese and ducks, among which many swans were seen, being distinguishable by their size and the whiteness of their plumage. I had seen large flocks of these birds before, in various parts of our country, and especially upon the Potomac, but never did I behold anything like the immense numbers here congregated together. Thousands of acres, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally covered with them, presenting a scene of busy, animated cheerfulness, in most graceful contrast

with the dreary, silent solitude by which we were immediately surrounded. No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea. The first part of the plain consisted simply of dried mud, with small crystals of salt scattered thickly over the surface. Crossing this, we came upon another portion of it, three miles in width, where the ground was entirely covered with a thin layer of salt in a state of deliquescence, and of so soft a consistence that the feet of our mules sank at every step into the mud beneath. But we soon came upon a portion of the plain where the salt lay in a solid state, in one unbroken sheet, extending apparently to its western border. So firm and strong was this unique and snowy floor, that it sustained the weight of our entire train, without in the least giving way or cracking beneath the pressure. Our mules walked upon it as upon a sheet of solid ice. The whole field was crossed by a network of little ridges, projecting about half an inch, as if the salt had expanded in the process of crystallization. I estimated this field to be at least seven miles wide and ten miles in length. How much farther it extended northward I could not tell; but if it covered the plain in that direction as it did where we crossed, its extent must have been very much greater. The salt, which was very pure and white, averaged from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and was equal in all respects to our finest specimens for table use. Assuming these data, the quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, amounted to over four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about one hundred millions of bushels.—*Captain Stansbury's Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.*

A MOORISH WEDDING.—A few days ago I heard in a neighbouring house the sound of tambourines, reed-pipes, &c., which usually announces a family festival. I mounted on my terrace, but was unable to see anything in the adjoining court except a few negroes preparing mats, as if to receive a numerous company. In vain I endeavoured to get a view into the inte

rior of the house—my curiosity was doomed to be disappointed. I went into the street, where I heard a wedding spoken of. I walked about near the entrance of the house where the nuptials were to take place, though with small hopes of success, when a Moorish woman, carefully enveloped in her veil, passed near me, and gently touching my arm, said to me, in excellent French, 'Thou wishest to see the wedding? Come!' She then linked her arm in mine, and we entered the house together. If I was astonished to hear her speak French so well, I was not surprised at the kindness of her act, as they all are, in general, civil and obliging to those that please them. She introduced me into a large hall on the ground floor, where I found myself in company of about twenty Moorish ladies, richly dressed, and all seated in the oriental style. They made room for me, and I seated myself among them. They received me most graciously; and after shaking hands with me, made me the customary salutation by raising their hands to their lips. Coffee was served, without sugar, and the music began again. Three old women, no less hideous than the witches in *Macbeth*, resumed their tambourines to accompany the most discordant chaunt that ever offended Christian ears. These three matrons possess a great number of privileges at Bona. They preside at births; and if the newborn infant be a boy, they hail its arrival with the frightful din of their tambourines, and distract the ear of the suffering mother with their noisy congratulations. Part of their business is also to tattoo, which they do with great skill and taste, and to arrange the dress of the brides; in which last particular they signally fail, at least in the eyes of a Parisian. I had endured my share of this dreadful concert for above three quarters of an hour, wondering in whose honour I was thus exercising my patience, when at last the music ceased, and a pause ensued. The lady who introduced me had taken off the "kouk," or veil, that concealed her splendid attire, and I was able to examine her at leisure. She was singularly handsome, in spite of the pains she had taken to paint her face, according to the Moorish fashion. By this means her beautiful eyebrows were joined in one arch across her forehead, and her eyes received additional lustre from the tinge of cucuma under her long eyelashes. Black patches were placed on her cheeks that glowed with artificial brightness, reminding one of the belles of the court of Louis XV., and her frequent bursts of gaiety disclosed a set of pearly teeth. Her long black hair was gathered in large rolls under a fillet of crimson silk and gold; her beautifully modelled hands and arms were tattooed so admirably, that they seemed to be covered with black lace-work of the most intricate design; the tips of her fingers were dyed with rocon; and her legs and feet tattooed in the same manner as her arms. Her slippers were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and heavy golden bracelets adorned her arms and legs. All the other women wore the same kind of costume—the only

variety consisting in the different arrangement of colours, in the greater or less beauty of the silken trowsers, double chemises of cotton and muslin, and length of the gauze veils ornamented with gold and silver spangles. The weight of the earrings and gold chains with which they were loaded seemed in no degree to impede their motions; and certainly, if their intrinsic value was rather a proof of the wealth than of the taste of the wearers, their size was a still greater testimony of the personal vigour that was able to endure such a weight in a heat of 45 deg. [Reaum.] When I had finished my scrutiny, which seemed by no means disagreeable to the objects of it, my first acquaintance offered me a place by her side, which I gladly accepted; and the following conversation took place between us: "In a few minutes thou wilt see the bride." "Where is she?" "Behind that great damask curtain, where she has been hidden three days." "Why?" "Because she came with her mother from one of the tribes in the mountains, and is lodging here with the mother of the bridegroom. Nobody is allowed to see her before the moment she is conducted to the nuptial chamber. She was married this morning before the *cadi*, veiled from head to foot, and neither her husband nor we have yet beheld her." * * The mother of the bride then made her appearance, and passed behind the damask curtain before mentioned, accompanied by the three matrons. Small wax lights were distributed among us, after which the curtain rose, and the bride supported on each side, was led into the midst of our circle, and placed on a cushion that had been prepared for her. They next proceeded to arrange her toilet, which had not been required for the ceremony of the morning. The matrons covered her with a velvet mantle worked in gold, slightly resembling the cope worn by our priests, but closed at the sides. On her hair, the long tresses of which were rolled under a fillet, like *Fatima's*, was placed first a velvet band, five inches in width, stiffly mounted on pasteboard; then a second one of the same kind, but ornamented with gold fringes and strings of golden coins. When this was done, they proceeded to paint her eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips—a measure which seemed by no means useless, as she was deadly pale, and appeared completely exhausted. The poor young creature had been suffering from fever for several months; while her youth and good constitution had struggled against the malady, unassisted by any scientific help, in consequence of her nation's strange belief in fatalism. She had been betrothed for many years; and the time for her marriage having arrived, the promises exchanged on each side had to be redeemed, without any regard for the consequences. When her toilet was entirely finished, all the ladies who were present went into the court, and, striking their chins with their fingers, produced that sound so like the barking of a dog, which is often heard in the Arab towns, and is so disagreeable to the ear. This was the signal that the husband's authority was about to commence, and that the women

had arrived when he was permitted to take the first view of his young wife. She was then placed upon the threshold of the door, and her hands were left free, in order that she might raise her veil. The bridegroom was just crossing the court; he advanced straight to his wife, viewed her by the light of our tapers, and placed a piece of money on her head, according to an ancient custom, as a sign that he accepted the spouse chosen for him, though the law would have permitted him immediately to repudiate her. The poor young woman, who seemed scarcely fifteen years old, exhausted with illness, fatigue, and the painful uncertainty she was suffering, was unable to lift her hand to her head in sufficient time to retain the piece of money, which confirmed her new title. It fell to the ground, upon which arose a general cry of distress; as Arab superstition regards an accident of this kind as an announcement of death to the person who lets fall the fatal medal. The bridegroom retired to his chamber, and the bride was led back among the circle of her friends to hear the hymeneal chaunt. This was another severe trial to my ears; and I much rejoiced that at least I was spared the words of this discordant music, which being in Arabic I did not understand.

We then went in a body to lead the bride to her husband. I wish I could describe to you any of the wonders that the Tales of the Arabian Nights relate about the interior of Moorish houses; but I was neither at Bagdad nor Bassora, and Bona is still in a state of primitive simplicity in regard to costly furniture and other articles of oriental magnificence: a slight covering of whitewash was the only sign of luxury in the houses of the richest Moors. On entering the nuptial-chamber, the only thing I saw was a white mass, squatted on the ground on a corner of the carpet. This was the bridegroom, who had to be roughly shaken before he would change his position and make room for his young wife. She was then placed beside him, and they remained in this singular attitude, resembling the china figures that are sometimes seen on each side of the fireplace in old houses. We then returned to the hall, where the dancing began, accompanied by the same inevitable music. The mother of the bridegroom first danced for her son, and afterwards the mother of the bride for her daughter; then came the performance of the nearest relations.—*A Residence in Algeria, by Madame Prus.*

NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. Here is a new book which is as interesting as a novel, as instructive as history, and more thought-suggestive than much professed philosophy which I could name. It is the "Life of Palissy the Potter.*"

Fanny. Who was he? Am I dreadfully ignorant never to have heard of him before?

Mrs. Smith. Yes in one sense, and no in another. If knowledge and ignorance are to be reckoned not absolutely, but by comparison, then you need not blush at the admission, for I daresay nineteen out of every twenty young ladies we meet are equally uninformed on the subject. I confess that, until these volumes came before me, I had but a vague, half-formed idea that there was a certain fabric held in repute by the curious in such matters, called Palissy Ware, and that the inventor was some clever artisan, who made a name in his day.

Fanny. And when was his day?

Mrs. Smith. A week ago I could not have told you within a hundred years. It is this philosophical biography which has taught me that the humble Potter was one of the truly great men who at long intervals act their parts in the world, and that his life stretched from early in the sixteenth century till near its close.

* THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, OF SAINTES. His Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science. With an Outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, and a translation of Illustrative Selections from his Works. By Henry Morley.—(Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.)

Fanny. The century of the Reformation, what a period for a great man was that!

Mrs. Smith. And he a Huguenot, avowing his faith, yet protected through the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, because "imprisonment of Bernard Palissy implied stoppage of decorative works upon the premises of many wealthy people; Palissy put to death, meant the extinction of an ornamental art." But I find I am hurrying you forward to the noon of his career, when some of its most instructive lessons and interesting passages are to be found at a much earlier period.

Fanny. Tell me the main story in brief.

Mrs. Smith. With the book in my hand to help me, I will try, for I think the doing so can but make you turn to the volumes themselves with increased avidity. Palissy was born about the year 1509, somewhere in the province of Perigord, and was educated for a business just then on its wane—that of a glass painter. Now it is to be remembered that glass-making, and all the subsequent processes connected with it, belonged to the art of *Verrerie*, which at that day was accounted an occupation which a nobleman might follow without loss of *caste*. One smiles at this arbitrary by-law of French society, clearly seeing that it had become expedient for younger sons to find some means of existence beyond the precincts of the court and the camp; and thus as yet ignorant of the true dignity of labour and commerce, they sought to confer honour on a useful art, that they might condescend to live by it. Whether Palissy's progenitors belonged to a race of impoverished

nobles, or were simple plebeian workers, there is no positive proof by which to decide; it is only certain that he led the ordinary workman's life in his early days, and received but the peasant's education. But because dwelling-houses would have been endangered in those days of unscientific masonry, by the neighbourhood of fierce furnaces, the workers in glass carried on their operations in the woods; where the abundance and proximity of fuel were of course an additional convenience. This semi-sylvan life of Palissy in his boyhood no doubt fostered that love and reverence for nature, which became an element of his genius, and sharpened the habit of keen observation to which so many of his subsequent discoveries were due. When one remembers the scanty materials out of which the biographies of kings and conquerors—men who in their day have been the observed of all observers—often have to be compiled when centuries have dropped their dust upon the dead, it seems wonderful that Mr. Morley should have collected such a mass of facts concerning the unappreciated Potter as are here presented.

Fanny. Are they well authenticated?

Mrs. Smith. Perfectly; for the author of this work is liberal in his acknowledgments, and tells the reader whence he gathered his information. But a great charm of the book consists in the clear and picturesque grouping of the events which are narrated; an effect which can only be produced by an author's complete fulness and mastery of his subject. The writer who "crams" for a purpose and makes a mental collander of his brain, may throw off his facts and sprinkle them even with a few stereotyped moral reflections—may make a book perhaps, as books go, which people are found to buy and read; but when we compare such a production with this *Life of Palissy the Potter*, we recognize the difference of the master's hand, and see that the apparent ease of diction which delights us—and the style is a model of composition that many of our modern authors might study with advantage—is but the proof of difficulties overcome. We feel that the scenes so vividly portrayed for us must have been graven deep in the author's mind, by many a repeated touch; and we see that his reasoning flows clear and deep from a fountain that has been fed by many springs. I also would defend the four or five chapters which some readers—those who prefer the letter to the spirit of truth—may choose to call fictitious.

Fanny. What are they?

Mrs. Smith. I have said that the trade of the glass-painter was on the wane, and it is one of the biographical facts of Palissy's career that, feeling himself "out of place with his father in a business that provided to a single household but a scanty sustenance," he set out on his travels when about eighteen years of age. His knowledge of glass-painting was presumed to be the sufficient means by which, throughout France, he might provide for his daily wants; but doubtless his young heart was buoyed by

hopes and aspirations, the nature of which may be surmised with tolerable accuracy. Now I think Mr. Morley was quite justified in imagining certain incidents in Palissy's travels; bearing in mind that he tells the reader that these are not found in absolute records, but only created in such a spirit that they represent the true temper and circumstances of the time, and of Palissy's position. Such people as he is supposed to have met he must have met in his travels, and the author tells us in a note that "every speech here made by the Draper is an extract picked out of the Draper's character in the *Livre des Marchands*. The Draper therefore, in these pages, speaks really what was put into a draper's mouth by one who wrote while Palissy was living." Palissy's own speech is framed from his known character, and his published writings; and for the soldier's discourse there is the authority of the "Commentaries of Montluc." For my own part I consider these *ben trovato* chapters to be among the most valuable in the book, so vividly do they picture the lineaments of the age. Witness the following, which is only supposed to have happened:—

Conversation with the Draper was here stopped by the arrival of the travellers before the stagnant moat, which coiled like a green snake about the mansion. Chamber-windows opened over it, and sleepers breathed its exhalations. Within the circle of the moat rose an unwieldy mass of scattered towers, round and square, connected, without any reference to symmetry, by massive walls. The thickness of the walls was visible in the deep setting of their eyes, their little windows and large windows, nearly all of which wanted the brightness proper to clear glass, and had that dull fishy look peculiar to painted windows seen from the outside.

Both applicants for favour were admitted to the lady of the house, and were led into her presence over cheerless floors, through thick walls and massive doorways, along passages but dimly lighted. Men were not then distant from the day when right hands—weapon-hands—were grasped ungauled, in sign of friendship and assurance that the friendship was sincere; we have degenerated, as the phrase runs, into a punctilious pulling-off of gloves. Architecture, also, had not yet escaped the influence of monkish tutelage; and a nobleman's mansion, whether his town-house, or his country-house, was some such building as the one through which Palissy was groping with his friend the Draper. They consisted of strong towers, with high-roofed halls connecting them, never symmetrical in town, and in the country interspersed with stables and such rustic offices, including also a walled garden. Where the country-houses were erected on comparatively level ground, it was thought prudent usually to surround them with a moat; but many were erected upon rocks, or in positions naturally fortified.

The effect of painted glass upon the halls and chambers of homes so constructed, was to fill them with an aggravated gloom. The loss of sunlight was unwholesome, but that was not by any means the only evil which experience discovered. Light sashes, and well-fitting window-frames, were not, in the days of which we speak, a source of household comfort. Household discomfort, on the contrary, was caused by the flapping, in any high wind, of

the windows that had hinges, and the destruction of their panes of glass. Breakage of painted glass being expensive, painted windows were in most cases fixed into the wall—not made to open, and excluded, therefore, air as well as light. When Bernard and his friend appeared before the lady of the house, the Draper was received with honour, and rewarded with commissions; the glass-painter was welcomed with a cold politeness, and desired to put a new cheek in Saint Martin's face, which her son Raoulin had damaged with an arrow, but to do it cheaply, for the windows ate the meat out of her cupboard.

Then Bernard went into the large hall where the window was, and found there nothing needed but a small pane, lozenge-shaped, suffused with colour. While he was preparing this, young Raoulin, who broke the window, busily overlooked the mystery of mending, and blew with good-will at the fire which was to burn the pigment on the piece of glass. Palissy had a proper sense of business, and enough knowledge of the maternal mystery in nature to suggest to him that it would be wise quietly to sketch the child, and suffer it to show the picture to its mother.

The result of this experiment was very satisfactory. So Bernard left the massive country-house, and took with him the good proof of metallic testimonials that he was competent to earn his living.

Fanny. I see what you mean. There is Truth here, though perhaps not Fact.

Mrs. Smith. Precisely so. However, with the sixth chapter ends the so-called fiction of the work. Palissy marries at eight or nine-and-twenty, and for some time supports his family, by painting, by glass-work, by land-surveying, and probably other means: thus is his condition described.

Thus labouring for bread among the narrow-minded people of the narrow-streeted town of Saintes, dissatisfied with labour that produced food, and only food, Palissy, conscious of his own strength, hoped that he might yet live to accomplish something better. He had abundant spirit and vivacity. In his darkest hours of evil fortune, he could try like a man to set his friends a-laughing. In the simplicity of his mind, he was at all times full of hope, although unconscious that it was the spiritual sense of power which begot his hopefulness. All that is possible, is certain to the man who wills, if he has wit enough to use a little tact or skill, and a great deal of patience. Palissy had a child upon his arms; land-measuring came only now and then; glass-painting was not attractive; and the inhabitants of Saintes were but a limited population to provide with pictures. The young artist kissed his baby, and buoyed up his wife with his own hopes. There was another baby to kiss, but there was no doubt in his mind about the future.

It was at this time that there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture—"an earthen cup," he says, "turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; be-

cause God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing." Palissy then knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and there was no man in the nation who could make enamels. That last fact was the attraction to him. Enamels could be made; there he beheld a specimen. What is possible, is sure to him who wills, if he can use a little skill and a great deal of patience. To be the only man in France able to make enamelled vases, would be to provide handsome support for his wife and children; and to work at the solution of so hard a riddle, would be to provide full occupation for his intellect. So Palissy resolved to make himself a prince among the potters; and, "thereafter," he writes, "regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels, as a man gropes in the dark."

The sight of this Italian cup becomes the turning-point of his life.

Bent upon intellectual conquest, Bernard Palissy set forward with energy upon his new career. The man is to be envied who has intellect enough to strike out boldly, with a reasonable purpose, through the brushwood, from the beaten track. With courage to endure all falls and bruises incidental to a traveller on rough and unseen ground, not too particular about that ounce of wool which makes the difference between a whole coat and a ragged one, not angered by the wise men on the highway who shrug up their shoulders, or the ignorant who laugh and hoot at him, the man who makes his own road will enjoy sharp exercise and have a pleasant journey. No bodily discomfort can press down as pain upon the buoyant sense of spiritual freedom.

But men link women to their fortunes. Whoso with lusty mind desires to fight beyond the common limits of his time, and stand on ground through which there is to be no road for the next fifty, hundred, or two hundred years, should take good heed what partner he selects to share his scratches and to see him made into a common jest. She must either have a strength of intellect accorded to few men and women in a generation, or a strength of love almost as rare. Palissy married as a glass-painter—a clever man, able in two or three odd ways to add to his resources, and maintain a household in a lowly sphere of life. His wife, joining him out of the same rank in society, was doubtless quite prepared to bear with him, and to console him under all those seasons of inevitable poverty which might arise from dearth of occupation. But could she have imagined that a man so clever would neglect his occupation, let his earnings become less, and out of that less would buy pots only to break them?

For sixteen long years does the brave Potter persevere, through good report and evil report, with small sympathy or consolation it is to be feared at the best of times. To be sure one's heart warms to that excellent Inn-keeper, who supports Palissy for six months while making his experiments—at a time too when his home was no haven of peace, and he fled from scorn and reproaches. And yet the poor wife is to be pitifully remembered: it was a sore trial to see her children want food—to have floors and doors torn up to feed the insatiable furnace maw—to see hundreds of goodly pots bought but to be broken—a sore trial because she was only an ordinary human being, and could not share her

husband's far-seeing faith—could not practise his heroic self-denial—could not make herself a help *mete* for such a spirit. Listen to this description of one of Palissy's latest disasters—

This time Palissy was right in all his calculations; his furnace was so much improved, and his enamel so correctly mixed, that one day was sufficient for the melting. But a mischance had happened upon which he had not calculated, and thus he tells us that, "the next day, when I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented that I lost all countenance."

The enamel was right, the furnace was right, but the whole work was spoilt. The elaborate designs, the play of Bernard's fancy as an artist for six months—the debt incurred for maintenance and wages of the potter, who had wrought his fancy out upon the clay—the hands wounded with labour at the furnace—the money begged and borrowed to buy chemicals—the weeks of drudgery in grinding, the hope and self-denial of eight months—all led to "sorrow and distresses so abundantly augmented." Yet the enamel was right, and the fire was effectual, and all Bernard's speculations had been perfectly fulfilled. Why then was all his labour lost?

"It was because the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful." Palissy says but a few touching words about his grief: "Then I was more concerned than I can tell you, and not without cause, for my furnace cost me more than twenty-six gold dollars. I had borrowed the wood and the chemicals, and so had borrowed part of my hope of food in making the said work. I had held my creditors in hope that they would be paid out of the money which would proceed from the pieces made in the said furnace; which was the reason why several began to hasten to me after the morning when I was to commence the drawing of the batch."

Palissy had referred all things to this day, which was to have extricated him from his embarrassment and misery. The poor are always promise-breakers. The rich man, if one expectation fails, is able to fall back on his reserves. The poor man, when he is in debt, compelled to pay his expectations out as promises, has fifty broken promises charged at his door for every unforeseen mischance that balks his foresight. Palissy could not have foreseen the misadventure which made the long-anticipated day of his deliverance, the day of his descent into new depths of sorrow. He had expected three or four hundred livres. "I received," he says, "nothing but shame and confusion; for my pieces were all bestrewn with little morsels of flint, that were attached so firmly to each vessel, and so combined with the enamel, that when one passed the hand over it, the said flints cut like razors. And although the work was in this way lost, there were still some who would buy it at a mean price; but, because that would have been a decrying and abasing of my honour, I broke in pieces the entire batch from the said furnace, and lay down in melancholy—not

without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family. I had nothing but reproaches in the house; in place of consolation, they gave me maledictions. My neighbours, who had heard of this affair, said that I was nothing but a fool, and that I might have had more than eight francs for the things that I had broken; and all this talk was brought to mingle with my grief."

"And all this talk was brought to mingle with my grief!" If one could sketch a scene like this with the pencil of a master, it would make a goodly picture. The dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; Palissy grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter of beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering, about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation.

Palissy retired into his chamber, and lay down upon his bed. He had done well to break his restraints. His skill as an artist, and his really discovered secret of the white enamel, placed before him a wide field for ambition. He meant to produce costly articles of luxury, and he could not afford, because the flints had speckled them, to hurt his future reputation by sending his rich creations into the world at the price of well-side pitchers. Princes were to be his paymasters. But he had no longer any means to feed his family. His wife could not forget that; and he might have had more than eight francs for the things that he had broken.

If the wife could have seen and understood the spirit of her husband, she would have followed his melancholy step when he withdrew to the recesses of his chamber.

Confusion, shame, melancholy, grief, Palissy connects with this event; but he has never named the word despair. He retired from the discussions of his neighbours, missing painfully the consolation of his wife; but he retired to have his own discussion in himself, to ascertain in peace what was his present duty. We have already seen enough of Bernard Palissy to know that he is not likely to bow his head, and own that he is vanquished by the most imperious of difficulties. After experiencing this last severe rebuff, Palissy withdrew into his chamber; and there, he says, "when I had remained some time upon the bed, and had considered within myself, that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavour to get out again"—a very simple rule, which all men have not strength enough to follow; they often die while they are waiting to be pulled out—"I," Palissy adds, "being in like case, set myself to make some paintings, and in various ways I took pains to recover a little money."

And the hour of triumph comes at last, and "Master Bernard of the Tuileries," as now the Potter is called, enjoys many years of proud success in reward for the struggles of his manhood. But all this time his mind is yet further developing. You will be surprised to hear that he forestalled many recent scientific discoveries, and was, as Mr. Morley expressively says, "a quarter of a thousand years" before his age. Many of the sanitary measures which are in this year 1852

occupying men's minds, suggested themselves to Palissy the Potter in the sixteenth century; he discovered the true theory of springs; he gave advice to agriculturists which would be excellent at this moment, but which they were too dull to understand; and was, the reader becomes thoroughly convinced, on the track which might have led to the discovery of steam power. But alas! he was too far in advance of his age, for his great mind to bear present fruit: his grand thoughts must have appeared but vain speculations to the greater number of his associates. Besides, he could only write in his mother-tongue, and the learned were too haughty to investigate anything which was not discoursed of in Latin or Greek.

Fanny. You said he was a Huguenot. Did he escape persecution?

Mrs. Smith. For a while he came off lightly, because, as I have said, his talents were needed by the great. But the dark day arrived at length, and the last glimpse we have of Bernard Palissy seems to me as fine a *denouement* as anything poet ever conceived. In his extreme old age he is committed to the Bastille as a heretic, and threatened with a cruel death. Even the King, Henry the Third of France, visits him with the hope of persuading him to recant, but the last words which are recorded as coming from Palissy's lips are those spoken to Royalty itself—

"The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to Images of Clay!"

Fanny. A grand answer, and worthy of the speaker. Did he suffer martyrdom?

Mrs. Smith. That Parisian prison had many hideous secrets; but it is only recorded that in the following year, "Palissy the Potter died in the Bastille." About the same time Henry the Third was assassinated by the monk Clement.

Fanny. I shall not rest till I procure the book.

Mrs. Smith. I have only hurriedly described it, and not half exhausted the catalogue of its merits.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

LA FONTAINE DES FEES. By the Countess D'Orsay. Two vols.—This graceful and characteristic tale, which was brought out some two or three months since in Paris, depicts the genius and manners of the Irish—the evils of absenteeism, and the fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence. Though the writer is an Englishwoman, the elegance of her French construction will be found to be scarcely surpassed in the pages of Balzac or George Sand. Beauty of verbal expression, however, is far from forming the principal merit of these volumes; the reader finds himself enchained by an interest of recital produced by no extravagant circumstances—by a power of thought, the result of the simplest and least pretending arrangement of ideas. A just and faithful picture is that of Kathleen

McCarthy, the impressionable Irish girl, who becomes devoted to the unknown lord of her native domain from a half-fascinated contemplation of his picture. Scarcely less true to nature is the wild and graphic sketch of the Witch of Monatmore, the forsaken, deceived Ellish M'Kenna. The book, indeed, abounds with pages of truthful and energetic portraiture, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of those who are admirers of the numberless true historiettes, "stranger than fiction," which are to be discovered by such minds as the Countess D'Orsay's, even in the legendary recitals of a bare-footed "gossoon"—the guide to a show-place.—E.

THE VILLAGE PEARL: a Domestic Poem, with Miscellaneous Pieces. By John Crawford Wilson.—(*Chapman*, 142, *Strand*.)—This little volume deserves to take higher rank than in the present day is likely to be awarded to it. It is true that the story of "The Village Pearl" is one that has often been told of woman's faith and man's inconstancy; but still the author has given it here, by means of graceful versification, interspersed with passages of real poetic power; and if not strikingly original in his delineations, it is at least evident that Mr. Crawford Wilson has studied in the best schools both of time-honoured and modern compositions. Some of the smaller pieces have also very considerable merit, and if he be still young, as we suspect, his present productions may be considered full of the fairest promise.

THE ART OF MODELLING WAX FLOWERS FULLY EXPLAINED. By Mrs. Skill.—(*Simpkin and Co.*)—This is an acceptable addition to the class of manuals to which it belongs. The author appears to have had considerable experience in the art she professes to teach; and accurate patterns for the composition of several flowers in wax are given.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS; BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—(*Groombridge*.)—The recent numbers of these two excellent series of juvenile books are among the most delightful we have seen. The newest "Blossom," "The Fir-Tree Story," is sure to prove a favourite in the nursery; while "Rising and Thriving" is a condensed but interesting biography of Benjamin Franklin, adapted to the taste and the capacity of young readers.

WELCOME HOME.—"Let me especially recommend to a young wife a considerate attention to whatever her husband will require *when he comes home before he comes home*; in order that, on his return, she may have nothing to do but to share in the comfort and enjoyment for which she has provided, and may *not* be running about after his usual and reasonable requirements, exposed to his reproaches for her negligence, and to those of her own conscience, if she have any."—*Home Truths for Home Peace.*



AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE THEATRES.

THE HAYMARKET.—This theatre has reopened for Mr. Webster's farewell season, with several important additions to the former excellent company. Messrs. Alfred Wigan and Barry Sullivan would be acquisitions to any house, and Miss Rosa Bennett, the young *débütante*, who made her first appearance as *Sophia*, in the "Road to Ruin," bids fair to become a good, as well as a popular actress. She was very cordially received, and her acting increased the favourable impression produced by her present appearance.

During the last month Bulwer Lytton's play of "Money," and the old comedy the "Road to Ruin," have been alternately acted as first pieces. Two capital farces have also been produced; one is a sort of sequel to the old favourite, "Box and Cox," in which those two worthies are seen "married and settled." The plot (if it may be so called) is of the most trifling description, but the dialogue is full of point and fun, which lose nothing in the hands of Keeley and Buckstone. In the other farce, "The Woman I adore,"

Mr. Buckstone, a lawyer's clerk, falls in love with a Countess; and the practical jokes of his fellow-clerks involve him in a series of *contre-temps*, which, however, terminate in a happy marriage with a more suitable object of affection.

Both farces have met with decided success, and are announced for nightly repetition.

THE ADELPHI.—The re-appearance of Madame Celeste at the Adelphi was hailed with rapture, by a house that was crammed in every corner; and the "Green Bushes" bids fair to have another run equalling that of the season of its first representation. Madame Celeste (as *Miami*), and Mrs. Keeley (as *Jack Shepherd*), keep up the interest of the public, whose attendance at this theatre seems to prove that novelty is by no means required to attract nightly a crowded audience.

THE PRINCESS'S.—Just as we are going to press, a new play, entitled "Anne Blake," from the practised pen of Westland Marston, is being produced, the principal characters to be sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Report speaks most highly of this new acquisition to the repertory of the modern drama.

THE TOILET.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

COSTUME FOR NOVEMBER.

We may now announce to our readers that the early winter fashions are quite decided on, and proceed to edify them with the principal details of this important subject: *Allons, Mesdames!* lend us all your attention; even the least coquette need not despise our counsels, for, as you must all have gowns, cloaks, and bonnets made to keep you warm, if with no ulterior view, you may as well have them made like those of other people: *n'est ce pas? Partons de là, therefore.*

We will begin with the bonnets. They are not quite so close as was predicted last month; the fronts are much rounder than they were, that is to say, closer at the sides, and more elevated in the middle; the crowns are, as we said before, small and low. For the inside, the trimmings are generally a mixture of blonde, ribbon, and flowers, arranged according to the fancy of the wearer; sometimes a rose appears peeping out from the *nœuds* and *ruches*, at the temple, while another at the opposite side is but a little above the corner of the mouth. Here a *pensée* in velvet balances two or three half-open buds of roses, or a sprig of exotic heath. The *brides* continue to be worn very long and broad.

For morning bonnets, the ribbons principally employed are those with a bright-coloured centre and dark edge, or *vice versa*; the ribbons *à bord hermine*, or *à bord panthère*, a pretty and singular novelty, and satin ribbons, with plaids, stripes, or spots in velvet or plush, of the same shade, or black. For dress bonnets, fancy feathers are most in vogue,

though flowers and foliage in velvet are also a good deal adopted. But here is the greatest novelty of all, in the way of bonnets: listen, *Mesdames*—what say you to bonnets of leather! Yes, fine, soft leather, embroidered; sometimes only the front is in this material, with the *calotte* in velvet; sometimes it is the crown which is in leather, worked and *plissé*, while the *passe* is formed of ribbon and blonde.

For *capotes* in velvet, *velours épinglé*, or satin, the outside trimmings of blonde are quite as much in favour as ever; that is to say, where they alone form the *garniture*, but with feathers or flowers they are generally dispensed with.

With respect to gowns, there is no absolute form or style decided on. Any shape that suits the figure or the taste of the wearer may be adopted without scruple. *Vestes, corsages à basques, corsages froncés, corsages à ceinture, plats, montants, ouverts en cœur*—all are equally in favour. Skirts continue to be very much trimmed. The *volants à disposition* are varied à l'infini with bands of *moire*, stripes of velvet, *dessins brochés, satinés, grandes dents, festons, &c.* The *robes albanaises* and *bayadères* have lost nothing of their popularity, but trimmings up the front *en redingote* are almost entirely abandoned. The most perceptible difference of form is in sleeves, and it is expected the *manche pagoda* will be completely replaced by a sleeve nearly tight, with a large turned-up cuff, like the old-fashioned coat sleeve, but yet sufficiently open to admit of the *manche de dessous*, whose

proportions, however, must be of course diminished accordingly.

For morning-dresses, the principal materials are in silk, *taffetas d'Italie*, *gros de Tours*, *gros d'Ecosse*, *droguet taffetas écossais*, *satin écossais*, &c. : in wool, *le drap d'or*, *merino*, *satin de Chine*, cloth, Valencia, *popeline de laine*, *Venetienne*, &c. The favourite disposition for *étoffes de laine* is the *albanaise*, in which the stripes are the same *nuance* as the *fond*, or else in striking contrast. Sometimes the stripes are in velvet or plush. Lace flowers, surmounted by bands of velvet, are said to be likely to come into vogue, on silk dresses.

But here, fair readers, is the grand novelty of the season, in the way of gowns, *la robe Lætitia*.

La robe Lætitia has a *corsage décolleté* of white satin, and over this is a *corsage* of green velvet, *s'élevant* in front into a loose *veste*, finishing at each side in a sharp point, from which hangs a gold tassel. The velvet sleeves open on a white satin one, slightly *bouffante*, and from the openings are suspended tassels to match those in front. The *veste* is bordered all round with a *galon* in *or mat*. The velvet skirt opens at the sides, to display a white satin petticoat, and is held together by two gold bands with gold tassels attached. Nothing can be richer or more picturesque than the *robe Lætitia*, and it will doubtless have a great success for full dress.

The *pardessus à manches* have almost wholly given place to *rotondes*, various modifications of the *Talma* and *Chambord*, with or without sleeves, some having *capuchons*, others collars, small *pele-rines*, or *berthe-châles* in *effilé*, lace, or other trimmings. Velvet and cloth are almost the only materials adopted for these cloaks, but the *garnitures*

have no limit in their variety; they are decorated with fur, lace, fringes, broad *galons*, *noire*, ribbons, *guipure de soie*, &c.

Very few coloured *manteaux* are seen, black being almost universally adopted.

The only *pardessus à manches* that are accepted, are those in velvet bordered with fur. The *châles à deux étages* in velvet, trimmed with fringe or lace, are still worn by elderly women, and the *mantelets écharpe* in similar materials, by young ones.

Fur is likely to have a considerable run this winter. It will be worn principally in *fichus*, having the form of a *berthe montante*, beside the usual bordering of fur.

* Dark colours, such as *sable*, *maré de Canada*, *bison d'Amerique*, &c., are much preferred to *ermine* and the lighter furs.

In evening dress, it is said the *style Louis XIII.* will prevail, instead, as was asserted, the *style Empire*; there can be no question between the elegance and becomingness of the two. It is certain that gold, silver, and pearl trimmings will be universally adopted in full dress, particularly in *coiffures*. The *guirlandes* are principally in crape foliage, or flowers and leaves of velvet and satin, mixed with fruit, branches, sprays, &c., of pearls, gold, and silver, or frosted with silver.

A very pretty novelty has appeared in ribbon bracelets for the evening: they are made in a double *rangée* slightly *froncée*, with alternate leaves of silk *damassée*, and gold or silver, forming *dents* very projecting.

In *lingerie*, *petit-plis* and *guipure moderne* seem to be the favourites. Collars are much deeper, and generally in *festons* or *dents aiguës*.

THE GARDEN.—NOVEMBER.

"Yet are the borders not entirely bare,
For many tinted Asters still remain;
And bright Chrysanthemums nod here and there
Their heads, to chilling blast and pelting rain."

H. G. ADAMS.

PLANT-HOUSES.

The whole stock of Chrysanthemums intended to bloom for in-door purposes should now be removed under glass. An empty vinery, where there is no fruit, is a very good place to put them in. Some of those which were early placed under glass will be ready to expand, and may be taken at once to the Conservatory, and their places supplied with some of the later stock. Let them now be very liberally supplied with liquid manure, alternately with clean water. Where the buds are showing too thick, pick out a few of the weakly ones. Apply abundance of ventilation to them in the day, and also all night when the weather is mild. See that Pelargoniums are not saturated with water. Keep such as have been recently shifted in a slow growing state: earlier plants, which have made a good growth, must be encouraged to go to rest for a time—this is best effected by withholding water, and a cool, dry temperature. Pot-off late-struck cuttings, and encourage them to root by the application of a gentle bottom-heat. Those potted a few weeks back, and

subjected to the above treatment, will now be rooted, and must be gradually hardened off. Pot-off the earliest-sown seedlings, and place them also on a gentle bottom-heat. These may be kept gradually growing all the winter. Prick off smaller seedlings into pans. Seed may be sown now to flower late next year, but I would prefer February. Air very abundantly the whole stock, and be careful to avoid a damp atmosphere and drip, both of which contribute greatly to a spotted foliage. Continue to pot off the strongest plants of the early-sown seedling Calceolarias; the first potted will be rooted out, and should be removed to a cold pit. Examine the old stock, and such as are well rooted out may have a shift. Remove at the same time any straggling shoots, and put them in as cuttings, on a gentle hot-bed. See that the drainage is very perfect, as they will require to be freely watered, now their season of growth has commenced. Let them have occasional fumigations, to keep down thrips and green aphides, both of which are very destructive to this class of plants. Sow seed for late-flowering and border purposes next year, in pots or shallow pans.

Place a very thin layer of silver sand on the top of the soil, press it down gently to a perfectly level surface, and on that sprinkle the seed, and water with a very fine rose, but do not cover the seeds. Place the pots in a shady part of the cold pit, until the seeds have well germinated, when they must be gradually inured to more light. This tribe of plants requires all the air possible in favourable weather. Let the earliest *Cinerarias* have plenty of room to develop themselves: keep them near the glass, and encourage a stocky growth by free ventilation. Another portion of the stock may now be shifted for successional blooming. If any of the old plants have been kept back for very late blooming, they had better now be shaken out, divided, and potted. Give them a free open soil, not too rich, and plenty of drainage.

Vineries.—Continue the necessary prunings and dressing of all vines which have matured the wood: later vines carrying fruit will not matter much for a week or two; but even with them, as soon as the leaves begin to turn colour and fall, it will be better to prune every shoot back to the fruit, and afterwards make it a rule to shorten each shoot finally as the fruit is cut; but in the case of vines to be again started in January or early in February, pruning ought to be done at once, to give the wounds time to heal over, and the vessels to contract, so as to prevent bleeding when the sap begins to flow. Of course all vines to be started next month have been already pruned; and if not washed, or rather painted over with the mixture for vines, let them have a first coat at once, and another when the house is finally closed, which it should be ten days or so before fire-heat is put on.

Beds should now be thrown up with prepared fermenting material, in which a great proportion of leaves have been incorporated, for forcing *Asparagus*: take care not to put the roots in until the fierce heat has subsided; prepare fermenting materials for a succession, according to the supply required. A portion of *Sea Kale* may also be covered with leaves and dung, but be very careful of too much heat. Young hands very often steam the roots, almost before they think the heat is up. If roots are very plentiful, *Sea Kale* may be very nicely forced by potting it very thickly in large-sized pots, and inverting a pot of the same size over the crowns, and placing them under a stage, or in any dark, out-of-the-way place, in a heated structure. *Rhubarb* may also be started in a similar manner, in pots, if required very early.

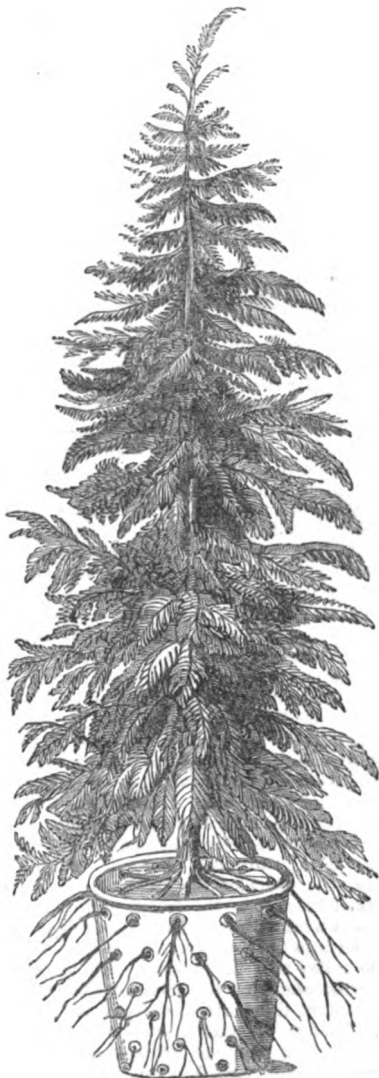
KITCHEN-GARDEN.

Remember that the earliest *Endive* already tied up for blanching will not bear much frost, or continued wet weather; and as there will now be plenty of *Melon*-frames at liberty, they offer a very good medium for affording such kinds of plants the shelter necessary for their preservation. Place the frames on a sheltered south border, and put in six or eight inches of light soil. Take up the *Endive* when quite dry, with a little ball of earth, and plant them thickly in the frames; put the lights on, but tilt them front and back in open weather—in severe weather put on double mats. Late autumn *Lettuce* should be treated the same way. Take care that there is a good breadth of *Lettuce* planted out, on a south border, to stand the winter. Select a few of the very strongest plants, and put them in close to the base of a south wall in rich soil; they will come in a fortnight before the others. Keep the surface-soil stirred amongst the beds of winter *Spinach*, and other advancing crops. Clear and clean *As-*

paragus-beds, remove a portion of the top-soil, and apply a good dressing of rich manure.—C.

PLANTING CONIFERÆ.

The following is a rough sketch of a plan for producing specimens of *Coniferæ* of a large description, free from the cramp and coil of the old pot culture; most of us appreciate a good specimen plant which is considered safe in its removal when planted from a pot, but regret that hitherto there has been no plan adopted to remedy the baneful evil which either cripples the plant or prevents its becoming an established or permanent tree. Many fine speci-



Cedrus Deodara.

mens, when they attain a certain height, so as to catch the wind, are blown down, not having their roots at right angles from the main stem, the old coil still growing in its first compressed form of growth, and quite incapable of bearing any strain

the roots are naturally called upon to afford, for the support of the main trunk. The plan of washing out the ball, which Mr. Barron, of Elveston Castle, has so extensively carried out, quite prevents the crippling resulting from a coil; but this can only be done with moderate sized or smaller plants. The sketch given is intended to represent a large specimen plant for immediate effect. The plant is placed in its pot when young; the size of the pot is not of great importance; one of 12 or 18 inches in diameter we conceive to be quite sufficient, as the plant receives all the benefit of the open ground. After the young plant is put into the pot, with its roots properly extended at right angles, the pot is plunged, at proper distances from others, in beds, or in rows across the nursery, in order that sufficient

scope may be given for the extending roots from the holes of the pot. When the tree is removed, care is, of course, necessary in following out all the out-spreading roots, so as to remove with the plant every fibre it has made. The plant being placed in its permanent position, with its roots properly extended in their original order of growth, the pot is then broken or cracked between each set of holes, and the plant remains in its original state of growth. The holes allowing free scope to the roots, must naturally produce a corresponding growth, and consequently much facilitate the production of specimen plants; for, of course, plants when checked and cramped in their roots are prevented from developing their natural growth.—W. MAULE AND SONS, Stapleton-road Nurseries, Bristol.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSALIE FORESTER.—

1. "*Il sied*" is derived from the irregular verb "*seoir*" (*seyant*; *sis*; ind. pres. *il sied*; *ils sient*; fut. *il siera*), to become; or to be becoming, &c.

2. A full account of Mrs. Chisholm will be found in her Memoirs, just published by Webb, Millington, and Co., of London. The following particulars will give you an outline of her career:—Her maiden name was Caroline Jones, daughter of Mr. William Jones, a respectable farmer in the county of Northampton. About the age of twenty she married Captain A. Chisholm, of the Madras army. When in India she busied herself in establishing schools of industry for the education of the female children of soldiers. In 1838 she went to Australia for the benefit of her husband's health, and that of her infant family. In Sydney she found plenty of opportunity for the exercise of her philanthropic tendencies in encouraging the industry of emigrants, establishing order and discipline among them, and organizing the Female Emigrants' Home. In short, she undertook the duties of a governor, director, and mother, towards those who did not know what to do with themselves or where to find employment. We read that, "at the time labourers were required in the interior, there were numbers idle in Sydney, supported at the expense of the government. Things wore a serious aspect; mischief-making parties, for some paltry gain, fed the spirit of discontent. The Irish lay in the streets, looking vacantly, and basking in the sun. Apart from them, Englishmen, sullen in feature, sat on gates and palings, letting their legs swing in the air. Another group was composed of Scotchmen, their hands thrust into their empty pockets, suspiciously glancing at everything and everybody from beneath their bushy eyebrows. Mrs. Chisholm ventured to produce a change; she provided for the leaders first, shewed how she desired to be the friend of the industrious man, and went with numbers in search of employment, far into the country. She undertook journeys of 300 miles into the interior with families; and the further she went the more satisfactory was the settlement of the parties accompanying this brave lady. 'When the public had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system,' writes Mrs. Chisholm, 'they came forward, and enabled me to go on. The government contributed, in various ways, to the amount of about £150. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr. William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorized me to draw upon

him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require; but the people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns, the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself without charge: my personal expenses, during my seven years' service, amounted to only £1 18s. 6d. As numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for the conveyance by the steamers, the parties would never reach the stations, I met the difficulty by advancing the fare, confiding in the good feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost £16 by casualties. At times, I have paid as much as £40 for steamers; and, from first to last, in following out my system, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. The largest number that ever left Sydney under my charge, at one time, was 147; but from accessions on the road, they increased considerably. The longest journey of this kind occupied five weeks, three weeks of which were passed on the road.'"

M. S. (Philadelphia).—The crosses in work patterns denote repetition, and whatever is enclosed between two crosses is to be repeated, thus— $\times k 3, m 1, \times$ twice, indicates that $k 3, m 1$, are to be worked twice.

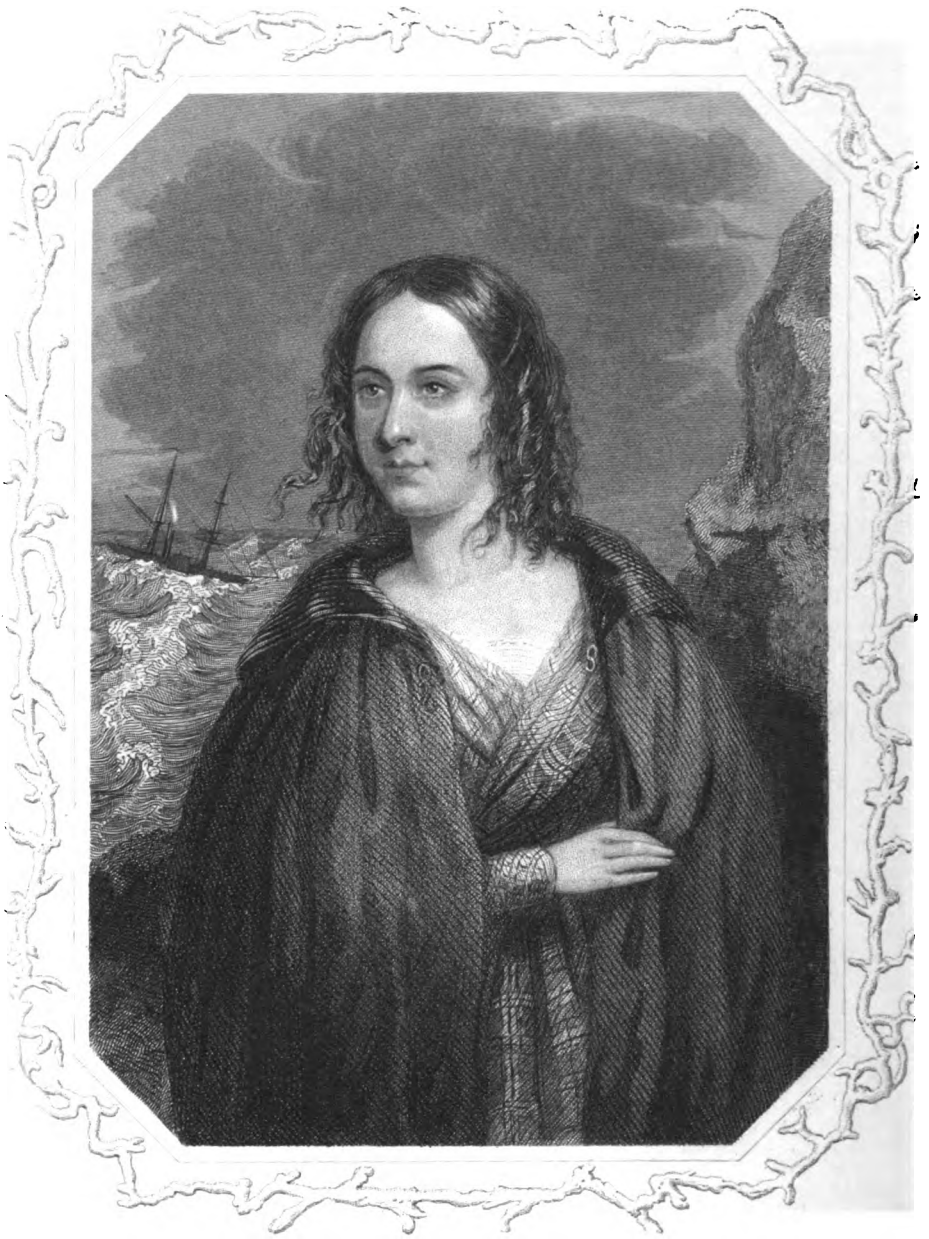
Miss B. (Ryde).—Your explanation is satisfactory, and we are sorry if you experienced any mortification.

B. W.—We regret being obliged to decline the compositions of this correspondent: they so nearly reach our standard of excellence.

X. Y. Z.—Accepted.

"STRAY LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER" will be returned to the address given, if postage stamps are sent to cover the expense.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING (Angers).—The art of draping a shawl is scarcely to be taught by written directions. It requires to be observed and imitated. As a general rule the shawl should be sufficiently large for its point nearly to reach the bottom of the dress, while it should either be secured on the shoulder by pins invisibly placed, or fastened in front by the modern ornamental pins and guard. It is not very easy to wrap a shawl warmly across the chest, and yet contrive that it should hang gracefully, for which reason the small short boas now in use are very acceptable additions to winter costume.



Bruce, Hervey's Darling

Engraved by J. G. Thompson from a painting by J. G. Thompson

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

DECEMBER, 1852.

BLACK AND WHITE:

A REAL INCIDENT IN THE FARMER-LIFE OF MISSOURI.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Concluded from page 233.)

"Ink? by all means; does that surprise you? Yes, here in the forest ink is a rare thing, and on that account I am obliged to carry it everywhere with me; for if I am in a house, and require to write anything, I can soberly answer for it that there is no ink, in the first place, within a circle of five miles, and that the only paper is the dirty title-page of a smoky book that has first to be torn out. In the most favourable circumstance, there sticks over the fireplace a half-dried wing of a turkey, out of which a fast dried-in feather is pulled by the united strength of the whole family, and is cut with the husband's hunting-knife, or even the wife's scissors, and these are their writing materials! No, that I cannot endure: I must have my writing apparatus in better order, and therefore I always carry a little stone bottle and some pens and paper with me."

Hennings in the meantime had gone rapidly to and fro in the room, and now stood suddenly by the chair of the talkative gentleman, who in all zeal had produced the little bottle.

"My good sir!" said he, laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, "you can now do Mrs. Draper a very great and perhaps a double favour."

"Who? I?" cried Mr. Pitt, quickly turning towards the lady, "with the greatest pleasure. What is it? what is the service?"

Mrs. Draper looked across to Hennings, but he allowed her not a moment to reply, and addressing the justice, continued:—

"The ladies are very desirous to possess a copy of the hymn composed by you, that you lately gave out at Maples; and they have this afternoon been asking me about it, as I some time ago repeated a verse of it out of my head. But as we here are much in the same case as the other settlers, which you have so livingly described to us, that is, without writing materials, I must ask you in the name of the ladies not only for ink and paper, but also that you would

do them the favour to repeat slowly the verses, that I may be able to write them down on the spot."

"Ladies, you make me ashamed by the friendly interest with which you honour my poor poetical attempts," said the little man affectingly, while with the greatest alacrity he emptied his pockets, and in a few seconds produced a large letter-case, a small pen-case, and aforesaid ink-bottle, all which he placed on the table, drew his chair close to it, snuffed the candle with his fingers, wiped his spectacles, and made every preparation in order immediately to write down the desired hymn. But here Hennings stopped him, taking the pen-case as in joke, and assuring the Justice that he could on no condition allow that he himself should strain his eyes in the flickering light of the candle by writing, No," continued he, in his artifice, "let me say for once, that though my fingers are somewhat stiff with handling the axe, they will soon drive the quill, and so place yourself opposite to me at the table, and then the ladies will have also the enjoyment of the proceeding, and need not idly look on."

Mrs. Draper had retired behind the Justice, and held her clasped hands fast pressed on her heart, as if she would crush down the anxiety which threatened to rend her bosom. Lucy grasped the back of her chair, and stared, with lips apart, but with colourless cheek and dim eye, across at her lover; and Sally, otherwise so lively and giddy, finding herself unable to support the terrible decision of the moment, hurried out of door, and, hiding her head in her apron, there wept to her heart's content.

Hennings, on the contrary, was perfectly quiet and unconstrained, chatted with the Justice, while he selected a clean sheet of paper and a pen from the pen-case—all the while relating to him the purest inventions. When in Louisiana he always wrote on magnolia leaves, and in

Tennessee made ink out of gunpowder and water; and when he had allayed the last dubiousness of the flattered poet, who still wanted to write himself, he laid the white sheet before him, looked at the slit of the pen, wet it in his mouth, and then, comfortably leaning back in his chair, said—

"Well, now I am ready, so fire away!"

Draper leaned by the fireplace, and the strong man trembled so extremely from inward excitement, that the loose boards under him actually shook: Hennings alone continued calm and collected, and even smiled quietly to himself as the justice, most comfortably leaning back in his chair, his hands folded before him on the table, the spectacles pushed up high on his forehead, and the little round eyes devotionally fixed on the ceiling, and on a number of haunches of smoked venison which hung there, began with a monotonous singing tune:—

"O sweetest Lord, come down to me,
And pardon me my sin."

"Hold! not so fast!" said Hennings, "I have only reached—Pardon me, Lord, my sin!"

Draper went behind Hennings' chair, and read aloud what he had written. It stood thus—

"The bearer of this, Scipio ——"

"Well, proceed, I have got it."

"And let me now go with thee,
And for my sins forgiveness win."

Hennings wrote—

"Goes with my knowledge and permission to his parents—"

"Have you got 'forgiveness win?' asked the justice of peace, pulling down his spectacles, and looking at the young man on the table.

"Directly, directly—'forgiveness win'—there, now proceed."

"I am, I must it allow,
Of thy servants the worst of the low,"

declaimed Mr. Pitt; threw a friendly glance up at Mrs. Draper, who bent over him, sighed deeply, and repeated—

"Of thy servants the worst of the low."

—"in Illinois, and has four weeks' leave of absence from me,"

wrote Hennings.

"Have you got that?" again demanded the judge.

"Yes—'leave of absence.'—"

"What?" said Mr. Pitt, and stared at him.

"O nothing!" replied the young man, quickly recovering himself; "a hair has got into the slit of the pen—well, 'of the low.'"

"Yes—wait a moment, I have lost the thread—'Of thy servants the worst,' " murmured he to himself. "Ha! there! I have it."

"Yet thou my repentance hast witnessed, and now Direct me the way I should go."

"Direct me the way I should go," repeated Hennings, and at the same instant finished Ben's passport with the words, "from me;" signed the feigned name of Peter Rollins, with the date of yesterday, and folded up the paper.

"Stop! I have not done!" cried the worthy Justice of peace, whom this movement had not escaped, "these are only the two first stanzas; here follow five in another metre, and then three other concluding verses. So write on—"

"Thou faithful shepherd, I will be
Thy faithful sheep enrolled—
So heavenly Father, gather me
Into thy heavenly fold."

"And when I—"

"But you don't write."

"You only wanted the two first verses, I think, Mrs. Draper?" said Hennings, and arose from his seat.

"Yes, sir, only the two first," stammered the matron, and now perceiving that Henning's eye was fixed full upon her, the colour rushed to her brow and temples, and her breath nearly failed her, through anxiety for the unfortunate negro, and shame for the uttered falsehood.

"So you have the other verses then? Well, wait a moment. I will repeat them once more, and then you will see whether you have got them correctly. But show me first what you have written;" said he extending his hand towards the paper which Hennings held loosely between his fingers. Hennings, however, seemed not to observe it; he stood motionless, holding his left hand in a listening attitude behind his ear: he heard a distant sound, and had, for the moment, forgotten all around him. Mr. Pitt, in the mean time, had taken the paper, opened it, set his spectacles right, and then for the first time appeared to notice the singular behaviour of the young man.

The inhabitants of the hut were horrified. If the Justice of Peace cast a single glance on the lines which he held open in his hand, they were discovered!

"Hennings!" cried Draper, and seized him by the arm.

"Mr. Hennings," said Pitt, and held the palm of his left hand against the light, that unblinded by this he might be the better able to observe him. But this recalled the dreamer with the speed of thought to himself. He looked at the stranger, saw the passport in his hand, and snatched it with a bold grasp from his fingers.

"Mr. Hennings!" cried the Justice, in astonishment.

"I must beg a thousand pardons, Sir," said Hennings, smiling confusedly; "but you must on no account see my poor penmanship—it is too bad. You have spoken so quickly that I was obliged to hurry: wait a few minutes, while I copy it clearly, and then you shall see that sometimes even a Backwoodsman handles no contemptible pen, and need not go to the school-master when he wants a letter writing."

"But what ailed you just now? You stand

as if you had seen a ghost," said Mr. Pitt, appeased.

"O nothing; at least nothing of consequence," replied Hennings. "It seemed to me only as if I heard a strange sound, and I could not conceive what it was. Hark! there again. Did you hear nothing?"

Draper sprang to the door, which he opened, and now came distant voices plainly on the ear, as if people were calling to the ferryman over the river.

"There they are," said the little man; springing up and seizing the tin horn, that in nearly all American log-cabins is used to call the labourers to their meals from the distant field. The tones of this long straight horn sound to a great distance, and with a favourable wind, and especially across water, you may hear them miles off.

Mr. Pitt asserted, correctly, that the hunters, surprised by the darkness, could not find the hut—the only one lying in the midst of the woods—and now were endeavouring by their calls to attract the notice of the inhabitants, that they might indicate, by a blast on this horn, their whereabouts. Without further ceremony, therefore, he took this instrument down from the nail where it hung, stepped to the door, and directed to the quarter whence the voices came so piercing and melancholy a blast, that the dogs at first by a stout bark made a sort of protest against such a strain, and then, perhaps moved by the softness of the melody, set up such a terrible, lamentable, and sorrow-piercing howl, that Mr. Pitt, affrighted, stopped in the midst of his tune, a solo no longer, listened a moment to the animals, and then, shaking his head, said—

"Did any mortal man ever hear such a thing in all his life?"

Nevertheless, he resumed his musical practice, and hounds and Justice of the Peace united in an ear-rending concert; the wood seemed to become actually alive, and all the tame creatures belonging to the farm—three pigs and some half-dozen fowls—the first quitting their bed, grunting, and pressing close side by side, ran past; and the latter, with extended wings, appeared to have no little pleasure in quitting so unquiet a neighbourhood.

"Here is the passport," said Hennings, quickly, and thrust the paper into Draper's hand. "Those who stop him, and don't know him, will offer no obstacle; but he must away at once."

"But how? the Justice stands in the doorway, and in a few minutes we shall have the house so full of people that his escape would be impossible."

"There's a remedy for that. Put him on an old coat and cap, quick! The Justice has ceased to blow, I will get him out of the way; and when I make an owl's cry, Ben must glide quickly forth, and come to me behind the house. Whist! he turns round again."

Mr. Pitt had, in fact, ceased his music; but the dogs were in no such haste to conclude theirs. The justice scolded and commanded them in vain; but Hennings, rushing to his side,

cried—"Quiet, beasts, or I'll wring your necks!" with a voice of thunder; and springing amongst them with a heavy stake that was reared against the wall, he dealt his blows right and left to such purpose, that, whining and whimpering, they slunk, some under the sides of the house, and others amongst the boughs of the fallen trees. Hennings, leaning on the stake, listened to the approaching noise of the hunters in alarm. He cast a glance around, caught up the saddle and bridle of the pony still lying there, carried them behind the house, and by a low whistle soon summoned there his obedient little steed.

"Now, Madam, you will receive guests enow," said the justice of peace complacently as he rubbed his hands before the fire, at which Lucy and Sally were now busily employed in preparing the hastily-required supper. "It will truly be close work in this little room; but we can do no more than share the abode. Good heavens! in Arkansas we once lay seventeen in one room, which, if not less, was certainly not an inch larger than this. Draper will take up his quarters between the beds there? Yes, yes, we must economise every nook and corner of space; the fellows are like a wild herd. And if they have the negro now! I hope so, at all events. The deuce! that such blockheads should strike their own masters. Gracious me! if there were not a law to punish that, we should have no safety of our lives, and a man would be afraid to correct his own servant."

Mr. Pitt had now again turned himself half towards the fire and half towards Mrs. Draper, who kept her eyes fixed on her daughters, but understood not a word of all that the wordy little man said; her ear was occupied with the rustle of the dressing, and the suppressed whispers of her husband, and she now saw the figure of the negro suddenly raise itself, but most silently and carefully.

"God only knows why the people are so long in coming," said Mr. Pitt, as he made a step from the fire, and looked at it.

"Neither does Mr. Hennings come back again; he's probably gone to meet them: and where is Mr. Draper?"

"Here, Sir," cried Draper, and came a step forward. Close behind him stood the negro, and the slightest movement would have betrayed him to the Justice. The next minute must, in fact, decide the fate of the pursued. Again the dogs burst out in full clamour! There were the hunters, who like Mr. Hennings and Mr. Pitt before, had been attracted by the beaten path amid the chaos of felled trees, and now called to the house. Mr. Pitt was hastening to the door. If he reached it would be impossible to get the negro out, and he would then be lost beyond redemption. The cry of an owl was heard without.

"Good Mr. Pitt," suddenly cried Lucy, "might I beg you to lift this heavy iron-pot upon the fire. I really cannot move it, and our guests are here already."

"O with the greatest pleasure, Miss," cried the officious Justice, and sprang quickly for-

ward, leaned his left hand against the mantel-piece, and seized with the right the handle of the pot.

"See there, Miss; it is not so very heavy, though somewhat *too* heavy for a lady; but where will you set it? On the burning coals? They must be a little thrust together first."

"Ah! pardon me, good Mr. Pitt; hold the handle still a moment. The logs have got wrong. Wait: I will soon set them right."

Lucy poked with the poker amongst the burning pieces of wood, and Mr. Pitt in the meantime bent over the sweltering blaze, held the heavy pot, till his face grew red, and the perspiration stood in drops upon his forehead.

Behind his back glided a figure concealed in a brown great coat, a black cap pulled down deeply over the eyes, which passing softly out at the door, stole round the corner of the house most distant from the dogs, and disappeared in the darkness behind the building. Draper followed him.

"There, at last it is fixed! Ah, that is right; but it must have been very disagreeable for you!" said the lovely Lucy in a tone of sympathy to the justice, while she felt at this moment as if a hundred weight was lifted from her heart.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," replied the gallant justice, and availed himself of his now liberated hands to pull out his handkerchief and wipe his streaming forehead. "Nothing more than I do with pleasure; though, by the bye, the fire is blazing hot. But where are the hunters? Ha, ha! they can't find their way through the tree-wilderness to the house. It serves them right: why don't they ride round till they find an opening. I was obliged myself to do so."

Draper stood at the door and stared into the dark night, towards the quarter where the voices of his neighbours, cursing and laughing, called to him to show the secret way to his warm fire-side, while behind the house he heard the rustle of boughs and a low whispering; he quickly turned thither. The negro stood before Hennings, and spite of the endeavours of the young man, held his hand and pressed it to his lips. The poor negro could scarcely speak for sobbing, and would fling himself at the feet of his rescuer.

"Nonsense!" said Hennings, pushing him away. "Quick! get away, or you will be too late. You have my address, and the pony you will send back to St. Louis."

"Your pony?" said Draper quickly.

"He can't get off without it," whispered Hennings. "But quick, or by Heavens you will be too late! Can you ride?"

"The wildest horse that ever threw a rider," was the reply.

"All the better; it will probably be necessary; but spare me the beautiful creature as much as you can; it is one of the best ponies in the States, and my only one. But, all the devils! there come the hunters! Pest and poison! we have delayed too long; they are on our necks! What's to be done? If you set off why they'll

catch you! The only path is scarcely thirty paces wide."

The negro stood some seconds listening; but the close approach of his hunters left no more doubt about the matter, that which was to be done must be done at once: and with a bold spring the son of Africa leaped into the saddle, waved his hand, and pressed his heel into the flank of the little, impatient horse. In the next instant it bounded over a feeding-trough that lay before it, and was about to turn into the narrow path, when a loud cry of exultation sounded there, and the light riding-dress of a hunter appeared.

"Hurra! here is the way!" shouted the hunter. "Come on, Hilbert, there is light in the house, and before it I see some people. At all events, we shall find a dry room and a blazing fire. He that gets first to the hearth gets the best place."

"Ben recognized with horror the voice of his master. The blood curdled in his veins; but presence of mind was necessary; life was on the hazard. With the speed of lightning he flung himself out of the saddle, threw the bridle over his arm, and stepped back towards the house.

"Hold there!" cried Wallis, as he galloped up, "Here, fellow; don't you hear? Take my horse too; rub him well down and give him plenty of corn: the horses are dead tired; but put the saddle in the house."

And he sprang from the back of his snorting and foaming steed, flung the bridle to the negro without deigning him a look, and hurried with rapid steps to the door; for the threatening sky now began to send down in large drops the messengers of a coming storm.

"Just in the nick of time, as if measured," he said, as he saw the protecting roof over him. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We must beg a thousand pardons, but here comes a whole hunting party that necessity compels to claim your hospitality."

Without, the horsemen gathered at the door, and hung the bridles of their horses on the boughs of the prostrate trees, while they in vain shouted to the negro to take the animals and feed them.

"Gentlemen," said Draper, who at this moment appeared at the door, and welcomed his guests. "You call for a nigger, but I am very sorry that I have none; but I will see after your horses myself."

"But I gave my horse to a nigger just now," said Wallis.

"That was I," said Hennings laughing, who at this moment entered. "I saw that you took me for a nigger."

"Oh, I beg your pardon a thousand times, sir," said the farmer, stepping up and giving him his hand. "It began just then to rain, and I did not see properly, but really I thought it was a black fellow. But as to that, Draper, be glad that you have none: nothing but trouble and care with the beasts! Ha! good evening, justice; how are you? whither away? To the prayer-meeting? That is right. It is a blessing

to this land, when they who are charged with the police of the country don't forget their God at the same time. A pious judge is always a just judge. I would gladly accompany you, but alas! just now I am occupied with the pursuit of a good-for-nothing lad whom I was lately obliged to give up to necessary punishment."

The entry of the rest here interrupted the speaker, and for a moment there was a universal greeting, apologizing, making way for each other, and setting of chairs, till finally, after many changing of the places of both animate and inanimate objects, a number of people were not only brought under cover, but were also tolerably comfortably accommodated, in such a way as no idea could be formed of, by any one who had not himself lived in such a house, and witnessed how a room "twenty by twenty," that is twenty feet long and twenty broad, can be made to hold two or three families with a swarm of children, there to live, cook, and sleep.

Hennings and Draper, as soon as they had seen the affairs in the house a little in order, threw on their old woollen hunters' blankets and walked out to feed the horses, giving them their corn at a large trough; and then, as nothing like a stable or shed was to be seen, leaving them to take their chance for the night.

In the mean time the storm came rapidly on, and roared and raged in the old wide-spread tops of the mighty trees: from the south and west it came together, and dashed their storm-laden troops, the dark, flying clouds, with stupendous force against each other, till, growling and raving, the quivering arrow of fire trans-fixed them, and their headlong torrents fell in drowning deluges to the trembling earth. The beasts of the forest sought their secret lairs; the very owl hid itself in its secure retreat, and postponed its quest of prey to a more auspicious time. The wolf only, ever voracious, stole with his troop beneath the crashing branches, still and watchful, and with elevated nose snuffed after discovery of game. Ever and anon, however, as a louder crash than usual groaned through the forest, and the echoes from the distant mountains answered in angry and lamenting tones, the leader of the troop lifted his long and sharp head towards the clouds that flew in commotion over him, and howled his melancholy song amid the fury of the elements, so that the dog, secure in the farm-house, rose a moment, growling and listening to the detested tone, and then, with a half-suppressed yell, rolled himself up faster and warmer than before.

The men within the hut, however, let the storm be a storm: it was an old acquaintance of theirs; and the rattling down of boughs, yes, often of whole trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the roaring of the hurricane—they had heard them often before. A glowing fire, a warm supper, and good company made them soon forget all that went on around and above them.

Hennings was especially merry, and though Wallis and Pitt in the beginning did not rightly respond to his gaiety, yet the irrepressible humour of the young man at length carried them

along with him. Many an old hunting anecdote was related, scenes out of the revolutionary war were revived, Pitt asserting that he had been in the siege of New Orleans, and had fired from behind the cotton bales; and it was ten o'clock—a late hour for backwoodsmen—when they first sought their beds, in order to refresh themselves for the fatigues of the following day.

The night passed, it is certain, with little enough of room, but the hunters found means to make it tolerable. They had, each of them, their blankets: some of them were laid before the fire, and on them they slept, Draper covering them with all the articles that he could find at all suitable. A good fire was kept up through the night, and the men lay—as hunters only can desire—warm and dry.

The next morning found the late arrivors the first to arise. Wallis was already without, and had seen after his horse almost before the breaking day had sent up its first pale rays in the east, and the rest in the mean time blew up the fire, filled the great tin coffee-pot with water, and made all ready for the earliest possible departure.

Hennings only, on other occasions always the first, lingered this morning. He leaned against the chimney, and stared absently across at Mr. Pitt, who had found an especial corner to himself with a bed under him, and was the only one still sleeping. Hilbert and Wallis, having fed and saddled their horses, now came in to breakfast.

"Well, Hennings," said Wallis, as he drew on his leggings, which had been hanging by the fire, "you to-day take it confoundedly easy. Your pony stands without, chewing the twigs, and seems to be monstrous hungry."

"My pony?" said Hennings in astonishment, half incredulous, and looked at him.

"Yes, that yonder belongs to you, doesn't it? Such a little, rough-haired beast as that, there is but one in all Missouri."

Hennings stood beside him, and looked out; but who can describe his joyful surprise as he saw there, amongst Draper's horses that had been driven home by the storm, his own dear little pony, on which he had been thinking the whole morning with a most melancholy feeling, fancying it now many, many miles distant, wearied to death through the desperate ride of a desperate man.

Had Ben then gone off on foot? So mad he could not have been.

"How did Pitt come hither?" asked Hilbert at the same instant, and counted half aloud the horses that now all stood before the house.

"On his horse to be sure," said Hennings quickly, and looked inquiringly around for his horse.

"On the Gold Fox?"

"Yes; but I don't see him."

"He is not there certainly," said Hilbert—not at the house at least, for I have been up above an hour, and nearly the whole time outside."

Mrs. Draper now called them to breakfast,

and Mr. Pitt started up from beneath the horse-cloth which covered him, drew on his coat, and hastened out to wash in a huge tin can before the door. In the mean time, the hunters did not need a second call; they fell heartily to, soon finished their meal, and without delay seized their guns, in order to re-commence the yesterday's chase—a now altogether hopeless labour. At breakfast they laid down the plan by which they might best catch the fugitive negro. They declared that every farmer in Missouri who had a boat on the river was advertized of the fellow; his capture was certain, and as certain his death.

Five minutes later the men were on horse-back expressing their thanks and saying goodbye to their friendly entertainers, and then dashed off, all except Wallis and Hilbert, in two divisions towards the Missouri. These two formed, with the dogs, the centre of this chain, which now cautiously beat through the whole wood, hoping to seize the negro in his hiding-place, or to drive him into the hands of their fellows at the river.

Hennings looked after them smiling, and muttered as they disappeared behind the bushes, "Yes, go, my fine fellows! hound on your dogs, spur your horses in chase of a human being; but him whom you seek you will not readily find! If he has had luck he is already in Illinois, and Mr. Peter Rollins will then help him through."

To his by no means joyful astonishment, Mr. Pitt discovered after breakfast the absence of his steed, a thing which he could not account for, as the animal had never on any occasion forsaken the trough at night, and the wandering away of a horse in such weather was doubly unlikely, when, on the contrary, all tame creatures gladly seek the dwelling of man. But here speculation was of no use, and if he would be at the prayer meeting he must not delay to accept Mr. Draper's offer of one of his own horses for the occasion, promising to have Gold Fox sought up on his return. The two men rode away together, and Hennings only remained to accompany the ladies when they had set things a little to rights in the house.

Scarcely had the bushes closed behind the justice and his companion, when the young farmer, who had watched their progress through a chink in the hut, turned towards Mrs. Draper with an air of triumph. But the poor lady had only been able, by the most powerful effort, to command an outward repose and self-possession; and now, as the compulsion ceased, her strength gave way; she buried her face in her hands, sunk down in a chair, and sobbed aloud.

"Mother!" cried the two girls, and sprung to her side. "Dearest, dearest mother!"

"Mrs. Draper!" implored Hennings, "compose yourself. Does it then grieve you so much that you have saved the life of a human being?"

She required some time to collect herself; at length she looked up with tearful eyes at the young man, and said, "You have punished me severely, Hennings. I shall certainly not for a

very, very long time, forget last evening; but if I have done wrong, may God forgive me; I could not do otherwise. Ah! our hearts are so weak, and often one does not know when one does wrong. And how did the nigger get off? and is he, in fact, saved?"

"He has taken Pitt's horse," laughed out Hennings, "but can do the negro-devourer no harm. Ben must, last evening, of course, have heard everything that was said of him and his race, and therefore he did not forget to revenge himself a little."

"Oh, I am sorry for that, I am sorry for that," sighed the good woman. "Could not you have prevented that? I would so willingly have let him have one of our best horses."

Hennings was silent, and looked down; but now Lucy took up the word and said, "He would have hindered it, mother; he had given him his own and only pony. I know it; but the arrival of the strangers drove the fugitive back; and later, as all were in the house, the negro boy must have returned, and at the risk of his life changed the horse of his rescuer for that of his enemy."

Hennings extended to her his hand, and whispered "I thank you for that kind word, Lucy; but this negro seems, in fact, to have had regard to my property: he left my saddle behind, and protected it from the weather by rearing some boards over it, while he satisfied himself with the dirtiest and worst saddle-cloth which in his haste he could find."

"But will he escape at last?" asked Sally anxiously.

"We shall never see him again," said the young farmer; "his pursuers suppose that he is gone northward, since on foot and without a passport he could do nothing else; but he is gone in a dress different to that described in the newspaper, and with a passport eastward, directly to the Mississippi. In St. Louis he will cross the stream, and once in Illinois there is no further danger. The Gold Fox is a splendid horse, and will carry him any distance."

"And they won't deliver him up in Canada?"

"No, certainly not; once there, all America cannot bring him again into bondage. But had we not better set out?"

"Ah, Mr. Hennings, how shall I to-day look the preacher in the face?" said Mrs. Draper, sighing.

"As free and clearly," cried the young man, "as you lift your eye to the pure heaven that to-day smiles down upon us. We have, indeed, broken the law of the State; but, I am firmly persuaded, not the law of God: and the only care I have in the matter is, that we may not be discovered. But of that there is no danger, and so we will not trouble the pleasant time with unnecessary care. Is Lucy then satisfied with me?" he whispered, and stooped gently down towards the lovely girl.

"You are a kind, good man," said Lucy, and blushing, extended to him her hand.

* * * * *

Some four weeks might have passed from this time; the young farmer Hennings made an offer to the eldest daughter of Draper, and in a few weeks more he conducted her to his log house as his wife. In order, however, not to be too far distant from the parents, they agreed to live all together on the same settlement, and to cultivate the land in common; and before long the heavy axes of the backwoodsmen made deep inroads into the quiet of the forest. With the help of fire, which consumed the fallen timber, a splendid field soon stretched itself between the two log-houses, which stood opposite to each other; and cattle, purchased from the neighbours, gave to the little farm that peculiar and home-like life, without which the most important settlement would be only a desert.

One Sunday morning, as the two families had seated themselves round the cleanly covered table, at Farmer Hennings', to an excellent meal of fat venison, ham, baked corn cakes, and steaming coffee, a horseman stopped at the door, and both men sprung in equal haste and in amazement from their seats; for it was no other than Squire Pitt on his Gold Fox.

He immediately entered, and came now to relate how he had got his horse again, which since that stormy evening had never been seen; but Pitt, who had ridden some hours, and was not a little hungry, would not enter on any explanation till he had breakfasted. A chair was therefore immediately brought him, and our magistrate did all possible justice to the cookery of the young mistress of the house. Then, and not till then, he loosed his tongue, and half in anger at the audacity of the deed, but also half rejoiced to have recovered his excellent horse, and in such good condition, he now related to his attentive hearers how, and in what wonderful manner he had regained his property.

"Only think, ladies!" he said; "last evening I was sitting quietly in my room, and was excessively fatigued, for I had been in the saddle the whole day, when my little dog Frisk, which sleeps in the house with me, began to growl; and before I could get up, who should step in but the post-master of the next town. At first I fancied that he came from the western settlement, and was going home: but, God preserve me! he said he brought me something, seized me by the arm, and led me to the door and shewed me my own Gold Fox, which stood bodily before me, and neighed to me! Ladies, it is only an animal; but for very joy I fell upon his neck, and was about to ask to whom in all the world I owed the restoration of my property, when he handed me a letter, and said that a mulatto who had brought that horse to St. Louis, had there inquired after our post-office, and then hired a messenger, who brought both horse and letter to our settlement. That was of itself extraordinary, but the most extraordinary is the letter."

"From whom?" all exclaimed.

"Yes, that you may guess!" said the little man, as he laid both arms on the chair-back, and made a most mysterious face. "But give

yourselves no trouble, you will never guess it while you live. Only think!—from poor Ben! the runaway nigger of Wallis."

"Could he write?" demanded Draper incredulously.

"No, that he certainly could not," said the justice: "he has only made his mark, a sort of cross, under; but it is all one; another nigger did it for him in Canada."

"In Canada?"

"Yes, in Canada: the rogue is lucky; God only knows in what way he reached Canada; that, however, is a new proof that we must take that land from the English as soon as possible, for in the first place it belongs to us according to the whole nature of the case, and because, secondly, the citizens of the United States have suffered such endless damage from it."

"But what is there in the letter?" asked Sally impatiently.

"It is short and sweet, as the Yankees say," muttered the justice; "and also written by another cursed nigger, who calls himself 'a free Canadian citizen,' and sends me—I only wish I had the *canaille* here!—his cordial greeting."

"Well, that is friendly, however," said Hennings laughing.

"Friendly! the black ragamuffin calls me his dear, good Pitt, and begs me, if I ever come to Toronto, by all means to call upon him."

But Ben—what does Ben write to you, dear Mr. Pitt?" asked Sally.

"Why, that in the evening meeting my horse in the woods, he was convinced that I should have much pleasure in lending it him for a few weeks—the rascal! He knew the goodness of my heart," he said, and wished me the fulfilment of the blessings that the negroes of my neighbourhood for some years had prayed to heaven for; as if I did not know that the black scoundrels hate me like the plague!"

"And the horse?"

"The Lord God knows by what means he sent it to St. Louis. I am astonished, however, that a nigger sends back a stolen horse."

"And why should there not be also brave and honourable people amongst the negroes?" asked Mrs. Draper reproachfully.

"Hem! why, Madam, you may be in some degree right," said the little Justice of peace, and prepared to take his leave. "This one example, at least, speaks in favour of it; yet, I don't know, and it grieves me too that the black rogue should have made such fools of us. Well, I will just ride over to Wallis, and inform him of the happy escape of his slave. He will rejoice immensely over it; it is a dead loss of eight hundred dollars to him."

The little Justice of Peace mounted his beautiful Gold Fox, which from this moment he named Ben, and rode to Squire Wallis in the next county, but he did not find him alive. A mulatto, ill treated by him, in wrath and revenge, had seized a pointed mattock, and struck him in the shoulder. An hour afterwards he was dead. The mulatto fled after the commission of the deed towards the Missouri, and attempted

to swim over, but could not bear up against the rapid stream; he sank just as his pursuer arrived on the bank, and saw the flood roll over his head.

All this appeared to have exercised a very

salutary influence on Justice Pitt. From that time he treated his slaves much better and more kindly, and of late years there have been none found to call him the negro-devourer.

LIMERICK BELLS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

INSCRIBED TO J. G. W.

They say at Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring—in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats, all pealing in accord.

Long years a-gone a Southern artisan
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime,
A dreamy-eyed and mellow-voiced man,
Cast with rare skill this wondrous tuneful chime,
Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And it is said this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung,
A triumph-peal the bells harmonious rung,
And made a Sabbath on the golden air—
He stood with clasped hands, and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

Ah! bitterly as we the dead deplore
He wept their going—on his bended knees
Watching the stranger ship put off from shore,
To bear them from him o'er the northern seas.

Years rolled around. The bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of Heaven—
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer,
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

Beneath fair southern skies, the artisan,
A weary, worn, gray-haired, and lonely man,
Beheld the solemn death-hour darkening nigh,
And pined to hear his bells once more, and die.

Deep shades foretold the advent of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingered—or as their bright Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a barge slow held its way—
All silent bent the bargemen to their oars,
For at their side a dying stranger lay.

In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names, and murmured words of
prayer,
And yearningly his wasted arms out-flung,
Clasped viewless hands, and kissed the empty air.

Sudden upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 'twould seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid its silent times,
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes—
Or gathered music from the summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from tributary flowers.
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime, and knew it ringing nigh;
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching towards the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear my bells
once more!"

Nearer they drew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church-tower high;
The pilgrim listened, till their latest swells
Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh;
With their sweet ceasing ceased his mortal breath—
So like a conqueror to the better land
Passed the worn artisan, such music grand
Uprolled before him on the heavenly path.

From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
And Hesperus his silver lamp up-hung:
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
The vesper chime that summoneth to pray—
But to that stranger, weary, lone, and old,
They pealed the matins of immortal day.

Thus thou, oh poet, from thy soul hast wrought
In tuneful song sweet chimes of deep-toned thought,
To sound toward heaven, high hung on massive
towers

That overlook the world—in silent hours
Even in darkness, gathering note by note,
God's deepest melodies, that ever float
Above the toiling, or the sleeping earth;
To answer grief with grief, and mirth with mirth—
To fling sweet strains upon the path of day,
As flowers are flung upon a victor's way—
To cheerily peal out amid the storm,
Beneath the rolling of the thunder-cars—
Ring in calm eves, with sunset glories warm,
And sound before the coming of the stars.

And from *thy* bells we deem each latest time
We hear a clearer and a grander chime,
That fall their faintest notes with sweetness rare,
Like birds that sing in death, soft dropping down
the air.

And when thou floatest o'er that solemn river
That for its shade the mournful cypress bath;
Along whose shores the fearful aspens shiver—
That stream of dread, the icy flood of death,
Parting our mortal life from God's for ever—
Then from the shore thou *leavest*, ah, may'st thou
Know thy true thoughts yet chiming clear and high;
Then may the joy-light kindle in thine eye,
And smile the cold death-shadow from thy brow,
Hearing that chime sound o'er the stream's sad
flowing,
And echoed from the land to which thou'rt going.

Not smiling sharply on the air above,
And not in thunderbolts of sound down-hurled—
But ringing soft God's peace and pitying love,
And pealing His redemption o'er the world.

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

AN OLD APOLOGUE VERSIFIED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Three travellers journeyed in pleasant communion,
Together they anxiously wished to remain,
And planned, how, in case of a sudden disunion,
Each best might discover his comrades again.

Thus counselled the First :—" You must seek not to
meet me

In the barren and desolate regions of earth :
In man's busy haunts you are likely to greet me,
Where the chirp of the cricket is heard on the
hearth—

" Where the feast is in progress of brisk prepa-
ration—

Where smoke lightly curls round the chimney's
tall spire—

Where tapers gleam forth from the bright habita-
tion :—

There enter, and hail the kind aspect of *Fire !*"

The Second thus spoke :—" Amid fields deeply
sloping,

Where osiers and reeds in abundance are seen—
Where willows are meekly and pensively drooping—

Where the turf wears its freshest and tenderest
green—

" Where often, a low, rippling melody gushes

In liquid and silvery sound o'er the ear—

Where the wind softly sighs over thick beds of
rushes,

There hope for my presence, for *Water* is near !"

" For me," said the Third, " you may seek for my
dwelling

Alike in the court, in the mart, and the glen ;

I live amid mortals in virtue excelling,
Pure maidens, chaste matrons, and truth-loving
men.

" Yet long may you trace me through village and
city,

Unable your former companion to claim ;

Alas ! those who prize me, will view you with pity,
But shrink back surprised when you mention my
name.

The good and the wise in each circle and station,
Will tell you with sighs that your quest is in vain,
And say—" You confess you have lost *Reputation*,
Then seek not, expect not to find it again !"

THE GRAVE OF HOOD.*

BY LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

We stood where the tombs of thousands rose,
Marking the place of their last repose ;
Flowers were around, fresh, glowing flowers,
Telling of the summer's dazzling hours.
Rich perfumes came on the dreamy air,
From the gem-like blossoms shining there.

* In Kensal-Green Cemetery.

The golden light of the clear noon-tide
Fell on marble tombs in their stately pride ;
Arch and column, and pillar fair,
Gleamed in the still and fragrant air ;
And the royal rose, and the jasmine bough,
Smiled on the sunny turf below.

High graves, with warlike trophies crowned,
Towered in mournful pomp around ;
And the sculptured wreath, or fragile flower,
Spoke of the lost in youth's first hour—
Some radiant girl, with fair, meek brow,
Or cherub child now slumbering low ;

But one grave there, unmarked, alone,
With no carved symbol, or fretted stone—
One low, green grave, 'mid that buried throng,
Was the silent couch of a Child of Song :
Calmly and peacefully there at rest,
Were the fervent heart and throbbing breast.

Oh ! gentle HOOD, there needed not
The proud, pale marble, to guard *that* spot—
The classic urn, or the laurel wreath,
Or words to tell of the dust beneath :
For a holy shrine seem'd that greensward bed,
Meet resting-place for the sainted dead !

The dew of heaven may glisten there,
And the song-birds chaunt in the morning air :
The sun's warm beams on the sod may play,
And the free, wild wind on its joyous way :
And the lustrous stars bright watches keep
Where Genius lies in hallowed sleep !

Lovely and calm was the scene around,
As in silence we left the sacred ground ;
And we thought of many a thrilling lay,
Poured forth by him who had passed away—
Deep burning strains of pleading high,
That bring dim tears to the proudest eye.

And Memory oft in thoughtful hours
Leads us again to those garden bowers :
We see the turf with sweet garlands crowned,
And the graceful willows drooping round ;
And we muse o'er the gifted Poet's tomb,
Lying 'mid sunlight and glorious bloom !

London, July, 1851.

THE COLUMBINE.

BY E. C. W.

" Miss Gubbins is the Columbine,
I'm told, at Drury Lane,"
Said I, last night, to brother George ;
" Indeed, I can't refrain

" From going to the Pantomime,
For I have heard Miss G.
Possesses many wondrous charms :
Do let us go and see !"

We went : half-price had just begun :
I cared not for the play :
I thought but of the Columbine,
The nymph, the sylph, the fay !

When she came bounding o'er the stage,
" Oh, George !" I cried, " what grace !
What beauty and intelligence
Beam in that lovely face !"

Gold stars were shining on her dress,
And gleaming in her hair :
Borne, as it were, on unseen wings,
She seem'd to tread on air !

And when she danced a *pas de deux*
With Harlequin, I vow
I felt inclined to "call him out,"
Or settle him somehow.

The curtain fell. "Dear George," said I,
"That goddess *must* be mine !
I never can be happy more
Without that Columbine."

"We'll talk of that to-morrow, Dick,
Said George : "Now come with me ;
I have a sight to shew you. You
Shall see—what you shall see."

He led me through the Colonnade :
We reach'd the actors' door,
(Stage-door, I think they call it)—whence
A crowd began to pour.

Pouring was not confined to *them* :
The night was pouring wet.
Just then I heard a female voice
Say, "Ain't that Sal come yet ?"

"I'm here, Miss Gubbins," Sal replied :
"This weather is no joke.
I've brought your *umbreller* though,
Your pattens and your cleak.

"It is so wet, I couldn't go
Round to so many shops ;
But I have got the *ing-uns*, Miss,
The porter, and the chops."

"Good night, Miss Gubbins," some one said ;
Miss Gubbins said "Good night."
She stood beneath a flaring lamp,
Fully revealed to sight.

I saw a form no longer young—
A pale, unhappy face,
On which undoubted ravages
Of small-pox I could trace !

Her voice was loud, her tones were sharp ;
And, to complete my tale,
She wore an old black bonnet, with
A shabby crumpled veil !

"'Tis she," said George, who laughing stood ;
"Now *is* she not divine ?
Why don't you kneel, and worship her ?
This is your Columbine !"

During this speech, Miss Gubbins tied
Her pattens on her feet ;
And then she took her handmaid's arm,
And clatter'd down the street !

I'm cured of love for Columbines ;
I never shall forget
The click-clack of those pattens, as
She paddled through the wet !

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

"I esteem those the truly happy of mankind," remarks the younger Pliny, in writing of his uncle, "to whom the Gods have allotted either to do things worthy of being written, or to write things worthy of being read. The happiest are they who have done both ; and among those was my relative."

Among these "happiest" may also be fairly reckoned Marie de Rabutin, Marquise de Sévigné, whose exquisite letters have rendered her name immortal. Pure in the midst of corruption, rationally religious in her age of superstition, she owes perhaps to the force of contrast some of the lustre which surrounds her name ; but we think that at any period, and amid all circumstances, Madame de Sévigné's character would have won for her not only esteem, but regard.

Born in 1627, when Charles I. occupied the throne of England, that of France being filled by Louis XIII., she lived to see William and Mary the sovereigns of our country ; and it was but a few months after her death that Louis XIV. concluded the humiliating peace of Ryswick.

Her decease occurred in 1696 : it will be seen that her life embraced a period of sixty-nine years ; and these were years to Europe pregnant in changes and in the elements of transition, the result of whose workings are felt to our own day.

The Baron de Chantal, grandfather to Madame de Sévigné, "who fought eighteen duels with a success equal to his bravery,"* was killed by an accident in hunting. The wife of this redoubtable baron, Jeanne Frémiot, "after having seen him die with equal courage and resignation, consecrated to God the remainder of her days," and has since been canonised by the Church of Rome.

The son of this lady appears to have inherited the savage spirit of his father ; for, to such a degree did he push his passion for duelling, that he left the communion-table one Easter-Day (after having partaken of the eucharist with his family), to act as second to the Count de Bouteville. Richelieu, who was bent on enforcing the edicts against duelling, had the Count beheaded, while he procured the disgrace and banishment of the Baron.

It may be surmised that exile did not much suit the Baron, or at any rate that he would be inclined to diversify its monotony as much as possible ; accordingly, we find him taking advantage of a threatened invasion of the Isle of Rhé by the English : he proceeded to the island, and assisted the governor, the Marquis

* "Qui s'était battu dix-huit fois en duel, avec un bonheur égal à sa bravoure."—(*Eloge de Madame de Sévigné, par Madame Amable Tasta.*)

de Toiras, in its defence: he fought with the obstinate valour which to him was habitual; had three horses killed under him, and was presently despatched himself by the hand of the officer who commanded the expedition.

At the death of this truculent father, Marie de Chantal was aged little more than five months; she soon after lost her mother, and was placed in the guardianship of her maternal grandfather, and subsequently of her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, to whom she gave the surname, "Bien-bon."

The education of Mdlle. de Chantal was conducted by Ménage and Chapelain; they instructed her in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish tongues; as for Ménage, we think he had a somewhat tenderer sentiment for his brilliant and vivacious pupil than she suspected. Like most women educated by men, Marie de Chantal, while preserving the softness of her own, acquired somewhat of the courageous independence of their sex. She was more after the heroic stamp than the ladies of her own time, who were mostly brought up in convents, and who, in spite of this (or, in consequence of it?), were many of them as apparently unfit for the next world as for this.

Ménage was certainly a little hurt when the marriage of his pupil was talked about; from that moment his cordiality declines, and we find her anxiously endeavouring to part with her Mentor on friendly terms.

She has begged to know her fault? "Why is he angry? Why does he avoid her?" "He is not angry," he replies; "he is only sorry she is going away."

"I am puzzled to understand," she writes, "that when a person is esteemed, and will be regretted, it is necessary for those reasons to behave with the last degree of coldness in parting from her. It is a mode of acting to which I am unaccustomed, and you must excuse my surprise. However, I conjure you to believe that there is not one of these old or new friends of whom you speak, that I esteem and love more than you; for this reason, before I lose you, give me the consolation of convincing you of your mistake, and of telling you that the regard between us is discontinued only on your side."

This amiable letter mollified the Mentor a little; he writes to reproach her for speaking of their friendship as a thing of the past, and she answers:

"It is you who taught me to speak of our friendship as of a departed thing; for myself, I should have never thought of it, esteeming you as I do. Take to yourself, then, the authorship of the ugly word which has displeased you; and believe that nothing can please me better than to know that you preserve for me the friendship you promised, and that it is *gloriously resuscitated*. Adieu."

At the age of seventeen she married Henri de Sévigné. He was young, handsome, brave, and nobly born; she might therefore reasonably expect a happiness which, however, she never found with him. The Marquis was imbued

with the wretched morals of his time; "and," says Bussy, "quoiqu' il aime partout, il n'aima jamais rien de si aimable que sa femme."

Madame de Sévigné was a woman of very warm affections, and no doubt the unhappiness of her matrimonial connexion occasioned her intense pain; but she was not destined long to be a wife.

The death of the Marquis was as terrible, as his life had been frivolous; he had supplanted the Chevalier d'Albret in the graces of a Madame de Goudran. D'Albret challenged him; Sévigné had not the usual good luck of the Rabutins in the duel; he was wounded, and died the next day, "in great anguish at quitting the world in the flower of his age," leaving to his widow two infant children, a disordered fortune, and a great burden of debt.

Powerful natures rise with circumstances; Madame de Sévigné was but four-and-twenty, when under so many disadvantages she had to face the world alone.

She turned all her thoughts to her children. To retrieve their fortunes, and to assure their prospects, were tasks she thought worthy to fill up the rest of her life; and nobly she performed them! Her uncle De Coulanges, *le Bien-bon*, agreed to assist her, and resided with her from that time, for Madame de Sévigné was not one of those defiant spirits who reject aid, and will do nothing unless they do it wholly. "I am not very sensible," she says, "but I am good and docile." She had other merits in receiving favours and advice; she was so amiable and grateful, that they who had served her once were eager to have other opportunities of obliging a creature so full of amiability.

She was about thirty-two years of age when (having, with the assistance of Coulanges, gained lawsuits, paid her debts, and put her estate in order), she felt herself at liberty to leave Brittany, and return to that brilliant world which was made for her, as she was made for it. Although Madame de Sévigné could not be called a strictly handsome woman, the vivacity and expression of her features left a favourable impression on the beholder; and when her friends (of whom she had very many) saw her arrive at Paris in an open carriage, with her two lovely children, "they compared her to Latona between the young Apollo and the little Diana, so much grace and beauty did there shine forth in the mother and children." *

The portrait drawn of her anonymously about this time, by Madame de la Fayette, her friend, gives us some agreeable touches. "Know, Madame, if perchance you be ignorant of it, that your mind adorns and embellishes your person in such a manner, that there is not on earth a more charming creature, when you are animated by unrestrained conversation. All you say has such attractions, that although it seems as if mental accomplishments ought to affect the ears alone, yours dazzle our eyes; and when we

* "Tant il éclatait d'agrément et de beauté dans à mère et les enfants."

listen to you, we are no longer conscious of a want of regularity in your features, and we yield you the palm of the most finished beauty." . . . "Your heart, Madame, is, without doubt, a treasure none can merit; never was another so generous, so faithful, so upright. There are people who suspect you of not always displaying it as it is; but on the contrary, you are so accustomed to feel only what is honourable, that you reveal sometimes things which worldly prudence would conceal." . . .

Bussy himself, her relative, who has drawn a satirical portrait of her in his "*Amours des Gaules*," can find no place in his heart tough enough to withstand her forgiveness; he became her friend, and owns that he himself was "*sur les rangs*" of her suitors. But Madame de Sévigné had had enough of matrimony; deceived in her first affection, she was timid of yielding to a second; and accordingly Bussy, the great Turenne, the Count de Lude, Fouquet, Revel, and a host of others, were decisively but kindly rejected.

Bussy says, "Her eyes were of different colours; she had a fine figure, but not a good carriage."*

Why Bussy should satirise his cousin, may need a word of explanation. Bussy, like many other fine gentlemen, was a little in difficulties on the score of money, and knowing his fair relative's talent for financial arrangements, applied in all confidence to her for assistance. He would have had it, but for the "*Bien-bon*," who checked female inconsiderateness, and delayed, if indeed he did not absolutely refuse, to help Bussy.

The delays of De Coulanges were imputed by the Count to unreadiness on his cousin's part, and he revenged himself by drawing her thus satirically in his book, which, however, he never intended for general circulation; it was made public by a betrayal of trust on the part of the lady to whom the MS. was confided; this fair traitress sent a copy into Holland, where it was printed, and whence it soon flew about, to the vexation of many, and the discomfiture of Bussy; who was sent to the Bastille, ostensibly on account of this production, but it is believed that another cause contributed to his disgrace; he had dared in another work to libel the king, by remarking on his profligate mode of life; though Bussy himself, be it known, was no model of propriety.

Madame de Sévigné could not triumph over a fallen foe, deeply as he had injured her; and he had insinuated that her character, so fair before men, was compromised before God. She forgave him with a nobility he did not deserve, and which he could not understand.

If he believed her guilty, what an idea does it give us of the depravity of that age, to know that a man who had made the most horrible accusation a man can make against a woman, should not hesitate to own himself

among those who would have married her! But perhaps rather it is a proof that he knew her innocence. Happily for Madame de Sévigné, she was too well known and respected for such slander to injure her; those who knew her best, best knew the false nature of the charge, and we find Bussy himself afterwards eager to defend her fair fame. The following was the occasion.

Fouquet was among the number of Madame Sévigné's admirers; but she had resolved to marry no more, and she told him he must be contented with her friendship. Fouquet is disgraced, whether righteously matters not here; and in a casket with letters written by other women, her opposites in all that is good, are found Sévigné's epistles of friendship. The mere necessity for disclaiming dishonour is painful to a pure and upright mind; but at a moment when many equally innocent women would have been betrayed into anger, or a timidity hurtful to their own cause, Sévigné with dignity denied the odious accusation, while she continued, with Fouquet's other friends, to pity the sorrows, and to soften the prospects of his imprisonment. One may wish that other than such men had been her friends, but the wish would place her in a different age and court; the gangrene of corruption had eaten so far into the public manners, that there was scarcely a Parisian who lived, according to the broadest and least puritanical rendering, after the law of Christian purity; the few exceptions were on the part of those who had outlived vice—these were looked on, not as repentant criminals, but as saints, and there was at that time nothing more proper to offer as a living model to the young. Many women even, of that day, were too much like their age to dare to instruct their children in the sublime and heart-pure morality of the New Testament; if, indeed, it had been often customary for high-born Catholic Frenchwomen of those times to fulfil a mother's duties; but these duties were delegated to the heads of convents—egregious folly, to give the business of educating for the world to those who are professedly unsuited to live in it!

Bussy had, ere this disgrace of Fouquet, repented his atrocious behaviour to his cousin, and now came forward to take up the cudgels on her behalf; he quoted the testimony of the only two persons who had read Fouquet's papers. (viz. the King and the Chancellor le Tellier), to the fact, that Madame de Sévigné's letters were merely those of a witty and intelligent friend, and that Fouquet did wrong to mix them with others of so foreign a character.

Bussy in the Bastille was not an object for any feeling but pity to the noble woman he had tried to injure. She wrote to him in prison, and visited him on his liberation; forced him to own he had been in error, and treated him as if he had never insulted her—conduct truly worthy alike of innocence, dignity, and Christianity.

During all this time, without neglecting her affairs, or living out of the world, she had been busy with the training of her children: of

* "*Elle avait la taille belle, sans avoir bon air.*"

Mdlle. de Sévigné she made something so remarkable, by the excellent education she gave her, that Bussy, who, as he truly says, was no flatterer, always calls her "the most charming girl in France, thinking that by this means all the world will recognise her." *

Mdlle. de Sévigné was presented at Court, where her beauty and her fine dancing rendered her the ornament of every *fête*. When she moved in the elegant figures of the minuet, her mother's eyes sparkled with pleasure and admiration. The courtiers predicted that her beauty would set the world on fire; but Mdlle. de Sévigné was proud, and indifferent to their homage. She moved amid the frivolous beings who surrounded Louis XIV. as a superior creature, and was not married till her twentieth year, when she espoused a man much her elder, but who seems to have been good and attached to her.

The Count de Grignan was the King's lieutenant, first in Languedoc, afterwards in Provence.

To the separation consequent on this marriage the world is indebted for the most lively, affectionate, and brilliant correspondence it can boast. Through a long series of important years the pen of affection was busy tracing for this beloved daughter the news which were interesting at Paris—and Paris was at that time the capital of Europe. We are, accordingly, often in scenes of great historical interest; the letters form a series of cabinet pictures, or more properly a panorama illustrating the course of the age in which they were written.

The King, Louis XIV.—of whom the French, for many reasons, are proud—has his good qualities done full justice to by Madame de Sévigné; his vices she passes by in silence. How courtier-like and natural is the anecdote of Racine and his Sovereign:—

"Racine," said the King, graciously, "I said you should follow me in the campaign and see for yourself what war is like. Why did you not come?"

"May it please your Majesty, I am a simple bourgeois: I had no clothes fit for a campaign. I ordered some, but ere the tailor sent them home the towns were taken, the campaign over, and your Majesty coming home again."

One cannot but admire Louis' watchfulness of his servant's fortunes, and his generosity in paying their debts when their official positions had led them to make a too great display.

We admire also his protection of Molière, whose voice the court would have stifled, but for the royal master, who

Tenant sous son sceptre un monde en équilibre,
Faisait Racine heureux, et laissait Molière libre.

* *

The Baron de Sévigné, only son of the Marquise, was a person who, as she says, "had all

* "La plus jolie fille de France." 'Jolie,' in Madame de Sévigné's days, signified rather charming, attractive, than beautiful; she uses it frequently in these senses.

the little virtues which make society agreeable." He read aloud to perfection: especially did he impart to dramatic works a life and power which his mother fondly considered they possessed not in other mouths. But the Baron would not read to his mother the "Morale" of M. Nicole. So she and the Bien-bon saved Nicole, for the time, when the "guidon" should have rejoined his regiment, and gave themselves for the present to Molière and Corneille. The Abbé sat in his arm-chair at his ease; Madame de Sévigné at her tapestry-frame; while the Baron declaimed the sonorous couplets of French tragedy, or added zest to the satire of comedy by the *espièglerie* of his manner. He was a charming son, but he had the failings of his father. To him De Sévigné was all a Christian mother should be. She did not drive him from her by reproaches; she thought (and wisely) that, so long as he gave his mother his confidence, all was not lost. Finally she reclaimed him: she had the satisfaction to marry him well, to see the sincerity of his reformation abundantly proved, and to behold him mingling with his "little virtues" the greater ones, without which life can be neither happy nor respectable.

The kind and true-hearted mother was, to a certain degree, the adviser and assistant of her daughter in her maternal cares. Madame de Grignan, though a very excellent person, and a woman of a cultivated mind, had not the unbroken amiability, the loveable temper of her mother. Her second daughter, Pauline, was a high-spirited girl, but exceedingly affectionate. The Countess de Grignan seems to have overlooked Pauline's good points. She complains of her "*humeur farouche*," and wishes to send her away to a convent for education.

Madame de Sévigné knew better: "Keep your daughter near you," she says: "life is too short to give up any pleasure which God puts in our way. Do not scold Pauline, do not humiliate her:" and she advises her daughter to reason with Pauline, and to give her certain books and masters.

Madame de Grignan was advised at another time by some clerical acquaintance to circumscribe her daughter's studies, and above all, to forbid her reading dramatic pieces. The kind and pious grandmother interferes:—"I do not think you will have the courage to obey your *Père Lanterne*. Will you not give Pauline, who has a good intellect, the pleasure of using it in reading the fine plays of Corneille and others? To have only this omission for devotion, without being influenced to make it, by the grace of God, appears to me a very imperfect religion (*me parait être bottée à cru*). It has no connexion or conformity with the rest of her life. I do not see that M. and Madame de Pomponne act thus with Félicité, whom they have taught Italian and everything else which contributes to form the mind. They have brought up Madame de Vins in the same manner, and have not neglected to teach their daughter that it is right to be a Christian, and what it is to be a Christian; and to instruct her in the beauty and solid holiness

of our religion. This is all I will say to you of it."

There are handfuls of wise maxims and counsels in her letters, but the book is too well known to need quotation; and the limits of our paper forbid our making even a rapid *résumé* of the historic events she notices. We may only linger to see James II. and his queen, with the Prince of Wales, established at St. Germain's. We may just note that we have reciprocated the hospitality of the "grand Louis" to our runaway King more than once—

*Cette hospitalité mélancolique et sombre
Qu'on reçoit, et qu'on rend de Stuarts à Bourbons!*

"You know how M. de Lauzun resolved five or six weeks ago to go to England; he could not make a better use of his leisure. He has not abandoned the King of England, while all the world betrayed and abandoned him. Last Sunday (19th Dec., 1688) the King (of England) having made up his mind, retired to rest with the Queen, and dismissed his attendants: an hour after he rose again, and ordered a gentleman of the bed-chamber to send in to him a man whom he would find at the door of the ante-chamber—it was M. de Lauzun. The King said to him, 'Sir, I confide to you the Queen and my son: you will risk all, and try to get them into France.' M. de Lauzun thanked him, as you may think; but he wished to be accompanied by a gentleman of Avignon, who is well-known for courage and merit. This was Saint Victor, who wrapped the young prince in his cloak."

They take a hackney-coach to the river, and a boat from the shore to the mouth of the Thames, where they go on board a yacht, which brings them safely to Calais.

"The courier arrived at noon yesterday, and told the king all these particulars; at the same time the carriages of his Majesty were ordered to go to meet the Queen of England, to conduct her to Vincennes, which is being furnished for her."

James himself arrived a short time afterwards.

"As for the flight of the King, it seems that the Prince of Orange intended it. The King was sent to Exeter, where he wished to go; the front of his house was very well guarded, while all the back doors were left open and unwatched. The Prince did not contemplate the death of his father-in-law; he is in London, holding a King's office, without taking the title, wishing only to re-establish a religion which he believes to be good, and to maintain the laws of the country without shedding a drop of blood; this is the reverse of what we thought of him, these are very different points of view. However, the King acts divinely towards these English sovereigns, for is it not to act like the Almighty to cherish a King, exiled, betrayed, abandoned as he is? The noble soul of the King is delighted to play this great part. He went before the Queen (of England) with all his household, and a hundred carriages, with six horses in each."

"The next day, when the King of England was to arrive, the King waited for him at St. Germain's, where he arrived late, for he came from Versailles; the King walked backwards to the end of the guard-chamber, before the King of England; the latter stooped as if to embrace his knees, the King prevented him, and embraced him cordially several times. They talked privately during a quarter of an hour; then the King presented to him Monseigneur, Monsieur, and the Cardinal de Bonzi; he conducted him to the apartment of the Queen (of England), who could scarcely restrain her tears. After a conversation of some moments, his Majesty led them both to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, where, after talking for some time, he left them, nor would he allow them to reconduct him. At parting, he said to the King, 'This is your house; when I come here, you shall do me the honours of it, and I will do the same for you when you come to Versailles.'"

Some weeks after Louis equipped ten thousand men, at whose head James was to invade Ireland. When he bade Louis adieu, the latter said, smiling, "I have forgotten one thing, that is, arms for yourself." He then gave him his own.

Madame de Sévigné adds, "Our heroes of romance never did a more gallant thing. What will not this brave and unhappy King do with these ever-victorious arms?"

Heaven be thanked, the arms of the great Louis were *not* successful in the hands of James! What a different England might we now have had, had the French Revolution found us where the Stuarts left us. Providence sent us the eagle-fronted William to lay the foundations of a rational and solid liberty, by giving us a Constitution, which, admitting of reform and alteration, contains the elements of self-renewal; the only terms on which a government can be lasting.

Madame de Sévigné had often expressed a wish that the order of nature might not in her case be reversed, "that she might not survive the only affections which make life desirable:" her desire was granted. As if, too, to gratify her dearest wishes, she expired at the house of her son-in-law, the Count de Grignan. Her daughter, writing a fortnight after the death of the Marquise, says, "I have no strength to raise my eyes to the only place whence help can come; I can only look around me, where I no longer see the person who loaded me with benefits."

Her son-in-law, writing to the Abbé de Coulanges, says; (and how much better than the mockings of our scoffing age at the name and relation of mother-in-law is such a tribute as this!—)

"You understand better than any one, Sir, the loss we have sustained, and my reasonable grief. The distinguished merit of Madame de Sévigné was to you perfectly familiar. It is not merely a mother-in-law whom I regret; this name is not always powerful to excite such emotion as mine: I regret an amiable and constant

friend, a delightful companion. But what merits our admiration rather than our regret, is the courage with which she looked death in the face, certain as she was of the result of her malady from its beginning. This person, so sensitive and so tender for those she loved, found only courage and religion when she had her own death to think about; and we could not but remark of the importance of filling one's mind with good things and holy reading (for which Madame de Sévigné had a taste, not to say an extreme eagerness), when we saw the use she made of these good provisions in the last moments of her life. I tell you all these details, Monsieur, because they are agreeable to your feelings and your friendship for her whom we

weep; and I confess, my mind is so full of her, that it is a relief to me to find a man so proper as you to listen to, and respect my communications."

But we must close the volume of De Sévigné's life. Is not her character a fit study for us all?

* * * * *

From three standing-points we may contemplate her: these are—religious creed, birth, and situation. She was remarkable in each point of view, and she might have such a triple epitaph as few men or women have deserved. She was a Catholic without bigotry, a Patrician without arrogance, a Courtier without hypocrisy.

M Y C O U S I N.

(AN AMERICAN STORY.)

BY K. R. P.

CHAP. I.

A few simple sketches would I lay before you, gentle reader—sketches from the life of one I knew and loved—and which, I will hope, may serve to shew the "good" which may be gained by "a word spoken in season."

And now let me introduce at once the heroine of my little tale, my well-beloved Cousin Alice, or, more formally, Miss Alice Ermyn, only daughter of the Hon. Judge Ermyn, and niece of the very worthy and venerable maidens, Miss Amelia Barton and her sister, Miss Anne, who, having had her in charge since her fifteenth year, and being, withal, very goodnatured misses, had endeavoured, aided in every respect by her father, as much as in them lay, to pet, pamper, and spoil entirely the interesting young heiress; and had succeeded as well as might be expected, when we consider the materials with which they had to work. But Alice was not easily spoiled; and, notwithstanding she possessed her share of faults, she was nevertheless a very lovely and a very "lovable" personage.

True, Aunt Anne was brought to acknowledge that "Alice was fond of having her own way," while others thought Alice was downright obstinate; and Aunt Amelia "wished Alice were not quite so spirited," while others were often annoyed at the little termagant's display of temper; still a tear or a nod from ~~one~~ she loved would cause her to yield, even when most determined to carry her point, or subdue her when in one of her most violent outbreaks of temper. And then, when not angry, no one could be more generous, more entirely thoughtless of self, more devoted in her love to her friend, than this same Alice.

The Misses Barton lived in a handsome white house, "beautifully situated on the banks of the Hudson," as the geographers say. It was a fine old place, with its smoothly shaven lawns

stretching down to the sparkling waters, and shaded by elm-trees, the society of hill and dale, all belonging to the Barton farm: and the house, too, was a handsome structure, which had been built by Miss Barton's grandfather. And the certainty that all this would descend to the young Alice did not in the least diminish the interest with which the mammon-loving community regarded her.

I had just returned from college when I first saw Alice Ermyn. I was about to make the tour of Europe, and was paying some long-owed visits previous to my departure. I was rather averse to making these visits, especially to my aunts Anne and Amelia, for several reasons. In the first place, like college youths in general, I imagined myself remarkably precocious, and feared that my profundity and wit would be but ill appreciated by maiden aunts; and then, as a natural consequence of my self-admiration, I considered ladies in general, and elderly ladies in particular, quite unworthy of my regards. Alice soon cured me of that, however, for she was then verily a charming little representative of the, by me, despised sex. Expect not, however, my cousin's flirtation. Notwithstanding Alice had, among other faults, quite a taste for coquetry, she would by no means waste her talents on such an unpromising specimen as myself; and as for me, I soon loved Alice too well to flirt with her.

I have not, as yet, said one word about my cousin's personal appearance; and indeed I scarcely know what to say. Some called her beautiful, some said she was pretty; others would only grant she might be so, were her nose straight, and her eyes not so peculiar. For me, I know she was not beautiful; yet there was not one feature of her face I would have had altered.

She had one of those peculiar complexions so rarely seen, yet so extremely beautiful, where

the skin seems transparent, and beneath it may be seen wandering, on her cheeks, the hue of the rose, and on her temples the delicate blue veins. Her mouth, her teeth, and her chin, in its curve to the throat, were perfect; her eyes were a sort of hazel, of a rather unusual colour, but bright and expressive.

Alice and I were soon warm friends. I had lost both my parents; Alice had only her father remaining, and he was my guardian. We had neither of us brothers or sisters, or any other cousins, so we naturally grew very fond of each other; and though I was with her but a fortnight, and though that was our first meeting, still, when I left her, Alice cried bitterly, expatiated upon the absurdity of travelling in general, and of her cousin's travelling in particular, and seemed about to launch into a regular "fit of the blues;" while I could only promise to write often, and claim the same promise from her. And so I left her.

Alice was then about fourteen; and when I next saw her, upon my return from Europe, she was eighteen. I had heard from her often during my absence. At length news came that she had gone to New York, and that, under the chaperonage of her aunt, the gay and beautiful Mrs. B——, she had made her *entrée* into fashionable life, and was admired and courted, as I had expected.

During the first year of my absence from home, I had formed the acquaintance of Philip Howe. He was several years older than myself, being at that time nearly thirty, while I was scarcely twenty years old. Philip Howe was universally called, by the ladies, a very handsome and entertaining man—by gentlemen, a very clever and agreeable one, and a very talented and fascinating one by all: and they were all right. The chief secret, however, of my first attachment to him, lay in the fact that I already knew his sister in America; and although my cousin Alice was a very dear cousin, I meant, on my return, that Helen Howe should be something still dearer. So Philip and myself became inseparable. We travelled together through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland; and with the increased knowledge which every day brought me of his noble character, did my love increase for him also. He possessed the most brilliant conversational powers I ever knew. His information was extensive, and his eloquence persuasive. I scarcely ever heard a subject discussed of which he did not seem to possess a thorough knowledge. One subject alone did he avoid—that of religion.

I had often spoken of Alice to Philip; but I remembered and described her only as a beautiful, but wayward child, and had never dreamed that such a one could ever influence a mind like his. I had read to him portions of her letters. At first they were mere sprightly, girlish effusions, always entertaining, rarely thoughtful, and never studied; afterwards they assumed a deeper, more earnest tone, and seemed to speak a character more formed and more perfect. At all times they were refined, and displayed occa-

sionally bursts of enthusiasm that would even startle one by their intensity. Philip seemed much interested in her letters.

"Your cousin," said he, "has a great deal of character. One may see that from her letters. They tell of a thoughtful mind, but a happy heart, and one that has never known sorrow."

"And God grant she never may!" said I. "She is ill fitted to bear with sorrow. I think a deep sorrow would kill Alice."

"Not so," answered Philip. "I see much of resolution in her letters; and I should judge that she had much of fortitude in her character."

At length, after an absence of four years, Howe and myself turned our route homeward.

"You must introduce me to your cousin Alice when we arrive at America," said Philip to me, the evening after our departure from England. We stood upon the deck watching the sunset: we had been speaking of Helen and my hopes.

"Willingly," was my reply to his remark. "And, by the way, I received a letter from her yesterday. I will read you a portion of it, for in truth I am somewhat surprised, not at what has occurred, but that she has said nothing about it before, when she has written so often."

And I procured the letter and read—Alice had united with the church.

"Do you wonder at this?" she wrote. "I trust not. I have been, I am still, high-hearted and happy—far happier than I had ever dreamed of before. It has come to me, this beautiful faith, like sunlight from the heaven above; and, while it has given to this life a joy unspeakable and more lasting, it has taught me that, when I have passed away from earth, He, the Holy One, has prepared a rest, a rest of happiness, where all who have loved him here must be blessed forever, because His dwelling-place is there. Why should this love for the Creator render me gloomy and ascetic? Does it not rather render me more perfect, because more holy, every earthly joy, and take the sting from every earthly woe? Does it not teach us to treasure more carefully, and esteem more highly, all those qualities in others which excite our love, because these they have received from 'our Father;' and it is the possession of these which renders them more like Him?"

"This Christian religion," said Philip, as if to himself, when I had paused, "is beautiful, if we could only believe it; infinitely more so than any other which has ever been formed."

"And do you not believe it, Philip?" said I.

He seemed annoyed, and hastily endeavoured to change the conversation.

"Answer me, Philip," I insisted. "I wish to talk of this now."

He was silent a moment; then approaching nearer to me, he replied—"My mother died before my recollection. My father owned a large plantation in Georgia, where we resided. He was a man of talent and energy; but he possessed a grasping ambition and an indomitable pride; and—I speak thus to you alone, Tom—he had little regard for the means of

which he made use, or what were the consequences to others, if only he accomplished his purposes. I was the oldest son: I had one brother, Edmond, who died when I was about eighteen. My father, for some reasons which I cannot explain to you, had always disliked me. He was a man of violent passions; and after the death of my mother, his hatred of me increased to such an extent that he could not endure my presence. He selected a college at the north where I should pursue my education, and I did not return to my home until after his death. And this man, *my father*, was a member of the church! And as I often saw him leave his home with curses on his lip, and enter the church, and with great apparent emotion read the service and repeat the 'creed,' I could scarcely fail to acquire a disgust at the church which would admit such a member, and a disbelief of the religion which he professed. This has increased with my observation. I have, indeed, seen some more consistent believers than he, and some enthusiasts, who really seemed to believe the truth of the doctrine; but rarely have I seen one whose religion was of the heart, the understanding, and the conduct."

"But," said I, "should we conclude, because some of the professors of this faith are false, that the faith itself is so?"

"Perhaps not, Tom," replied he—"perhaps not. Let us speak no more of this. I meant never to have done so. It was not wise for me to risk the diminishing of our friendship on account of a mere difference of opinion; and still less would I wish that any word of mine should have a tendency to weaken your faith, if you really believe this doctrine. And now, Tom, let us never speak of this again." And, so saying, he turned and walked away.

Our voyage was prosperous; and, at length, the fair shores of America dawned upon our view, and soon after we had landed in the busy city of New York. As soon as possible after my arrival, I hastened to seek my uncle and cousin, and Howe to see his sister.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when I rang for admittance at Mrs. B.'s beautiful mansion, and was ushered into her parlours. Judge Ermyrn, I was informed, was out of town, but Miss Ermyrn would be with me soon; and, almost before the message was delivered, she entered.

I had left Alice a child; I found her now a woman, and a very beautiful one; yet still the same warm-hearted Alice, as I discovered from her affectionate greeting. Her manners were still as winning as of old; but she had acquired a self-possession which rendered them still more graceful in the woman, though differing much from the waywardness, the quick succession of smile and frown and tear, which had rendered her so charming as a child. She still retained all her former frankness and artlessness, while at the same time firm principles seemed to have acquired the control of her impulsive temper.

The clear colour still revelled in her cheek, and the smile still hovered round her red lip,

disclosing as often as of old the pearls they hid; but, in the glance of her dark eye, might be seen traces of thoughts and feelings once unknown. Her usual exquisite taste was displayed in her dress; but I perceived, from its richness, that she was probably engaged somewhere for the evening. I asked her where, and received permission to accompany her.

"We were intending to go to Mrs. Arlington's for a short time, and then we were engaged to Mrs. Ward. By the way, it is there that Miss Howe resides. I believe you are acquainted with her, ain't you, coz? Mr. Ward is her guardian."

"Indeed!" said I, with an increased desire to accompany her. "I would like much to see Miss Howe"—

"I don't doubt it," interrupted Alice.

"But I don't care to go to Mrs. Arlington's."

"Oh," said Alice, "I will persuade my aunt to go there alone, and we will call for her in an hour."

She did so; and, after Mrs. B.— had "sailed" into the room, "congratulated me upon my safe arrival, hoped I was very well, and that she should see me often at her house," she left us with the injunction not to delay for more than an hour.

We talked earnestly and frankly until the clock told the hour of ten; then Alice, starting, declared we must go.

We called for Mrs. B.—, and drove to Mr. Ward's. I pass over the joy I felt at meeting Helen, and at the assurance I contrived to elicit that she was still true to me as when I left her.

At length, as I stood talking with her for a moment between the dancing, Philip joined us.

"I have seen a vision of loveliness, Tom," said he, "which I believe is some one to whom you have promised me an introduction. You have been so engrossed by some fair lady—don't blush so, Nelly—as to have quite forgotten it."

"Ah! What is she like?" said I. "Let me see if you are right in your conjecture."

"She has a laughing eye, a blushing cheek, and the most beautiful mouth, chin, and throat in the world. Then, I believe, she wears white gauze, lace, or gossamer, over rose colour. On the whole, I think she would remind one very much of a cherry rose, with a beam of sunlight flashing on its petals."

"Bravo, brother Philip!" said Helen. "You certainly are improved in the charming art of paying compliments to an absent lady, though scarcely in flattering one present."

"I leave that for Tom when we are with you. He does such things with a much better grace than I. Besides, Nelly, I have a strange way of never flattering those whom I love, especially when we have been parted so long as you and I have."

"Ah, brother," said she, "call all the world beautiful, if you will; while you remember your sister thus, she is happy." Then, suddenly changing her tone, as she saw my earnest gaze

at her face, with a blush and a smile that a woman has at her command in such cases, she exclaimed, "There, take him, and introduce him to this sun-bright maiden, who, I imagine is my friend, Alice Ermyrn. I see Captain Osborn coming to claim me for this dance."

I found my cousin surrounded by a troop of dangles, who, however, soon dispersed as I, rather unceremoniously, claimed for myself and my friend the principal share of her attention.

As we approached, she, to the great mortification of the perfumed gentry around, was good-naturedly conversing with a *very* shy, awkward boy, whom I had previously endeavoured to engage in conversation, and had entirely failed in my effort. Alice, however, with a woman's tact, had "drawn out" his conversational powers, and his proud, happy look was very different from the shy, distressed, "not-at-home" expression he had formerly worn. She gave him into my charge, when she soon after accepted Philip's invitation to promenade, with a whispered injunction to "amuse him till she came back, for he seemed very lonesome."

Such acts as this were what, more than levity or wit, rendered Alice a general favourite—acts of genuine kindness, by which she won not only admiration, but gratitude and friendship. That same boy said to me, years after, when his awkward bashfulness had given way to a graceful self-possession—

"I shall not, I think, forget Miss Ermyrn's kindness to me at the first party I ever attended. It seemed a little thing to her to speak to me and make me speak; but I was fresh from the country, and the most retired part of it, where I had seen little company, and the lights and these people, I assure you, frightened me terribly, till finally, Miss Ermyrn, with her earnest, unaffected, good-natured manner, placed me quite at my ease. Such little acts have gained her the gratitude and friendship of many others besides myself."

After that night, we saw Alice frequently. Helen and Alice were already acquainted; and, for my sake first, afterwards for her own, Alice sought her society much, and soon learned to love her as a dear friend.

Philip remained several weeks in New York, and then returned to his home at the south. During his stay in the city, Judge Ermyrn had returned. He, too, yielded to the skill of Philip's gifted mind and heart. He conceived a warm attachment to him, and earnestly invited him to accompany me to his house in the summer.

"Come home with Tom," said he. "I know that he and Alice, by their united efforts, are trying to persuade your sister to do so. Alice, in her usual wilful way, declares it shall be so; while Tom, I suppose, flatters himself he shall be equally successful by another mode of proceeding. We can promise you there fishing, and even shooting, sailing and driving, riding and walking, by way of amusement, with the society of such fair ladies"—

"By way of instruction," interposed Helen.

Philip laughed, thanked him, professed that it

would be extremely difficult to refuse such an invitation, glanced at Alice, who smiled, and finally ended by accepting the invitation.

CHAP. II.

July found Philip Howe on his way to the little village where was Alice's early home, and where we were spending the summer. I had driven to the neighbouring railroad station to meet him; and, soon after his arrival there, we alighted at my aunt Anne's hospitable door.

Helen was at the door to meet him, and welcome him with the warmest affection. He passed his arm round her slender waist, and, kissing lightly her pure white forehead, drew her to the parlour, where Judge Ermyrn stood with extended hand to welcome him.

"Yes!" exclaimed I; "this is ever the way: no sort of notice is taken of me when Philip is here."

"Don't begin to scold, Tom," said my uncle.

"I was talking to Helen," responded I.

"Humph!" said he. "If, by any possibility, you could be persuaded to stay away from her as long as Philip has, then you might perhaps be welcomed with more *empressement* than you now are."

"Should I, Helen?" whispered I pathetically.

And Helen laughed, as ladies always do when they don't know what to say.

In the mean time came Aunt Anne and Aunt Amelia, eager to welcome a brother of our Alice's friend.

He acknowledged all their kindness with his usual inimitable grace. And, at the first opportunity, Aunt Anne declared Mr. Howe to be the most agreeable young man she had met for years; so soon does a gentle manner and a pleasant word subdue the heart.

"Where is Miss Ermyrn?" asked Philip at length, as time passed on, and still she did not appear.

"Indeed I do not know," replied Aunt Amelia. "She went out about two hours since. I can't imagine why she is so long absent. She knew that you were coming, and that Tom had gone for you; and she said she should return before he did. Did she not tell you where she was going, Miss Howe?" said the good lady, quite alarmed lest any one should imagine Alice meant to treat with rudeness Helen's brother.

"No," replied Helen. "She merely said she was going out for a walk. I was dressing, and she did not ask me to accompany her."

"Doubtless performing some act of charity," quoth Aunt Anne.

Philip looked up at her with a quick glance, as of a person aware that words are often spoken "for effect," and able to detect where such was the case. He found little traces of deceit upon Aunt Anne's open countenance. I saw that Philip was a little piqued at my cousin's continued absence.

Tea was announced, and still she came not. After tea Helen was engaged for a game of

chess with my uncle. Philip and myself went out for a walk.

We strolled through the village to a portion of it where resided some Irish workmen at the neighbouring mills. In a dirty hovel, on a pallet of straw, lay a woman dying. Beside her, supporting her head upon her arm, sat Alice. Near her stood a broken earthen bowl, containing some water. With this, Alice occasionally cooled the feverish lips of the woman, or, with her own delicate fingers, smoothed back the dishevelled and tangled hair from her haggard face, whispering those low and soothing words which are music from a woman's lip. Directly a tidy looking woman passed us, whom I recognized as a sister of one of my aunt's servants. Led by a ragged Irish boy, she entered the house.

"Johnny says you sent for me, Miss Ermyn," said she.

"I did, Mrs. Brown," replied Alice. "I wish you would stay with this woman a few hours, until it is no longer necessary, and then take Johnny home with you till morning. I will send David down to stay with you. And I will try to return your kindness at some future day."

"Certainly I will stay, Miss Ermyn," answered Mrs. Brown, "to accommodate you, if not for humanity's sake. I shall not forget how kind you were to my poor Andrew when he died."

We passed on, and heard no more; but soon we saw Alice leave the house and walk quickly homeward. Slowly, we did the same.

"Yes," said Philip, at length, in a low tone, "it was beautiful to see that young, light-hearted girl bending, in tenderest love, over that wretched, dying woman! But her conduct would have been the same did she possess no belief in a heaven or a God. It is her own gentle heart which prompts such actions."

I did not reply, and we walked homeward silently.

Philip Howe's was not a heart easily won; neither was my cousin's; yet, as Philip lingered there week after week, I saw that the gentle but joyous spirit of Alice had awakened in Philip a deeper interest than had ever titled foreign dame; and upon my cousin's cheek came, at his glance, the fitful blush, and her eye had the impassioned look that tells when the deep wells of feeling within a woman's heart are stirred by the wing of love.

* * * * *

We sat one evening by the open window enjoying the twilight. My uncle and aunts were within the room.

"Alice," said Aunt Anne, "have you heard the sad intelligence in regard to your former friend, Mary Sandford?"

"No," exclaimed Alice. "What, aunt? Is she not happy? Her husband is?"

"She has none now, Alice."

"Charles Sandford dead! Did he die suddenly? I hope not."

"He did—very. He was thrown from his

horse, and killed by the fall. He died in great agony: and in that—in his extreme mental suffering—consisted Mary's chief misery. She could scarcely love one who treated her as he did."

"Was he unkind to her?" said Alice.

"He was positively cruel. He openly said he only married her out of regard to his father's command; that he disliked her; and he had never seen his child. He said he did not consider himself at all bound by his marriage; that he only lived with her to retain the Sandford property; condemned her as a 'canting hypocrite;' forbade her the use of money for charity, forbade her entrance into a church; and, in short, Mary has rather existed than lived during the four years of her married life."

"Poor Mary!" sighed Alice. "Why did she marry him—an infidel?"

"Does Miss Ermyn suppose it was that which wrecked her friend's happiness?"

"Certainly," said Alice. "How could it be otherwise?"

"Would you not wed an infidel?"

"Never!" said Alice, rather surprised at the question.

Philip's cheek grew pale; but he said no more.

"Why, Alice," said I, "a person may possess a warm, kind heart, and a gifted understanding—I have known such who were called infidels."

"Possibly you may, coz. But, as for me, I could never love one who had too little understanding to comprehend the simple and beautiful truths of the Gospel, too little taste to appreciate them, and too little heart to know and love their Author. Such a one would possess too little understanding, taste, and soul for me."

Philip arose suddenly, and remarked upon the beauty of the moon, professed himself a great admirer of moonlight, regretted that the dew was so heavy as to preclude the possibility of a moonlight walk accompanied by the ladies, and finally walked down to see its reflection upon the water. Excusing myself, I joined him.

We proceeded in silence to the river. It was a glorious night. The moon was at its full, and the tiny wavelets seemed woven of its golden rays, save where tree or rock threw over the water its well-defined shadow. The mellow ray fell on the dewy grass and trembling spray, lighting up all with a dreamy beauty. The pale features of my friend, as he leaned against the trunk of an elm tree, were clearly revealed. His lip was compressed, and his heavy brow hung low over his restless eye. I saw that he was suffering; yet I spoke not. He was not one to accept pity, nor I to seek confidence; so I silently drank in the glories of the night, and thought of Helen.

"Tom," said Philip at length, abruptly, "hear that whippowil. What does its song say?"

"Oh," said I, "there is a voluptuous melancholy in its note just fitting for the night."

"Not so," answered he; "'tis a note of bitter

sadness, as where there is no joy in the heart; and the moonlight, the glittering wave, the deep dark sky, and all the beauty here bring no relief. You have never known such sorrow, for yours is a happy, careless spirit, and you have friends to love you. You are—you will be happy, Tom; while with me the brightest cup is ever dashed with bitterness. Friendless in childhood, deceived and hated in youth, banished from home in earliest manhood, what wonder that gentleness and trust have left my heart? And now when, by one purer and holier, the crust which had gathered round its better feelings is broken, to be scorned for the very evil my misfortunes have occasioned, no wonder the spirit grows sad as the song of yonder bird. Tom, I love your cousin; and I had learned to hope that life would seem to me again not the paltry, worthless thing it has been; and now a wild enthusiasm has made her say she 'will not wed an *infidel*!'

There was a moment's pause, and then I spoke—

"Philip, I know that you love Alice. I believe that she loves you. Ask her. It may be"—

"I will, Tom! Thank you for those words; If she loves me, her religion will be but a slight obstacle. If it will yield to lighter passions, it surely will to love. I will ask her now," said he, after a pause; and, turning, we walked quickly towards the house.

Alice and Helen sat where we had left them. I drew Helen's arm within my own, and we went out upon the long piazza. Philip and Alice followed, and passed to a smaller one off from the conservatory.

"Alice," said Philip, in a low tone, "I must tell you a story to-night."

It was the first time he had called her Alice; and, as the moonlight fell upon his face, she saw that his cheek was flushed, and his eyes fixed with a strange, impassioned look upon her face. Alice trembled at she knew not what.

"Listen to me, Alice. When I was in Europe, I met your cousin. He loved my sister, and so we became nearer friends. He told me there of his fair young cousin Alice. He read me her letters, and spoke of her character. I became interested, and promised myself a pleasant acquaintance when I should see her. I returned, and met her. She was graceful, winning, and beautiful; far more so than I had ever seen or dreamed. Then, as I knew her more, I found her gentle, pure, and noble. I learned to love her devotedly, as only those who love rarely can love. Alice, can you not return this love? I know 'tis but a seared and wayward heart I have to offer; but it is full, full to the brim, with love for you. Will you not accept it, Alice?"

He had paused in his walk, and the moonlight fell upon the face of Alice, revealing the mantling of the rich colour on her delicate cheek, and the quiver of her warm, red lip, while the white eyelid concealed her beaming eye, as silently she placed her hand within his own.

He pressed his lips passionately upon her taper fingers for a moment; then, suddenly, he dropped her hand. A struggle passed over his features.

"No, Alice!" said he, "not so, not so! I must tell you all before you yield to me your love. Oh Heaven! my words may even now check the stream as it flows forth to meet me!" He paused for a moment, and then spoke, in a low, earnest, but still hopeful tone: "Alice, I have had a beautiful dream, and it seemed almost realized. There was a cup filled to the brim with happiness, and life and you had held the cup, beloved, to my lip; but, even as I tasted, I thought your hand trembled, and you had almost withdrawn the life-giving draught for ever from me. I must tell you all, Alice, lest a shadow steal between your heart and mine, and grow darker and darker, until both break in agony."

"Alice, you spoke this evening of feelings I have never known, of a love I have never felt. You said you would never wed with one who worshipped the God you worship. Alice, will you love me still when you know that this ideal being, this impersonation of goodness, who claims your heart's best feelings, is to me only an ideal, an illusion of the imagination, a mere dream, in which I cannot believe; that you alone, dearest, are my god, my idol—that you alone I worship?"

The moonlight again fell on the lady's face; but every trace of colour was gone—it expressed only horror and agony.

"Philip," said she, at length, and her voice sounded hollow and strange, "I can never be yours!"

"Alice!" he exclaimed, "think for a moment what you say! Your love is all the world to me! Think, Alice, of my misery, my despair; for every hope of my life now is centred upon you! I will respect your religion; I will never seek to estrange it. Oh, Alice, remember, if we part now, we may never meet again! Must it be so?"

"Oh, God!" said Alice, in a choking voice, "why am I so tempted?"

"Is it temptation, Alice? Do you love me?" asked Philip, in an eager voice.

"Yes, Philip Howe," she answered, "you are far dearer to me than life; but not than my God, and the safety of my soul. I cannot hazard that, even though now I would gladly die but to hear you recall those words which you have spoken. God bless you, Philip—and—farewell!" And, turning slowly, she left him.

Helen followed Alice to the parlour, and I joined Philip. I never saw a face so changed as his. His cheek was pale as the marble, his eyes were closed, and his whole frame shook with emotion. I gazed at him a moment in silence; then I spoke to him. With a strong effort he controlled his emotion, and, taking my arm, we left the piazza. His face was still pale, but calm and quiet as usual. Oh, the power of love, which can thus bend a proud man's spirit,

and crush a young woman's heart to atoms! Oh, the power of woman, who, with gentle words, smiles, and tears, gains over man the power to "kill or cure!"

Early on the ensuing morning, Howe left us on pretence of business at a neighbouring town.

We had already assembled at the breakfast-table when Alice entered. When she did, Helen and myself scanned her closely. She was very pale. All the beautiful colour had gone from her cheeks, save where, in one little place, it burned like a fever spot; her eyes were bright, but restless, and her smile was forced and strange. She was evidently under great excitement, expecting yet dreading to see Philip. She ate nothing; but, excusing herself, soon went about her accustomed duties.

I felt very sorry for my cousin. She seemed so ill fitted to crush, with a calm, determined hand, all the love and hopes of her own glad spirit—to see them wither, and still to live. The time wore on until the hour of noon, when a note came to Judge Ermyn, and one to myself, from Philip:

"DEAR TOM," mine ran, "I leave this morning for the South. I shall hope to see you and Helen there in the spring. I will write more in a few days. I cannot now. Your's, &c."

"P. HOWE."

I carried to Judge Ermyn the letter which was addressed to him. In his own manly, characteristic manner, Philip told him all; thanked him for his hospitality, and begged him to deliver the enclosed note to Miss Ermyn. My uncle requested me to deliver the note to Alice. I found that she had wandered to the river, to the very spot where Philip and I had stood the night before. She still seemed restless and excited. I handed her Philip's note in silence. She tore it open quickly, and read—

"ALICE, farewell! You have said it, and I leave you. I make no attempt to change your resolution, for I feel it would be ineffectual. I will not tell you of my misery; 'twould only render you more unhappy. I only bid you farewell. We shall meet no more for years, beloved. We shall only meet as strangers after years have flown. May you be happy, Alice, in the path which you have chosen! I have nothing left to comfort me in mine—nothing but the remembrance of her who is so dear to me. Once more, farewell!"

P. H."

Alice read the note; then, looking up, saw her father, who had joined us. She handed him the note, saying, in a voice of inexpressible sadness—

"It is all over now! This is the end!" And, turning, she walked quietly homeward.

We hastily followed her. Her face had lost all its colour, her cheek and lip were equally white. She spoke not; but, seating herself upon the piazza, remained silent for hours. At length, the sun went down and the moon arose; then, as its cold, pale light fell on her, she arose with a shudder, and entered the house.

How was all changed since she last looked upon its radiance! Then her heart was light

and happy; now it was almost breaking. Then she was rejoicing in the purest joy a woman knows—unselfish, devoted love; now she had learned a woman's bitterest lesson, her fairest hopes were crushed for ever.

At length, a passionate burst of tears gave relief to her overcharged feelings. She wept for a while, without restraint, in her father's arms, where she had been always used to grieve for her former childish sorrows.

"God has commanded the sacrifice," said she, with a trusting look in her tearful eyes, "and he will give me strength to bear it."

The long hours of night were passed by her in prayers for strength; but morning found her calm.

CHAP. III.

Time passed; and, with it, the cares of many, and the joys and hopes of many more. To Helen and myself it lagged pleasantly along, as it brought nearer our wedding day. To my poor cousin its tread was more solemn; it brought to her the realization of no bright hope on earth, it only brought her nearer her life's close.

The winter season came, and Alice returned to town. One bright October morning, I had married Helen Howe; and Alice, as the only bridesmaid, went much into society. She was still beautiful, but much changed from the belle of the preceding winter. The principal charm of her face had ever been its expression; and now, as if her soul had been purified by sorrow, it wore a lofty, earnest look, far more fascinating than the ever merry word and smile which had won the admiration of "society." Yet Alice grew not sombre.

"My lighter, happier hours," she said, "are for the world; my suffering for myself, or the few who would love me in my sorrow, and wish to share it with me."

So Alice laughed and jested still, was still courted and admired by the gentlemen, while, stranger still, her calm dignity forbade the malice of even "fine ladies." Yet her closer friends could see that the heart-happiness was gone from her smile and her glance. Her elastic spirit might have recovered from a sudden shock, her soul had received more; it was as if an iron hand had crushed it, and pressed out the brightest drops of life. Had Philip died believing in her faith, she could have borne it more easily; but to know he might live on for years in unbelief, and die at last uncheered by love of friends below, or hope of heaven above—this was the sharpest pang of her misery. Yet said she to her father, the only time she ever spoke of it—

"I dared not wed him. I trust my faith is strong. I know he might never have sought to change it; but could I have prayed at night, 'lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil,' when I had placed myself in the greatest temptation, and planted my foot in the very road to evil?"

Still time passed onwards towards eternity.

Winter had given place to gladsome spring, and, with the earliest May, Helen and I had accompanied Alice to her country home, and had turned our route southward.

July had come, with its glowing mornings and balmy evenings. Alice sat once more in the deep window by the piazza. One year ago Philip was there beside her. The sweet morning air came stealing over her warm cheek, and the wild, exulting song of the birds fell on her ear as pleasantly as then, and a feeling of renewed trust and peace came to her heart as she inhaled the breath and listened to the voice of nature, and thought of Him who had thus made for man "all nature beauty to his eye and music to his ear;" and, not only yielding anew her own heart to His trust and keeping, she rejoiced that He, too, would preserve the misguided wanderer whom she still mourned and loved.

Directly her father entered the room and seated himself by her side, handing her a letter, without a word. Alice took it, starting as she looked at the superscription. Did she not know that well? She had received one letter written by that hand, and she needed not to open this to know it was from Philip Howe. She broke the seal, and read—

"MY BELOVED ALICE,—Once more, though for the last time, I must call you thus—I am here, near the spot where you live, and I could not leave again without once more writing to you.

"Alice, I have found it—that faith for which you sacrificed your love—and it is you to whom I am indebted for it. That religion which could prompt an impassioned, warm-hearted woman to sacrifice what she confessed were her dearest hopes—I knew that religion could not be all a dream. Since that I have thought, I have studied, I have read, and conversed with the wisest and best divines. I have always believed in a Creator; I knew the world did not come by chance; but I believed not in the God of your love. I said, 'He is only an all-powerful God who can create and destroy.' The Bible and its glorious truths were nothing to me.

"Now, thanks be to Him, I believe, fully and fervently, *all*. But all this has come too late for my joy in this world, though I trust not too late for my peace in another.

"You are another's now. I had not thought you could so soon forget your love; yet I do not reproach you. It was right that you should struggle against your love for an *infidel*. Were you still free and loving me, I might now claim you, since that bar to our happiness is removed. Yet now I must once more bid you farewell! And, deeply and faithfully as I still love you, still I rejoice that you once refused my love, as without that I might never have learned a nobler than even worship of you. My still loved, but lost Alice, 'God bless you!'

P. H."

Alice's face grew absolutely radiant with joy. Unmindful of her father's presence, she fell on her knees, and fervently thanked the Being who had thus answered her prayers. At length, when she had somewhat recovered from her emotion, she handed her father the note.

"What means this, Alice?" said he—"you are another's now!"

"Indeed," exclaimed Alice, "I do not know.

It must be he has heard so." She had, for the moment, forgotten the last part of the note in her joy at the intelligence contained in the first. She thought some time. "I will write to him," said she finally, "and tell him, father, that I am still free."

"Do so, my child."

And Alice wrote—

"PHILIP, thank God for what you have told me! I am happy now. Why do you say I am not free? I am bound to but one only. Let him come to me, and he shall find me still his. ALICE."

What now remains to be told? Philip had, indeed, given credence to a false report in regard to her engagement to another. They were united, and were happy.

Years have passed since then. Helen sits beside me as I write. She has become a fair, plump matron; yet she seems to me still as lovely as when we wandered by the river's bank in former days. Philip and Alice are with us now. Time has slightly blanched my friend's dark hair, and dimmed the bloom upon my cousin's cheek, yet still her smile answers his as warmly as on that bright July morning years ago.

REGRET.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"Never regret that which you can or which you cannot help."

The words are wise and truthful ones

That bid us not regret:

The past is past, and cannot change,

The future woe as yet.

But oh! the bitter pang will come,

The burning tears will rise,

And the white lips with anguish dumb

Writhe at some memories.

Are there not words we should have said,

Or none we wish unsoken?

No chains of friendship or of love

Whose cherish'd links are broken?

No good neglected or despised,

No dream of bygone years,

Thick on whose brightness lies the rust

Of unavailing tears?

Alas! we all are haunted by

Some shade that ne'er departs;

Which comes not only in life's night,

But when within our hearts

The voice of Joy sings clear and loud,

And Hopes her wealth's revealing,

The shadow of a distant cloud

Across the sunshine stealing.

Is there no love-lit eye, of which

We think almost with pain,

Whose glance we sometimes coldly met,

And ne'er shall meet again?

Ah! yes; the words are wise and true

That bid us not regret;

But there are graves amid the past,

On which we're mourners yet.

A CHAPTER ON CHAINS AND BRACELETS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Without falling back upon the theory of Ter-tullian, who gives an antediluvian antiquity to the ornaments which form the subject of our paper, attributing the discovery of their materials, and the invention of the trinkets themselves, to the love of the fallen angels for the daughters of men, we find them mentioned in Hebrew history as early as the days of the Patriarchs, and trace them thence to the Egyptian, Chaldean, and Persian nations, whence their transit to the Lacedemonians and Phœnicians, and subsequently to the Gauls and Celts, was a natural result of war and commerce. In the East, the chain appears to have been strictly a badge of honour and authority conferred at the hands of a king, and except where Ezekiel speaks of Jerusalem under the similitude of a woman, we do not remember an instance in holy writ in which it is referred to as an article of feminine adornment. The prophet Jeremiah includes necklaces and bracelets amongst the tinkling ornaments of which the haughty daughters of Israel were to be despoiled, but chains are not mentioned.

The investiture of Joseph by the Egyptian Pharaoh, and of Daniel at the hands of Belshazzar, the Chaldean king, will occur to every one.

Bracelets, on the contrary, were worn by both sexes, and were possibly more distinctive of wealth than rank; though amongst the Jewish men, we read that Judah, the head of a tribe, wore them; and the Amalekite who slew Saul took as part of his spoil the bracelet that was upon his arm: this is the first instance in which the armilla is recorded as being worn by a warrior.

Hereafter we shall perceive, that not only was the custom of wearing these ornaments, but even the dictation of the occasions on which they should be worn and presented, continued from nation to nation, down to comparatively modern times.

From the Chaldeans the Persians are said to have adopted the chain as one of the insignia of office; but no man was permitted to assume it who had not been invested by royal hands.

Homer, who wrote 997, some say 994, years before Christ, mentions the bracelet;* and Keating tells us, that by royal command, in the reign of Muirheanhoim, King of Ireland, anno mundi 3070, the Irish gentlemen were distinguished from the common people by wearing a chain of gold around their necks.

Always a favourite ornament with the Medes and Persians, the bracelet appears to have played the same part at the latter court that royal snuff-boxes and portraits have done in later times at others; for Arlian informs us that

the Persian kings rewarded all ambassadors, whether from Greece or other nations, with presents of bracelets; but though worn as badges of rank, and given as rewards of valour, we do not find them in use amongst the Greek men, who regarded them as only fitted for women's wear. And it would have been thought effeminate at Rome (where, according to Pliny, the gift of the golden bracelet was reserved especially for her citizens) to have worn them ordinarily.

The ladies of both these nations appear to have been particularly fond of the use of this ornament, which sometimes glittered on the wrist, and at others circled the arm almost as high as the shoulder. Amongst the relics of Pompeii, a lava-buried lady was found, wearing two bracelets of gold upon one arm; and many skeletons have been discovered in tumuli in this country, with a single bracelet worn, as Livy tells us the Sabine women wore theirs, on the *left* arm.

Speaking of these ladies reminds us that the same authority states that *their* bracelets of gold were of great weight, a circumstance perhaps not wholly overlooked by the wily Romulus in the prospectus of those games which were to end in their forcible abduction. But the Roman ladies, who adopted the bracelet as a badge of rank, appear to have emulated their maternal ancestors in the massiveness of this adornment; for, according to Petronius Arbiter the satirist, who was put to death A. D. 66, some of them wore bracelets of many pounds in weight!† and several of a very solid description, and on that account supposed to be military armillia, have been discovered amongst Roman antiquities in this country.

Those of the ancient inhabitants of Magna Græcia, which the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have brought to light, though elegant in form, are far from massive.

The snake-shaped bracelet, so frequent in our days, was a favourite form with the ladies of antiquity, possibly because these creatures were sacred to Esculapius, and were supposed to counter-charm witchcraft and the evil eye (superstitions which the people of the Campania to this day believe in), besides that they had been held sacred by the Egyptians as the symbols of prudence and foresight.

But the form of the bracelet was as varied as the materials that composed it, being sometimes made of amber, brass, and ivory, but more frequently of gold, silver, and bronze.

Sometimes it was studded with jewels; at others it appears as a simple band of precious metal, with a rosette in the centre, and two star-like flowers at the sides; while very frequently we find it made of gold wire, twisted together in

* 18th Book of the Iliad.

† Petronius asserts that some weighed six-and-a-half, and others ten pounds.

the form of a cable, thicker in the middle than at the ends, and of a curved form, so as to fasten by compressing the arm of the wearer, whence they received in Latin the name of *Spinther*. Occasionally they resembled a coil of golden rope, and required, when put on, to be slightly expanded, by having the ends drawn apart; these encircled the arm twice or thrice, according to their length; and a drawing of one of this description, of solid gold, found, if we remember right, in Cheshire, is given in the *Archæologia*, which must have gone twelve times round the arm of the wearer, and is supposed to have belonged to a warrior.

Plutarch, Xenophon, Herodian, Isidorus, and others, all allude to them as military gifts; the *Draconarii*, or standard bearers, wore them; and amongst many other instances we may cite that of Aulus Gellius, the Roman Achilles, as he was called from his invincible valour, whom Lucius Sicius Dentatus tells us received, amongst other honours, more than a hundred and sixty bracelets. Nor was the use of them confined to the Greek and Roman nations: with the Norwegians, Gauls, Celts, and Saxons they were also the rewards of bravery: the fragmentary compositions of the Scaldic bards which remain to us are full of allusions to this custom and in the Saxon chronicle, under the year 975, the English Edgar is expressly called the bestower of bracelets, the rewarder of heroes.

Dion Cassius, and other writers who have described the dress of the warlike Queen of the Britons, Boadicea, inform us that she wore a chain of gold about her neck, and bracelets on her arms. And William of Malmesbury, complaining of the luxury of the English in the time of the Confessor, says that they adorned their arms with massive bracelets of gold.

From Bartholinus we learn that it was not usual for maidens to wear these ornaments, but that they were frequently birth-day and spousal presents; a fashion which would seem to date back to the offering of Eliezar to the fair Rebekah, at the well without the city of Nehor, when sent to choose a wife for Isaac.

Like the ring, a bracelet was considered to have a binding charm for lovers; and a superstition existed, that, if placed amongst treasure, it would cause it to increase.

Bracelets were frequently offered in the Roman temples, as they had been by the ancient Israelites towards the adornment of the Tabernacle; and Matthew Paris, in his description of King Henry III.'s visits to St. Alban's Abbey in 1244 (where he stayed three days each time), tells us that the first was on the Feast of St. Bartholomew, and the last on that of St. Thomas, when he gave a rich pall or cloak at the high altar, and three bracelets of gold at the shrine of the saint.

Thus under three phases of religion we find this ornament appearing as a votive gift.

A century later, and we find them instrumental in ending one of the most romantic episodes which history records, or Rome ever witnessed—the death of Rienzi. This “last of

the Tribunes,” who restored in his own person the state of these ancient dignitaries, wore these ornaments; and it is recorded in the curious memoir by the Fathers Brumoy and Cerceau, that having (with the hope of escaping from the Capitol when the conspirators surrounded it) disguised himself in a peasant's coat which he found in his porter's lodge, and covered his face with charcoal, and his head and shoulders with a quilt and bed-covering, as if he had come for plunder, he would in all probability have made his escape, “but, that either by chance, or his kinsman's treachery, a man having perceived him on the steps, after looking very earnestly at him, took him by the arms and held him fast. Unfortunately for the senator, the golden bracelets he used to wear upon his arms, and which he had imprudently neglected, or forgot to take off, betrayed him in spite of his disguise.”

From the bracelets of Rienzi (in spite of the lapse of time) we come almost naturally to the chain of Masaniello, who, at the head of a Neapolitan mob in July 1647, succeeded in overthrowing the impost on all articles of consumption, and restoring to the people the privileges granted to the city by Charles V. Whereupon the governor, Duke d'Arcos, whose oppressive taxation had given rise to the tumult, and whose few German and Spanish troops had been defeated, after signing the treaty, and granting an amnesty to all concerned in the insurrection, put a chain of gold round Masaniello's neck, and saluted the young fisherman of Amalfi by the title of Duke of St. George.

But long prior to this there is an anecdote told in the life of Bellini Gentile, an artist of considerable merit born at Venice 1421, which shows that the antique use of the chain, as a mark of kingly favour, had been perpetuated in the East to this period. Some of this artist's pictures had found their way by the hands of commercial speculators to Constantinople, where having been seen by the Sultan Mohammed II., Bellini was invited by this monarch to visit his court. The invitation was accepted, and besides the Sultan's portrait the artist was commissioned to paint several pictures, and amongst the rest the decollation of St. John: this picture, upon its completion, was greatly admired by Mohammed, who nevertheless discovered a defect in the appearance of the dis severed neck, and to prove the accuracy of his criticism, ordered the head of a slave to be struck off in the presence of the horrified artist, who never enjoyed another moment's tranquillity till he had obtained leave to return to Venice.

Mohammed dismissed him with letters to the Senate, expressing his admiration of his talents, and, amongst other proofs of his favour, placed, in the fashion of another Pharaoh, a golden chain about his neck.

We learn from Livy that chains as well as bracelets were sometimes given as rewards to soldiers by the Romans; they were called by them *catena*, and the diminutive *catella* was used as well for those of superior value, from the fineness and delicacy of their workmanship

as in reference to size. They were worn by women, either on the neck or round the waist, and were used, as Pliny tells us, to suspend pearls, jewels set in gold, keys, lockets, and other trinkets; so that the *chataleine* of our great great grandmothers in all probability had a classic origin.

The Roman chains exhibit a great variety of beautiful and ingenious patterns, and occasionally vie in fineness of workmanship with those now made at Venice.

In the exhumations of antiquities at Pompeii some very beautifully executed specimens of the chain have been discovered; Mrs. Starke speaks of one partly enamelled, but no silver ones are mentioned.

Virgil speaks of the chains worn by the ancient Gauls, in describing the workmanship of the shield presented by Venus to her son, in that section of its prophetic embossments which represented their approach to the walls of Rome at the very moment that the cackle of the silver goose, at the gate of the temple, discovered them.

"The gold dissembles well their yellow hair,
And chains of gold on their white necks they wear."

From various sources we learn that with this nation the chain made the principal ornament of persons in power, and was worn on all occasions—even in battle, as Virgil describes it, to distinguish them from the common soldiers.

Something of the same kind existed formerly in this country, and still lingers with us in the gold chains which distinguish the chief magistrates of cities, and make so important an item in the state dresses of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, the Provost and Bailiffs of Edinburgh, &c., &c.

In olden times it was the custom for stewards in great men's houses to wear a chain as the badge of their authority; even other domestics appear sometimes to have worn them, as we may gather from the old ballad of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

"A hundred men the king did heare say
The abbot kept in his house every day,
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coates, waited the abbot about."

Olivia's steward, Malvolio, was not without this appendage of office.

"Go sir, rub your chain with crums:"

exclaims Sir Toby, by way of defiance and contempt, in "Every Man out of his Humour," Carlo advising Soligardo how to appear as a court gallant, tells him he must have a fellow with a great chain (though it be copper), to bring him letters, messages, &c. We find this custom still existing in the reign of Charles I., when the stately steps of the Duchess of Richmond were wont to be preceded by three gentlemen ushers, bearing white wands, and wearing, like the abbot's attendants in the ballad quoted above, "velvet gowns and gold chains," so that in all proba-

bility this antique badge of servitude and authority only became exploded with the interruption the Puritan period offered to such pomps and vanities.

In Edward III.'s reign, when fashion was fettered, as it has been long since, by Act of Parliament, we find all ornaments of gold and silver forbidden to those who could not spend £10 a year; but the chain remained a badge of power and nobility. In Smith's costumes we find William Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny, Captain of Calais, Custos of the County of Pembroke, in the reign of Richard II., wearing a cross pattee of gold suspended by a golden chain, and over his left shoulder a superb belt of gold and precious stones (1392). And in the same reign we find that the custom of burying these ornaments with persons of rank (a custom which the archaeologists have traced from the Irish, Saxon, Roman, and Gallic tumuli, to those of Tartary) was still continued; for Grattan, describing the obsequies of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, expressly mentions that King Richard caused him to be arrayed in princely garments, garnished with a chain of gold.

In the reign of James II. the chest which contains the body of Edward the Confessor was opened, and under one of the shoulder bones was found a crucifix of fine gold, richly enamelled, suspended to a gold chain, 24 inches in length, which passing round the neck was fastened by a locket of massive gold adorned with four large red stones.

In the splendid, but neglected tapestry in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry—a beautiful and curious specimen of the drawing, dyeing, and embroidery of 1450—Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou are represented at their devotions; the king wearing on his neck a gold chain of huge dimensions and clumsy workmanship; while the queen and some of her attendant ladies are adorned with smaller ones of the same material. A few years later than the royal visit commemorated in the Coventry tapestry, in the reign of Henry VII., this trinket figured in one of the most curious scenes that the picturesque history of Scotland retains for us.

Like his namesake, James I. of England, James II. of Scotland was odious through his favourites, at the head of whom was Cochran Earl of Mar, the magnificent upstart, as Lindsay calls him, who, coming from the king to the council (which council was holden in the kirk of Lawder for the time), was accompanied with a band of men-of-war to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bands thereon, that they might be known for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck of the value of three hundred crowns; and four blowing horns (heralds, we presume, of his state), with both ends of gold and silk, set with precious stones. His horn (of which by the way he appears to have made little use) was tipped with fine gold at either end, and a precious stone called a beryle hanging in the midst.

Coming thus to the Council, Cochran, according to Lindsay, knocked rudely at the door of the church, just after the assembly had finished their consultation; and upon Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochleven, who was appointed to watch the door, informing them that the Earl of Mar demanded admittance, the Earl of Angus ordered the door to be opened, and rushing upon Cochran, he pulled the massive gold chain from his neck, saying that a rope would become him better! While Sir Robert Douglas stripped him of the costly blowing horn he wore by his side (as was the manner of the times), telling him he had too long been a hunter of mischief! Cochran, with astonishment, asked them if they were in jest or earnest, and for answer had his arms pinioned with a common halter, till he should be carried to execution. He was hanged with the king's six other favourites over Lawder Bridge. This burglarious anticipation of the executioners' perquisites, on the part of these noblemen, is not the least curious incident in this semi-savage tragedy.

In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, admirals and other high officers wore chains of gold in all probability, graduating in massiveness according to rank. The peculiar mark which distinguished a lord high admiral, before uniforms were worn, was a magnificent chain, to which was attached a large whistle of the same precious metal—the boatswain's badge of our own times.

In Lord Herbert's history of Henry VIII., it is mentioned that Sir Edward Howard, second son of the Earl of Surrey, and Admiral of England (Lord High Admiral), having boarded a French galley near Conquet, a little below Brest, on the coast of Brittany, with about seventeen English gentlemen, his own galley falling off from alongside by some accident, this noble person was left in the hands of his enemies, of whom there could be no other account given by his own men than that, when he was past all hope of recovering his galley, he took the chain and whistle from his neck, and threw them into the sea. Hall, too, in describing the English escort setting out on the Calais road to meet the Lady Anne of Cleves, tells us that it was led by the Earl of Southampton, Great Admiral of England, apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, cut in cloth of gold, and tied with great aiglets, and trefoils of gold, to the number of four hundred; while baldric-wise he wore a chain of the same costly metal, at which did hang a whistle of gold, set with rich stones of great value. And in the same chronicle which gives us a description of the Earl of Surrey mounted on a great courser, richly trapped, and accompanied by a hundred and forty gentlemen, magnificently apparelled, on goodly horses, going forth to meet the French Ambassadors at Blackheath, mention is again made of these official appendages—the massive gold chain and whistle, worn baldric-wise, over a coat of rich tissue, cut in cloth of silver. Sir John Davis, who flourished in the times of Elizabeth and her successor, alludes in

one of his epigrams to the military use of this ornament—

"Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold
Which at five hundred crowns is valued,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,
When great King Henry Boulogne conquered.
And wear it, Medon, for it may ensue
That thou by virtue of this massy chain
A stronger town than Boulogne may'st subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed vain;
For what says Philip, King of Macedon?
'There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold comes on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide'."

The point of the epigram is apart from our subject, but there is a neatness about it which persuaded us to give it whole; and after all it is not so irrelevant, considering that there are not a few Captain Medons amongst the wearers of gold chains at the present day. In Shakspeare's time the chain made some figure as an article of *luxe*: it plays a conspicuous part in the "Comedy of Errors;" and according to Ben Jonson (his junior by ten years), a Savoy-chain was a necessary appendage to the dress of a finished beau: without it the smart thing would have been as incomplete as a butterfly with half a wing gone.

About this time, says Strutt (the reign of Charles I.), and long before, the common wearing of chains by the gentry was in fashion; and some, like Captain Medon's, were of great value. In the "Puritan," Sir Godfrey, an old knight, when he had lost his, exclaims that it had at least three thousand links, and cost full three hundred crowns!

In a warrant of indemnity and discharge to Lionel Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer, and to the other commissioners of jewels, for having delivered certain jewels to James I., which were sent by his majesty into Spain to the Prince of Wales and Duke of Buckingham, July 7, 1623, mention is made of "a chayne of gould of eight-and-forty pieces, whereof twenty-four are great and twenty-four small, garnished with dyamonds; and a great George of gould hanging thereat, garnished with dyamonds of sundry sortes; also one faire chayne of gould, having three score pieces with foure dyamonds in each piece, and threescore great round pearles, delivered to our own handes by the Lord Brooke, and by us given to our dear cosen the late Marchionesse, and now Dutches of Buckingham, at New-yeares'-tide, One Thousand Six Hundred and Twenty-Two."

In this manner were the rich jewels of previous reigns frittered away, in gifts to the haughty favourite and his wife. Chains and bracelets are still occasionally employed as royal presents, and of late years very magnificent specimens of the latter kind have found their way to the jewel-cases of several fair artists at the hands of kings and emperors. Its ancient use under the name of Armillia has no type in modern times, unless the good conduct stripes on a

soldier's arm, or the band on a policeman's, have any mystic reference to it.

Both the chain and bracelet are now common articles of ornament, requiring no other patent than the power to purchase, to give a right to wear them; but not the less interesting on this account, as illustrating the slow, but certain dying out of class prejudices, which even on such trifling matters set the narrow stamp of its veto; indeed, it is rather worthy of remark, with regard to the former article, that the class of persons of which it was at one period a privileged distinction, are most chary now in the display of it.

We might go on adding link to link to our subject without exhausting it, since the wearing of both these ornaments in some rude form and simple materials is as common to savage states as to the classic nations we have quoted, or

those modern ones in which the most exquisite art fashions them, and the most costly gems and metals are frequently used in their workmanship.

The cabinets in the Ethnographical room of the British Museum are rich in such barbaric ornaments. There one sees bracelets (and chains to match) of kangaroo and peccary teeth, of boars' tusks, of shells, of bits of tortoise shell, of reeds, with others made of the thigh bones of a small bird, and some again of coloured seeds, and even feathers.

Of these some are from the north-west coast of America, some from the Marquesas and Sandwich Islands, and some from New Guinea and Australia; but all attest to an universal, and it would seem purely natural taste for this species of personal adornment.

DURKHEIM:

A TALE OF THE HAARDT.

BY MRS. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

Towards the close of a sultry July day in 1848, a *distingué* looking traveller, mounted upon an English horse of remarkable beauty, rode listlessly over the rough pavement of a small German village—if we may so designate a little sequestered cluster of cottages, surrounded by vineyards and lofty mountains, crowned by frowning castles, the glories of old days, each having its legend, such as one only hears in Germany.

He has ridden far since the morning, perhaps sixty miles, but neither the horse nor his rider shows any signs of fatigue; and the former tosses his head as proudly as if he had only just left his stall.

The traveller stops at the principal inn, and after seeing to the steed who has borne him so well, asks for rather than orders some supper, for he knows the habits of German innkeepers in out-of-the-way places, and has been already told by one of the fraternity when a little too exacting, that he was not asked to come to his house, and might leave it when he chose. This would have been awkward in the present case, there being no other place where he could hope to get either a cup of tea or a bed sufficiently long to recline upon.

The simple repast over, the stranger strolled into the village. It was a lovely evening, and a thousand sounds peculiar to the country haunted the air. This is the time in which a traveller always finds the keenest enjoyment, when the toil, the burden, and the heat of the day being over, he can indulge those quiet glimpses into manners and customs which repay a wanderer so well for the comfort he is called upon to sacrifice; for, after all, comfort is very commonplace when one gets accustomed to it. Our tourist was just of the *trempe* to enter warmly

into this feeling; and as he loitered about the little streets, apparently unmindful of aught save his own handsome person, few things escaped his keen observation.

The Germans do not wait to know you, before wishing you well; and as the stranger saunters along, kindly greetings fall upon his ear at every turn, and hats doffed with something more of solemnity than the occasion requires, shew the respect which his noble bearing calls forth, and prove the veneration in which rank is still held by the German peasantry, notwithstanding the democratic outbreaks of the populace. Maids and matrons sit knitting before their doors, demurely looking down upon their work, and secretly commenting upon the *Freindlings Gesicht*, being so well set off by the plume and slouched hat commonly worn in Germany in 1848. Here and there sups some urchin upon *schwarzes brod und rase*,* whilst the expectant dog of some neighbour looks beggily on. Along the crooked street are winding a mendicant, two travelling artisans, and a few labourers returning from their work; farther on a waggon creaks and labours up a steep ascent, the cracking of the drivers' whip sounding clear and sharp through the still air. And these objects become picturesque even from their homeliness, to a poetic imagination such as our traveller possessed. The beggar and the artisan paused before the wealthier wayfarer—the one is old, the other way-worn; the stranger knows not which may be the better object of charity, he therefore divides a score of *kreuzers* between them, and they go merrily on their way, muttering again and again, *Gott sei Dank!* and invoking a thousand blessings upon

* Brown bread and cheese.

the giver, over whose thoughtful features steals a most satisfied expression, the *refait* probably of charity or benevolence.

At the turning of a corner the sounds of music are heard in the gardens of a little goshhaus; the stranger enters, and a glass of apfel wein, as brisk as champagne, and far more wholesome, an hour's dance with a modest girl, the belle of the village, terminate his day as many before have ended in his wanderings.

Why then goes he back so pensive to the inn, forgetting even the Black Sultan—such was the name he had given to his steed—who neighs out loudly, saying, as plainly as possible, “My good Lord, you have forgotten my supper”? *Et tu, Brute?* For, long as they had been companions, such an instance of absence of mind on the part of his master had never occurred before. But thou may'st neigh, and scatter the straw about thy stall impatiently, Black Sultan; thou must sleep supperless to-night, for thy Lord wanders idly beneath the summer moon, dreaming not of his faithful steed.

The inn where the traveller had taken up his abode, was by no means a favourable specimen of its class; and though mentioned in guide-books as the best in the place, had that slovenly, comfortless air which betokens bad management. The house was in bad repair, and seemingly uncared for; the garden overgrown with weeds, and the little gate which led to it broken off its hinges. Yet in the lattice front of one little window of that desolate house bloomed flowers—the rose, sweet jasmine, pinks, and mignonette; and there was visible in the general order and arrangement of the little chamber a neatness and freshness ever the evidence of a healthy mind. As the stranger's eye from without wandered over this little apartment, he wondered what could have brought the inn to its present state of ruin. The riddle was soon solved, for at this moment a dissolute looking man, who turned out to be the landlord, came in, staggering under the influence of potent potatoes, accompanied by half-a-dozen ill-looking fellows as slovenly as himself. He passed his guest without other remark than an oath, and looking at him from head to foot, said something to his companions, at which they laughed heartily. A woman, gentle looking, but unneat, welcomed him; and she was his wife.

On the day after his arrival, our traveller dismissed his dinner discontentedly, and called for some coffee, regretting a thousand times that he had not stopped at the pretty little town of Edenkoken, a mile or two distant. Absent and absorbed in thought he had not heeded the maiden who served him, or his regrets might have been fewer: but when the coffee came, he looked up from a map, over which he was bending, and before him smiled the sweetest vision which a traveller would care to look upon. It was a girl about nineteen. Unlike most Germans, she was as dark as an Arab maid, and had that deep-set shaded eye, generally a type of strong passion; a southern complexion of

pale olive; lips full and voluptuous; the nose was straight, and the ears of that small, delicate beauty, seldom seen apart from gentle blood; the forehead broad and high, redeemed the sensuality of the mouth, and gave even a noble character to the face. Her figure was about the middle height, and although it promised at a later period to run into rather too much luxuriance, was now confined within those bounds of symmetry which charm both the sensualist and the poet. Her dress, more French than German, was neat and elegant, having that peculiar piquant propriety of arrangement about the neck, seldom seen in any other than Frenchwomen; in fact, she only resembled a German in the simple and elegant arrangement of her hair. It was the girl with whom the stranger had danced at the “*River Lust*,” or garden, the night before; and when she saw that he smiled at the recognition, she smiled too, and shewed teeth white and even as a row of pearls. She was a striking example of that strange difference sometimes seen in families, and for which it is so difficult to account. Brought up amidst all sorts of bad examples and contamination, she had remained pure as a flower. The scenes around her, so well calculated to mar all feminine delicacy of mind, appeared only to have refined and elevated hers. Some instruction, too, had she given herself: she spoke French, a little English, too; and her cousin, a German student lately from Heidelberg, had taught her music, she having a voice of thrilling sweetness. The stranger called her the Rose of the Wilderness, and from that time they were often together; he listened entranced to her songs, she to his stories of other lands. He even went away and returned, though he acknowledged not to himself the reason; it was perhaps the beauty of the scenery around the Roman ruin which he wished to examine more curiously—the old abbey, or the hoary forest near! It never occurred to him that it might be the Rose of the Wilderness who wooed his return; for the stranger was heir to broad lands, and the blood of kings flowed in his veins: what then to him was the village maiden? But often on the silent summer evenings, as they walked together in the garden, their conversation would insensibly turn to stirring stories of the strange things which the wanderer had seen in lands far away; and the maiden would listen to the eloquent tale of her companion, till she forgot quite how silent and sad sat her cousin and once lover, Karl Yugel, in the old deserted dining-room, cursing the stranger in his heart, and forming wild plans of vengeance, such as conceive the thoughtful Germans when their passions are strongly excited by real or feigned wrong. So the story got abroad that the handsome Englishman, whose advent had caused such excitement in the village, was wooing the fair daughter of the innkeeper; and many were the maids, widows, and, alas! wives, who strove to win him from her, for sweet to woman is triumph.

It was amusing to hear the current statements concerning the wealth and rank of the traveller;

and the whole female population was astir as his beautiful horse went champing its bit down the street with its o'er stately rider.

One day, as Mina sat with the stranger, and listened to a story which he told of some hair-breadth escape from mountain robbers, in which his life had been jeopardied in a quixotic effort to save a fellow-traveller, at the moment when the interest of the narration, heightened by the art of the tale-teller, became very deep, the maiden started and turned pale; then her face crimsoned as she exclaimed with German simplicity and strong feeling: "Thou wert the brave stranger! Lion-Heart! Heaven be praised that you escaped!" And she looked at him with eyes in which glistened tears of admiration; for though the tale was modestly told, feigning another name, the eye of love pierced the veil.

Then entered into the soul of the stranger the sweet essence of gratified vanity, mingled with the fire of lawless passion; for he knew that he was loved, and as his bright full eyes fell upon the poor girl, she turned, embarrassed, away, to avoid his too ardent gaze.

"She shall be mine!" said he, tossing his hat upon the bed on retiring to his own room, and then sat down to pass the night in studies which he hoped might one day make his name renowned; such varied elements do we sometimes find blended in one nature. "Yes, she must be mine," he continued, laughing scornfully as the thought of woman's frailty darted across his mind; but forgetting the guilt of man which makes her frail. It was midnight; the student still bent over the charmed page, and stored the chambers of his brain with the golden harvest which thought gleams from the labours of genius; for, though young, he had already solved the enigma of life: that power, and the great prizes which the world has to offer, must be won by the sternest labour, without which they may sigh for them till the end of time. This close study had already continued some hours, when he rose, and throwing open the long casement, gazed thoughtfully upon the starry heavens. He had remained thus some time drinking in the pure balmy air, musing over his fortunes, and connecting them perchance with the coming destinies of empires, when lo! a man, hitherto concealed by the deep shadow of a tree against which he leaned, strode out into the moonlight. It was Karl Yugel.

"Good even, Karl," said the stranger; but the German replied not, and walking up to within an arm's length of the casement, seemed by his attitude and air of stormy excitement to menace him. Calmly smiled the wanderer, as may smile a man conscious of no common physical strength; and fresh from the softening influence of study, which the Roman hath well said, suffers not men's manners to become brutal, without anger then smiled he.

"Hark you!" said the German, breaking silence, and speaking with the violent gesticulation and harsh voice of his countrymen when much moved, "You came here unknown, mys-

teriously; you went away and returned. Why? No one can know but yourself. Yet one thing is certain, that during your stay here you have robbed me of what I prized dearer than life, the love of one whom I wrong you much if you seek not to betray. But mark me, proud Englishman, if to Karl Yugel comes ever the knowledge, nay even the faintest whisper, that you have harmed that innocent girl, he would slay you in cold blood, and brave the scaffold rather than leave her unavenged." And then his voice softened as he added, "I have watched over that child as a sister; in this infectious den I have kept her pure, and dreamed that hereafter, when Time and Fortune should smile upon me and enable me to offer her a home, that she might become my bride. Since you came these hopes have been crushed!"

"For your threats, my good friend," replied the stranger, "I care little; but for your manly sorrow much. Threats! and to me," he continued, with a disdainful laugh and a slight elevation of the eye-brows; still I would rather serve than wrong you."

The German heeded not his remarks, but continued, "A little gold, oh, how little, but a few weeks since had spared so much misery, and might have saved her from the gulph which now yawns for her. Heaven is as unjust as the world, giving wealth to the sinner who but uses it to ruin the peace of others, and denying it to the virtuous, who ask it for good only."

"Blaspheme not, my good friend; there is justice and mercy in Heaven still; they only who do not properly appreciate the wise dispensation of Providence talk thus. But what is this gold you covet, and why?"

"Covet! I covet not the vile dross," interrupted the German bitterly; "but when I reflect that the sums you squandered yesterday at the fair might have paid the debts which chain me here, and taken me to Munich, where I have the offer of a professor's chair, why I cannot help deploring the hard lesson which the poor have to learn."

The stranger looked earnestly at the German, and the scoffing expression was gone from the Englishman's face, upon which gleamed noble thoughts and generous resolves, and frank and cordial was the smile with which he stretched out his hand, and said, as his companion turned away, "Nay, take it, man; I never gave my hand to one I loved not, nor betrayed the friendship it implies."

"So, you will not that we should be friends," he continued, as Karl still kept aloof. "Well, I like you not the worse for it; some day, perhaps, you may think better of me."

Without replying, Karl Yugel walked moodily away, and the student sought his couch only as the morning was dawning.

The iron frame and constitution of youth set fatigue and vigil at defiance; and so, yet early in the morning, the Englishman was abroad, so early that Mina had not left her chamber, although the *sol* was already at his beer, and the *scold* at his elbow. The stranger walked

and down, concealed by a low hedge of fruit-trees, and though no eaves-dropper, he lent a willing ear to the conversation which was going on, as he in part formed the subject of it.

"Well," said the drunkard, "what thinkest thou then of our daughter and the Engländer—thou sayest they be o'ermuch together?"

"Nay, nought," replied the wife, "save that I hope no harm will come on it."

"What harm *can* come?" said the sot; "if he marry the girl, there will be an end, and perhaps he may pay Gensfleisch the vintner and Rudemacher the cooper their long bills, for I cannot."

"True; but and he marry her not?"

"Then what needs to talk of it?"

"Why, thou wouldst not see harm befall our child, my husband! and the rich stranger might take her from us, only to betray the poor child."

"And then—then—there would be one mouth the less to feed, woman; eight children are enough methinks to prevent a man getting on in the world."

"Say nought against the children, Andreas," said the woman, with glistening eyes, "*they* do not pull us down in the world; but tell me, wouldst thou not be glad if Karl Yugel's uncle, Gensfleisch, would let him have money enough to go to Munich, and to marry our daughter Mina?"

"Twere well enough," replied he; "but Karl's uncle will not give him the money, or perhaps he might talk the old man over to forgive us that debt too."

"Ah! there it is," said the woman, querulously. "Well, well, I am sure if evil befall our child, it will not be my fault; I have done all I could to prevent it; still, if Karl's uncle will do nothing—"

How long this dialogue might have continued, it is difficult to say, had not the Englishman's impatience made him quicken his steps marvellously, as he paced up and down, and thus disturb the speakers.

The next day there was one of those village fêtes which make Germany a residence so delightful for a foreigner, even if he be alone. An excellent band, and a large room ornamented with wreaths and garlands, and thronged by fair girls, some graceful, few lovely, but all gay and good tempered; and the dance and the music continue half the night. Never had Mina, the Rose of the Wilderness, looked so enchanting; never had her bright eyes so often sought the place where he, whom she had learned to love and admire, usually stood, looking gravely on, for he never joined the dance, but he "thought to music." Often during the evening she cast a bright glance at him, as she passed in the graceful windings of the dance; but his broad brow was graver than usual, his eyes more cold; and the maiden knew that there was some change, but could not discern what it was. At last he drew near to her; but though Karl Yugel kept proudly away from the girl he loved so well, a Frenchman kept the post most parti-

naciously, whilst Mina pouted like a spoiled child.

The stranger, who knew the character of the French—vain as brave, and covetous of applause—did not despair of sending away the intruder by drawing his attention to the dancers. "How graceful!" said he, as if lost in admiration; "did you mark the figure of her who sat down just now, how exquisitely she waltzed with that officer?"

Mina saw the stranger's aim, and joined in his praises.

"Mademoiselle ne danse plus?" asked the Frenchman, gallantly.

"Merci!" was the reply: and looking nervously round to see that no one had carried off the prize, he hastened to ask the hand of the fair one whose grace had been extolled; and Mina and the stranger were left alone.

Fierce flashed the eye of Karl Yugel, as he watched from afar the expression of the maiden's face; and he muttered a thousand curses on the false Islander.

"Mina," said the stranger, "I have another story to tell you; will you leave the dance awhile to listen to it? The night is lovely, let us walk beneath yon trees, where, fanned by the balmy breeze, with the gentle goddess of night smiling upon us through the foliage, and the delicious music falling softly upon the ear, we shall find all the advantages which a tale-teller could desire, and which will lend an interest to my little story that it might not otherwise possess."

Gratified, yet trembling, Mina rose, and taking the Englishman's arm, they wandered forth together.

Karl Yugel, with indignant anguish, seeing them leave the room, thought fit to follow them, and heard his rival with his treachery. But then he thought again of his own impotence to shield his beloved from the misery which threatened her; and burying his face in his hands, he wept in despair. Meanwhile the stranger turned gravely to his companion, and said, "The scene of my story lies amongst your own mountains, gentle Mina, and is called in your mother tongue, 'Der Kampf mit dem Böse,' which, for the convenience of the tale-teller, has been translated into his own language, and runs thus: 'The Struggle with Evil.'"

"In a village remote from any of the main streams of commerce and travel, known by those only to whom the charms of nature are more inviting than the marvels of art, there once lived a maiden and a youth; the one was of rare beauty and gentleness, the other of high talent, much learning, and an honest heart. And the youth, seeing that the maiden was surrounded by the worthless and the low, exposed to temptation and bad examples, and much that in time would debase the purity of her mind and thus destroy her greatest charm, sought her, for she was of his kindred, though distant; and taking up his abode there, strove, by carefully watching over her youth, to shield it from the contamination of the scenes in which she was obliged to dwell. And being of a grave and

thoughtful nature, he taught her the advantages to be derived from learning, and gave her the clue to a cultivated intellect, within whose charmed precincts nothing base or mean can enter; and they lived together in an atmosphere of poetry and song, which he had gathered round them, and both felt themselves superior to the gross spirits amongst whom they moved, and were happy only in the presence of each other.

"Of this sweet communion a love might have been born, against which time, absence, or circumstance had been powerless. The youth loved already, and wished to make the maiden his bride: but he was poor. A stranger came—but nought of him."

"And did the stranger also love the maiden?" interrupted Mina, from whose eyes shone out all the earnestness which her heart threw into the question.

The stranger felt that he could no more meet those eyes with his than Vice can look at Virtue; and his pale cheek coloured as he replied, "He loved her, but thought not to make her his bride."

The girl started as if stung by an adder, and the olive cheek grew crimson with shame, while the stranger continued—"He loved her then, but not as she was worthy to be loved, as did the youth, her kinsman; and he thought of the many barriers between them, such as *true* love mocks, and he counted basely upon her affection—upon her weakness."

"Weakness indeed!" echoed a faint voice, the keen sorrows of whose tone pierced his heart, and he continued.

"Oh, maiden, he who dares to speak of woman's frailty, could tell you also of her power; but to my story. So Karl—for such was the name of the youth—sought the stranger, and with a stern and terrible effort commanding the wild tumult of his heart, he said—"I come, not to mar your happiness, or to stand in the way of your love: wed the maiden if she love you, and if you feel for her that affection of which she is worthy. I had fondly hoped one day to call her my own—but—but—if you love her as I have loved"—and then his brow darkened, and strong passion shook him violently, as he added, "Heed me well: my devotion, though wasted, shall watch over her still; and should even one wrong thought enter your heart towards her, more deadly than words can tell shall be my vengeance. But I would not that my poor affection should rob her of the flowery life your rank and wealth might offer—no, perish so selfish a thought!" And now overcome by his emotions, the strong man sobbed like a child."

"Noble Karl!" murmured Mina.

"Then the heart of the stranger smote him, though he held the menace lightly, and he could not bring such a blemish upon the name of his land, as that men might say an Englishman had robbed Innocence of the happiness and peace it might enjoy, with a love so holy, so utterly without all thought of self.

"So the stranger struggled with the mighty

spirit of passion within his heart, and when he had conquered it—I will not say how fierce was the combat—and felt that he could look with calm eyes upon the maiden, he drew near to her and prayed, repentant and in grief, that she would forgive him, and strive to think of him, not with love, but with indulgence; for if the sin of his heart had been great, so was now his remorse."

"Sir! began the poor girl, turning indignantly from the Englishman, who knelt before her; but then bending in passionate sorrow, she added, 'I am bitterly punished; you have awakened me from a vain dream.'

Once more did the rebellious spirit of evil rise in the heart of the stranger, as, seizing her hand, he said, "Yet hear me one moment!"

"Nay, insult me not, said the maiden, repulsing him, "with words whose value you have made me so cruelly understand."

The stranger felt the rebuke, and repentance sent an arrow through his heart; for what is so touching as the humiliation we have caused to others?

"Let not my struggle, resumed the stranger, have been in vain; but may I bear away with me the consciousness that my sacrifice lies not upon the altar unconsumed, and that you will yet be happy with the youth who loves you so well. See, yonder goes he, sad and thoughtful; shall I bring him to your side?"

"Not now! no, not now!" replied Mina with choked utterance.

Again would the stranger have pleaded, but the words died upon his lips, so troubled, so mournful was the expression upon the girl's face; and without raising her eyes, she turned and left him.

Report saith, that after this conversation the stranger sought the dwelling of Hans Gensfleisch, Karl's miser uncle, and so potent were the arguments which he used, that not only did the old vintner consent to the marriage of Karl and Mina, but gave the former sufficient money to pay his debts, and to take him to Munich. Much marvelled Karl that the money was in English bank-notes, till he bethought him that his uncle might have sold a hogshead of wine to a wealthy milord of that distant country, who for some time had resided at Manheim, and so the matter ended.

On the morning of the marriage, the horse of the stranger stood pawing the ground before the door of the inn, and the rider, booted and spurred, took his last farewell of the "Rose of the Wilderness" and her husband. "You will scarcely be jealous of me now, friend Karl," said he, as, taking from his bosom a small case of simple, but tasteful ornaments, he gave them to the bride, and then pressed her hand to his lips. "Farewell, sweet maid," he added; "long will the stranger think of thee, amongst the loveliest of his memories, and farewell, Karl Yugel; be happy and distinguished, as your talents may well make you. You will give me your hand now," he added, smiling, as they shook hands heartily. "Farewell, we shall meet no more!"

"How? why?" said Karl, kindly, and with a flushed cheek.

"Nay, ask me not, dear Karl; for answer I have none to give, save that your lot is too enviable, perchance, to be looked upon without repining, and so adieu!"

"Adieu, then, if it must be so, gallant stranger," said the German, as he accompanied him to the gate.

"Quiet, Sultan," said the stranger, as his steed pranced and tossed his head, and springing into the saddle, he raised his hat from a brow upon which sat the calm of conquered passion; and raising his eyes to take a last farewell of the bride as she watched him from the casement just above his head, one bright drop—it might be from the heat of some passing summer cloud—fell upon his cheek, and sank into his heart, as the molten gold which is storied to have been poured on that of Crassus. His hand trembled, and his cheek paled for a moment; but the shout of children's voices burst upon his ear, and his steed plunged resentfully under the unwonted spur that galled him; and the Englishman galloped away. And when Karl Yugel sought his bride, he found her looking on the road whose windings hid the stranger from her sight, and her lip quivered, and her hand was cold. But both the maiden

and the stranger were rewarded; he was saved from the ceaseless remorse which Justice ever sends to follow the steps of Vice, and breathe a blight over the flowers which grow upon its way; and Mina, the wife of her youth's pure love—of him who had been to her father, mother, lover, and friend—forgot in her happy life the cloud which had once for a brief season darkened over it; and if sometimes she remembered the stranger horseman, as he was called in the village, it was not with the bitterness of wounded vanity, nor the sting of love unreturned.

Those who have never known what it is to strive with evil till the demon flees from them, will probably smile at our story; it will, however, show, how often man, in his pursuit after pleasure, may plant thorns in noble hearts, dash from the lips of one purer, better than himself the cup of living water, and by the gratification of his own ill caprices and grosser tastes, overcloud for ever some fair life; unless with the peerless prize of wooed beauty, won and within his grasp, he should have heart and loyalty enough to resign it.

For the better among men, our moral may be idle; but there are some, doubtless, to whom our tale would speak in their own language.

THE CHILD'S CORNER.

HANS DUDELDEE.

(From the German.)

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

It is a great while ago, many hundred years, that there lived a fisherman called Dudeldee and his wife. They were so poor that they had no house, only a wooden hut, where every one could see through the chinks. Dudeldee was happy, but his wife was always discontented; she wished for one thing and another, and plagued her husband from morning to night. She would never let him alone because they were not rich, and she could not have all she wanted.

They were standing one evening at his threshold, looking at the prospect; there were many pretty cottages around them; and his wife said, "See what a hut we have, the worst in the place—why cannot we be like others? but you are so lazy; you will not work as other folks do."

"Why what more can I do?" asked Dudeldee; "do I not go out fishing every day, and all day?"

"That is not enough," she answered; "you should stay all night, and then you might get more fish—but you are so idle, you care for nothing but sleeping;" and thus she continued scolding him.

The next day he rose up very early, and went to fish in a large lake. And he saw people pass up and down, but his nets remained empty.

Soon it was mid-day; the reapers seated themselves under the shadow of the trees, and ate their dinners; but Dudeldee had had no luck, and he sorrowfully began to munch a stale, mouldy crust he had in his pocket. Again he threw his nets; the sun went slowly down, the reapers sought their homes, every place was silent, and Dudeldee was alone—he had not caught a single fish. He was sad and tired, and thought of going home; but as he tried a last cast he sung—

"Fishes, fishes from the lake."

"Dear Dudeldee, what will you take?"

answered a little fish, that came swimming towards him with his head just above the water.

Poor Dudeldee was so astonished to hear the fish speak, that at first he could not reply; but he thought to himself, "Hum! if I may have what I will take, you shall not wait long for an answer. He looked about him, thinking what he should ask for; but casting his eyes on a country house across the lake, he remembered his wife's wish for a better house, so he said, "I should like to have a cottage like that one opposite—it would be a palace after my wooden hut."

"Go home," said the little fish, "and see what you shall see."

So Hans Dudeldee went homewards, and looking attentively at the farms and cottages, saw a beautiful castle, with many rooms, in the

place where his hut used to be. It was so very grand there was nothing to be wished for. The hall was paved with marble, the walls gilded, the floors inlaid, the parlours splendidly furnished; in short, all was so fine that Hans Dudeldee had no heart to enter it; he could not think it was his house. He would have gone on further, had not his wife stood on the doorstep. As soon as he saw her, he called out, "Are you satisfied with your house now?" and told her how it came there.

"That is just what surprises me," she answered; "but, after all, I have seen finer houses when I was in service at town. It will do; but you are so stupid—you have forgotten the best part. See, are our clothes fit for this house? had you not sense enough to wish we should be tidily decent? You are always so slow and foolish, or we might have had it all at once."

She went on snarling and grumbling till he fell asleep; but he rose by day-break, and set off to the lake, where, standing in the same place, he again cast his nets, and cried—

"Fishes, fishes from the lake."

"Dear Dudeldee, what will you take?" replied the little fish; and Dudeldee soon made known his wife's desire that their clothes should suit their new house.

"You shall have them," said the fish; and the fisherman at once found himself in a fine cloth coat, braided with gold, silk shoes and stockings, and an embroidered waistcoat, all in the latest fashion. When he went home, he hardly knew his wife in her silks and satins. She was looking out of the window, and exclaimed, "Is that you, Hans?"

"Yes, it is," he answered. "Now will you be satisfied?"

"We shall see," she replied.

They lived on very comfortably for some time: at last, as he was going fishing one day, "Why do you trouble yourself with fishing?" she asked, "let it alone, and ask for a big chest of gold."

"That is true enough," he thought, as he went to the lake; and, throwing in his net, he sung—

"Fishes, fishes of the lake."

"Dear Dudeldee, what will you take?" again answered the little fish.

"A big chest of gold," he replied.

"Go home," said the fish; "go up to your bedroom, and there you will find a large chest of gold."

As soon as he was back, his wife bought a coach and horses for herself, and a horse for him, and went to the town and hired a cook and house servants; but all the neighbours laughed, and called her the haughty fish-woman. This vexed her so much, that she teased her husband perpetually that he should set her above their neighbours; so he went out once more with his nets, and again sung—

"Fishes, fishes of the lake."

"Dear Dudeldee, what will you take?" the little fish again replied,

"I must be an alderman of a court, so that I may be higher than all my neighbours."

"Go home," said the fish, "it is so."

And when he returned home, the neighbours were doing homage to his wife, who had already imprisoned some of them for nicknaming her the haughty fish-woman.

They often now went into the town where the king dwelt, and mixed with the nobility, but they did not know how to behave, so they were laughed at, and a Countess christened them the Fish Earl and Countess Dudeldee. Once more she grew angry, and said to her husband, "Let yourself be made a King, then I shall be a Queen; I shall no longer be called the Fish Countess."

But Hans Dudeldee remonstrated with her, saying, "Think a little; we were poor; we had only a hut to live in, and that the worst in the neighbourhood; now we have all in abundance; let us be contented."

His wife, however, would not be satisfied, but said, "What! am I to let myself be called the Fish Countess? Am I to endure the pride of the town ladies? No, you must wish as I bid you; you must not be so poor-spirited and mean. Thus she teased him till he promised he would make her a Queen.

He went to the lake, and casting his nets sung his old song.

"Count Dudeldee, what will you take?" returned the little fish.

He told him he wished to be a King.

"Be it so," said the fish.

On his return home he found his house much larger, and more splendid; and prime ministers and marshals, with their ribbons and orders, flocked around him. His head felt very heavy, and he lifted his hat, when lo! it was a gold crown. As for his wife, he did not recognize her, he was so dazzled by her golden sceptre and jewels. He asked her if she were pleased now?

"Yes, till I can find something better," she answered; "I should be a fool to sit still when there's more to be had for asking."

They now lived comfortably for some time, as Dudeldee's wife could think of nothing more to want, and had beheaded the lady who had christened her the Fish Countess. But this was not to last for ever. She read in the newspaper of kings and princes, and that there were kings and emperors who had more subjects, power, and dominion than Dudeldee. Immediately she began to torment him till he promised that he would be the greatest king on earth. So he once more set his nets and cried—

"Fishes, fishes of the lake."

"King Dudeldee, what will you take?"

answered the fish; and Dudeldee said, "Make me the mightiest King or Cæsar on earth."

It was no sooner said than done. He found a splendid palace waiting him, and the courts crowded. There were poets, with songs in his praise printed in golden letters; schoolmasters, with their petitions for an increase of salary

in their best writing; chamberlains, their hats under their arms, hurrying about; country people who had law-suits, waiting to beg his mercy; sentinels parading before his doors; a coach with ten horses, twenty outriders, and six footmen hanging behind; peacocks and silver pheasants in his park: in short, there was all that the greatest Emperor could have, and also two dwarfs waiting to receive his orders to amuse him.

The new Emperor Dudeldee would have been the happiest of men if his wife would have allowed him, but she constantly told him any other lord might raise himself to be his equal, and that she could take no pleasure in society unless she could do what no one else in the world could. Their quarrels were endless, he was so angry that his wife would not be satisfied; but they always made it up again.

"What is the matter?" he asked her one day.

"I am ill from the rainy weather; it has been bad for four days, and I will have sunshine. I choose to be able to do all I please, that I may have spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as it suits me. Go and make it so."

"Well," he thought, "if I can go out in the rain and come home in the sunshine, just as my wife or I like, she may be pleased at last. I should be a fool not to try."

Again he threw his nets over his shoulder,

and passed out by his back gate through the rain, up to the lake, where, casting the nets, he cried—

"Fishes, fishes of the lake."

"King Dudeldee, what will you take?"

sung the fish.

"Ah!" he said, "but little; my wife wishes to have rain and sunshine, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as she chooses."

"Is that all?" asked the little fish. "No, no, King Dudeldee; I see that you and your wife are good for nothing, so you shall be the poor fisher Dudeldee again; that will teach you how to be so over-grasping and unreasonable."

The little fish disappeared, and the dark blue waves closed over him. Dudeldee cried off and loud—

"Fishes, fishes of the lake,"

but his friend never again replied—

"Dear Dudeldee, what will you take?"

No, there he stood, poor as the first day, in his leathern hose, an old, old fisherman. His castle and palace were gone; but there was his wooden hut, and his wife in her filthy rags, a miserable shrew. This is the story of the unreasonableness of persons who are never satisfied, and at last were laughed at by all who knew them.

THE WORK - TABLE.

FLORAL CARD-BASKET.

IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS:—Of crystal wool, a small quantity of each of the following colours: light and dark green, blue, violet, and claret. Shaded lilac, cerise, and violet Berlin. Plain white, 4 skeins, strand, and two shades of red; 6 shades of orange, 2 skeins of claret floselle, and 1 of black floss; 1 ball of light green spangled twine, fine and coarse wire, and a few ears of barley; 5 yards crochet cord.

With the darkest orange (almost brown) begin on the end of the crochet cord, 12 s.c. Close into a round, and work with the same colour another round, increasing sufficiently to keep the cord flat.

2nd round. Same orange and white; × 2 orange, 4 white, × 7 times in the round.

3rd. Next orange, × 3 orange on two; 5 white on 4, × 7 times.

In increasing on a round, observe to make the extra stitches in the centre rather than at the edges of a stripe. In working 5 white on 4, for instance, it is better to do 2 on the 2nd or the 3rd, than on the 1st or 4th. This rule always holds good in radiating patterns.

4th. Next orange; × 4 orange on 3, 6 white on 5, × 7 times.

5th. Next orange and claret floselle; × 5 orange on 4, 8 claret on 6 white, × times.

6th. Next orange; × 9 orange, coming over 5 orange, and 1 silk at each end; 6 claret over the 6 centre of light claret, × 7 times.

7th. Lightest orange; 2 claret over the centre of 6 claret, and all the rest light orange, increasing enough to keep the round quite flat; fasten off.

Take a piece of wire, 3 inches long, and with the violet-spangled work do 24 stitches of s.c. over it, leaving a morsel of wire at each end to turn down. × Take the spangled twine, and do thus: * 3 d.c., 2 ch., miss 2 *, end with 3 d.c. Turn back, and do 3 d.c. under every chain, and 2 ch. between, beginning and ending with 3 ch., and 1 d.c. on the end d.c. Do these two rows 4 times backwards and forwards. Then with the claret wool do a row of s.c., holding in a wire, and working on every stitch of the last end: × Do between the crosses 5 times, and at the 6th join the last row to the first wire.

A line of s.c. must now be worked with the violet-spangled wool, at each edge of this piece, working in the ends of wire. At one edge it must be contracted to fit the round already made; the other edge should be stretched as

much as possible. Crochet it to the round. At the outer edge do a s c stitch with the claret filoselle, on every stitch.

FOR THE BORDER.—With the violet wool, 1 d c, 2 ch, miss 2 of the last round. Repeat all round. Work with a coarse hook, say No. 14.

2nd round. Same wool; * s c under a loop, 3 ch, 2 d c under the next, × 1 ch, 2 d c under the next, × 3 times, 3 ch, * repeat all round.

Last round. Spangled cord; s c over the last s c under the same chain, 4 ch, s c under ch before the 2 d c, 7 ch, s c under the chain between the second and third set of 2 d c, 7 ch, s c under chain after the last 2 d c, 4 ch, ×; repeat all round.

FOR THE LEAVES.—Five light green, and five dark. Make a chain of 17 stitches. Cut off a piece of cannetille, 4 inches long, and work it up one side and down the other.

1st side. 1 s c, 1 short double, and 1 d c in one, 2 d c, 1 short treble, and one t c in one, 12 t c, 1 t c, and 1 short t c in one, 1 d c, 1 d c, and 1 short d c in 1, 2 s c in one. Bend the wire down the other side of the chain, and work on it 1 s c in the same stitch as the last, 1 short d c, and 1 d c in one, 1 d c, 1 short t c, and 1 t c in one, 12 t c, 1 t c, and 1 short t c in one, 2 d c, 1 d c, and 1 short d c in one, 1 s c slip. To fasten off, plait the end of wool with the two ends of wire, to form a small stem.

FOR THE FLOWERS.—Wind some black floss round a card one inch wide, about twelve times; secure the threads at one edge of the card before slipping off. Cut the loops to form a tassel. Do three of these. For the poppy: with blue wool make a chain of 6, close it into a round, and work on it 1 d c in every stitch, with 1 ch between.

2nd round. D c under every chain, with 2 ch between. Join on the darkest red wool. D c under every chain, with 3 chain between. Join on the light red, × s c under one chain, 1 ch, 3 d c under the next chain, 1 ch, × all round.

Sew in the little tassel of black floss at the centre of the flower, and it is complete.

Three of these poppies are to be made, and four rather smaller flowers, two of which are to be begun with straw colour, and finished with violet; the others finished with scarlet (both *ombré*).

The flowers, leaves, and ears of corn are sewed in groups on the outer wire of the basket.

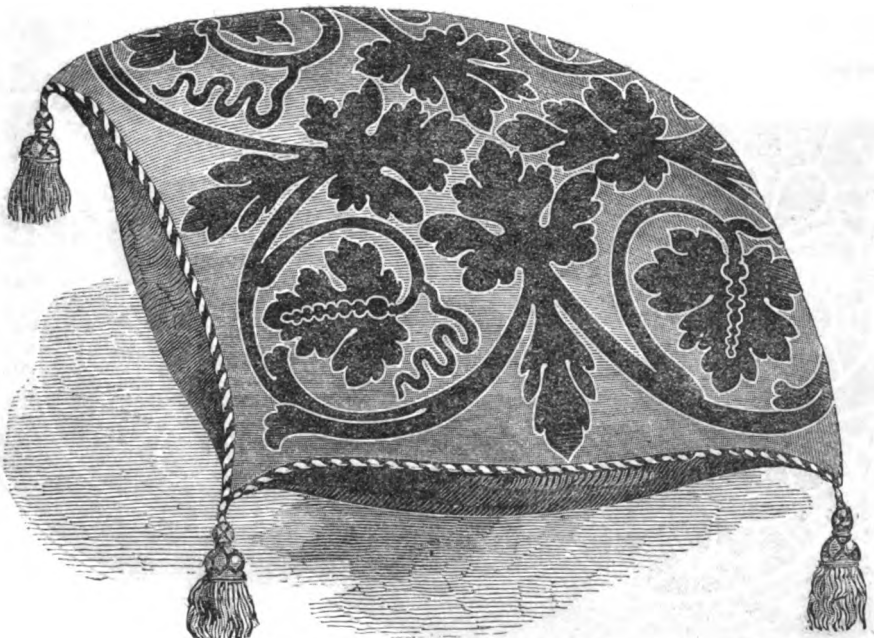
Two new stitches are introduced here. Short d c is begun like d c, but the thread drawn through three loops together. Short t c is begun like t c, but the thread drawn through three loops first, and then through two. Each is a little shorter than the stitch from which it derives its name.

AIGUILLETTE.

SOFA CUSHION.

IN APPLICATION.

MATERIALS:—A square of rich cloth, of any colour that will harmonize with the furniture; a piece of black velvet of the same size (that with a silk face will do); a knot of black Albert braid, and of any colour that will suit the cloth, and six skeins of coarse sewing silk to match; also some liquid glue, and black silk.



The Albert braid is (as most of our readers are aware), a new material, manufactured at our suggestion, for coloured braid-work and application. It has a much richer effect than Russian silk

braid, which is flat, and always needs something to throw it up. In sewing on Albert braid, the stitches are to be taken across the thin parts of the cord. About four to every inch will be quite sufficient.

We have recommended black Albert and some other colour for this cushion. This colour should not be the same as the ground, but should contrast well with it. With crimson cloth for instance, green braid would look well, and *vice versâ*. With blue, a yellow cord may be used, and with an orange ground a rich dark blue braid is very effective.

To prepare the work. Draw a quarter of the pattern, of the full size, on writing paper; then take a large sheet, fold it evenly in four thicknesses, lay the drawing over it, and prick the

outlines through all the folds of the paper. Lay the pattern, thus prepared, over the velvet, keeping it in its place by means of weights, and pounce it. Remove the paper; go over the marks with a solution of flake white and gum arabic, and with sharp-pointed scissors cut out the whole pattern on the velvet. Lay the velvet on the cloth, with every part properly arranged, and glue it down.

The black braid is laid at the edge of the velvet, and the coloured close to it, on the cloth. The fibres of the leaves are then worked in chain stitch with the coloured silk.

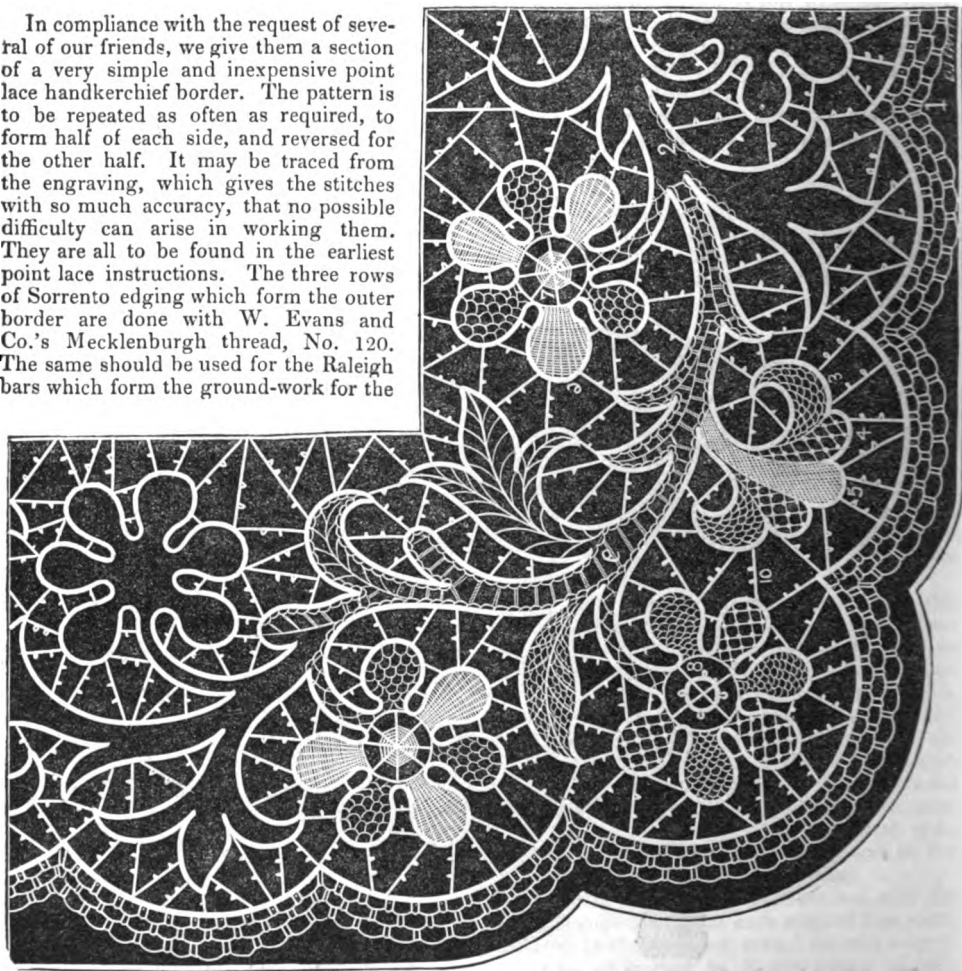
A square of black velvet, or of cloth like the ground, may be used for the back of the cushion, and a thick cord, with a tassel at every corner, is the proper trimming. **AIGUILLETTE.**

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

IN POINT LACE.

MATERIALS :—The Point Lace Cottons of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Boar's Head Cotton Manufacturers, Derby; and No. 7 White Cotton French Braid.

In compliance with the request of several of our friends, we give them a section of a very simple and inexpensive point lace handkerchief border. The pattern is to be repeated as often as required, to form half of each side, and reversed for the other half. It may be traced from the engraving, which gives the stitches with so much accuracy, that no possible difficulty can arise in working them. They are all to be found in the earliest point lace instructions. The three rows of Sorrento edging which form the outer border are done with W. Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburgh thread, No. 120. The same should be used for the Raleigh bars which form the ground-work for the



Mechlin wheels, and rosettes in the centres of the flowers.

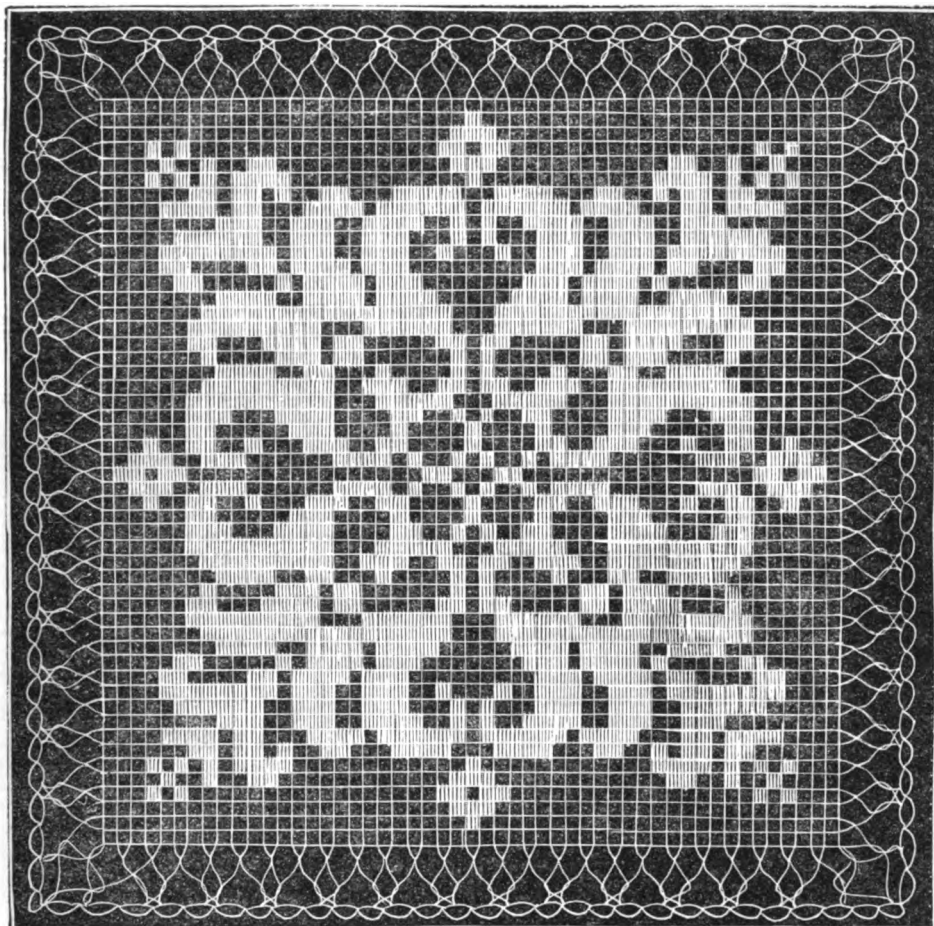
The English and Brussels lace may be done with No. 90 of W. Evans and Co.'s boar's head

cotton. The Valenciennes in No. 150 of the same.

The English and Venetian bars in No. 100, Mecklenburgh thread. AIGUILLETTE.

FLANDERS LACE D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS :—W. Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 16, and Moravian Cotton, No. 70, with two steel meshes, Nos. 14 and 16. Eagle cardboard gauge, and a large one, No. 10.



This is the first of a set of six d'oyleys, in Flanders lace, which we propose to give to our subscribers; and the description of this one will serve equally well for every other of the set, the pattern to be darned in the centre being the only difference. By referring our readers therefore to this number of the Magazine, when we give the other engravings, without troubling them by repeating our directions, we shall be enabled to give them an extra article on work in each number; a boon which we doubt not they will appreciate.

The centre of the d'oyley is done in square netting, thus: on a foundation of 53 stitches, do a row of common netting, with mesh No. 16, having 51 stitches only. Then take the mesh No. 14, and work backwards and forwards, always omitting the last loop of the row, until you come to one stitch only. Half the square

is then done. Cut off the foundation, and on the first row (that done with the fine mesh), work the other half of the square like the first, omitting only the row done with the No. 16 mesh.

When you again come to one stitch, the square is made, and the border only is to be added.

FOR THE BORDER.—Do a round with the No. 10 mesh, over which you must pass the thread twice in making every one, doing two stitches in each at the corner, ascertaining that there is an even number of stitches in the round.

2nd row. Finest mesh. Begin as for an ordinary stitch; but after passing the thread over the mesh, insert the netting-needle in the second loop in the contrary way to that in which a stitch is usually taken, and drawing the first

loop through the second, net it; then net the second stitch. Repeat this process with every two stitches, until the whole round is done.

Finish with one round of plain netting.
This stitch is usually called Egyptian stitch.

When the netting is done, the pattern is to be darned on it from the engraving, using the Moravian cotton, and beginning in the centre of the d'oyley.

AIGUILLETTE.

S U N S E T.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Full tenderly and softly fades away
The slowly, beautifully-dying day;
Like sweetest memories of the precious past,
Lovelier and lovelier seems it to the last.
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

What hopes are gathered to their graves to-night—
What visions and what dreams have ta'en their flight!

Fast waves of hours have sought the Eternal sea,—
We, too, draw near our Immortality!
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

How bright, how soft, the deeply-mantling clouds,
Day's latest draperies, and the sun's rich shrouds!
Ah! lovelier than the rosy birth of Love,
Declining and Decay can be above!
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

A Heavenly thing can dying *there* be made;
Smiles o'er the whole celestial scene have played,
With retinue and with regalia bright
As that of conquering kings—Day sinks to Night.
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

Ye vanished moments! ye are gone with all
That in your flying visits did befall;
Keen pangs, sweet pleasures—Hope, Dismay,
Surprise,
And all your precious charge of smiles and sighs:
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

In worlds afar, say, shall your trumpet-voice
Past hours! sigh forth "Lament," or sing "Re-
joice"?

Ah! little matters *here* your joy or care,
If ye but lead to the endless rapture there!
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

Too much we dwell upon this earthly scene,
Too much upon its grief or gladness lean;—
And let the leaves of Life drop one by one,
Scarce heeding how Eternity sweeps on!
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken,
Another step Eternity hath taken.

It should not be! That gladness or that grief,—
They're but like passing tints on each light leaf.
The fruit is deathless!—vain the Joy, the Care,
Save as they sow the Eternal harvest there!
Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

THE DEPARTED.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Though each beam Hope flung round thee is faded,
To kindle to brightness no more—
Though the dark grave thy fair form hath shaded,
And all thy brief beauty is o'er;
My heart, oh! no other shall fill it,
Though lovely that other may be,
However the cold world may chill it,
Its beatings shall still be for *thee*.

Thy sweet deeds, unknown to the many,
On that faithful tablet are traced,
Thy virtues, unequalled by any
Whose lustre Time's annals hath graced—
The tender remembrances vying,
Of all which in life thou hast been,
And the image thou left me dying,
So passionless, calm, and serene.

My life, like a river which glasses
A pure beam received from above,
Though drear be the way which it passes,
Still mirrors the light of thy love;
Hushed where that soft radiance is shining,
The dark waters silently roll,
So my sad spirit glides, unrepining—
The spell o'er its waves is *thy soul*.
Ramsgate, 1852.

A DIRGE.

Through the long night,
From the grey ghostly tower,
The church-clock booms the hour
Through the long night.

The silent moon
Comes from the earth, and glides
Upwards, until she rides
At her high noon.

Her slant beams steal
Through latticed panes, and trace
In silver light the place
Where thou didst kneel.

But in the shade
Rises the tall white stone
That heads thy grave, my own—
So newly made.

Till by degrees
The rising moon creeps round,
And from the grassless mound
The darkness flees.

On the cold stone,
Graved deep, she reads thy name,
That from all voices came
In dulcet tone.

She reads thy years—
Alas! so few, so few!
A blossom bathed in dew,
Cropp'd by Death's shears.

Adown the skies
Droppeth the silent moon,
And from the grave-yard soon
The radiance dies.

Through the long night,
From the grey ghostly tower,
The church-clock booms the hour
Till morning light.

LOVE, THE ARTIST.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"O Art, unto my longing eyes,"
I said, "her charms for ever give;
In that sweet life that never dies
For ever let her beauty live."
And Art his eager pencil plied
To paint her charms, all charms above:
But soon, "In vain I strive," he cried;
"Oh who can paint her—who but Love?"

I turned to Fancy—"To my sight,"
I murmured, "from the glowing air
Oh let her gaze my soul delight,
As if she breathed before me there!"
At Fancy's call her image came—
Oh not her charms, all charms above!
Poor Fancy's cry was but the same—
"Oh who can paint her—who but Love?"

Then mighty Love, with laughing joy,
The pencil seized with wild delight,
And ere I well could mark the boy,
She laughed in life before my sight!
Oh who like him such brows could draw,
Such dark, deep eyes, all eyes above—
Like him could paint the charms I saw?
Oh who can paint her—who but Love?

THE VIOLET.

(From the German of Goëthe.)

BY A. BASKERVILLE.

A violet in a meadow lone,
Repined in solitude, unknown,
A lovely little flower.
There came a gentle shepherdess,
With tripping step and flowing tress,
And sang, and sang
Along the meadow green.

Ah! thinks the violet, would I were
'Mong flowers fairest of the fair,
A little, little while;
Till me the maid had pluck'd, care-s'd,
And to her snow-white bosom press'd—
Oh but, oh but
One short, one fleeting hour!

The maiden came, but oh, alas!
Saw not the violet in the grass,
And crush'd the gentle flower!
Then, dying, sang it as she went,
"If I *must* die, I die content,
For at her feet I die!"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF GRACE DARLING.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

Among the lonely deeps this Maid was bred;
Their shells and weeds her playthings, and their
song
The nightly music of her pillowed head.
Oft with a sense of pain, she heard the strong,
Wild beatings of the unmanageable waves,
Which keep their festival in those North seas,
And in their orgies make unnumbered graves.
Oft, too, on high went up her kindly pleas
For those who battled with the stormy strife;
But not with these she ended; courage rare
Nerved her to stretch a hand to perilled life,
And gave her strength to nobly *do* and *dare*.
Presuming nought, nor yet of aught afraid;
True heroine she—this brave Northumbrian Maid.

AUTHENTIC LETTERS OF MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

(Continued from page 249.)

No. VI.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS.
WILLIAM ROBINSON.

JUVENILE BALL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Hill Street, April 11th, 1770.

DEAR MADAM,

Your account of my dear niece's amendment of health gave me the greatest pleasure. I began to be very uneasy at not hearing from you, for it being your rule to make every one as happy as you can, I was afraid your silence was occasioned by not having good news to tell. Indeed, the weather was so unfavourable to

health, one could hardly flatter oneself any great progress in it could be made. I greatly rejoice that the dear amiable child is better, and hope, as the spring advances, she will every day find herself recovering, till she is in full possession of all the joys of health, and all the sweet pleasures of the early season of life. I have not any complaint to make of the autumn of life, but that many of the companions of its earlier season drop off; but it is terrible to be in apprehension of losing one of those one loves, whose age gives a reasonable hope they might survive one. I hope my niece will live to tell her nieces and her daughters what a good-humoured old lady Aunt Montagu was—how she gave tickets

and dancing shoes to her young kindred for balls; and though she was wrinkled, it was not with care; and though she was pale, it was not with envy; and if she looked ghastly, it was not from malice of heart. I look upon my young relations as a virtuoso in flowers does on the roses and carnations in his green-houses—as what is to sweeten, embellish, and enliven my winter.

I carried my little man to a ball at Marlborough House on Monday night. We went at seven, and did not get home till one in the morning. The weather was cool—the apartments were large and high—there were nine couple of little folks, who all danced very well. The Duke of Marlborough's children are remarkably handsome—between ten and eleven. There was a fine supper for the dancers; and it was very entertaining to see little beaux flattering little belles, and little belles flattering little beaux, with as much spirit as they would do ten years hence. The Duke of Bedford seems a fine healthy boy, which I was glad to see; for without health his great inheritance could give but little pleasure. I think the next generation will excel the last in dancing—I wish they may excel us in everything. I had many compliments made me on the appearance and manners of my little man—he had a good ear, and dances well. The Duchess of Marlborough invited only the parents of the young folks, and two or three particular Bishops and Mrs. Moore were there. She inquired after you.

I was very sorry you and my brother were not in town when the Primate of Ireland, Sir William Robinson, and our family, dined here. We all dined in Lincoln's Inn Fields on Thursday. The Primate and Sir William will dine there on Sunday. His Grace will soon go to Bath. The late east sharp wind drove away the impatience I had to be in the country, but to-day the wind is west, and my rural wishes are returned; but I have not yet fixed my time for leaving London, not knowing what weather will take place of the cold and dry.

My best compliments attend my brother—my best wishes the dear little ones.

I am, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Sister,

(Signed) E. MONTAGU.

No. VII.

DANCING—INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS OF LIFE
—SHERIDAN'S "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"—
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE—UNCERTAINTY
OF LIFE—THE THREE GREATEST BLESS-
INGS.

Sandleford, July the 9th, 1777.

DEAR MADAM,

Your account of my dear niece's perfect recovery gave me great pleasure. I think I see in her disposition all the elements of which a good daughter, wife, mother, sister, mistress of a family, are composed; and from hence I prog-

nosticate that she will make others happy and be so herself. As she was not the worse for the ball, I am glad she partook of the pleasure of it; if she resembles a certain Miss Robinson, who lived in the neighbourhood some years ago, she will reckon a ball among the first enjoyments of human life. Considering her state of health, I do not know whether it was very prudent in her father to carry her there, but I am sure it was very amiable; the error should always be rather on the side of indulgence. One should consider that though there will be dancing as long as the world endures, it is but a short time that an individual will dance. I have sometimes suffered Montagu to fly his kite in a cold evening in autumn, when I have trembled for fear he should get an ague, because the kite-season is short, and that if that time three years the weather should be ever so favourable the opportunity would not have been valued. To fits of peevishness, or gloom, or obstinacy, I am very severe, because they are always contrary to the happiness of the animal in all its stages of existence. Bad habits are never to be indulged, as they lead to great and permanent evil; but whoever can deny a child a harmless pleasure, and to taste the joys peculiar to its season of life, is more wicked than *Macbeth*, who murdered the innocent asleep. Their day-dreams are quite as innocent and much more gay.

The warmth of the weather prevented my seeing the "School for Scandal;" but every one agrees with you in commending it. Of all the vices of the human disposition, a love of scandal and detraction is the most contemptible. It has now got from the gossips' tea-table to the press, and the scribblers weekly let fly their pop-guns at the Duchess of Devonshire's feathers. Her Grace is innocent, good-humoured, and beautiful; but these adders are blind, and deaf, and cannot be charmed. However, the scribblers are some of them—and all of them—hungry; but the circulators of scandal, who have neither hunger for their excuse nor wit to give it a seasoning, are sad vermin, and I am glad Mr. Sheridan has so well exposed them.

The uncertainty of human life is certainly a discouragement to every enterprize; but to none less, I think, than to building a house. If it is a good one, there will be somebody to live in it and enjoy its comforts; if otherwise, its inconveniences will not make one uneasy in the tomb. To undertake a trust, which by not fulfilling may be detrimental to some person; to bring children into the world when it is too late in life to hope to see them educated and established; are things about which a prudent person may hesitate; but even in this case we can never do wrong when we follow the general principles by which the Author of our nature has intended we should be directed. The shortness and uncertainty of life would discourage all great undertakings; and as the human race is to continue, Providence has ordered we should act here as if we were to live for ever.

We have had a series of the worst weather since I came hither that I ever knew at this time

of the year. Sir William Temple says, the three greatest blessings are health, peace, and fine weather: the first two are most important, and I have enjoyed them in so perfect a degree that I have well endured the want of the third. Dr. Robertson's History of America has amused me by my fireside when wind and rain have combined against my amusements abroad; a long deprivation of the quiet joys of rural life gives me a quick relish for them: if I had stayed in town, the great numbers of foreigners lately arrived there, who have all brought letters of recommendation to me, or would have been naturally introduced by my previous acquaintance with them abroad, must have taken up much of my time and attention. Lord Shelburne called here the other day, to invite me to Bowood to meet l'Abbé Raynal, whom I knew in Paris, and two French countesses, who brought letters to me from some of the *beaux esprits* there; so to them I shall have an opportunity of expressing my regret at being out of town; but there is a Spanish Baron de Castille, and some others who were also recommended to me, who I fear will depart with a bad opinion of my hospitality—for twenty to one my English *concierge* in Hill-street would not make them understand, when they delivered their letters, that I was in the country.

At present my scheme is to go to London for the melancholy pleasure of taking leave of the Lord Primate and my friend Mrs. Vesey; one is desirous to defer the separation from one's friends to the last moment—the farewell always comes too soon. When these friends leave London I believe I shall set out for Mount Edgumbe, having long promised Lady Edgumbe a visit, and shall carry Montagu with me, who is schoolfellow of Mr. Edgumbe, and is strongly invited. I shall call at Bowood in my way for a day or two. I shall return again to Sandleford, having, perhaps, first made a visit to Lady Nuneham, which I have also promised. Mr. and Mrs. Vesey arrived here yesterday, but alas! leave me on Friday; they are going from hence to Mr. Burke's, at Beaconsfield, who has kindly asked me to be of the party; but as I shall be a good while absent from Sandleford, I have many domestic matters to settle before I depart. I had a most polite and entertaining letter, the other day, from my brother Robinson. I wish we two honest farmers lived near together; with brotherly love and rural sincerity I flatter myself we should be very happy; but, in this short life, how short a time does one enjoy the friends one loves! I understand my Lord Primate and Sir William Robinson intend Horton the honour of a visit. I am very happy that my eldest nephew is to have the advantage of appearing in Ireland, under the Primate's protection. I beg my love to your consort and my nieces, and to my nephew if at home; and when you see my brother Robinson I shall be obliged to you if you will present my most affectionate respects to him. With great regard, I am, dear madame,

Your most affectionate sister,
(signed) ELIZ. MONTAGU.

I beg my love to the Recorder, Mrs. Charles Robinson, and my niece. Compliments to Mrs. C. Scott.

No. VII.

ILLNESS OF YOUNG MONTAGU—VISIT TO LORD HARCOURT, AT NUNEHAM—MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE NOAILLES—TAKING OF TRICONDERAGO.

Sandleford, the 26th September, 1777.

DEAR MADAM,

My brother, the Recorder, would probably inform you that he left me in London, nursing Montagu in the measles. I went to London on the 19th of July, in order to make my adieux to the Primate of Ireland, and my friend Mrs. Vesey, who were on the point of leaving England. Three days after I got to Hill-street, my little man was brought home in a very drooping condition, and continued so for a good while; at last the measles appeared, and thank God were not accompanied with any dangerous symptoms: but he suffered a good deal, and I believe his aunt not less. The voice I had been used to hear sing a merry song, or whistle a jolly tune, uttered nothing but groans. On Saturday fortnight he was so recovered, that I brought him with me to Sandleford, and what with riding on horseback, jumping on the hayricks, playing at trap-ball, and whatever suited the character of valetudinarian or boy, he perfectly recovered his health and strength; but to confirm the good things, I was ordered by Sir J. Pringle and Mr. Farquhar to send him to bathe in the sea. I thought Deal, not being a public place, preferable to any bathing-town in that style. Coffee-houses, balls, and assemblies are not good for boys. At Deal his tutor will keep him to his studies, and my god-son, who was in France with us, is now with Mrs. Carter; so there he will have a safe and proper playfellow. Montagu and Mrs. Gilbank set out on Monday: he will be at Deal on Thursday. I ordered him to wait on the Recorder, his aunt, and cousin; but as we are confined to time, he must make the best of his way to Deal, else he should have paid his duty to you and my brother at Denton. I have ordered to have him physicked and cleared of the remains of the measles before I sent him to bathe: we are therefore obliged to encroach on the holidays, which I never love to do; but I hope Mr. Heath will not blame us. He is ordered to bathe three weeks. Montagu's measles deranged all my schemes: I could not carry him to Mount Edgumbe to take his physic, regular exercise, &c.; and when that affair was over, the time for going to school left but bare three weeks for the bathing.

I propose to go to Lord Harcourt's on Friday. I have had repeated invitations all this summer, and had intended going in about three weeks; but Lady Nuneham earnestly entreats me to meet the French Ambassador and his lady there this week, which I shall do with great pleasure. Nuneham is a very fine place, and

the owners of it are so amiable and agreeable, that one passes one's time very pleasantly. It sometimes resembles a congress of all the ambassadors in Europe; for Lord Harcourt having been in a public character, all the ambassadors, and indeed all foreigners of distinction, come thither. I remember passing three days there once without hearing a syllable of English spoken. Had every one of the company spoken his mother tongue, it would have resembled Babel. Monsieur and Madame de Noailles are most agreeable persons, and I wish we may not have any other foreigners while they stay. Our "measles" prevented my paying my respects to Madame de Noailles when I was in town, as her little son has not had the distemper, and he is a person of great importance, being heir apparent to the greatest house in France in point of connexions, and in rank and fortune equal to any.

The primate and Sir William Robinson were much pleased with my brother's kind reception of them; indeed, I do not know any one who makes his house so agreeable to his friends. His parts and knowledge make him an excellent companion, and his apparent benevolence, integrity, and virtues endear his talents. I am much rejoiced to find riding has been of so much service to my niece, and I flatter myself she will soon get an established state of health. I dare say Miss Mary wishes herself old enough to be of the riding-party with her brother and sister.

I expect every day to hear of the arrival of our friends at Armagh. I was a little uneasy about my brother's health when he set out on his journey; but as the exercise did not bring any return of his jaundice, I have no doubt but change of air will be of service to him. I agree entirely with the Primate that your reverend consort would grace a stall; but he is of so unambitious a spirit, I believe he will not take any pains to get into one. Dean of Canterbury would suit him very well. A dean is not obliged to fast or pray, nor has the troublesome care of any soul but his own. We are now very busy in the harvest: we had a great deal of hay, and fortunately very little of it was spoiled. We have a prodigious crop of wheat this year, and I daresay our neighbours have the same; and yet old wheat sold at 7s. 6d. a bushel last week, and some new wheat for 8s. I hope, though I am a farmer, the prices will soon fall, for the poor labourers cannot earn a subsistence for their families, when bread bears such a price. I have about forty reapers at work at present, to take advantage of the fine weather. I brewed seven hogsheads of small beer for them, and fear it will not last to the end of harvest. The poor reapers and haymakers bring nothing but water into the field, which, with bad cheese and fine bread, is their general fare. I think our northern people are much more notable: their meals are more plentiful and less delicate: they eat coarse bread, and drink a great deal of milk, and have often salt beef.

I must not congratulate you on the taking Triconderago, as I imagine all the prophecies in

your house foretold it would not be taken, and I observe in general, if people have predicted a misfortune, they had rather it should happen than have their prediction fall into discredit.

I beg the favour of you to present my most affectionate compliments to your divine, and best love to my nephew and nieces. I presume my nephew now keeps happy holidays.

With very sincere esteem, I am, my dear madam, Your most affectionate sister

and faithful friend, and humble servant.

(signed) ELIZ. MONTAGU.

No. IX.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS. WM. ROBINSON.

SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS AT BATH—MR. ANSTAY—SIR EDWARD KNATCHBULL—SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CROFTS.

Sandleford, June 13th, 1779.

DEAR MADAM,

I am ashamed to look at the date of your obliging letter; but writing, you know, is excluded from the Bath regimen, and not much favoured by the modes of a Bath life. Dr. Fothergill had been for three years urging me to try those waters, and upon my being a little indisposed last week, he repeated his exhortations, and I promised I would make the experiment as soon as Montagu returned to Harrow, after the Easter holidays. I knew I should be more averse to going to Bath on an uncertain hope of benefit, when my new house was habitable, as it will be in all respects much preferable to Hill-street in the spring. I stopped only one day at Sandleford in my way to Bath, so I arrived there on the 15th of April. I found more benefit from the waters than my doctor and my expectations had flattered me with, as I had not been at Bath since the Circus was finished, and the Crescent begun. I was much struck with the beauty of the town. In point of society and amusement it comes next (but after a long interval) to London. There are many people established at Bath who were once of the polite and the busy world; so they retain a certain politeness of manner and vivacity of mind, which one cannot find in any country town; but all contracted societies, and where there are no great objects of pursuit, must in time grow a little narrow and *un peu fade*; but then there is continually an addition of company, by people who come for the waters, from all the active parts of life; and they throw a vivacity into conversation which one must not expect from persons whose chief object is the odd trick or a *sans prendre*. Cards are the great business of the inhabitants of Bath. The ladies, as is usual in little societies, are some of them a little gossiping, and apt to find fault with the cap, the gown, the manner, or understandings of their neighbours: but that does not much concern the water-drinkers, who, not being resident, are not the objects of their envy; and I must say they are all very obliging to strangers. As the Primate

of Ireland was at Bath almost all the time I was there, I had the daily pleasure of passing my time in the most agreeable society—for such is that of a person of his noble mind, endeared still more by his friendship to our family. I did not go at all to the public rooms, which are hot and noisy; and as much as I could I excused myself from private assemblies; so when the Primate, Lord Stormont, and some others of my acquaintance, who happened to be at Bath, had an idle hour, they bestowed it on me. The Bishop of Peterborough, unluckily for me, went away the day I came to Bath. We just met at Marlborough. Another most agreeable acquaintance of mine, the Provost of Eton, arrived only just before I came away. Mr. Anstey was often with me, and you will believe he is very droll and entertaining; but what recommends him more, is his great attention to his family. He has eight children. He instructs his boys in the Greek and Latin; so that they are fitted for the upper forms of Eton School, where their education is finished. He has a house in the Crescent, at which he resides the greatest part of the year. Mrs. Anstey is a very desirable, amiable woman, and does not deal in the gossip of the place. There is also Mr. Hamilton in the Crescent; he is very polite and agreeable, has been much abroad, and lived much in the great world. I should dislike Bath much less if the houses were larger. I always take the largest that can be got in the Circus or Crescent; and on the outside it appears a good stone edifice; in the inside, a nest of boxes, in which I should be stifled, if the masonry was not so bad as to admit winds at many places. The society and mode of life are infinitely preferable to that one can find in any other country town, but much less agreeable than London. I believe, if I were to act the part of Minos in this world, I should use it as a kind of purgatory, to which I should send those who had not the taste or qualifications which deserved to be put into the capital city, nor were yet so disagreeable and unsociable as to merit suffering the terrors and horrors of a long winter in the country.

When I left Bath, Dr. Moisey said I ought to return thither soon after Michaelmas, as the waters heated me the last fortnight of the six weeks I drank them this spring. I shall probably be enjoined no longer time than a month, and then I may get settled in Portman-square the beginning of November. I shall hope that you will not trust your visit to the great city to the spring, but come in the winter, when your time will not be broken in upon by sea-bathing. I hope my brother has been well ever since he made me a kind visit here. I thought he looked remarkably well. He was very fortunate in getting back without falling in with any of the terrible riots. Mr. Anstey, on a little excursion from home, was not so lucky. He called here on his way to London, where he arrived just to behold the horrors of the conflagration. On his return back he made me another visit, and his countenance bore the impression of terror

from the dreadful things he had beheld. He got back to Bath just in time to be present at the riot there.

Though I am not personally acquainted with the family of Sir Edward Knatchbull, I cannot help being glad the heir of it has made so proper a match. I have heard a good character of the young lady: she has a noble fortune, and by her mother must be allied to the best families in Kent. Commerce has so enriched this kingdom, that in every county there are some new gentry who eclipse those ancient families which once had the superiority; and I must own I love to see it return to them. The mellow dignity of a gentleman is infinitely preferable to the crude pride of a nabob. I believe you are acquainted with Sir Archer and Lady Crofts; they are now come to live in their house in this neighbourhood. It had been let to a mad West Indian, who ruined his fortune, and then shot himself: after that to a nabob. I never visit the West Indians in my neighbourhood, because they would teach my servants to drink rum; nor the nabobs, lest they should teach them to want to eat turtle, and such dainties: so I had not been at Dunston till the other day since the old proprietors left it. I find the lower kind of neighbours are not pleased with Sir Archer and Lady Crofts, because they are not so profuse as the West, nor so magnificent as the East Indian: but they seem to me very well-bred people.

My nephew Robinson, according to the Primate's advice, is studying hard at Cambridge this vacation. He has very good sense, and an uncommon memory; so he will reap great advantage from application to study. The generality of young people in these days spend all their time in travelling from place to place. Such a life may fit them to be surveyors of high roads, or, if very ingenious, to make maps of England, but for nothing better. A uniformity of life goes far in forming a consistency of character.

I was very glad that Sir Richard Jebb, when I consulted him if I should go to Tunbridge this summer, advised me against it, on an opinion it would rather do me harm than good. I am sure it could have done none to Montagu to have practised lessons of idleness rather than study. From the last there is not anything to divert him here. I am very sorry I have not a frank to Denton; however, that my double letter may not put the pocket as well as patience to double expense, I convey it to London in a frank, so save half the charge.

My most affectionate compliments and good wishes attend my brother, and my nephew and nieces. Miss Gregory begs her compliments, and Montagu his duty. With the most sincere regard, I am, dear Madame,

Your most affectionate sister
and sincere friend,
(signed) E. MONTAGU.

Mrs. Robinson,
Denton, near Canterbury.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Nov. 19.

MY DEAR C—,

Although I believe people are never satisfied, yet those who lamented over the emptiness and dulness of Paris a short time ago must be pleased with the improvement which the last few weeks have witnessed in this respect. Although the unusual beauty and mildness of the season induces those who are so fortunate as to possess country houses to remain at them, still Paris is crowded with visitors; the English and Russians are, I think, in the majority: nothing can exceed the bustle and gaiety in the streets, and on the Boulevards particularly; the shop windows display their most tempting wares, and I suppose in no city can the temptations of this kind exceed those of Paris; already are the prudent and experienced making their purchases for the "*Jour de l'An*," for be it known as that day approaches prices rise in a most alarming manner, and the same articles are at least a third dearer than they are now; but I must not anticipate—all things in their season; and in my next letter I will give you an account of the "*Jour de l'An*," and of some of the manifold temptations expressly invented for the appearance of the year 1853.

The great *fête* of this month is one which is invested with a deep and melancholy interest for all classes—the rich and the poor alike; I mean the 2nd of November, which is the "*Fête des Morts*": on this day all those who have lost relatives put on mourning—attend mass, which is celebrated in the churches—and crowd to the cemeteries with wreaths of *immortelles* and bouquets of flowers, which they place on the tombs. A few years ago I happened to be staying in the country at the time of the "*Fête des Morts*," and witnessed the ceremony of opening the gates of the village grave-yard, which was immediately filled with the relations and friends of those whose last remains reposed there; round each grave were grouped the mourners, all on their knees, some sobbing loudly, some weeping silently; but I did not in all the crowd see one dry eye: some brought little images of the Virgin and of the Saviour; some *guirlandes* of *immortelles*: these last were most numerous: the bell of the church tolled all the day in the most melancholy manner. I have heard many persons observe that they never saw bright weather for a "*Fête des Morts*"; all those I have seen have been dark, cold, and foggy, which, together with the train of thought to which this day must give rise, renders the most cheerful *triste*.

Great interest is excited by the approaching sale of the collection of autographs of the Baron de Trémont: not only is this collection interesting and extensive, but the way in which it has been arranged adds greatly to its value;

annexed to the autograph of each remarkable person are the documents proving its authenticity, a biography of the individual, his or her portrait, and a critique of their works. Not the least valuable is the collection of the autographs of the artists, to almost each of which M. de Trémont has been fortunate enough to add an original drawing.

Among the letters of the Bonaparte family is one written by Louis Bonaparte, father of the President; this letter is dated 11me Vendémiaire, year V., and is addressed to the Minister of War, asking to be appointed *officier dans l'Artillerie légère*. Of the Emperor Napoleon there is an extract, of two pages in folio, of his history of Corsica.

Monsieur Beauchesne has just published a most interesting work, the History of Louis XVII.; although the author does not attempt to disguise those feelings of sympathy and commiseration which the fate of this unfortunate Prince must excite in the hearts of all who read of his sufferings, yet the book is not written in a party spirit; it is a recital of facts.

M. Alexandre Dumas is engaged in writing the History of Louis XVI., and of Marie Antoinette; some *feuilletons* of it have already appeared; it is said that the scenes in the Temple are painted in most vivid colours; for my own part, knowing the brilliancy of Monsieur Dumas' imagination (a brilliancy which if constant employment can preserve there is but little danger of its losing), I should rather be disposed, in reading history, to choose a less imaginative writer; but I give my opinion in all humility.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" bids fair to have as great success abroad as in England; the *Presse* newspaper, which is always foremost in advocating the cause of Liberty, is publishing it in French, and notwithstanding the great difficulties which the work presents to the translator, Monsieur Leon Pilatte acquits himself well in his task. M. Leon Pilatte has spent some time in that part of America where Mrs. Beecher Stowe resides, and he is acquainted with her; the notes in his translation show they are written by one conversant of the manner and customs of those where the scenes are laid. The *Pays* is also bringing out this work; but the *Presse* is beforehand, and I question if another translator equal to M. L. Pilatte can be found easily.

I hear also that "Uncle Tom" is to appear on the stage; in fact the piece is now in preparation: the decorations are to be beautiful.

Monsieur Latour Saint-Ybars has written a tragedy, in which Mademoiselle Rachel has accepted the principal rôle.

The Variétés has brought out a vaudeville in five acts, by M.M. Antony Beraud and Clairville, called "Taconnet;" it is written for Frédéric Lemaitre. Taconnet is a joiner, and a

poet, and equally successful in the two somewhat different trades. (O what an age we live in, when poetry is classed amongst trades!) Taconnet is about to marry Nicole, god-daughter of Nicolet, *directeur des Grands Danseurs du Roi*—in fact he is only waiting for his frock-coat, which the tailor, Lambin, has not sent home. So impatient is Taconnet that he would have been married without his coat, but an incident happened which troubles the general harmony; the tax-gatherer, Camuset, by certain attentions addressed to Nicole, excites the anger of Taconnet, who, to revenge himself, vows to hiss Mademoiselle Luzy on her *debut* at the Comedie Française—Camuset being the admirer of the said Mademoiselle Luzy; but—alas! for poor Nicole—at the sight of Mademoiselle Luzy, Taconnet discovers in her the realization of his *beau idéal*. Instead of hissing he applauds enthusiastically, and, in order to be near his idol, obtains the place of machinist of the Théâtre Français; which, however, he soon loses, owing to the mistakes he commits in his fits of admiration for the *belle* Mademoiselle Luzy, who is not insensible of Taconnet's devotion to her, and follows with interest her slave in his career. Driven from the theatre as a machinist, he returns an actor, and plays at Nicolet's *Les Savetiers* with great success. During this time, poor Nicole, spite of her youth, her beauty, and her wit, is forsaken—*forgotten*. She comes to the determination of going to Mdle. Luzy to ask her her secret for making herself beloved. The actress, who is good-natured, is interested in the poor girl, and determines to repair the mischief of which she has been involuntarily the cause. On one occasion, while Taconnet is playing, he sees among the spectators his old enemy Camuset, and addresses numerous piquant allusions to him. Camuset becomes furious, and would shut up the offender in *Fort l'Evêque*. In flying from the pursuit of the *sergens* and the *maré chaussée* who try to arrest him, the poor actor takes refuge in the garden of Mademoiselle Luzy, where he disguises himself in an old *costume de Marquis*, which he finds in a pavilion there; but he is recognized and led off to prison: from whence he is liberated—thanks to the intercession of Mdle. Luzy. Besides this she has obtained for him the permission to play before the Court, *Le Savetier dans son Menage*. She is to enact the part of the *Savetière*; but at the moment when she should appear, she pushes forward Nicole in her place, to whom she has in secret been giving lessons in her art. Nicole's success is complete: Taconnet's slumbering love is awakened; he sees in her the wife and the muse united, and he need no longer seek the latter elsewhere. He had looked on her as a mere housewife; he sees in her a woman applauded, fêted, his equal in mind and in heart—and all this happiness is thanks to Luzy! Frederick played Taconnet very well indeed, though the part is rather feeble for him. Mademoiselle Clarisse Miroy, whom you have seen in London, plays also in this piece. Mdle. Ozy enacts the rôle of Mdle. Luzy.

The representation by command (*par ordre* as the papers say), given at the Opera Comique, was a very brilliant affair; there was, for the outside of the theatre, all that eagles, escutcheons, with Imperial ciphers, and gas in abundance, could do to make a display. The *Domino Noir* was the piece given. In the last *entre-acte* the allegorical cantata of M.M. Méry, and Adolphe Adam, was executed by Mdle. Wertheimer, who represented *Sculpture*; Madame Ugalde, *Music*; Mdle. Lefevre, *Poetry*, and M. Bataille an African, the subjects of the cantata being the completion of the Louvre, and the liberation of Abd-el Kader. The decoration of the stage for the cantata was this: Instead of the usual curtain was one representing the *chateau* of Fontainebleau, in the midst of its picturesque country. Afterwards this was replaced by a superb velvet curtain covered with golden bees, with the Imperial arms, and on each side colonnades in perspective in the Florentine style, with the names of the principal towns visited by Louis Napoleon in his last tour. In the middle was a pedestal supporting the bust of Napoleon III. Towards the close of the cantata the scene changes, and discovers a panorama of Paris brilliantly lighted up. Abd-el Kader is brought into everything. He has left Paris for the present, and has returned to Amboise; but he will come back for the coronation I believe. I heard the other day that, when at Versailles, he visited the gallery, and, after gazing for some time at the picture by Horace Vernet representing the taking the smala of Abd-el Kader, he said—"Ah, had I painters, I also could order pictures."

Apropos of pictures, it is said that the portrait of the Princesse de Wasa has been sent over to Paris, and that the day after the public announcement of Louis Napoleon's marriage with her, the portrait will be exhibited; some say, however, that the widow of the Prince de Leuchtenberg is to be the future *Imperatrice des Français*. But for this the Pope must give a dispensation. I dare say there will be no great difficulty in obtaining that. I think, however, that by the French law a woman cannot marry within a year of her husband's death; and how many things may happen in a year! It is to me wonderful, knowing how keenly alive to a sense of the ridiculous the French are, that Louis Napoleon has had portraits of himself painted in the Imperial costume, which are now in all the print-sellers' windows. It is impossible to imagine anything more ugly and ridiculous than this very ugly, common-place, dull-looking (for whether he be a genius or not, he looks decidedly dull, and even sleepy) head, with the Imperial crown and the enormous moustache. The protest of Monsieur le Comte de Chambord has produced very little effect indeed, like most things which he does: people seem to consider that in his position he is right to act as he has done; but whether he protests or not makes little or no difference.

The Revolutionists are disappointed at the effect produced by theirs, and pretend that it is a fabrication of the Government. Great surprise

was created at the President publishing these protests in the *Moniteur*; that of the Revolutionists was so horrible that it could have but little influence, except to disgust all parties with the authors of it, and yet there were certain parts in it not to be forgotten, drawing attention to the facilities which Louis Napoleon possesses for deceiving as to the result of the votes; and of course making no doubt but that he will deceive. In the midst of this tissue of horrors there are some dangerous truths, which I should think would have been better suppressed could that have been done. From the publication of these pieces in the *Moniteur*, some hopes have been raised that the liberty of the press may be restored; the present state of things is ruinous to those con-

nected with the newspapers, for as they are not allowed to insert anything but what is agreeable to, and consequently in favour of, the Government, the newspapers have but little interest for any one, and subscribers drop off by degrees. In spite of all one hears and reads of the enthusiasm for Louis Napoleon, it is almost impossible to understand the indifference exhibited towards him by all those one meets; in all classes it is the same thing. Though the mass certainly seem for him, yet, taken individually, every one speaks of him with indifference, or in ridicule; the latter feeling is becoming more general every day. But I must now say adieu.

My dear C—,

Always yours,
P—*.

OUR CONSERVATORY.

THE CRAIG TELESCOPE.—This giant refractor, lately erected at Wandsworth Common, of two feet aperture and eighty feet focal length, has been brought to bear upon the planet Saturn on the first favourable evening after its erection. The instant result has been to set the question at rest for ever amongst astronomers as to the satellite having a third ring. The Craig telescope at Wandsworth has brought out this third ring beautifully. It is of a bright slate colour, and one of the Fellows of the Royal Society is preparing a regular drawing, made to a scale, of the planet Saturn, exhibiting it with its rings, as now palpably defined through the noble telescope. We are unable to state the powers brought to bear upon the planet when the rings were discovered. We believe, however, as the night itself was only of a moderate kind for astronomical observation, powers of about 500 merely were used. The appearance of the moon in crossing the meridian at midnight—this telescope having a power of about 1,000 looking upon it—is an object of surpassing beauty. The Craig telescope, however, like that of the Earl Rosse's giant reflector, can only do work so as to bring to light its marvellous powers in weather that affords a calm as well as a clear atmosphere. A friend states, that when the atmosphere is disturbed, this telescope shows it rising and surging like the waves of the sea; and hence no high powers can be used to look at the heavens through such a medium, excepting when it is still and at rest. On such occasions the wonders of the heavenly bodies are exhibited by this 80 feet refractor in a way the eye of man has never heretofore been permitted to see them.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.—Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn

in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round him; he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature. His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured (for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property, the blood of a soldier, it might be, or

a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoe-black, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand or stab you whenever he saw occasion). But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible. After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the Duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage—nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts, were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes. A man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.—*Esmond: by William Thackeray.*

THE DEATH MARCH OF WELLINGTON.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"Whom bear you thus with heavy tread,
With arms reversed, and brows deprest?"
"Comrade, we bear the mighty dead
In glory to his place of rest.
A nation throngs the city's ways,
In grief for him whose race is run;
On, in dark state, beneath their gaze,
Comrade, we bear great Wellington."
March—slowly march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Assaye's hurrah, and Badajos's cheer.

Yes—o'er him let the trumpet wail,
And round him roll your muffled drums;
In this last hour, who now shall fail
In open grief for him who comes?
Its solemn swell the Dead-march pour,
In grief for him whose deeds are done;
Grief, let the mighty cannon roar,
As on we bear great Wellington.
March—slowly march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Vittoria's shout, and Salamanca's cheer.

On—bear him on to where they sleep,
Our greatest, whom we name with pride;
Lay him by Moore, in slumber deep;
Lay him by Abercrombie's side.
Nay—place him by the only one
Who fixed, with him, red victory's smile!
Room for the dead, by him who won
For us Trafalgar and the Nile!

On—bear him on—hark! in the hush, I hear
Toulouse's charge and St. Sebastian's cheer.

Throw wide the doors; dust unto dust;
O'er him the yawning marble close;
Give him to death, with trembling trust,
Calm in his last stern cold repose.
In reverent silence, in the gloom
Brooding beneath the mighty dome,
Conqueror, to share the conquered's doom,
Leave him to fame in his last home.

March—comrades, march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Quatre Bras' hurrah and Waterloo's fierce cheer.

65, Cheapside.

THE INFANTS' SCHOOL IN IRELAND.—
On proceeding to the infants' school, I found 300 of them in their playground, drawn up in four or five formal lines, just ready, with little monitors at their side, to tottle into school. Their faces were all clean, and they were waiting with serious countenances for the ringing of the bell, when, all of a sudden, in consequence of a little "soft nonsense" I had whispered into the ear of the teacher in charge of their yard, she called out to them in a loud tone, "*Children! you may have five minutes' more play!*" By the explosion of gunpowder one could scarcely have scattered them more suddenly in all directions. In one second the formality of their position and countenances had vanished, and all over the gritty precincts of the yard they were, mostly with little bare feet, to be seen running, tumbling, jumping, and laughing. A lot of more intelligent faces and beautiful complexions no one could desire to behold. Their glossy hair was of all colours. In the middle of the yard were two poles, but the amusement they appeared most to enjoy was scrambling up a steep inclined wooden trough, and, on reaching the summit, squatting down and, without the slightest attention to the adjustment of their clothes, sliding down a corresponding descending wooden trough, the *bottom* of which was not only highly polished, but literally worn into two little furrows by the endless friction that, by the inventive powers of the Commissioners, had been applied to it. In a few instances, as a great joke, a child, instead of sitting, went down this *montagne Russe* head-foremost, on its stomach or back as it preferred. Any one witnessing the innocent, happy joy of these children, would reasonably have hoped that the hand of Time would have been arrested; but, as usual, he was inexorable; the five minutes came to an end—the bell rang—the children, stomach *versus* back, fell out into five lines, and by word of command of her majesty the queen of the yard, they once again tottled into their school-room. On arriving there in the morning, they deposit their hats and caps in a basket placed at one end of each of their respective forms, and their bread (dinner) in another basket at the other end. In the school-room I found, seated in various directions, a number of very intelligent-looking female teachers, each of whom had suspended before her a picture. One represented the whole process of making bread, from the ploughing of land for wheat to reaping, thrashing, grinding;

and baking. Another, the various preparations which leather undergoes, and the mode of making shoes. Another was a carpenter's shop, with delineations of all his tools. Another, as a trifling change, a representation of the solar system. Each poor teacher, like Prometheus on his rock, was chained to the picture she had undertaken to explain; but as she could not long continue to propound its contents to one group, the chief superintendent every now and then, as if a wasp had stung her, gave a stamp and a whistle, on which each group of children, under a tiny monitor—in many instances not four years old, and who is changed every week—moved successively to the next picture, which was no sooner explained than, in obedience to another sudden stamp and whistle, these little butterflies, with their monitor, flew to sip the honey of the adjoining flower. In a neighbouring room I found a congregation of infants on benches raised one above another, merrily singing a tune, into which had been artfully slipped a very small portion of the multiplication table; and as this medicine evidently made them very

shortly more or less drowsy (I saw one tiny sinner from the bottom of her soul give a decided yawn), the teacher artfully revived them by saying very softly, "*Let's take another sleep!*" on which, with great glee, they all threw themselves backwards, an exertion and a joke combined, which, on their being ordered to awake, completely revived them. One little girl, however, of about two years old, who had over-acted the part, remained sound asleep; and as, with her tiny mouth open, her glossy flaxen hair lay wild and loose upon her rosy cheeks, I strongly felt how unconscious she was of the parental endeavours which the Lord-Lieutenant, together with Commissioners the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, Lord Bellew, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Meath, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and others of the highest attainments in Ireland, were making to impart, not only to her, but to 511,239 other children throughout Ireland, infantine habits of cleanliness and obedience, as also the inestimable advantages of an admirable education. — *A Fortnight in Ireland; by Sir Francis B. Head.*

NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. I am glad to perceive a collection has been made of Grace Aguilar's Stories; I mean of those short but often powerful domestic sketches which through the medium of periodicals first brought her name before the public.

Fanny. I have seen it advertised, and under a good and appropriate title; * you have read it, I suppose?

Mrs. Smith. Yes, and recognised several old favourites, which were well worthy of being preserved in a more durable form than their original one. Characteristic as these Stories are of the peculiar merits of the lamented author—fidelity to nature, earnestness of purpose, and noble aspirations—it would be difficult to award the palm to any one of them; but perhaps the first and longest story, entitled "*The Perez Family*," is the most ambitious, and from the circumstance of it depicting with great minuteness the domestic life of a Jewish family, it has a freshness of interest about it that is peculiarly its own.

Fanny. Though a Jewish story, certain I am that the moral tone is that which the purest Christians may accept with approval, for Grace Aguilar never wrote in any other manner.

Mrs. Smith. You are right. Her ethics are always those of the gospel; and it is this circumstance which has occasioned her works to circulate so widely out of the narrow pale of her own "*Nation*." Had she not so frequently

avowed herself a Jewess, we fancy the fact would never have been suspected.

Fanny. Is this volume the last of her works we are likely to have?

Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Aguilar states so positively, in a short but pathetic introduction to the present work. And we cannot close the leaves without feeling that, however painful the task of superintending such a publication must have been to the bereaved mother, a satisfaction nobler than common pride must have been hers also, in the consciousness of the respect and appreciation of her daughter's genius, which have been universally felt.

Fanny. I have lately met with a novel of more than ordinary merit, by a lady whose name is new to me, "*Charms and Counter-Charms*," by Miss M'Intosh; * do you know it?

Mrs. Smith. I have not yet seen it, so pray give me your opinion of its merits.

Fanny. It is well written, and very interesting, belonging decidedly to the school of Miss Austen, though I do not say the author has intentionally imitated her.

Mrs. Smith. I know what you mean, and though I do not myself think that school so high a one as many critics do, to succeed in it nevertheless requires a combination of talents not very commonly found.

Fanny. Miss M'Intosh possesses great powers of observation, and depicts many of her scenes with the minuteness of a Dutch painter; and as the scene is partly laid in cities of the United States, the English reader naturally follows out

* HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES. By Grace Aguilar, author of "*Home Influence*," "*The Women of Israel*," &c. &c.—(*Groombridge and Sons*.)

* CHARMS AND COUNTER CHARMS. By Maria J. M'Intosh, author of "*Two Lives*;" or, "*To Seem and To Be*," &c. &c. &c.—(*George Routledge and Co.*)

with awakened curiosity even minor details of life. It would occupy half-an-hour were I to attempt to disentangle for you the intricacies of the plot, which consists of curious "love-passages," jealousies, separations, and other stirring incidents. The interest is well sustained, the train of thought suggested heightened and womanly; and altogether the novel reader may consider it a valuable addition to the winter supply of new books.

Mrs. Smith. Would you not like to look at the Keepsake* before we go out?

Fanny. Oh, very much; is it a good volume this year?

Mrs. Smith. Excellent, I think. The engravings, which have been produced under the superintendence of Mr. Frederick Heath, from drawings by Corbould, Buckner, Margaret Gilles, and other artists of repute, are in every instance highly-finished works of art, and the literature is what may be expected from the names which grace the table of contents. The author of "Vanity Fair" contributes a poem which, amid some sarcasm, reveals true feeling; Albert Smith furnishes a lively sketch, on the advantages of travelling two hundred years ago; Mrs. Shipton writes a clever story in glorification of the First of September, a story full of hearty enthusiasm for country life opposed to that of the town; Mrs. David Ogilvy enriches the volume with either a true or a most truth-like story, which shows knowledge of human nature and a practised pen; Maria Norris has a sketch *à propos* of Miss Gilles' pictures of Auld Robin Grey, Bores, and the Currency—think of them for a triple inspiration!—that is brimming over with quiet humour; Eliza Walker contributes A Christmas Anecdote, being a well-told story of the supernatural; Mrs. Abdy one of her tales, in which English society is forcibly portrayed; and there is a powerful tale by Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen, of the escape of the Pretender, with more freshness infused in it than could have been expected from such a theme—nor must I forget the witty "new reading" of the Percy Reliques by Mr. O. F. Owen. Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts are also both contributors.

Fanny. A goodly list indeed.

Mrs. Smith. Which I have not half exhausted. One of the best stories in the book is "The Hunchback of Grenoble," by Nicholas Michell, an author who never fails to present past scenes with the most present life-like reality; Elizabeth O'Hara also contributes an excellent tale called "Corry's Elopement;" and the Keepsake for 1853 is rich in poetry.

Fanny. A year or two since Tennyson was among the poets who shone in the Keepsake pages—does he contribute again?

Mrs. Smith. No, but we have some charming verses by Barry Cornwall, and by Walter Savage Lander; and a poem by Sir Walter Scott—hitherto unpublished—with poems by Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Ponsonby, C. H. Hitchings,

Monckton Milnes, Ada Trevanion, and not least by the accomplished Editress herself.

Fanny. What portraits are there among the engravings?

Mrs. Smith. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Duchess of Manchester, to which the Hon. Julia Maynard has written some very graceful stanzas. The portrait of Mrs. Kingston James strikes by its grace and naturalness, and that of Lady John Manners is perhaps the most beautiful of all. That of Lady Otway is also a lovely picture.

Fanny. I am sure from what I see it must be a first-rate annual—ah, me, how swiftly the time flies! and how these Christmas gift books come to remind us that the year is closing!

Mrs. Smith. I thought so yesterday, when I provided myself with a new pocket-book.

Fanny. What sort do you buy?

Mrs. Smith. My new one is Pawsey's;* I chose it from among others, because, in addition to space for diary, and all other pocket-book requirements, it contains a view of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham as it is to be; and it is pleasant to be daily reminded through the dull winter of the pleasures in store for us next year. But come, if we are to walk we must not waste the daylight.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

A SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By C. W. Connon, M.A. [Second Edition.] (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.)—All those who are acquainted with the learned and zealous labours of the author of this book in the cause of education will be prepared to welcome his production with no ordinary satisfaction, as it is at once original and exact, simple and profound. Superficial teachers in glancing through the work will be very likely to fancy that it is too subtle to be mastered by the youthful intellect; it is, however, consolatory to think that the source of this opinion is its best refutation; for children are more philosophical than we are apt to imagine, and the best mode of instructing them is by reasoning with them. Nothing is so unproductive of mental fruit as teaching by dogma, and the scholastic world is beginning to awake to the charlatanism of learning by rote—effects being given without showing their causes. Mr. Connon is an independent thinker and logician, and moreover thoroughly imbued with wholesome sense and mother wit. It is quite refreshing to meet with a grammarian who is equally free from dangerous novelties and subservient antiquities of doctrine. The first paragraph of his preface is quite sufficient to satisfy any reader of the justness of our author's mode of thinking, and the clearness and decision of his style. He says:—

"It is only within a period comparatively recent that any attempt has been made to impart, on an

* THE KEEPSAKE, 1853. Edited by Miss Power.—(Bogue.)

* PAWSEY'S LADIES' FASHIONABLE REPOSITORY FOR 1853.—(London: Longman; Simpkin and Co.; Ipswich: Pawsey.)

extensive and systematic scale, a knowledge of the structure and idiom of the English tongue. The light previously cast upon it was that refracted through the medium of the Greek and Latin languages. Men retained monastic practices in education long after they had discarded them in religion, and vainly endeavoured to train up youth as if they had been born to walk the streets of ancient Athens or of Rome, instead of being destined to think and speak, and transact business in England, and by the use of their mother-tongue."

We cannot too earnestly recommend this grammar, and as the price is remarkably cheap the book will no doubt meet with an extensive sale.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH AND PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE HYGIENE. By E. J. Tilt, M.D., Senior Physician to the Farringdon General Dispensary and Lying-in Charity, and to the Paddington Free Dispensary for Diseases of Women and Children. — (*Bonn.*) — We often wonder at the number of medical works which are sent to us in our editorial capacity, for, as our readers can vouch, they seldom receive notice at our hands. Now and then, however, an exceptional case occurs, and the present is pre-eminently one; for, as its title declares, Dr. Tilt's work is addressed to the feminine half of humanity. Some months ago we had occasion to notice a smaller and less important work by the same author, and the opinions we then expressed might be repeated here with additional emphasis, inasmuch as many of the views there enunciated are here elaborated. Dr. Tilt is a philosopher as well as a physician; and it is this circumstance which renders the perusal of the work under discussion an intellectual enjoyment as well as the means of obtaining a stock of important information. Knowledge acquired from all times, and from many lands, is here brought into a focus, and human life, from the cradle to the grave, is treated of in a masterly manner. It is shown how intimately moral, intellectual, and physical developments are connected, and consequently many of the circumstances of life too rarely taken into account by

the ordinary medical attendant are here considered at length. The early management of infants and children, education, amusements, clothing, introduction into society, marriage, are among the themes to which we allude; and the sensible, healthful tone which prevails throughout, renders this volume one which should be in every mother's possession. The aim of the author is to prevent disease; and though he gives excellent advice for sudden emergencies, he recommends in all serious cases that the best available medical aid should be called in; and his book is in no respect one belonging to the "domestic medicine" class. It is of a far higher character, as we have endeavoured to show, and while it will only perhaps be duly appreciated by women of a reflective turn of mind, it is calculated in many respects to make even the thoughtless think. Among other dress topics, Dr. Tilt goes at length into the question of Corsets, and, we are glad to find, offers no objection to these appendages when *properly made*. Of course he deprecates all others, and shows most forcibly the permanent evils of even temporary tight lacing; but for information on this and many other subjects connected with the toilet, we refer our readers to the work itself.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By E. Leathes. — (*Hope and Co.*) — The Crystal Palace, with its measureless treasures, and almost overpowering associations, was itself so grand a poem, that it seems to us to have defied the versifier's powers to interpret, much less to magnify its grandeur. If, therefore, these "Fragments" fail in making the impression which might at first be expected, the impracticability of the task attempted must be remembered. Miss Leathes has powers, we are convinced, which, more judiciously employed, might produce poetry that would live. She has imagination, fancy, a current of deep feeling, and a fine ear for rhythm: with such natural gifts, cultivation and wise direction of them are all that are required.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE HAYMARKET. — At this house three new pieces have been brought out since our last. "*Richelieu in Love*," a historical comedy, stands the first on the list, and—thanks, perhaps, rather to the excellent acting, brilliant dresses, and excellent *mise en scène*, than to its intrinsic merits—was well received by the audience. It is, however, deficient in interest, and perhaps from being "strictly historical," perhaps from some peculiar chilliness of manner in the author, it failed to carry away the sympathies of the audience, though Mr. Webster, Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Leigh Murray, especially, acted their parts to the life. The period of the play is the time when Charles the First (then Prince of Wales), with the Duke of Buckingham, travelled *incognito*

through France to Spain, and at a masked ball at Paris saw and fell in love with the young Princess, who afterwards became his wife. Villiers, at the same time, became attached to the Queen (Anne of Austria), who gave him, as her name, that of an old dowager of the court; in consequence of which the lady really owning the appellation receives the letters intended for the Queen; and an assignation, which both keep, affords the Cardinal a pretext for sending the English strangers to the Bastille, to be released only on the Queen's favouring his own suit. Of course she manages to escape from the Cardinal's toils, and to make him an instrument in protecting Charles and Buckingham; the betrothal of the former to the

Princess Henriette being the happy termination to the *brouillerie*. On Saturday, the 20th, another novelty was produced, entitled "Masks and Faces," by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Reade. It was received with the most energetic demonstrations of pleasure by the entire audience, and few pieces have ever better deserved them. The "moral" of the play is to vindicate the character of the profession in the eyes of the public; and the well-known *Peg Woffington*, who, some hundred years ago, turned the heads of half London with her charms is selected as the heroine. *Peg* (Mrs. Stirling) having been aided, while in a very humble position, by a poor actor, author, and painter, *Triplet* (Mr. Webster), exerts herself to aid him in every possible way, and that with so much light-hearted good-humour and fun, that, were it not for the evidence of her thought and care, one would say her benevolence was exercised for her own private and personal gratification; and that the virtue is, after all, only what some philosophers have called it, "selfishness in disguise." These two characters absorb the greater part of the interest of the piece; and both were admirably acted. Mr. Webster, in particular—whose powers are invariably developed in proportion to the need for their exertion—delineated the odd but most affecting distresses of the poor player in a manner that profoundly interested the audience, and produced an effect which few will forget. There is an under-plot, in which *Peg*, being attached to *Mr. Ernest Vane*, a country gentleman, whom she believes to be a sincere lover, is persecuted by his rival, *Sir Charles Pomander*, a malicious fop and wit (Mr. Leigh Murray), who discovers that *Vane* is already married. The scene with the young wife (Miss Rosa Bennett), in *Triplet's* garret, is full of interest, and the play ends as it ought, with the reformation of the roving husband, and the happiness of everybody who deserves that blessing. We have not entered more into the story, because we will not spoil the interest of those who will see it—and who will not? Assuredly, "Masks and Faces," and "A Capital Match," another new piece, in which Keeley sustains the burden of the rôle, offer attractions which few theatre lovers can resist.

THE PRINCESS'S.—We have this month the unusually pleasant duty of inviting the special attention of our readers to a production of surpassing art and genius, written by J. Westland Marston, the most brilliant and subtle of our dramatic poets. His play is in five acts, and entitled "Anne Blake." The name is unpretending, and simple to homeliness; but this is very often a feature of works above the average order of merit: and now that we have seen the play, we cannot fancy any title more suggestive of its leading idea and interest. We have had occasion to remark the faculty which Mr. Marston possesses in such a marvellous degree, of dealing with the thoughts, emotions, and sentiments of a woman's nature—a sphere of mental operations in which men generally fail: if true, they are common-place; if novel, outrageous: but in "Anne Blake" our author has given us such a powerful delineation of feminine

character, as cannot fail to keep a position among the masterpieces of dramatic creation. Mrs. Kean performed this leading part, and we can honestly say that it could hardly be treated with more consummate skill. She seemed to have educated herself up to the highest realisation of the poet's ideal, and to embody it with all the vitality, colouring, and naturalness which the character essentially required, and for which it was in fact conceived. Less would have been a pity—more no author could have expected. Charles Kean also, in his personation of *Thorold*, deserves a similar measure of unqualified approval. His power was not wasted, but intently occupied in doing justice to the character entrusted to his keeping, and his success was in exact proportion to his conscientious treatment of the subject. A mere description of the story and plot of "Anne Blake" will give but a very faint notion of the ability, freshness, and originality with which the whole work is handled. Its framework is old and ordinary enough: the poet has taken materials with which we are all familiar, and wrought them up into new forms of beauty and greatness. *Anne Blake* herself is simply a poor, self-willed, handsome, and brilliant dependant, who is goaded unsuccessfully by a tyrannical old vulgar uncle to save his estate from sequestration, by marrying a determined creditor. Her faults, failings, trials, and rewards constitute the stamina of the play, and throughout carry away the audience in a state of sympathetic admiration. Her intriguing aunt, *Lady Toppington* (admirably acted by Mrs. Winstanley), is the wily and worldly mischief-maker of the piece, who resorts to every artifice to alienate her niece from *Thorold*, to marry the man who holds by mortgage the destinies of the family estates; but right and honour are at last vindicated, and the low-minded plotters retain their property by the generous magnanimity of her whom they so grievously wronged.

We hope in a future number to be able to give our readers some extracts from this beautiful production.

At the ADELPHI, "Flowers of the Forest," and a "Wife for a Day," have been principally played, varied with the ever-popular "Green Bushes" and "Jack Shepherd." The "Wife for a Day" was revived to introduce the capital American actor, Mr. Josh. Silsbee, to the fun-loving audience; and he bids fair to be extremely popular. A splendid company is engaged for the Adelphi now, including many stars of greater or less magnitude in the theatrical horizon; and amongst other novelties, we are promised a dramatized version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Mrs. Keeley as Topsy! Can any greater treat be promised?

PRIVATE CHORAL SOCIETY.

(SECOND SEASON.)

Of the three concerts designed to be given by the above society at Crosby Hall, the first took place on Monday evening, 15th November, when, in spite of the wretched weather, the audience

was a very good one. The concert was altogether highly creditable to both teachers and pupils, and we wish the society continued prosperity. Mrs. Stapleton, the directress of the society, is an excellent teacher, and we have no doubt that her efforts will be largely crowned with the success she so well deserves. Amateurs' performances must not be reviewed with severity; but we will say that most of the specimens of their talent submitted by the Private Choral Society stood in as little need of such indulgence as any we ever heard, while the high character of the music in the programme did great credit to their choice. Mendelssohn's lovely two-part song, "O wert thou in the cauld blast," was finely given by Mrs. Stapleton and Mrs. Collis. Mrs. Collis also sang Kücken's "Jewish Maiden's Song" with great taste. Miss Barnes and Mr. Howard likewise deserve honourable mention for their rendering of the music committed to them. In conclusion, we can conscientiously advise those of our friends who wish to acquire the delightful art of choral singing to join the Private Choral Society; it comes within the reach of all classes, for the excellence of Mrs. Stapleton's instructions is equalled by the very moderate remuneration she asks for them.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Of the appropriateness of this revival there can be no second opinion. While the town seems still to echo the tramp of the soldiers' feet, and the murmur of the crowds that were gathered in our streets on the 18th ultimo, the deeds of the Great Duke are revived in all memories, and especially that battle which gave Europe its long peace, is thought of, and talked about, and "fought over again" at every English fireside. We cannot take upon ourselves to say how many years it is since the Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo was first exhibited, but we have little doubt it was sufficiently long ago for a new set of visitors to have arisen, and doubtless many even of the public who remember it will like to renew their impressions. Mr. Burford's panoramas are too well known to need

praise from us, but we may observe that the "Waterloo" was originally painted from drawings taken immediately after the battle; and though, for the sake of effect, incidents which did not occur simultaneously are here represented together, the circular form of the exhibition permits the beholder to pass as it were from one event to the other, and thus realize the scenes in their historical order. It is well known that the Great Commander, whom England is now mourning, himself praised this representation of his last victory, and was a frequent visitor to it when first exhibited. We must not forget to mention that this Panorama is only to be open for another six or seven weeks, at the expiration of which time it will undergo the usual fate of works of art of this description, and be painted out.

MUSIC.

EL ADIOS DEL MORO A GRANADA. The Words and Music by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. (*Dix and Co., 284, Regent-street.*)

LOS ENCANTOS DE GRANADA. The Poetry by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley; the Music by Francisco Rodriguez Murciano. (*Boosey and Co., Holles-street.*)

In these songs Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley presents a claim to notice beyond those her ladyship has already established, as a poetess naturally gifted, and as a prose writer of sterling vigour and power. To write elegantly in a foreign language is no mean accomplishment, but it is one Lady Emmeline has mastered. She uses the rich soft Castilian with ease and grace, and, as her enthusiasm for the "enchancements" of Granada is fresh and sincere, and her perception of the romance of Moorish history most natural and sympathetic, we need not wonder at the production of these two characteristic songs. The music in both instances is appropriate and national; that of "El Adios" seems to us, however, of the Rossini school; remembering how well the Italian Rossini imagines Spanish character. "Los Encantos" has a melody that grows upon the ear, but appears less marked at first. In both instances the accompaniments are appropriate and musicianlike.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

The fact that the best and wisest of human beings require to be frequently reminded of their duties, must be our excuse for once more introducing the subject of the Early Closing Movement on our readers. Great strides have been made towards a better order of things since first our attention was drawn to the cruel and immoral condition which prevailed in London and our chief provincial towns; but still much remains to be done. Nine-tenths of the evils in the world arise from want of thought, and there are thousands of kind-hearted people who only need to reflect on the hardship and injustice of

chaining young people to the counter for twelve or fourteen hours a day—and thus depriving them of the means not only of healthful relaxation of mind and body, but of moral and religious improvement—to feel at once that the great evil ought to be promptly remedied. The Secretary of the Early Closing Association has published an address in reference to the subject as connected with Emigration; showing how fast the most respectable class of shopmen are being tempted out of the country. Emigration on a vast scale is so great a boon to our thickly-peopled land, that we can hardly share Mr. Lil-



wall's dread that it is likely to be carried too far; nevertheless, we extract a paragraph or two from his address, which may speak for themselves:—

"The practical question suggested by these considerations for solution, ere it be too late, is, how is this 'fever,' as it is designated, to be assuaged? It is clear that nothing which could be done would wholly subdue it, were such even desirable. But the extent to which it will for the future rage will much depend upon circumstances. As long as fourteen and fifteen hours of drudgery are imposed on the underpaid grocer's assistant, and the still worse remunerated assistant chemist; as long as the assistant draper is (which is still the case in innumerable instances) denied the opportunity for improvement and needful recreation enjoyed by the mechanic and the artisan; as long, in fact, as young men of any branch of trade are continued the serfs of an oppressive, grinding system—of a system which exacts from them far more labour daily than is imposed on the felons at the hulks, or than the very beasts of burden are required to undergo; as long as this cruel system is permitted to remain thus rampant, so long, rest assured, young men will be found wrestling themselves from its clutches, and in shoals leaving their native shores. On the other hand, were the period of employment properly reduced

(say to twelve hours per diem, including the time occupied by meals), one of the great, indeed the great grievance now endured by shop assistants, would be removed, and, as a natural consequence, content amongst them would, to a large extent, be diffused.

"I would suggest, therefore, with much deference, that the large and highly influential section of employers throughout the length and breadth of the land who are favourable to early closing, should forthwith meet in their respective districts, so as to effectuate this much to be desired reform; and I would venture to express my earnest hope, that they will not allow their efforts to be frustrated by any want of compliance with which they might be met by that *small minority* of unenviable men to whose previous selfish, unchristian opposition, the awful sacrifice of life, and other evils entailed by the late-hour system, are mainly to be attributed, and for which they will hereafter be required to render an account. Depend upon it, these persons will soon be reduced to the alternative of capitulating, or of transacting the whole of the business *themselves*; and I feel sure that in the meantime the right-thinking part of the public will see that those shopkeepers who close early are more than protected from the temporary pecuniary loss which their conscientious conduct might otherwise entail upon them."

THE TOILET.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

C O S T U M E F O R D E C E M B E R.

The seasons, which are even more capricious than the *mode*, have fairly puzzled every one this year: in Autumn we had resigned ourselves to accept weather somewhat colder than July, but yet a good many degrees milder than November; to show how fallacious were our expectations, Winter paid us a visit in Autumn—a flying visit if you will, but still for a while we drew round blazing fires, and took to our muffs with feelings of lively satisfaction. "Winter has set in early," said we, and arranged our batteries of defence accordingly, when, no sooner were they completed than, either thawed by the warmth of our reception, or just to show how capricious he could be, Winter fled, and in his place came mild sunshiny weather, varied by mild rainy weather, but always many degrees warmer than we had any reason to expect, particularly after the alarm we had received in the beginning of the season. Instead of fires we placed flower-pots in our chimneys, and opened the windows, that they and we might enjoy the balmy air: parasols drove muffs back to their camphorated boxes, and the warm cloaks, so highly prized a few weeks ago, were found too heavy, too hot, impossible to wear in walking, &c., &c., and laid aside; but in the natural course of things this could not last; even the last two or three days have been much colder, and after complaining, first of the unseasonable cold, then of the unseasonable warmth—which, besides being unhealthy, rendered our winter clothing useless—we now complain again of the cold, but in more measured tones; and, like the butterfly which Haynes Bayley describes as fitting for ever from flower to flower, and sipping each cup (or bud, I

forget which) that is pretty and sweet, the Parisians and the visitors to Paris fly from the *modiste* to the *Magazin de Nouveautés*, to the *Lingères*, the *Fleuristes*, and numerous other houses, where they sip with quite as much pleasure as the little butterfly, though with less *franchise*; for, generally speaking, those who appear to enter into these occupations with the most energy would fain persuade you it is far from a pleasurable employment, that of selecting articles of *toilette*; they have no interest in the matter; they do not care in the least for dress, but they must appear like other people; they cannot wear last year's things unless they wish to be pointed at. Mothers, who are just as anxious to show themselves as the daughters are, or more so very often, go out into society solely because they must *chaperone* their daughters; the anxiety they show about their own *toilettes*, and the expense they go to for them, so far from proceeding from vanity or coquetry, is wholly with a view to the establishment of their children—devoted creatures! And how little is your devotion appreciated even by your children themselves, who, though on other occasions so thoughtful, so affectionate, and so *prevénant*, seem on this point wonderfully indifferent to your sufferings, and really if one did not hear from your own lips of the sacrifices you make in these matters, superficial observers might believe that you enjoyed yourselves not a little.

As this winter is to be most brilliant in *fêtes* and balls, the *toilettes* must be proportionally brilliant; besides, are we not to have a *cour*, and probably an *Imperatrice*; already is there a gown called *l'Imperatrice*; the reason given for its bearing this

name is that the form was one which the Empress Josephine was particularly fond of, and that it displayed to advantage her graceful figure; however that may be, *Monsieurs* Bucquet and Charpentier have named it thus; and it was the most admired at the great representation at the Opera Comique the other evening, where the *toilettes* were more brilliant and beautiful than they have been this long time: the material was a rich *lampas*, with splendid bouquets of flowers, half velvet, half *velours épinglé*; the foliage in satin: the *corsage* was made with draperies, coming from the arm-holes instead of from the *epaulette*, which was *platé*, and gracefully rounded: the front pieces were cut on the bias without plaits or *nerveures*, and with a seam in the middle: this form makes the waist appear smaller. A gold *galon* formed the *contour* of the chest and shoulders; the sleeves were very short and *bouffantes*, each little *bouillonné* was marked by a gold *galon*; down the middle of the front of the skirt was also a gold *galon*, small at the top, and growing larger by degrees down to the bottom; but this is not all; on this skirt was *posé un habit de cour*!

A second petticoat, forming a *train*, was fastened behind over the first skirt, and which in front was rounded and *evané*.

The *coiffure* for the *robe l'Imperatrice* was the work of Chagot Merin, and was worthy of the *robe* and of the *artiste*. It consisted of a diadem of Narcissus, almost as transparent and as *nacré* as in nature: these flowers came forth from a foliage of green shot with gold, and with golden spangles; *perles* of the shade of the *scarabé*, and mounted on golden stalks twined round the flowers and foliage; the bouquet of the *corsage* was placed on the left shoulder, and four eagles in diamonds were ranged in the draperies. Feathers are very much worn; almost all of them are sprinkled with gold or silver; some are mounted on *fonds of blonde*, others are supported with ribbons of blue and silver, purple and gold, or pink and silver.

The short round waists, which when not exaggerated are, to some figures, pretty and becoming, are quite established; the *couturières* are attempting a revolution in the sleeves, and are trying to bring back the *manches à bouffantes et à crevés*, of the time of the Empire; they certainly are more in character with the short waists and belts, and are beginning to be adopted.

But the *corsages à basques* and the *gilets* are not by any means abandoned. I saw the other day a dress which was so pretty and so *distingué* that I must describe it to you; it was violet watered silk crossed over the bosom *en cœur*, and closed at the skirt and the side with little *pattes* of black velvet, each fastened by a *grelot* of *passenterie* and velvet; sometimes these velvet *pattes* are replaced by *choux* composed of ribbon and velvet; another pretty dress was a gown of black *taffeta* with three flounces, ornamented at the bottom with large rounded indentations closed by a small *ruche* of black satin; between each of these undulations there is placed a *chou* of black velvet; the *corsage* is *plat* and high, opened before and trimmed with undulations of ribbon and small *choux en revers*, from the shoulders downwards; the sleeves have only two large undulations, one under, and one above the arm, with small *choux*. In velvet cloaks there are pelisses with or without *capuchons*, ornamented with fur or trimmed with three deep rows of *guipure dentellée*. *Talmas* in velvet à *capuchon* ornamented with a double row of *galons* of 20 centimetres wide, and a *guipure frangée*. *Paletots* in velvet trimmed with fur. In cloth are *Talmas à étoles de velours*, plain or *de coupés*, *Talmas à la Viellie*, with six large plaits in the back trimmed with wide watered ribbon or application of velvet: there are cloth cloaks also of different forms; the *Romeo*, the *Charles Quint*, which is a very large ample cloak, without lining, and trimmed with a wide *galon*; the *Muscovite*, which is a *paletot*, large and very warm, well adapted for travelling.

In bonnets, *capotes* are almost the only kind worn; a very pretty, simple, morning one is composed of *bouillonnés* of velvet or black satin with *rouleaux* of satin or *velours épinglé rosé*; over the *bavolet* is placed a large bow of black and pink; the *rouleaux* may also be made in pink plush.

Another *capote* is dahlia coloured velvet, forming pointed *dents*, bordered with black lace. On each side of the *calotte* is a bouquet of ostrich feathers in black and dahlia.

In collars the present forms are the *mousquetaire* and the *Valois*; the collars are worn larger, and almost all are à *dents*. Pocket handkerchiefs are very richly embroidered:—What do you say to one costing a thousand francs? For simple morning handkerchiefs *les petits plis* are a good deal worn.

Paris, Nov. 21.

THE GARDEN.—DECEMBER.

"Winter comes, with icy chain,
And clanks his fetters o'er the ground."

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

PLANT-HOUSES.

Conservatory.—Continue to make this house the centre of attraction, by bringing into it all the flowering plants from the subservient structures, which will bear the temperature and air to which it must be subjected, for the welfare of the permanent plants. It is not advisable to keep any (but particularly hard wooded) plants which require to be kept positively dormant, in this structure. The greenhouse will be found the best place for most kinds. A few which require a similar treatment to Heaths may be placed in that structure; and as

these will require to be kept in a state of rest for some time, they must be kept moderately cool, and a comparatively dry atmosphere (not an arid dry one) maintained about them. Water must only be given when necessary, and then thoroughly. But in order that moisture may be preserved for a longer period, without the addition of water, it is a good plan to plunge some of the more valuable specimen plants of Heaths, *Chorozemas*, *Platylobiums*, and similar sorts, into a size larger pot, and fill the vacancy between the two pots with clean damp moss. This will tend very much to the preservation of an

uniform moisture at the roots. All the winter flowering Heaths will be in a slightly growing state, and according as they become sufficiently advanced should be removed to the coolest light and airy situations in the conservatory. Epacris, which are now advancing towards blooming, should have a similar treatment. As the Chrysanthemums go out of bloom, those to be procured for next year's supply should have the protection of a cold pit, or at least of some temporary erection moderately secure from frost; the later varieties may still be supplied with liquid manure, to assist them to expand freely; they will also be benefited by a slight increase of temperature, if the welfare of the other plants will allow of it. As these are removed, let their places be filled up with Chinese Primroses, the earliest Cinerarias, and the other plants adverted to as being necessary to be kept in readiness for these purposes. Mignonette in pots will flourish well on shelves close to the glass, where it can get a good circulation of air, without cutting draughts. Be careful in watering, as damp is its greatest enemy. Lachenalias will now be started, and whether in cold pits or in the greenhouse, should be kept near the glass. Cyclamens, too, are now making growth, after their season of rest, and are worth every attention; they will require a light and airy situation on the front stage of a greenhouse or conservatory, or they may be kept in a pit until the advent of severe frost, at which time they must be removed to where they can have more light and air than can be given in cold pits in such weather. A damp stagnant atmosphere causes both leaves and embryo flowers to go off. Kalosanthes at this season should be kept very dormant; in fact, almost starved by the entire withholding of water, in order to induce a flowering habit. The same may be observed of the general stock of Cactus, and most varieties of Epiphyllum; indeed, of all similar succulent-leaved plants, in order that their treatment may be in some degree assimilated to the dry seasons, to which they are subjected on the sandy plains in their native habitats.

FORCING-HOUSES.

Pineries.—As most of these will now be in a dormant state, considerable care must be exercised in the application of heat and moisture, both to the roots and the internal temperature. It must not, however, be inferred that any are to be left without water at the roots, as they will all require it occasionally; but considering that the other elements are applied on a much reduced scale, it would obviously be very wrong to apply water as often, and in such quantity, as would be given if the whole system of the plants was in an active state. In all cases the wants of the plant in this respect must not be anticipated, and water only applied when necessary, and invariably in a tepid state. Be careful to observe that the bottom heat is kept down for all dormant succession and nursing plants; some, however, of the very forwardest intended for showing fruit early in the forthcoming year, and which should be kept by themselves, may be allowed a little more bottom-heat; and if it appears to be at all declining, a little fresh tan may be stirred in about the surface. These, and also such as are at present in fruit, will require a higher temperature than the general stock of successions. Care must, however, be had to maintain a moderately dry atmosphere, and to admit air as often as external circumstances will allow. Where leaves are used as the medium for bottom-heat, and plunging Pines, a sufficient quantity should be got together immediately, and stacked up in as dry a

state as possible, and afterwards thatched, to preserve them so until required for use.

Vineries.—To assist the equal breaking of the vines in the early house, let them be frequently syringed over with tepid water, and also keep up a genial steam by watering and turning over the fermenting materials, and by evaporation. Continue to be moderate in the application of fire-heat. If the buds are well and equally swelled, and their general appearance indicates an active flow of sap, the day temperature may attain 55 degrees, and the maximum at night 50 degrees; but do not exceed those degrees at present. Take every opportunity to give air, more or less, as the weather permits; but some must be given every day, under almost any circumstances—as I am convinced that the oftener the interior air of a forcing-house is changed by admixture with the purer external air, the better for the welfare of the plants. Let a little sulphur be used about this house occasionally: it will do no harm, and may be the means of preventing the ingress of mildew. Keep the late Vines pruned as fast as the fruit is cut, and continue the necessary care for the preservation of late fruit, which has, indeed, been a difficult matter this unprecedented wet season; much will be done by keeping the interior air dry, together with a free circulation of air, and the constant removal of decaying berries.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Pruning and nailing will now be the principal operations in this department, in all the open weather for some time. Take care before the advent of severe weather that all newly-planted trees are well mulched. Peaches may now be loosened from the wall, and all the nails and shreds taken off. Figs also may be unnailled, and the branches tied together preparatory to being protected when frost comes. Regulate the plantations of Raspberries, and make fresh ones where required. Manure and dig between established plants.

PLANTS FOR A BALCONY DURING WINTER.

Though summer is past and the leaves have fallen, let us not forget that we may still enjoy the luxury of a few flowers to grace the exterior of our windows; and nothing among little things speaks of the inward comfort and cheerfulness of a home so truly as the appearance of the windows, whether provided with a balcony or not. But where there is any room for a few flowering plants outside, flower lovers need not be entirely deprived of their "pets;" and certainly when they come down stairs in the dull mornings, bright blossoms and green leaves are a refreshing sight, and attention to them an agreeable occupation. Now presuming you have some kind friend possessing a conservatory to supply you, what shall we propose for the balcony? First of all there must be the Laurestine, for that is almost always in flower during the dreary months of winter. It is so good, it will bloom on, whether the sun shines or shuts himself up behind the cold dark cloud. There is next the pretty white-flowered *Andromeda* (*floribunda*), which, though it does not flower till early spring, is always green, and it is cheering to see anything green when the sound of the muffin-boy's voice speaks of cold, and while the snow is lying on the ground, though, by-the-bye, there has been but very little snow on the ground for some years at

east near London. Another desirable plant for our purpose is the small-flowered Chrysanthemum, called the "Chusan Daisy," from the resemblance which these flowers bear to the daisies of our fields in size and general form. They are usually of a cream colour, shaded with rose; but they may also be had of other colours, as yellow and red. Some other kinds of Chrysanthemum, if they have been grown in a sheltered place out of doors, will also contribute much to enliven the window or balcony while the weather continues somewhat mild, as it often does for a great portion of the winter months—say from the middle of November till the end of January. Indeed it is astonishing how much cold plants will endure, provided their pots are well drained; but cold, cutting winds—particularly the east winds—very soon kill them. The next on our list is the *Jasminum nudicaule*, which, as its specific name implies, has no leaves, or at most very few, while in flower; but it has a profusion of pretty yellow blossoms, which begin to expand about the end of November, so that it is just now in season, and fine trim little bushes of it look very beautiful on a balcony. This plant is perhaps less hardy than the *Laurestine*, but it will also stand a great deal of cold, provided it is sheltered from sharp winds. It should be placed at the end of the balcony which faces the south, or which has the best aspect. It will also be an improvement to place a thin green-painted board behind it at the end. Indeed every balcony on which plants are grown in winter should at least have some protection of this kind. Something like the preceding in respect of its leafless habit at the time of flowering is the deliciously sweet-scented *Chimonanthus* (*C. fragrans*), rather dingy it is true in point of show, but pretty enough when well looked into, and well deserving of a place in every young amateur's "winter garden." Of late years some very beautiful sorts of Daisies have been introduced to public notice; and though they are so very dwarf in habit, their glowing and elegant flowers are scarcely to be surpassed. A few pots of them may therefore be very advantageously distributed among the others. To these should be added the Christmas Rose (*Helleborus niger*), which has pretty pinkish flowers, and blooms in January. But one of the most beautiful and showy of all early flowering plants, is the *Pyrus japonica*, which has

glowing crimson flowers that last a considerable time. Almost every child must have noticed it, wherever there are houses with little gardens in front. It is generally trained against the wall, and forms a remarkably striking object during the dull season. But it may also be grown in a pot, either as a little bush, or trained against a trellis. At a time of year, however, when all else appears sombre and still, it would not be in keeping with good taste to make a forced effort at a display of flowers exposed to the weather; and it is therefore desirable to let our small collection partake somewhat freely of hardy evergreen shrubs, of elegant forms, or which also come into bloom early in the year, when all animated nature assumes indications of returning vigour. Let us then add to our list one or two American plants, as *Ledum buxifolium*, *Gaultheria acuminata*, *Arbutus Unedo*, the pretty flowered *Kalmia*, and the showy *Rhododendron*. Then for variety, say the variegated *Juniper* (*J. sabina variegata*), *Taxus baccata*, and *Thuja orientalis*. To these may be added the variegated *Aucuba japonica*; and now it is to be hoped no one shall say that we have not a garden in winter. P.F.K.

ESPALIER GOOSEBERRIES.—The espalier method of training the gooseberry is not generally in practice, though the advantages resulting from this mode are numerous. Some of the most choice varieties of this fruit are rambling in habit, exhibiting little tendency to form upright growth; consequently the bearing wood is near to the ground, so that the fruit is very liable to be destroyed by heavy rains. To preserve this fruit any length of time after being quite ripe, a free circulation of air is indispensable, in wet weather especially. This, I think, can only be secured by adopting the espalier mode. Lines of gooseberries trained after this fashion act as a screen and protection in large kitchen-ground quarters, and, by economising space, afford better facilities for cropping than when trained after the open circular form. I have never been able to see any reason for growing small fruits as tall as standards, gooseberries especially. Though less liable to be destroyed by dashing rains, the same amount of space is necessary, and the fruit more difficult to protect from the ravages of birds.—F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELECTRA.—The expression, "Knowledge is Power," is not to be found in Lord Bacon's works. It originated with Hobbes, the celebrated philosopher.

CHARISSA.—We will try to find a corner for the verses.

J. H. G.—Not acceptable. Fie! fie! what has the poor moon done to offend you, that you berhyme her so unworthily?

AMY.—The desired pattern shall duly appear. It has been delayed for want of space for illustration.

CHARITY.—We are sorry to say the Establishment to which this Correspondent refers proved a failure, and we are not aware of any similar undertaking.

S. P.—If you require the rejected articles returned by post, be good enough to send stamps.

FRITZ will find that he has been anticipated. The subject has been overdone, and we are therefore sorry to say Nay to such a valued correspondent.

ADA. H.—The newest Opera Cloaks are made principally in white cashmere, lined with blue or cerise silk. They are trimmed with velvet ribbon to correspond, and with a hood. Morning dresses have often a jaquette and false waistcoat, giving the appearance, when complete, of a separate jaquette and waistcoat; but the former style is more convenient. Evening dresses are still worn with double skirts, and very much trimmed.

Several other correspondents shall be answered next month: at the last moment we cannot investigate the subjects of their inquiries.

Our subscribers will, we are sure, be glad to hear that in January we shall commence a new story by **MISS PARDOE**.

This month one of our work-patterns unavoidably appears without its illustration, which shall be given next month.

Several articles are under consideration.

